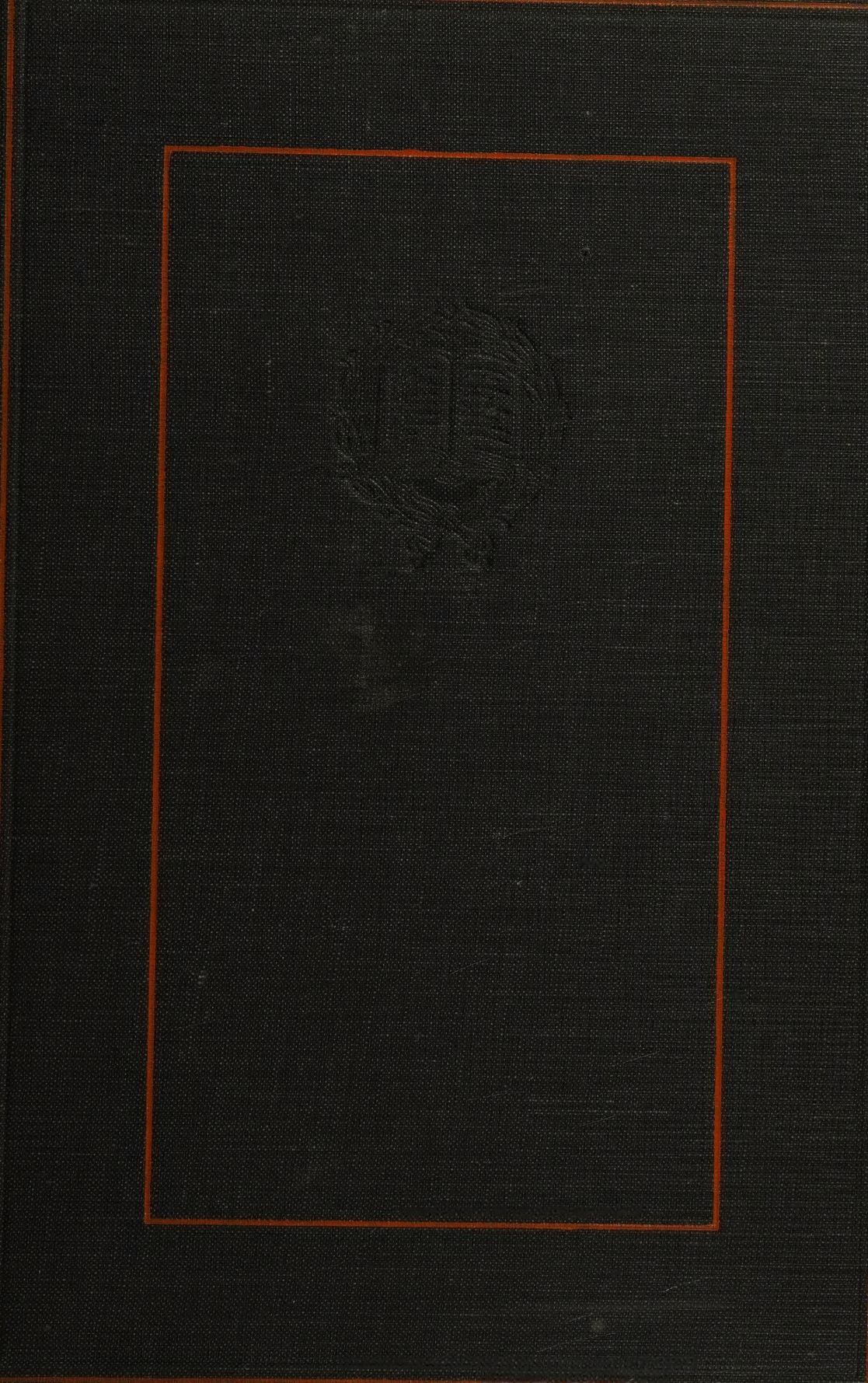

The World's Great Books in Outline

SEVENTH VOLUME

From the painting by G. F. Watts in the National Portrait Gallery

Tennyson

The World's GREAT BOOKS In Outline

Edited by
J. A. HAMMERTON
Editor of the Masterpiece Library of
Short Stories

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IVAN TURGENEV

SMOKE

FIRST published in 1867, Smoke (Dîm) was Turgenev's last work of any length save Virgin Soil (Nov)—see page 1728—which appeared ten years later. The love theme which runs through the book is concerned with the passion of Grigory Mihalovitch Litvinov, the plebeian student, for Irina, eldest daughter of the impoverished princely family of Osinin. What, in the modern mass production of novels, has come to be called 'the heart interest' bears, in contrast to much modern work, no suggestion whatever of artificiality or straining. The story of the affection of hero and heroine has, both in its details and in its telling, something of the inevitable. The subtle air of fate is strong but there is nothing of the fantastic in it. This is a story of Russians by a Russian who was very conscious of that strange, melancholy helplessness which seems to have haunted his countrymen. A biographical note on Ivan Turgenev with a photogravure portrait appears at page 3038, followed by an outline of A House of Nobles; and an outline of his Fathers and Children appears at page 3429.

I—A Broken Idyll

EARLY in the fifties there was living in Moscow, in very straitened circumstances, almost in poverty, the numerous family of the Princes Osinin. These were real princes—not Tartar-Georgians, but pure-blooded descendants of Rurik. Time, however, had dealt hardly with them. They had fallen under the ban of the empire, and retained now nothing but their name and the pride of their nobility.

The family of Osinins consisted of a husband and wife and five children. It was living near the Dog's Place, in a one-storeyed little wooden house, with a striped portico looking on to the street, green lions on the gates, and all the other pretensions of nobility; though it could hardly make both ends meet, was constantly in debt at the greengrocer's and often sitting without firewood or candles in the winter.

Though their pride kept them aloof from the society of their neighbours, their straitened circumstances compelled them to receive certain people to whom they were under obligations. Among the number of these was Grigory Mihalovitch Litvinov, a young student of Moscow, the son of a retired official of plebeian extraction who had once lent the Osinins 300 roubles. Litvinov called frequently at the house, and fell desperately in love with the eldest daughter, Irina.

Irina was only seventeen and as beautiful as the dawn. Her thick, fair hair was mingled with darker tresses; the languid curves of her lovely neck and her smile—half-indifferent, half-weary—betrayed the nervous temperament of a delicate girl; but in the lines of those fine, faintly smiling lips there was something wilful and passionate, something dangerous to herself and others. She treated Litvinov with hostility, and the more he showed his love the greater was her coldness, the more malignant her indifference. She tortured him in this way for two months. Then everything was transformed in one day. Worn out by this cold torture, Litvinov one night was about to depart in despair. Without saying good-bye, he began to look for his hat.

"Stay!" sounded suddenly in a soft whisper. With throbbing heart, he looked round, hardly believing his ears. Before him he saw Irina, transformed. "Stay!" she repeated. "Don't go! I want to be with you."

From the moment of the discovery of her love Irina was changed. She, who before had been proud and cruel, became at once as docile as a lamb, as soft as silk and boundlessly kind.

In this new dream of happiness the days flew, the weeks passed. The future came ever nearer with the glorious hope of their happiness, and then suddenly an event occurred which scattered all their dreams

and plans like light roadside dust. The court came to Moscow, and the Osinins, despite their poverty, determined to attend the customary great ball in the Hall of Nobility. At first Irina refused to go, and Litvinov was called in by the prince to use his persuasions.

"Very well, then, I will go," she said, when she had listened to his arguments. "Only remember it is you yourself who desired it."

She spoke so strangely that he feared he had offended her.

"Irina, darling, you seem to be angry."

Irina laughed.

"Oh, no, I am not angry. Only, Grisha——" she fastened her eyes on him, and he thought he had never before seen such an expression in them—"perhaps it must be," she added, in an undertone.

"But, Irina, you love me, dear?"

"I love you," she answered, with almost solemn gravity. And she clasped his hand firmly, like a man.

She went to the ball in a simple white dress, wearing a bunch of heliotrope, the gift of her lover. When he called the following day, Litvinov heard from the prince of the impression Irina had created, how all the great noblemen from St. Petersburg, and even the Tsar himself, had commented upon her beauty. But Irina herself he did not see. She had a bad headache, the prince explained. The following day he was again denied a sight of her, and as he turned once more from the house he saw a great personage drive up in a magnificent carriage. A dread foreboding seized him.

As he walked down the street his servant touched him on the shoulder, handing him a note. He recognized Irina's writing. He tore open the envelope all at once. On a small sheet were the following lines:

'Forgive me, Grigory Mihalovitch. All is over between us. I am going away to St. Petersburg. I am dreadfully unhappy, but the thing is done. It seems my fate—but no, I do not want to justify myself. My presentiments have been realized. Forget me. I am not worthy of you.—IRINA.

'Be magnanimous. Do not try to see me.'

The blow almost broke Litvinov's heart. A rich cousin of Princess Osinin's, struck by the impression created by the girl at the ball, had taken her to Petersburg to use her as a pawn in his struggle for power. Utterly crushed, Litvinov threw up the university, and went home to his father in the country. He heard of her occasionally, encircled in splendour. Her name was mentioned with curiosity, respect and envy, and at last came the news of her marriage to General Ratmirov.

II—Temptation

TEN years had passed—ten years during which much had happened to Litvinov. He had served in the Crimea and, after almost dying of typhus, had been invalided home. Observation had shown him that his father's management of their property was so old-fashioned that it did not yield a tenth of the revenue it might yield in skilful hands. He determined to go abroad to study agriculture and technology, so that he might manage the estate properly. In various parts of Europe and England he had travelled and studied, and now he found himself at Baden, his work concluded.

He was at Baden for two reasons—first, because he was betrothed to his cousin, Tatyana Petrovna Shestov, whom he had grown to love dearly, and who had promised to be his comrade and friend. And he was at Baden also because Tatyana's aunt Kapitolina Markovna Shestov, an old unmarried lady of fifty-five—a good-natured, honest, eccentric soul; a democrat, sworn opponent of aristocracy and fashionable society—could not resist the temptation of gazing for once on the aristocratic society which sunned itself in such a fashionable place as Baden.

While he was expecting the arrival of his betrothed, Litvinov found himself compelled to pass his time in the society of his fellow-countrymen—ardent young Russian Liberals of both sexes, bubbling over with new theories and enthusiasm, and ready to talk for hours together on the political and social regeneration of their native country. As far as possible, he avoided their society and escaped into the solitude of the mountains.

It was during one of these lonely excursions that, feeling hungry, he made his way to an old castle and, seating himself at one of the little white-painted tables of the restaurant, ordered a light breakfast. While he was seated there a party of young Russian generals arrived, and with much noise and ostentation summoned the obsequious waiters to attend to their wants. Litvinov made haste to drink off his glass of milk, paid for it and, putting his hat on, was just making off past the party of generals—"Grigory Mihalovitch," he heard a woman's voice, "don't you recognize me?"

He stopped involuntarily. That voice—that voice had too often set his heart beating in the past. He turned round and saw Irina.

Litvinov knew her at once, though she had changed since he saw her that last time ten years ago, though she had been transformed from a girl into a woman.

"Irina Pavlovna," he uttered irresolutely.

"You know me? How glad I am! How glad——" She stopped, blushing. "Let me introduce you to my husband."

One of the young generals, Ratmirov by name, almost the most elegant of all, got up from his seat at the introduction and bowed with a dandified air. Litvinov would have escaped, but Irina insisted on his sitting down. For a time he had to listen to the empty, meaningless talk of the company, hardly able to say a word to Irina. At last his clean, plebeian pride revolted. He rose to his feet, somehow took leave of Irina and her husband, and walked rapidly away, trying to brace and soothe his nerves by violent exercise.

THAT very evening, Irina sent him a message, asking him to come and see her; and, in spite of all his determinations not to see her, he went. She saw him alone, in a room in one of the best hotels in Baden.

"Grigory Mihalovitch!" she cried, as soon as he had closed the door behind him. "Here we are alone at last, and I can tell you how glad I am at our meeting, because it—gives me a chance—of asking your forgiveness."

Litvinov started involuntarily at this unexpected reference to old times.

"Forgiveness! For what?" he muttered.

"For what! I wronged you, though, of course, it was my fate."

As he looked into her beautiful eyes, shining with tears, Litvinov's senses seemed to swim.

"I will remember nothing," he managed to say; "nothing but the happy moments for which I was once indebted to you."

IRINA held out both hands to him; Litvinov clasped them warmly and did not at once let them go. Something, that long had not been, secretly stirred in his heart at that soft contact. They fell into conversation, he learning from her something of her life, she extracting from him in fragments the details of his career. General Ratmirov's arrival put an end to their converse, and Litvinov rose to depart. At the door Irina stopped him.

"You have told me everything," she said, "but the chief thing you have concealed. You are going to be married, I'm told?"

Litvinov blushed up to his ears. He had intentionally not referred to Tatyana.

"Yes, I am going to be married," he said at last, and at once withdrew.

He came away, swearing to himself that he would never see her again. Next day he met her on his way to the mountains, but pretended not to see her. On his return he found her sitting alone on a bench in the fashionable walk. She stopped him, insisting, with an unsteady voice, on speaking to him. He tried to be frank with her, pointing out that their paths lay far apart, that she belonged to a society which he did not understand, that she was above him, beyond him. But her passionate appeal that they should at least be friends melted his determination; and he left her with a promise to call again that very night.

When he returned once more to his rooms he made a desperate effort to recover his senses. Taking out a picture of Tatyana, he placed it in front of him and stared at it long and eagerly. Suddenly he pushed it gently away and clutched his head in both hands.

"All is at an end," he whispered, at last. "Irina! Irina!"

He realized in an instant that he was irrevocably, senselessly in love with her.

Next day he told her of his love. For answer she threw her arms round his neck, and whispered, "I love you, too. I love you—and you know it.

"You must go!" she went on suddenly, moving away from him, and turning impulsively towards the door. "It's dangerous, it's terrible—good-bye."

As he left the hotel, like a man in a fog, he passed Ratmirov on the stairs. He hardly responded to Ratmirov's bow, but rushed back to his lodgings. His head was turning round and his heart vibrating like a harp-string. He tried to pull himself together. He would fly from her—"If I die for it," he muttered to himself. He packed his bag and trunk with furious energy, determined to go that very night. As he was in the midst of his preparations a note was brought him from Irina.

'Sooner or later,' she wrote, 'it must have been. My life is in your hands. If necessary, I will throw up everything and follow you to the ends of the earth. We shall see each other to-morrow, of course.—Your IRINA.'

Two hours later he was sitting on the sofa in his room. His box stood in the corner, open and empty.

III—A Ruined Life

TATYANA and her aunt arrived the following day at twelve o'clock. Litvinov was at the station to meet them—a different Litvinov from the one who, a few days before, had been so self-confident, so spiritual, so calm and content. His whole appearance, his movements, the expression of his face, had been transformed. Litvinov was no longer ashamed—he was afraid; he had been vanquished, vanquished suddenly.

The train steamed in. Tatyana, standing near her aunt, smiled brightly and held out her hand. He helped them to a fly and took a place in it opposite them. He brought himself at last to look at Tatyana. His heart throbbed with involuntary emotion; the serene expression of that honest, candid face, gave him a pang of bitter reproach. But Kapitolina Markovna gave him no time for musing. She was full of chatter, full of interest in everything that was going on, afire to see all the fine aristocrats, though she abused them soundly.

After doing a round of the sights, Litvinov, his mind always on the rack, led the ladies back to their hotel. As they entered, a note was handed to him. He tore open the envelope and read the words scribbled within: 'Come to me this evening at seven, for one minute, I entreat you.—IRINA.'

After dinner Litvinov escorted the two ladies to their room and, after standing a little while at the window with a scowl on his face, suddenly announced that he had to go out for a short time on business. Tatyana said nothing; she turned pale and dropped her eyes. She was well aware that Litvinov knew that her aunt took a nap after dinner; she had expected him to take advantage of it to remain with her. He had not been alone with her nor spoken frankly to her since her arrival. And now he was going out! What was she to make of it?

In a few minutes he was with Irina, holding her in his arms.

"I can't live without you, Irina," he whispered; "I am yours for ever and always. I can only breathe at your feet."

He stooped down, all in a tremble, to kiss her hand. Irina gazed at his bent head.

"Then let me say that I, too, am ready for anything—that I, too, will consider no one and nothing. As you decide so it shall be. I, too, am for ever yours—yours."

He tore himself away with difficulty. He had turned his back on his upright, well-organized, orderly future. The thing was done, but how was he to face his judge? And if only his judge would come to meet him—an angel with a flaming sword; that would be easier for a sinning heart. Instead of which, he had himself to plunge the knife in. Infamous! But to turn back, to abandon that other, to take advantage of the freedom offered him, recognized as his! No, better to die! No, he would have none of such loathsome freedom!

Two hours later he was back again, trying to talk to the girl he determined to deceive. He felt a continual gnawing of conscience; whatever he said, it always seemed to him that he was telling lies and Tatyana was seeing through it.

In the course of that dreadful night, Litvinov had arrived at a resolution. He determined to tell Tatyana the truth, and in the morning he steeled himself for the interview. He found her alone and, with an effort, stumbled out the introductory words of his confession. Tatyana stopped him abruptly in the middle.

"Grigory Mihalovitch," she said in a measured voice, "I will come to your assistance. You no longer love me and you don't know how to tell me so."

He flung himself on his knees before her.

"Tatyana," he cried, "could I dream that I should bring such a blow upon you, my best friend, my guardian angel. I have come to tell you that your friend is ruined, that he is falling into the pit, and would not drag you down with him. I am ruined, Tatyana—I am ruined past all help."

Tatyana's brows twitched, her pale face darkened.

"Since you say yourself this passion is unalterable, it only remains for me to give you back your word. I will ask you to leave me. Leave me alone—spare my pride."

Uttering these words, Tatyana hurriedly withdrew into an inner room.

That day Tatyana and her aunt left Baden. There were no barriers between him and his soul's desire. He hastened to Irina's side. He found her turning over some lace in a cardboard box.

"Don't be angry with me, dear one," she said, "for attending to this trash at such a moment. I am obliged to go to a ball. These bits of finery have been sent me, and I must choose to-day. Ah, I am awfully wretched!" she cried suddenly. Tears began falling from her eyes.

He was uneasy at her tears and tried to comfort her; and she, putting her arms around him, cried that she would do whatever he wished. They should be free people.

Litvinov spent the next twenty-four hours in making all arrangements for their flight together. The appointed moment of their departure approached. As he waited impatiently in the hotel hall, a letter was brought him. It was a letter from Irina in French.

'My dear one,' she wrote, 'I cannot run away with you. I have not the strength to do it. I cannot leave this life; I see the poison has gone too deeply into me. Oh, my dear one, think me a weak, worthless woman—despise but don't abandon me. To leave this life I have not the courage, but live it without you I cannot either. Come soon to me, I shall not have an instant's peace until I see you—yours, yours,—I.'

The blood beat like a sledge-hammer in Litvinov's head, then slowly and painfully sank to his heart, and was chill as a stone in it. And so again, again deceit. No, worse than deceit, lying and baseness. And life shattered, everything torn up by its roots utterly, and the sole thing which he could cling to, the last prop, in fragments, too. In Litvinov's soul rose, like sudden gusts of wind, before a storm, momentary impulses of fury. He determined to leave Baden at once. Getting a carriage, he drove to the station. He was just taking his seat in the railway carriage.

"Grigory Mihalovitch—Grigory—" He heard a supplicating whisper behind him.

He started to see Irina standing on the platform, her eyes crying to him to come back—to come back. He jumped into the carriage and, turning round, he motioned her to a place beside him. She understood him. There was still time. While she wavered a loud whistle sounded and the train moved off.

IV—Love's Reward

A YEAR had passed, spent by Litvinov on his father's estate, a year of devoting the knowledge he had acquired to the betterment of the property. Another year and his toil began to show its fruits. A third year was beginning. An uncle, who happened to be a cousin of Kapitolina Markovna, and had been recently staying with her, paid them a visit. He brought Litvinov a great deal

of news about Tatyana. The next day, after his departure, Litvinov sent her a letter, the first since their separation.

He begged for permission to renew her acquaintance, at least by correspondence, and also desired to learn whether he must for ever give up all idea of some day seeing her? Not without emotion he waited the answer. The answer came at last. Tatyana responded cordially to his overture.

"If you are disposed to pay us a visit," she finished up, "we hope you will come; you know the saying, 'Even the sick are easier together than apart.'"

With a new lightness of heart, Litvinov set off on his journey. The horses would not go quick enough for him. At last the house was in view, and on the steps Kapitolina Markovna was standing.

Litvinov dashed into the house. Before him, all shamefaced, stood Tatyana. She glanced at him with kind, caressing eyes, and gave him her hand. But he did not take her hand; he fell on his knees before her, kissing the hem of her dress. The tears started into her eyes. She was frightened, but her whole face beamed with delight.

"Tatyana," Litvinov cried, "Tatyana, you have forgiven me, Tatyana?"

"Aunt, aunt, what is this?" cried Tatyana, turning to Kapitolina Markovna as she came in.

"Don't hinder him, Tatyana," answered the old lady, "you see the sinner has repented."

Attributes of Poetry Criticised by a Master Poet

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

IT was in 1817 that Coleridge produced the Biographia Literaria. Profoundly influenced by his friendship for Wordsworth, he uses Wordsworth's work and method in illustrating what he has to say of the nature of poetry. Coleridge was a talker, a preacher, a philosopher and a mystic. All these characteristics may be apprehended in the following outline. His observations on the subject of imagination are distinctly philosophic. The tendency towards mysticism is suggested in his remarks under the heading 'What is a poem?' while the whole work is put before us after the fashion of a man who was liable to begin preaching as he talked and as likely to become an engaging talker the while he meant to preach. An epitome of Coleridge's Table Talk with a portrait of the great critic will be found at page 2421. Of several editions of Biographia Literaria there is an excellent one published by the Cambridge University Press and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and the book is also included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Nature of Poetic Diction

LITTLE of what I have here written concerns myself personally; the narrative is designed chiefly to introduce my principles of politics, religion and poetry. But my special purpose is to decide what is the true nature of poetic diction, and to define the real poetic character of the works of Mr. Wordsworth, whose writings have been the subject of so much controversy.

At school I had the advantage of a very sensible though severe master. I learnt from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest odes, has a logic of its own as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word. In our English compositions he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. In fancy, I can almost hear him now exclaiming: 'Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean!' Nay, certain introductions, similes and examples were placed by name on a list of interdiction.

I had just entered my seventeenth year when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles were made known to me, and the genial influence of his poetry, so tender, yet so manly, so natural and real, yet so dignified and harmonious, recalled me from a premature

bewilderment in metaphysics and theology. Well for me, perhaps, if I had never relapsed into the same mental disease.

The poetry of Pope and his followers, a school of French poetry invigorated by English understanding, which had predominated from the last century, consisted of prose thoughts translated into poetic language. I was led to the conjecture that this style had been kept up by, if it did not wholly arise from, the custom of writing Latin verses. I began to defend the use of natural language, such as 'I will remember thee,' instead of 'Thy image on her wing, Before my fancy's eye shall memory bring'; and adduced, as examples of simplicity, the diction of Greek poets, and of our elder English poets, from Chaucer to Milton.

I arrived at two critical aphorisms, as the criteria of poetic style: first, that not the poem which we have read with the greatest pleasure but that to which we return with the greatest pleasure possesses the genuine power; and, second, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, are so far vicious in their diction.

One great distinction between even the characteristic faults of our elder poets and the false beauties of the moderns is this. In the former, from Donne to Cowley, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter, the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion and passionate flow of poetry to the subtleties of intellect and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual yet broken and heterogeneous imagery. The one sacrificed the heart to the head, the other both heart and head to drapery.

II—In Praise of Southey

REFLECT on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist I look in vain for any writer who has conveyed so much information, from so many and such recondite sources, with as many just and original reflections, in a style so lively yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one, in short, who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy.

Still more striking to those who are familiar with the general habits of genius will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits, the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits, his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he the master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labours, which might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the healthful cheerfulness of his spirit. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure.

No less punctual in trifles than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and to utility. He bestows all the pleasures and inspires all that ease of mind on those around him which perfect consistency and absolute reliability cannot but bestow. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an ancient attributes to Marcus Cato—namely, that he was likest virtue, inasmuch as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by the necessity of a happy nature which could not act otherwise.

As a son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and illumination.

When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only that will supply

them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will not fail to record that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honourers among the good of all parties, and that quacks in education, quacks in politics and quacks in criticism were his only enemies.

III—Wordsworth's Early Poems

DURING the last year of my residence at Cambridge I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, entitled Descriptive Sketches, and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced. In the whole poem there is a harshness and acerbity, combined with words and images all aglow, which might recall gorgeous blossoms rising out of a hard and thorny rind and shell, within which the rich fruit was elaborating. The language was not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength. It not seldom, therefore, justified the complaint of obscurity.

I was in my twenty-fourth year when I had the happiness of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and by that time the occasional obscurities which had risen from an imperfect control over the resources of his native language had almost wholly disappeared, together with that worse defect of arbitrary and illogical phrases, at once arbitrary and fantastic, which alloy the earlier poems of the truest genius. There was only evident the union of deep feeling with profound thought; and the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world, around forms, incidents and situations of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dewdrops.

To find no contradiction in the union of old and new, to contemplate the Ancient of Days and all His works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat, characterises the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar—this is the character and privilege of genius. And it is the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent familiar objects as to awaken in the minds of others that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence.

This excellence, which constitutes the character of Mr. Wordsworth's mind, I no sooner felt than I sought to understand. Repeated meditations led me to suspect that fancy and imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties, instead of being, according to the general belief, the lower and higher degree of one and the same power. Milton had a highly imaginative, Cowley a very fanciful, mind. The division between fancy and imagination is no less grounded in nature than that of delirium from mania; or of Otway's

> Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,

from Shakespeare's

> What! Have his daughters brought him to this pass?

IV—The Philosophical Critic

AS materialism has been generally taught, it is utterly unintelligible, and owes all its proselytes to the propensity, so common among men, to mistake distinct images for clear conceptions and, *vice versa*, to reject as inconceivable whatever from its own nature is unimaginable. If God grant health and permission, this subject will be treated of systematically in a work which I have many years been preparing on the Productive Logos, human and divine, with a full commentary on the Gospel of St. John.

To make myself intelligible, so far as my present subject, the imagination, requires, it will be sufficient briefly to observe: (1) That all association demands and pre-

supposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated. (2) The hypothesis of an external world exactly correspondent to those images or modifications of our own being, which alone—according to this system—we actually behold, is as thorough idealism as Berkeley's, inasmuch as it equally removes all reality and immediateness of perception, and places us in a dream-world of phantoms and spectres, the inexplicable swarm and equivocal generation of motions in our own brains. (3) That this hypothesis neither involves the explanation nor precludes the necessity of a mechanism and co-adequate forces in the percipient, which, at the more than magic touch of the impulse from without, creates anew for himself the correspondent object. The formation of a copy is not solved by the mere pre-existence of an original; the copyist of Raphael's Transfiguration must repeat more or less perfectly the process of Raphael.

The imagination, therefore, is essentially creative. I consider imagination as either primary or secondary. The primary imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM.

The secondary I consider as an echo of the former; it dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still, at all events, it struggles to idealise and to unify. It is essentially vital, even as all objects are essentially fixed and dead.

Fancy, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites. The fancy is no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space and blended with, and modified by, choice. But, equally with the ordinary memory, it must receive its materials ready made, from the law of association.

V—What Is a Poem?

DURING the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination. The sudden charm which accidents of light and shade, moonlight or sunset, diffuse over a familiar landscape appeared to represent the practicability of combining both.

The thought suggested itself that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as will be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek them.

In this idea originated the plan of the Lyrical Ballads, in which my endeavours were to be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to attempt to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us—an inexhaustible treasure, but for which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

With this view I wrote The Ancient Mariner, and was preparing, among other poems, The Dark Ladie and Christabel. But the number of Mr. Wordsworth's poems was so much greater that my compositions appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter.

With many parts of Mr. Wordsworth's preface to the Lyrical Ballads, in which he defines his poetic creed, I have never concurred, and I think it expedient to declare in what points I coincide with his opinions, and in what points I differ.

A poem contains the same elements as a prose composition; the difference, there-

fore, must consist in a different combination of them, in consequence of a different object proposed. The mere addition of metre does not entitle a work to the name of poem, for nothing can permanently please which does not contain in itself the reason why it is so and not otherwise.

Our definition of a poem may be thus worded. 'A poem is that species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth; and from all other species (having this object in common with it) it is discriminated by proposing to itself such delight from the whole as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part.'

For, in a legitimate poem, the parts must support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonising with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of, metrical arrangement.

VI—A Criticism of Wordsworth

Let me enumerate the prominent defects, and then the excellences, of Mr. Wordsworth's published poems. The first characteristic, though only an occasional defect, is the inconstancy of style; the sudden and unprepared transitions from lines or sentences of peculiar felicity to a style not only unimpassioned, but undistinguished. He sinks too often, too abruptly, into the language of prose.

The second defect is a certain matter-of-factness in some of his poems, consisting in a laborious minuteness and fidelity in the representations of objects, and in the insertion of accidental circumstances, such as are superfluous in poetry.

Thirdly, there is in certain poems an undue predilection for the dramatic form; and in these cases either the thoughts and diction are different from those of the poet, so that there arises an incongruity of style, or they are the same and indistinguishable, and then it presents a species of ventriloquism.

The fourth class includes prolixity, repetition and an eddying instead of progression of thought.

His fifth defect is the employment of thoughts and images too great for the subject; an approximation to what might be called mental bombast, as distinguished from verbal.

To these occasional defects I may oppose the following excellences. First, an austere purity of language both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning.

Secondly, a correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments, won not from books, but from the poet's own meditative observation. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them.

Third, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent curious felicity of his diction.

Fourth, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives the expression to all the works of nature. Like a green field reflected in a calm and perfectly transparent lake, the image is distinguished from the reality only by its greater softness and lustre.

Fifth, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy of a contemplator, from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, of toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. The superscription and the image of the Creator still remain legible to him under the dark lines with which guilt or calamity had cancelled or cross-barred it. In this mild and philosophic pathos, Wordsworth appears to me without a compeer.

Lastly, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of fancy, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is not always graceful, and is sometimes recondite. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton; and yet in a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own. To employ his own words, he does indeed to all thoughts and to all objects

> Add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream.

Vandyk

John Drinkwater

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JOHN DRINKWATER

POEMS 1908-1914

Critical Study by Coulson Kernahan

'POETS,' says Mr. Alfred Noyes, wittily rewording the familiar proverb, 'are born—not paid.' To the proverb, in its proper form, Mr. Drinkwater is an exception. He is one of the very few poets of our time who have come to fame and fortune by their pen. He came to fame, first, by his poems, and later on, to both fame and fortune by his plays. Of the latter, Abraham Lincoln is the best known. It was first produced at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, in 1918, and had a long and brilliant run two years later in London and in America. Thus Drinkwater has succeeded where greater poets than he failed. Even Tennyson, though poetic dramas of his were produced, gave nothing enduring, nor even temporarily successful, to the stage. Swinburne and other poets of eminence, though they essayed to write for the theatre, either could not find a producer, or the plays were failures when produced, whereas Drinkwater's plays have withstood the test of the footlights. But, I believe, it is as a poet that he will be remembered; or if remembered as a dramatist, that it will be less by Abraham Lincoln, staged on a great scale and immensely successful though it was, than by his shorter plays, produced on a far more modest scale at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham. They seem to me both more greatly-imagined and of higher worth as poetic drama than Abraham Lincoln.

In John Drinkwater, a poet 'born' came into the world, but that he should also be a poet 'made,' was his determination since boyhood. Poets are born, not made, only in the sense that if there be no native wellspring of poetry in the man who would be a poet—a poet that man will never be, strive how he will to make himself one. If the wellspring or fount of poetry be there, soon or later it will manifest itself. The waters will overflow, at first, perhaps, in a slender stream that finds its way along an already formed and well-worn channel. Then those of us have a word to say who are counted as critics of poetry. As such we should be diviners of hidden waters of song, but too often we cautiously wait upon the verdict of others before subscribing our names to the declaration, 'Here is a new poet, who is a true poet, and may one day be a great poet.' Probably we describe his work as 'derivative,' trace its source to some authentic wellspring of poetry, and add that, but for this or that great singer who came before him, the new singer had never sung. It is a safe criticism to make, for derivative, much early work is. Not a few new poets allow the stream of their song to follow the line of least resistance, and are content that it run on accepted and conventional, sometimes upon wholly derivative lines.

Sturdier souls, however, are not thus content. They must be themselves, and only themselves, and of their company is John Drinkwater. He has not only hewn out channels for himself, but has broadened and deepened them. He has toiled day and night so to clear his channels of silt, and of all that might impede and make turgid the waters of his song, that those waters run pure, pellucid and crystalline. He has done more, for he is among poets what a sapper is in the army. A skilled sapper, service men say, 'can make water run up hill.' John Drinkwater is so skilled a sapper in the art and science of poetry that, as a craftsman at least, he fails in nothing he essays.

Thus he is both a poet born and a poet made. I hesitate to say that he is a poet by inheritance, for though his father, who

was professionally associated with the stage, was an accomplished lover and student of poetry and the drama, I am not aware that he wrote or, at all events, published poetry. But from his father, John Drinkwater no doubt inherited his fine sense of stagecraft.

JOHN DRINKWATER was born on June 1, 1882, and educated at Oxford High School. After leaving school, he accepted an appointment in an insurance office, thereby showing not only independence and determination to earn his own living, but also the judgement and wisdom which many poets lack, and for lack of which not a few have come to grief.

By depending solely upon his pen for a livelihood, Drinkwater might have been compelled to please his editor and his public, instead of pleasing only himself, following his own ideals and choosing his own subjects and their treatment; he might, too, have been tempted, or been compelled by necessity, to write too much or too hastily, and so conceivably might have failed to attain the distinction of manner which marks his work in both prose and poetry. Or he might have drifted into journalism, in which case the world would be the poorer by the loss of a gifted poet. As it was—not as it chanced, for Drinkwater made deliberate choice for himself and trusted nothing to chance—he was free, his day's work done, to give himself over to his dreams, and to write poems of which, even in those far days, he could truly say:

> Though, heart, you measure
> But one proud rhyme,
> You build a treasure
> Confounding time.

Remembering the days when Drinkwater's hard lot was to be chained to a desk's dullness, in Birmingham, while others who lacked his passionate desire to make all knowledge his province were advantaged by being at Oxford or Cambridge, we can understand what was in his mind when later he wrote of Oxford:

> Long have we laboured in the great cities, where all things lovely
> Sicken and cease;
> Daughter of dreaming, lady of learning, mother of wisdom,
> Lend us thy peace.

Though we may grudge those, as some may think, 'lost' years of John Drinkwater's life, let us not forget that they trained and taught him to live and to work not for 'pay,' not even for fame, but

> For all things clean, for all things brave,
> For peace, for spiritual light,
> To keep love's body whole, to save
> The hills of intellectual light.

How hard he worked in those days—and nights—is evident from the fact that, to his office work and his literary work, he added that of founding (in collaboration with Sir Barry Jackson) The Pilgrim Players, out of which the now famous Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, finally evolved.

The only other biographical details that need be given here are that in 1919 he received the honorary degree of M.A. from Birmingham University, that in 1923 he edited An Outline of Literature, and that in 1926 he dramatised Thomas Hardy's Mayor of Casterbridge.

IN 1917 Drinkwater published a volume, Poems 1908–1914 (Sidgwick & Jackson), in the preface to which, writing of his earlier published books, he says: 'The present selection contains all that I am anxious to preserve from those volumes, and there is nothing before 1908 which I should wish to be reprinted, now or at any time. . . . I am content that my non-dramatic poetry between 1908 and 1914 . . . should be judged by this selection.'

Two other volumes, one of Collected, another of Selected Poems are now obtainable, and a Selection from Drinkwater's poems is included in the admirable Augustan Books of Modern Poetry, published at sixpence each, by Ernest Benn.

As evidence in support of the contention that Drinkwater is a poet born I will quote first The Miracle, which is in itself something of a 'little miracle' of lovely, unlaboured and spontaneous artistry.

> Come, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
> Most wonderful to tell you—news of spring.
>
> Albeit winter still is in the air,
> And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,
>
> Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
> The spring—her feet went shining through the grass.

She touched the ragged hedgerows—I have seen
Her finger-prints, most delicately green ;

And she has whispered to the crocus leaves,
And to the garrulous sparrows in the eaves.

Swiftly she passed, and shyly, and her fair
Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay—her season is not yet ;
But she has reawakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent

Triumphant news—a miracle I sing—
The everlasting miracle of spring.

NEXT I instance some verses from another poem, Morning Thanksgiving, to read which is like being awakened by streaming sunshine, on a spring morning, to find oneself in a lavender-scented upper room of an English farmhouse and, peeping over the oak banisters, to see below the welcome preparations for breakfast by the kindly farm folk. Only by a poet born could the ' common things ' of kitchen and larder be touched with a beauty which is almost sacramental :

Thank God for sleep in the long quiet night,
For the clear day calling through the little leaded panes,
For the shining well water and the warm golden light,
And the paths washed white by singing rains.
. . . . . .
Thank God for good bread, for the honey in the comb,
For the brown-shelled eggs, for the clustered blossoms set
Beyond the open window in a pink and cloudy foam,
For the laughing loves among the branches met.

For the kind-faced women we bring our thanks to Thee,
With shapely mothering arms and grave eyes clear and blithe,
For the tall young men, strong thewed as men may be,
For the old man bent above his scythe.

For earth's little secret and innumerable ways,
For the carol and the colour, Lord we bring
What things may be of thanks, and what Thou has lent our days,
Eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to sing.

The old custom of ' saying grace ' has fallen into disuse in some homes, but were it revived, no more glad and grateful grace could be said than the reading of this poem.

While we are Mr. Drinkwater's fellow guests within the walls of a farmhouse, let us ask him—breakfast over and grace said—to bear us company, and to be our guide to the surrounding country. He will not take us to Mamble, for to Mamble, as he tells us, he has never been :

I never went to Mamble
That lies above the Teme,
So I wonder who's in Mamble,
And whether people seem
Who breed and brew along there
As lazy as the name,
And whether any song there
Sets alehouse wits aflame.

The finger-post says Mamble,
And that is all I know
Of the narrow road to Mamble,
And should I turn and go
To that place of lazy token
That lies above the Teme,
There might be a Mamble broken
That was lissom in a dream.

So leave the road to Mamble
And take another road
To as good a place as Mamble
Be it lazy as a toad ;
Who travels Worcester county
Takes any place that comes
When April tosses bounty
To the cherries and the plums.

BUT if not to Mamble, Mr. Drinkwater can take us to a certain country churchyard where he will show us a gravestone at which it will be worth our while to look, if only for the sake of the following delightful and whimsically human poem :

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
ANTHONY CRUNDLE,
FARMER, OF THIS PARISH,
WHO DIED IN 1849 AT THE AGE OF 82.
' HE DELIGHTED IN MUSIC.'
R.I.P.
AND OF
SUSAN,
FOR FIFTY-THREE YEARS HIS WIFE,
WHO DIED IN 1860, AGED 86.

Anthony Crundle of Dorrington Wood
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree ;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,
With cattle afield and labouring ewe,

Anthony was uncommon blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue :
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day . . .
May Providence do no worse by me ;
Anthony Crundle, R.I.P.

As evening draws on we cannot do better than climb the stairs with our host to the garret where are stored his Moonlit Apples.

At the top of the house the apples are laid in rows,
And the skylight lets the moonlight in, and those
Apples are deep-sea apples of green. There goes
A cloud on the moon in the autumn night.

A mouse in the wainscot scratches, and scratches, and then
There is no sound at the top of the house of men
Or mice ; and the cloud is blown, and the moon again
Dapples the apples with deep-sea light.

They are lying in rows there, under the gloomy beams ;
On the sagging floor ; they gather the silver streams
Out of the moon, those moonlit apples of dreams,
And quiet is the steep stair under.

In the corridors under there is nothing but sleep.
And stiller than ever on orchard boughs they keep
Tryst with the moon, and deep is the silence, deep
On moon-washed apples of wonder.

I NOW propose to examine his work from another point of view, and to think of him as a painter of beautiful pictures. For that purpose, the poems already quoted in full may be considered as pictures from the walls of his studio, exhibited as examples of his work in this 'loan collection,' by permission. But as we cannot expect, nor would space allow, the exhibition here of more than a few complete canvasses, let me, in effect, take the reader with me to Mr. Drinkwater's studio to direct attention to the perfection of detail and the lovely imagery which mark all his work.

One of his largest productions is The Fires of God, in which are many exquisite touches, as for instance,

The inscrutable wonder of the stars
Flung out along the reaches of the night.

Here are two lines from Derelict :

And every broken song the rose
Shall yet re-sing.

This verse is from the poem, Love :

Lord of the hosts of deep desires
That spare no sting, yet are to me
Sole echo of the silver choirs
Whose dwelling is eternity.

The Inviolable Hour is also a love poem, in which the poet thus pictures the loved one :

You went of your own sorrow unaware
Save in swift moments of remembered days
When still the stars were tangled in your hair,
And all your limbs were praise,
And all your movement as a lyric prayer.

IN From London the poet pictures the loved one awaiting his return :

The scent of the ploughland is calling me away,
The chatter of the rooks, the open skies,
And she I know is waiting with the glory of the day
And the shadow of the night in her eyes.

In Dominion, the poet prays that he may

. . . travel every shining way,
And laugh with God in God's delight,
Create a world for every day,
And store a dream for every night.

At Grafton (he tells us) :

Comes in from vale and wold
The sound of sheep unshepherded
The sound of sheep in fold,
And, blown along the bases
Of lands that set their wide
Frank brows to God, comes chanting
The breath of Bristol tide.

In The Hours, we read :

When in a furrowed hill we see
All beauty in epitome—
Those hours are best ; for those belong
To the lucidity of song.

In The Boundaries he speaks of a time

. . . . . when some plain old carol in the street
Quickened a shining angel in my brain.

Here are three verses from Of Greatham:

And peace upon your pasture lands I found,
Where grazing flocks drift on continually.

As little clouds that travel with no sound
Across a windless sky.

Out of your oaks the birds call to their mates
That brood among the pines, where hidden deep
From curious eyes a world's adventures waits
In columned choirs of sleep

Under the calm ascension of the night
We heard the mellow lapsing and return
Of night owls purring in their grounding flight
Through lanes of darkling fern.

In Rebuke we have a lovely little picture in two lines:

Such peace as bids at eventide
The happy shepherd from the fold.

In Instruction, he says of poets:

So do your songs come always to me,
Poets of age and age,
Clear and cool as rivers of wind
Threading my hermitage.
Stilling my mind from tribulation
Of life half-seen, half-heard,
With images made in the brain's quietness,
And the leaping of a word

Certainly Drinkwater himself is a poet who 'stills' not only his own mind, but also the mind of his reader by images thus made.

THUS far, all I have said is appreciative, But to a just study of John Drinkwater's poetry some qualifying words should be added. I have already said that the early work of poets is often derivative, and I might have said that it is sometimes imitative. Both those epithets must be applied to some of Drinkwater's earlier poems, and a further defect in some of his writings is a certain self-consciousness or self-centredness. The essence of all fine manners, whether in life or in literature, is the ease which comes of being natural, of being oneself. That ease is not always evident in John Drinkwater's poetry. When he writes spontaneously as John Drinkwater, one reads him with joy. When he writes as if he were moulding himself on Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, or Alice Meynell, and most of all when he writes self-consciously as an 'artist'—the reader will do well to turn the page.

Consider, for example, this poem, The Harper of the World's Beauty:

I touch my strings
To melodies rare;
Whether God looks after things
I know not, neither care;
I never think of the black pit,
Or if I do, I laugh at it.

My notes are borne
Through infinite space—
Are your limbs all bruised and torn?
And in a losing race?
I take no heed of all your pain—
My fingers of the harp are fain.

Though all men be
Full stricken in grief,
What are little men to me?—
Their days and woes are brief—
But I for ever touch my strings,
Remote from perishable things.

THAT Mr. Drinkwater himself is thus stoically stony-hearted and indifferent to the fact that the reader's limbs are 'all bruised and torn,' and that the poet takes 'no heed' of all their pain so long as his 'fingers of the harp are fain,' no one will believe. The poem is no more than the outcome of the self-consciousness, the self-centredness, even arrogance of immaturity.

His war-time poems, for the most part, leave me unmoved. In Clouds, the second stanza of which is so delightful that I am glad to quote the poem, he seems self-consciously as much concerned that the war so 'clouds' a poet's mind as to distract him from the writing of poetry, and that because 'beautiful battalions die,' something of the 'old touch' has gone from his songs, as he is for the fate of his country and his fellow-countrymen.

Because a million voices call
Across the earth distractedly,
Because the thrones of reason fall
And beautiful battalions die,
My mind is like a madrigal
Played on a lute long since put by.

In common use my mind is still
Eager for every lovely thing—
The solitudes of tarn and hill,
Bright birds with honesty to sing,
Bluebells and primroses that spill
Cascades of colour on the spring.

But now my mind that gave to these
Gesture and shape, colour and song,
Goes hesitant and ill at ease.
And the old touch is truant long,
Because the continents and seas
Are loud with lamentable wrong.

The Soldier was written before the war, but as it is included in the volume by which the poet elects to be judged, and hopes to be remembered, I print it here. I, no less than Mr. Drinkwater, think of war as hellish and inhuman, and pray God that the day may come when disputes between nations may be referred to other arbitrament than the sword. That day, however, is not yet, and till it comes I do not feel as Drinkwater feels, that ' It never seemed a noble thing some little leagues of land to gain ' when this is done in defence of one's home, one's womenfolk, and one's country :

The large report of fame I lack,
  And shining clasps and crimson scars,
For I have held my bivouac
  Alone amid the untroubled stars.

My battlefield has known no dawn
  Beclouded by a thousand spears,
I've been no mounting tyrant's pawn
  To buy his glory with my tears.

It never seemed a noble thing
  Some little leagues of land to gain
From broken men, nor yet to fling
  Abroad the thunderbolts of pain.

Yet I have felt the quickening breath
  As peril, heavy peril kissed—
My weapon was a little faith,
  And fear was my antagonist.

Not a brief hour of cannonade,
  But many days of bitter strife,
Till God of his great pity laid
  Across my brow the leaves of life.

THE last line is alliteratively attractive, and has a fine sound, but what exactly does it mean? Why Mr. Drinkwater should be thus singled out for distinction by the Creator ; or why, more than any of the ' broken men ' of whom he sings, he should be the special object of ' God's great pity,' I am quite in the dark. Is it not perhaps an example of the self-consciousness and self-centredness which, in effect, mean that two beings only, God and the person who writes, exist? The question recalls to mind the finely imagined lines of an anonymous poem :

God and I in space alone,
  And nobody else in view :
And ' Where are the people, O Lord ? " I said,
" The earth below, and the sky o'erhead,
  And the dead whom once I knew ? "
" That was a dream," God smiled and said,
  " A dream that seemed to be true
There were no people, living or dead,
There was no earth, and no sky o'erhead,
  There was only Myself, and you."

Some qualification of what I have just written of his poems on military subjects is due to Mr. Drinkwater. Than his tribute to those who fell in the war, The Poet to the Heroes, no more noble, moving and beautiful threnody has been penned. I quote three of the nine stanzas :

Let us devise a music for to-day,
  Solemn and sweet, worthy of solemn things,
For death now takes an unfrequented way.
  Careless of age, his black and terrible wings
  Fold upon youth ; the full imaginings
Of midmost life are but a little clay.

. . . . . .

Most heavy toll has death of all the rare
  Bright bounty of the summertide of men,
The brain of spring is stricken unaware,
  The flowing boughs are hewn. Make music then
  Solemn and sweet, till death shall choose again
The winter tree and the grey-dusted hair.

. . . . . .

Into your lonely silences you go
  And death is your imperishable deed
We bring you honour, and you shall not know ;
  We bring you music, and you shall not heed ;
  Yet is our song not measured by your need,
Being your sorrow's crown and overthrow.

WRITING of word-music in terms of colour, one might say that in some of Drinkwater's poems the celebrant wears for singing robe the austerely plain black cassock and white surplice of blank verse, not the richer crimson and broidered robe of rhyme. Of these The Carver in Stone, Olton Pools, From Generation to Generation, A Christmas Night, The Life of John Heritage, Instruction, and To One I Love are examples. In Lady Street, which is rhymed, is in a metre so characteristic and individual that one would know the poem for John Drinkwater's at either sound or sight, for, to word-music, he adds extraordinary richness of colour. He takes us to a greengrocer's shop in a dingy back street, and reveals the wealth and the gorgeousness of colour in search of which some poets, or artists, must needs go to tropical climes or Eastern bazaars :

All day long the traffic goes
In Lady Street by dingy rows

Of sloven houses, tattered shops—
Fried fish, old clothes, and fortune tellers—
Tall trams on silver shining rails,
With grinding wheels and swaying tops,
And lorries with their corded bales,
And screeching cars. 'Buy, buy!' the sellers
Of rags and bones and sickening meat
Cry all day long in Lady Street.

. . . . . .

Yet one grey man in Lady Street
Looks for the sun. He never bent
Life to his will, his travelling feet
Have scaled no cloudy continent,
Nor has the sickle-hand been strong.
He lives in Lady Street; a bed,
Four cobwebbed walls.

But all day long
A time is singing in his head
Of youth in Gloucester lanes. He hears
The wind among the barley blades,
The tapping of the woodpeckers
On the smooth beeches, thistle spades
Slicing the sinewy roots . . . .
He smells the honeysuckle thrown
Along the hedge. He lives alone,
Alone—yet not alone, for sweet
Are Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

Aye Gloucester lanes. For down below
The cobwebbed room this grey man plies
A trade, a coloured trade. A show
Of many coloured merchandise
Is in his shop. Brown filberts there,
And apples red with Gloucester air,
And cauliflowers he keeps, and round
Smooth marrows grown on Gloucester ground,
Fat cabbages and yellow plums,
And gaudy gay chrysanthemums,
And times a glossy pheasant lies
Among his stores, not Tyrian dyes
More rich than are the neck feathers;
And times a prize of violets,
Of dewy mushrooms satin skinned,
And times an unfamiliar wind
Robbed of its woodland flavour stirs
Gay daffodils this grey man sets
Among his treasure.

All day long
In Lady Street the traffic goes
By dingy houses, desolate rows
Of shops that stare like helpless eyes,
Day long the sellers cry their cries.

. . . . .

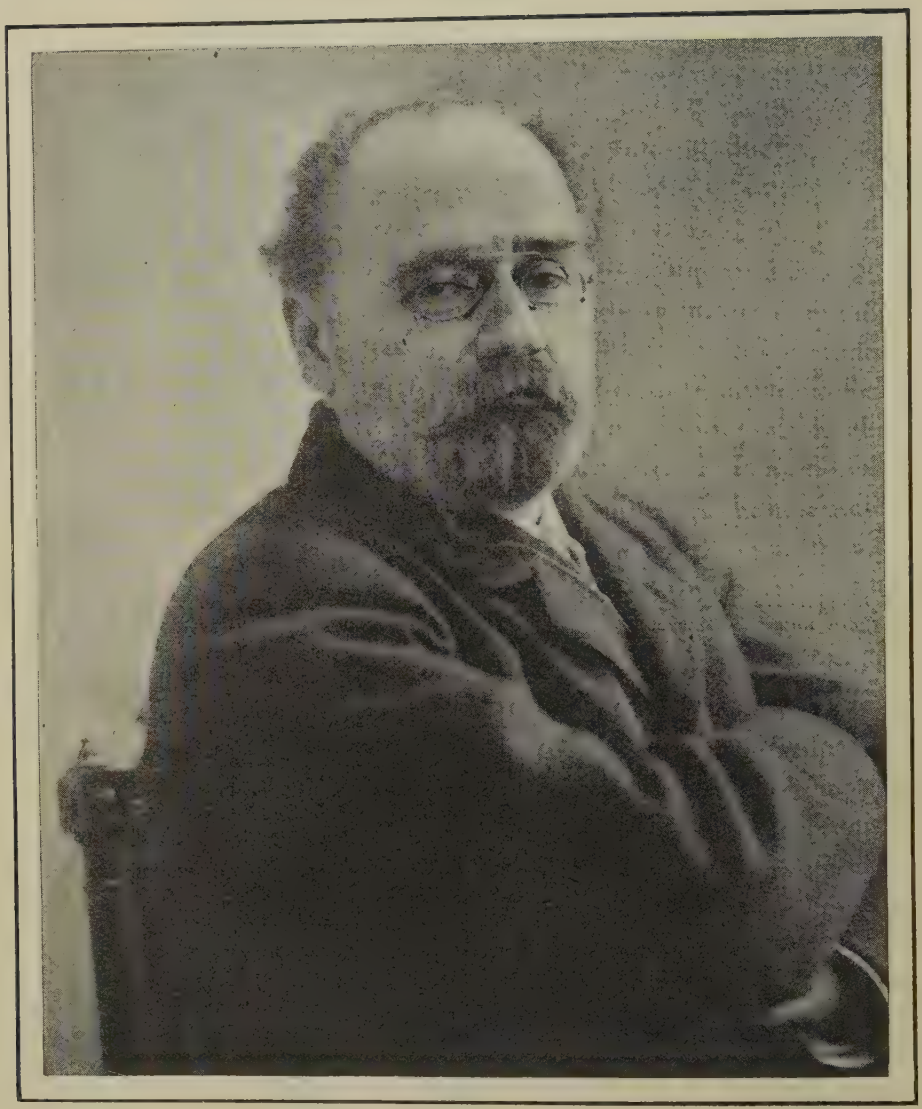
But this grey man heeds not at all
The hell of Lady Street. His stall
Of many coloured merchandise
He makes a shining paradise,
As all day long chrysanthemums
He sells, and red and yellow plums
And cauliflowers. In that one spot
Of Lady Street the sun is not
Ashamed to shine and send a rare
Shower of colour through the air;
The grey man says the sun is sweet
Of Gloucester lanes in Lady Street.

In Lady Street reminds me not a little of Alexander Smith's words in Dreamthorp. Given, he tells us, 'the ability to discern the infinite suggestiveness of common things, a brooding meditative spirit,' and, 'on the nail in a cottage' one may 'hang the mantle of his thought, heavily brocaded with gold.' That is true of John Drinkwater. Be we in his company, whether in a crowded back street or a country lane,

wonder has come down
From alien skies upon the midst of us
The sparkling hedgerow, and the clamorous town
Have grown miraculous.

A word about that 'sparkling hedgerow.' In autumn you may pass a hedgerow many times, and see nothing 'miraculous.' But one morning, after the first heavy, overnight autumn mist, a miracle must surely have been wrought. As if fairies had been at work throughout those hours of dark to make of each thorn bush a loom for the weaving of the loveliest fairy-lace, with which they had, thereafter, veiled the bush as a happy maiden is veiled for her bridal—so each thorn bush is transfigured into shimmering silver. What you see is, itself, one of nature's miracles, the miracle of threads of gossamer so slight that you can scarcely see them, yet so strong that a single thread can sustain the spider-spinner, though that spinner be a thousand times the thread's own weight. These wonder-webs had been there all the time, but you had failed to mark them, until the mist had transfigured and made visible each separate strand by threading it with a thousand pearls.

John Drinkwater can so veil the common things of life with beauty and mystery as to make them 'miraculous,' but, more often, he unveils and reveals the beauty, the mystery, and the miracle, in so-called common things, to which some of us had before been blind.



Zola. Emile Edouard Charles Antoine Zola was born in Paris, April 2, 1840. His father was an engineer by trade, and partly Greek and partly Italian by nationality, while his mother was French. He was educated at Aix, a town which appears as Plassans in many of his novels, and later at the Lycée St. Louis, Paris, where he failed to secure a degree. After several years of hard poverty he found employment with Hachette the publisher, and took to writing, his first book, Contes à Ninon, appearing in 1864. He also wrote articles of criticism on literature and art in L'Evénement. The first novel of the Rougon-Macquart series—La Fortune des Rougon—was published in book form in 1871. In January, 1898, he published in L'Aurore a startling article beginning with the words, 'J'accuse,' on the subject of *l'affaire* Dreyfus. Always a champion of the unfortunate officer, he deliberately provoked a prosecution for libel, which duly took place. He appealed against the sentence, and won, and then left for England, where he remained till 1899, when the revision of the Dreyfus trial took place. On September 29, 1902, Zola was found accidentally asphyxiated in his room in Paris by a leak from a faulty gas-fluc.

EMILE ZOLA

DRINK

THE author had already published several volumes of his tremendous Rougon-Macquart series, which were only moderately successful with the public, when L'Assommoir took France by storm. The word 'assommoir' literally means a trap or a loaded bludgeon and, as applied to the establishment with which the book deals, is a kind of death-trap. The title generally accepted in English for this book is Drink. Zola had a master hand for depicting the baser emotions and his presentation of sottish soaking in this book preserves his reputation in that respect. While many authors have been content to gaze at the more turgid streams of human life from the bank, Zola prefers to wade waist-deep, conscientiously savouring all the rankness of the flood of human wretchedness. Power and directness are his watchwords; he is a realist of the realists. An edition of L'Assommoir, under the title of The Dram Shop, is published by Chatto and Windus at 5s.

I—The Lodgers of the Hotel Boncoeur

GERVAISE had waited up for Lantier until two in the morning, exposed in a thin, loose jacket to the night air at the window. Then, chilled and drowsy, she had thrown herself across the bed, bathed in tears. For a week he had not appeared till late, alleging that he had been in search of work. This evening she thought she had seen him enter a dancing-hall opposite.

Towards five o'clock Gervaise awoke, stiff and sore. Seated on the edge of the bed, her eyes veiled in tears, she glanced round the wretched room, furnished with a chest of drawers, three chairs and a little greasy table, on which stood a broken water-jug. On the mantelpiece was a bundle of pawn-tickets.

It was the best room of the lodging-house, the Hotel Boncoeur, in the Boulevard de la Chapelle.

The two children were sleeping side by side. Claude was eight years of age, while Etienne was only four. The bedewed gaze of their mother rested upon them, and she burst into a fresh fit of sobbing. Then she returned to the window and searched the distant pavements with her eyes.

About eight Lantier returned. He was a young fellow of twenty-six, a short, dark and handsome Provencal. He pushed her aside and, when she upbraided him, shook her violently and then sent her out to pawn a few ragged, soiled garments. When she returned with a five-franc piece he slipped it into his pocket, and lay down on the bed and appeared to fall to sleep. Reassured by his regular breathing, she gathered together a bundle of dirty clothes and went out to a wash-house near by.

Madame Boche, the doorkeeper of the Hotel Boncoeur, had kept a place for her, and immediately started talking without leaving off her work.

"No, we're not married," said Gervaise presently. "When we lived in the country Lantier was very good to me, but his mother died last year and left him seventeen hundred francs. He would come to Paris, and since then I don't know what to make of him. He's ambitious and a spendthrift, and at the end of two months we came to the Hotel Boncoeur."

The gossip continued, and Gervaise had nearly finished when she recognized, a few tubs away, the tall Virginie, her supposed rival in the affections of Lantier.

Suddenly some laughter arose at the door of the wash-house, and Claude and Etienne ran to Gervaise through the puddles. Claude had the key of the room on his finger, and he exclaimed in his clear voice, "Papa's gone! He jumped off the bed, put all the things in the box and carried it down to a cab. He's gone!"

Gervaise rose to her feet ghastly pale.

"Come, my dear," murmured Madame Boche.

"If you but knew," she said at length. "He sent me this morning to pawn the last of my things so that he could pay the cab." And she burst out crying. Then seeing the tall Virginie, with other women, staring at her, a mad rage seized her and, noticing a bucket of water, she threw its contents with all her might. A fierce quarrel ensued, ending in a hand-to-hand conflict with flowing blood and torn garments. When her rival was driven to flight, Gervaise returned to her deserted lodgings. Her tears again took possession of her. Lantier had forgotten nothing. Even a little hand-glass and the packet of pawn-tickets were gone.

II—The Zinc-Worker and His Wife

About three weeks later, at half-past eleven one beautiful day of sunshine, Gervaise and Coupeau, the zinc-worker, were partaking together of plums preserved in brandy at the Assommoir kept by old Colombe. Coupeau, who had been smoking a cigarette on the pavement, had prevailed on her to go inside as she crossed the road returning from taking home a customer's washing; and her large, square laundress's basket was on the floor behind the little zinc-covered table.

Coupeau was making a fresh cigarette. He was very clean in a cap and a short blue linen blouse, laughing and showing his white teeth. With a projecting underjaw and a slightly snub nose, he had yet handsome chestnut eyes, and the face of a jolly dog and a good fellow. His coarse, curly hair stood erect. His skin still preserved the softness of his twenty-six years. Opposite to him, Gervaise, in a frock of black Orleans stuff, and bareheaded, was finishing her plum, which she held by the stalk between the tips of her fingers.

The zinc-worker, having lit his cigarette, placed his elbows on the table, and said, "Then it's to be 'No,' is it?"

"Oh, most decidedly 'No,' Monsieur Coupeau," she replied. "You'll find someone else prettier than I am who won't have two monkeys to drag about with her."

But she did not repulse him entirely. Coupeau persisted in urging her to marry him, and little by little Gervaise gave way. At last, after a month, she yielded.

"How you do tease me!" she murmured. "Well then, yes. Ah, we're perhaps doing a very foolish thing!"

During the following day Coupeau sought to get Gervaise to call on his sister in the Rue de la Goutte d'Or, but the young woman showed a great dread of this visit to the Lorilleux. Coupeau was in no wise dependent on his sister, only the Lorilleux had the reputation of earning as much as ten francs a day as gold-chain makers and, on that ground, they exercised special authority. They lived on the sixth floor in a tenement house crammed with tenants of every degree of squalor. They were so busy that they could not cease their work, and welcomed their new relative with but a few cold words. Her reception was very trying to Gervaise, but the disappointment of herself and Coupeau was dispelled when the Lorilleux agreed to attend the wedding and pay their share of the wedding dinner.

They formed a party of twelve on the day, including the Lorilleux and some of Coupeau's comrades who frequented the Assommoir. It was excessively hot. At the mayor's they had to wait their turn, and thus were late at the church. On the way the men had some beer, and after the religious ceremony they adjourned to a wine-shop. Then, a heavy storm preventing a proposed excursion into the country before dinner, they went to the Louvre. The general opinion was that the pictures were quite wonderful. Shut out of the galleries with still two hours to spare, the party decided to take a short walk, and filled up the interval in climbing to the top of the Vendôme monument.

Then the wedding party, feeling very lively, sat down to the long-desired feast. The repast was pronounced fairly good. It was accompanied by quantities of cheap wine, and enlivened with much coarse joking, which became violent as the discussion turned on politics. Quiet being obtained, there followed the settling-up

CHARLES WARNER AS COUPEAU UNDER THE GROWING INFLUENCE OF DRINK

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Co.

squabble with the landlord. Each paid his share, and Coupeau found himself starting married life on seven sous, the day's entertainment having cost him over forty francs.

There were four years of hard work after this. Gervaise worked twelve hours a day at Madame Fauconnier's, the laundress, and still found means to keep their lodging clean and bright as a sou. Coupeau never got drunk, and brought home his wages regularly from the zinc-works. During the earlier days especially, they had to work slavishly to make ends meet. The marriage had burdened them with a two-hundred-franc debt. Then, too, they hated the Hotel Boncoeur and dreamt of a home of their own.

Then there came a piece of good luck. Claude was taken off their hands by an old gentleman who had been struck by some of his sketches. Eight months later they were able to furnish a room and a kitchen in a house nearly facing Madame Fauconnier's. There, soon after, Nana was born. They had two good friends in Jean Goujet, a blacksmith, and his mother, and nearly every Sunday they went out with the Goujets.

No great change took place in their affairs until one day Coupeau fell from the roof of a house, and was laid up for three months. Lying idle so long, he lost the habit of work, and as he grew stronger again he wasted his time and Gervaise's earnings in drinking-shops. But he slapped his chest as he boasted that he never drank anything but wine—always wine, never brandy. Money grew scarcer, and Gervaise's one ambition—a laundry

of her own—seemed to fade away. But the Goujets came to her aid, and lent her five hundred francs to begin business with. Engaging three assistants, Gervaise was able, with her industry and beautiful work and her cheerful face and manner, to obtain plenty of custom and to lay up money again.

Never before had Gervaise shown so much complaisance. She was as quiet as a lamb. In her slight gluttonousness, when she had lunched well and taken her coffee, she yielded to the necessity for a general indulgence all round. Her saying was, "One must forgive one another if one does not wish to live like savages." When people talked of her kindness, she laughed. It would never have suited her to have been cruel. She protested no merit was due to her for being kind. Had not all her dreams been realized?

It was to Coupeau especially that Gervaise behaved so well. Never an angry word, never a complaint behind her husband's back. The zinc-worker had at last resumed work, and as his employment was at the other side of Paris, she gave him every morning forty sous for his luncheon, his drink and his tobacco. Only, two days out of every six, Coupeau would stop on the way, drink the forty sous with a friend, and return home to lunch with some grand story or other. Gervaise laughed and shrugged her shoulders. Where was the harm if her good man amused himself a little while? You must give men a long rein if you want to live peacefully at home. Gracious powers! It was easy to understand. Coupeau still suffered from his leg; besides, he was drawn in sometimes. He was obliged to do as the others did, or else he would pass for a muff. It was really nothing. If he came home a little bit elevated, he went to bed, and two hours afterwards he was all right again.

III—'Vitriol' at Work

But Coupeau was becoming a continual drag on his wife. Most of his time and his few earnings were wasted in Colombe's Assommoir. And Nana, between her mother's and her father's shiftlessness, ran wild about the streets.

Then one day Coupeau came in drunk. He almost smashed a pane of glass with his shoulder as he missed the door. He was in a state of absolute drunkenness, with his teeth clenched and his nose inflamed. And Gervaise at once recognized the 'vitriol' of the Assommoir in the poisoned blood which made his skin quite pale. She tried to make fun and get him to bed, as she had done on the days when the wine had made him merry; but he pushed her aside, without opening his lips, and raised his fist to her in passing as he went to bed of his own accord. Then she grew cold. She thought of the men she knew—of her husband, of Goujet, of Lantier—her heart breaking, despairing of ever being happy.

At this stage Virginie reappeared. She expressed great joy in meeting her former foe, and declared that she retained no bad feeling. She mentioned that Gervaise might be interested to know that she had recently seen Lantier in the neighbourhood. Gervaise received the news with apparent indifference. Then, on the evening of her fête, Lantier appeared, and, strangely enough, it was the zinc-worker who, elevated with the festival drinking, welcomed him most warmly.

On the following Saturday Coupeau brought Lantier home with him in the evening. Coupeau spoke his mind very plainly. They were not going to behave like a couple of geese, he hoped. The past was the past, was it not? If people nursed grudges after nine and ten years, one would end by no longer seeing anybody. No, no, he carried his heart in his hand, he did. He knew who he had to deal with, a worthy woman and a worthy man—in short, two friends.

"Oh, that's certain, quite certain," repeated Gervaise.

From that evening Lantier frequently called at the Rue de la Goutte d'Or. He came when the zinc-worker was there, inquiring after his health the moment he passed the door. Then, shaved, his hair nicely parted, and always wearing his overcoat, he would take a seat by the window, and converse with the manners of a man who had had a good education.

It was thus that the Coupeaus learnt, little by little, some particulars of his life. During the last eight years he had for a while managed a hat factory, and when they asked him why he had retired from it, he merely alluded to the rascality of a partner. He was for ever saying that he was on the point of making a first-class arrangement: some wholesale manufacturers were about to establish him in business and trust him with an enormous stock. Meanwhile, he did nothing whatever but walk about like a gentleman. In his effusiveness, Coupeau suggested that Lantier should become a lodger, and overruled all objections. Nevertheless, Lantier showed no intention for a long while of trespassing on the bibulous good nature of Coupeau.

Coupeau was now becoming a confirmed drunkard, and presently Lantier ceased paying, talking of clearing up everything as soon as he had completed an agreement. Thus Gervaise's difficulties increased, while her increasing indolence and gluttony continuously reduced her earnings. Custom began to fall away faster and faster, and soon they were living almost entirely on credit. Then Madame Coupeau, who had come to live with her son and Gervaise soon after the shop was opened, died. The funeral was celebrated with pomp and feast greatly in excess of the resources of the Coupeaus, and helped considerably towards the final ruin.

As they were sitting down to the funeral meal, the landlord presented himself, looking very grave, and wearing a broad decoration on his frock-coat. He bowed in silence, and went straight to the little room where the corpse lay, and knelt down. He was very pious; he prayed in the accustomed manner of a priest, then made the sign of the cross in the air, whilst he sprinkled the body with a sprig of box.

All the family, leaving the table, stood up, greatly moved. M. Marescot, having ended his devotions, passed into the shop and said to the Coupeaus, "I have called for the two quarters' rent which remain unpaid. Can you give it to me?"

"No, sir, not quite," stammered Gervaise. "You will understand, with the misfortune which has fallen upon us——"

"No doubt, but everyone has his troubles," resumed the landlord, spreading out his fingers. "I am very sorry, but I cannot wait any longer. If I am not paid by the morning after to-morrow, I shall be forced to have recourse to expulsion."

Gervaise, struck dumb, imploringly clasped her hands, her eyes full of tears. With an energetic shake of his big bony head, he gave her to understand that all supplications were useless. Besides, the respect due to the dead forbade all discussion. He discreetly retired, walking backwards.

GERVAISE was persuaded by the jealous Lorilleux to resign the lease of her shop to Virginie and her husband. That evening, when Gervaise found herself at home again after the funeral, she continued in a stupefied state on a chair. It seemed to her that the rooms were very large and deserted. Really, it would be a good riddance. But it was certainly not only Mother Coupeau that she missed. She missed too many things, very likely a part of her life, and her shop and her pride of being an employer, and other sentiments besides, which she had buried on that day. Yes, the walls were bare, and her heart also; it was an absolute deplenishment, a tumble into the pit.

IV—Drink Claims Its Victims

IT was the beginning of the end. She got employment with her old employer. Madame Fauconnier, but presently she began to be looked upon with disfavour. She was not nearly so expert; she did her work so clumsily that the mistress had reduced her wages to forty sous a day, the price paid to the stupidest. With all that she was very proud and very susceptible, throwing at everybody's head her former position of a person in business. Some days she never appeared at all, whilst on others she would leave in the midst of her work through nothing but a fit of temper. After these outbursts she would be taken back out of charity, which embittered her still more.

As for Coupeau, he did perhaps work, but in that case he certainly made a present of his labour to the government, for

Gervaise never saw his money. She no longer looked in his hands when he returned home on pay-days. He arrived swinging his arms, his pockets empty, and often without his handkerchief. Good gracious! Yes, he had lost his handkerchief, or else some rascally comrade had sneaked it. At first he made excuses; he invented all sorts of lies—ten francs for a subscription, twenty francs fallen through a hole which he showed in his pocket, fifty francs disbursed in paying off imaginary debts. After a little he had no longer troubled himself to give any explanations.

YES, it was their fault if they descended lower and lower every season. But that is the sort of thing one never tells oneself, They accused their bad fortune, they pretended that fate was against them. Their home had become a little hell by this time. They bickered away the whole day. The whole three—Coupeau, Gervaise and Nana—were ever ready to seize one another by the hair, biting each other for nothing at all, their eyes full of hatred.

Presently she took to fuddling with her husband at the Assommoir. She sank lower than ever; she missed going to her work oftener, gossiped for whole days, and became as soft as a rag whenever she had any work to do. If a thing fell from her hands, it might remain on the floor; it was certainly not she who would have bent down to pick it up. She intended to save her bacon.

She could keep no work, and at last came to scrub out the shop and rooms for Virginie. She came on Saturday morning with her pail and a scrubbing brush, without appearing to suffer in the least at having to perform a dirty, humble duty, a charwoman's work, in the home where she had reigned as the beautiful, fair-haired mistress—for thirty sous. It was a last humiliation, the end of her pride. Virginie must have enjoyed herself, for a yellowish flame darted from her cat's eyes. At last she was revenged for that thrashing she had received at the wash-house, and had never forgotten.

Coupeau went from worse to worse. He was not sober once in six months. Then he fell ill and had to go to the asylum, but when he came out repaired he would begin to pull himself to bits again, and need another mending. In three years he went seven times to the asylum in this fashion, until he died in the extremities of delirium.

Gervaise was next compelled to descend to begging of Lorilleux and his wife. But they refused her a sou or a crumb, and laughed at her. It was terrible. She remembered her ideal of former days—to work quietly, always having bread to eat and a tidy home to sleep in, to bring up her children not to be thrashed, and to die in her bed. No, really, it was droll how all that was becoming realized! She no longer worked, she no longer ate, she slept on filth; all that was left for her to do was to die on the pavement, and it would not take long if, on getting into her room, she could only screw up enough courage to fling herself out of the window. Was it not enough to make one think that she had asked Heaven for thirty thousand francs a year and no end of esteem? Ah, really, in this life it is no use being modest, one only gets sat upon!

What increased her ugly laugh was the remembrance of her grand hope of retiring into the country after twenty years spent in ironing. Well, she was on her way to the country. She was about to have her green corner in the Père-Lachaise cemetery.

GERVAISE lasted in this state several months. She fell lower and lower, still dying of starvation, a little every day. As soon as she had four sous she drank and fought the walls. Her landlord had decided to turn her out of her room on the sixth floor, but allowed her to turn into a hole under the staircase. It was inside there, on some old straw, that her teeth chattered, whilst her stomach was empty and her bones were frozen.

The earth would not have her evidently. Death was to take her little by little, bit by bit, dragging her thus to the end through the accursed existence she had made for herself. It was never even exactly known what she did die of. There was some talk of a cold, but the truth was she died of privation, and of the filth and hardship of her spoilt life. Overgorging and dissoluteness killed her, said the Lorilleux.

CARLO GOLDONI

MINE HOSTESS

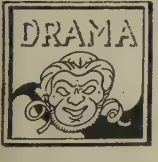
AMONG the wittiest and most lively of eighteenth century comedies are those of Carlo Goldoni. His best plays—Mine Hostess, The New House, The Fan, My Lady Gracious, all written before 1761, for example—are very cleverly constructed; and their humour is fresh and unaffected. The characters are well drawn and, if occasionally approximating to a recognized comic type, on the whole exceedingly realistic; the plot is usually not elaborate but sufficiently intriguing. Although Goldoni lived in a coarse age, his work is remarkably free from all that is offensive; although, too, he always wrote to please his audience—as his Memoirs show—his genius was sufficient to prevent his comedies from being seriously affected by modish conceits and fashionable opinions as to the drama. His plays, therefore, are more natural and more vigorous than those of Beaumarchais; and more polished, more fluent than those of Goldsmith. They are, indeed, the earliest comedies of the modern type. Mirandolina—an English adaptation of Mine Hostess by Lady Gregory—is published by Putnam. The following abridgement has been made by R. Musgrove Scott from the Italian text.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

The Cavaliere di Ripafratta	Mirandolina, 'Mine Hostess'
The Marquis of Forlipopoli	Ortensia and Dejanira, actresses
The Count of Albafiorita	The Steward Servants

First Act

SCENE.—*A room at* **Mirandolina's** *inn at Florence.* **Forlipopoli** and **Albafiorita** *are engaged in heated argument.*



FORLIPOPOLI: I'faith, if the hostess treats me as being of the quality it becomes me more than it would you.

Albafiorita: Why so, I pray?

Forli.: I am the Marquis of Forlipopoli.

Alba.: And I the Count of Albafiorita.

Forli.: I am at this inn because I love mine hostess. The universe knows it; all must respect a young lady who is the object of my devotion.

Alba.: 'Sdeath, this is rich! You would stop me from paying court to Mirandolina! Why, think you, am I in Florence? Why, think you, am I at this inn?

Forli.: Come, come, you won't do anything.

Alba.: Oh, no! But you will!

Forli.: I will, and you shan't. I am who I am. Mirandolina wants my protection.

Alba.: Mirandolina wants money, not protection . . . For my part I have promised to settle three hundred guineas on her when we are wed.

Forli.: And if she marries me, I will be her protector, and I . . . and I know what I will do. . . . You think that you are going to oust me from her affections with your presents, but you will not succeed in that. My rank is very much more valuable than all your money.

Alba.: I don't appraise myself according to my value, but according to what I can spend.

Forli.: Go your way; spend till you break your neck. Mirandolina will not esteem you the more for it.

Alba.: Like all you great nobles you think that everybody esteems you for your rank. What you want is money.

Forli.: You don't know what you're saying.

Alba.: I know better than you do . . .

[*Enter* **Ripafratta.**

Ripafratta: Friends, why this turmoil? Whence this quarrel?

Alba.: His lordship, the Marquis, loves our hostess. And I am positively perishing for love of the dear creature. He pretends that their relationship is a tribute to his rank. I hope that it is something in the way of recompense for my attentions. Do you not think it ridiculous that there should be any doubt about the matter?

Ripa.: Faith, one couldn't quarrel over anything less worth the fatigue. I may say that I have always regarded a woman as an unendurable plague that afflicts a man.

Alba.: Well, here comes our hostess. Look at her; surely you think her adorable?

[*Enter* **Mirandolina.**

Mirandolina: My best respects, gentlemen. Did one of your lordships want me?

Forli.: I want you, but not here.

Mir.: Where then, my lord?

Forli.: In my room.

Mir.: In your room? If your lordship lacks aught the waiter will attend to you.

Alba.: Sweet Mirandolina, I will speak to you in public, and shall not put you to the trouble of coming to my room. You see these ear-rings—do they please you?

Mir.: Yes, indeed.

Alba.: You know that they are diamonds?

Mir.: Aye, well enough.

Alba.: They are yours to take.

Mir.: Why do you wish to give me those ear-rings?

Alba.: I pray you accept them for love of me.

Mir.: La, sir, no; no, really!

Alba. : You will offend me if you do not take them.

Mir. : I don't know what to say, indeed I don't. I like to be on good terms with my clients. Lest I offend your lordship I'll take them.

Ripa. : Ho there, madam! The linen that you have given me is dreadful. If you have none better I shall furnish myself with some.

Mir. : Indeed, sir, there is none better, but you shall have a fresh supply, though I think that you could have shown some common civility in asking for it.

Ripa. : Where I pay hard cash I don't pay compliments too.

Alba. (*aside*) : Forgive him; he is the mortal enemy of women.

Ripa. : Permit me to observe that I do not desire to be forgiven by her.

Mir. : Poor women! What have they done? Why so cruel with us, sir Cavaliere?

Ripa. : That's quite enough. You will kindly take no liberties with me. Change that linen. Friends, your humble and obedient. Good-day.

[*Exit* **Ripafratta.**

Mir. : What a rough-spoken man! I've never seen the equal to him.

Forli. : If you wish him to leave, say the word to me and I'll make him go this minute. Pray avail yourself of my protection.

Alba. : And, as for the money that you will be losing thereby, I will reimburse you. I will pay for everything.

Mir. : Sirs, you are vastly obliging. But I have a deal of spirit, enough to tell any wild cannibal that I want no more of him. About the profit, none of the rooms in my inn are unoccupied.

[*Enter a* **Servant.**

Servant (*to* **Albafiorita**) : Your grace, there's somebody would have a word with you.

[*Exeunt* **Albafiorita** *and* **Servant.**

Forli. : A plague on the Count! He destroys my chances with his money.

Mir. : Faith, his lordship the Count puts himself out too much.

Forli. : I believe that he has designs on you, and that he is trying to obtain a hold upon you with his presents. But—if I can do anything—I am yours to command. But put me to the test

Mir. : Why, what would you do?

Forli. : Rot me! I would marry you.

[*Exit* **Forlipopoli.**

Mir. : So, the noble lord Marquis Always-Thirsty would marry me! But that doesn't suit me! If I had married everybody who has said that he would marry me, la, I should have too many husbands, indeed! Whoever comes to this inn makes love to me; all woo me. And yet that Cavaliere who is as rough as a bear treats me so shortly. Well, well, he's the first wild beast to arrive at this inn. And he's an enemy of women? Poor fool! He has not found one who has known all the rules of the game. But he will; he will. Who knows but what he's found her already. I want to use all my arts to bind, make defenceless and conquer those barbarous, those flinty hearts that are hostile to us—the sweetest things in all the world.

SCENE II.—**Ripafratta's** *room. He is reading a letter.*

RIPAFRATTA : 'My dear old friend, I must advise you that it is necessary for you to come home. Count Manna has died . . .' Poor Manna; I am deeply pained. 'He has left a fine, marriageable daughter with a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand guineas. All your friends wish you to touch this fortune.' (*He tears the letter to shreds.*) A wife for me! I'd rather have an attack of the ague.

[*Enter* **Mirandolina** *with an armful of linen.*

Mirandolina : This linen is the work of very skilful weavers, as anybody who knows aught of it may see. And, faith, your lordship, I only give it to you because it is you; I wouldn't give it to anybody else.

Ripa. : 'Because it is you!' The usual traders' cant!

Mir. : Look at the table cloths.

Ripa. : Oh, but this Flemish stuff is wasted when it is washed. There is no need to soil it for me.

Mir. : When dealing with a nobleman of your degree, my lord, I do not give the littlest thought to so paltry a trifle. I have not the like of these napkins, and they will be at the service of Your Serene Highness.

Ripa. (*aside*) : I cannot deny but what the woman is obliging. (*To* **Mirandolina**) Now, tell me, what have you done with the Count and the Marquis?

Mir. : What the devil can I tell you of those two bucks? I have other things to do than to listen to their foolish tattle. When I see how they preen themselves I laugh like a poor demented creature.

Ripa. : Excellent! I like plain-speaking.

[*By her flatteries* **Mirandolina** *easily enmeshes* **Ripafratta** *in a flirtation; he becomes almost agreeable in his speech before she leaves him to his thoughts.*]

Ripa. : Begad, have I taken leave of my senses? All the same, this is a woman who would make me stumble more readily than any other. For a little dalliance, indeed, I would much rather be ensnared by her than by another. But to fall in love! To lose my freedom! No, no, she's dangerous.

SCENE III.—*A parlour at the inn. Enter* **Ortensia** *and* **Dejanira,** *actresses who have travelled in their stage costumes. They are exceedingly gratified to find that the waiter believes them to be noblewomen, and addresses them as 'Your Excellencies.' Determined to maintain the rôles thus thrust upon them, they give themselves fictitious titles in the visitors' book.* **Mirandolina,** *however, quickly discovers their real quality, but shows no intention of exposing them.*

MIRANDOLINA : For my part, I am very fond of people of some spirit. Please stay at my inn, which you have so kindly patronised.

This only I ask: that if persons of rank should arrive you will let me have these apartments, and I'll give you others equally comfortable.

Dejanira: But of course.

Mir.: Here is a lord who is staying at my inn. When he sees ladies he invariably chases them.

Ortensia: Is he rich?

Mir.: I know nothing of his affairs.

Forlipopoli (*from without*): May I? May I come in? (*Enter* **Forlipopoli.**) Your very devoted servant, ladies.

Mir.: Allow me to present you to the Baroness Ortensia del Poggia and the Countess Dejanira dal Sole. The ladies are from foreign parts.

Forli.: If I can possibly be of service, command me.

Ort.: We are overwhelmed with pleasure at meeting so accomplished a nobleman. But, my dear Marquis, will you favour us with a little of your company.

Dej.: We would take it as a compliment if you would dine with us.

Forli.: With the greatest pleasure. Believe me, my dear young ladies, my heart is already in your keeping. [*Enter* **Albafiorita.**

Albafiorita: Mirandolina, I was looking for you. Do you see this little jewel? It is set with diamonds, and matches perfectly those ear-rings that I gave you. You will not be so impolite as to refuse it.

Mir.: Oh, I couldn't be impolite. I'll take it, so that I shall not offend you. (**Ortensia** *and* **Dejanira** *whisper together on seeing this generosity, it being* **Mirandolina's** *intention that they shall be so impressed.*)

Ort. (*to nobody in particular*): Who is this other gentleman?

Alba.: I am the Count of Albafiorita, very much at your service. Permit me to be of some assistance. You travel alone? There are no gentlemen with you?

Ort.: Yes, we are alone, my lord Count.

Alba.: Mirandolina, lay a table for three in my room. (*To* **Ortensia** *and* **Dejanira**) You will honour me with your company?

Forli.: Not so fast; I have already been invited by these ladies to dine with them.

Ort.: We will come with you, Count. Perhaps my lord Marquis will be kind enough another time——

[*Exeunt* **Ortensia, Dejanira** *and* **Forlipopoli,** *followed by* **Albafiorita.**

Mir.: I am in danger of falling in love with the Cavaliere di Ripafratta. The Count and the Marquis, meanwhile, will be vastly occupied with these ladies and will leave me in peace, so that I can handle the Cavaliere as I please. Who can resist a woman when she has the leisure to display all her infinite art?

Second Act

SCENE I.—**Ripafratta's** *room; he is sitting at dinner.*

SERVANT: The mistress said that if you don't like that pullet you are to ask for a pigeon.

Ripafratta: Indeed, I think this very good. But what is that?

Serv.: The mistress said, would I let her know if your Serene Highness liked this sauce, which she made for you with her own hands.

Ripa.: It is wonderful. Tell the lady that I love it, and thank her very much.

Serv.: Instantly, sir. (*Aside*) By all that's wonderful—him sending a compliment to a woman! [*Exit* **Servant.**

Ripa.: 'Tis an exquisite sauce! I have not tasted a better. A good table, too, and excellent linen. And I cannot deny that she also has her points, but what is most delightful in her is her sincerity. Why do I avoid women? Because they are dissimulators, bores and flirts. But that sweet sincerity——! (*Enter another* **Servant.**) Tell me, has the Count gone to dinner?

Serv.: Yessir. This very moment, sir. There are two ladies with him.

Ripa.: Two ladies? Who? Did the Count know them?

Serv.: They arrived at the inn an hour or two ago, sir. I do not know who they are, sir. I am inclined to fancy that the Count did not know them, sir, but he saw them and invited them to dine with him.

Ripa.: The coxcomb! Does the Marquis dine at the present moment?

Serv.: He left the house, sir, and I have not seen him since.

[*Enter* **Mirandolina** *with a dish.*

Mirandolina: Pardon, your lordship. Let me have the honour to place this on the table with my own hands.

Ripa.: But this isn't one of your ordinary duties.

Mir.: My lord, what am I? Am I a lady? I am the slave of everybody who is kind enough to come to my inn.

Ripa. (*aside*): Sweet humility!

Mir.: This is a tasty ragout that I made myself.

Ripa.: I know that it will be good. All that you make must be good.

Mir.: You are too kind, my lord. I do not know how to make anything well. But how I wish that I could—make something really fine for so fine a gentleman.

Ripa. (*aside*): To-morrow sees me at Leghorn. (*To the* **Servant**) Fetch me something to drink.

Mir.: Burgundy is very good. Now, I hold that it is the best wine to drink at dinner. (*The servant sets a bottle and a glass on the table.*)

Ripa.: You show good taste in everything.

Mir.: Oh, your lordship! (*Sighs*)

Ripa.: What is the matter? Why these sighs?

Mir.: I will tell you: my attention is not for everybody, and I am sorry when I think that it is unwelcome to you.

Ripa. (*placidly*): I am not ungrateful. (*He pours out a glassful of wine.*) Your health, madam.

Mir.: I am extremely obliged. You are far too kind.

Ripa.: Would you not toy with a glassful?

Mir. : Really, you overwhelm me with your compliments. I would be very pleased, thank you. But it is so long since I ate that it would be bad for me, I fear.

Ripa. : There is no danger of that.

Mir. : If I might just take a tiny morsel of bread . . .

Ripa. : To be sure. Pray do.

[Mirandolina *stands so awkwardly with the bread in one hand and the glass in the other that* Ripafratta *is constrained to ask her to sit down.*]

Ripa. (*aside to* Servant) : Don't tell anybody that the hostess sat at table with me.

Serv. (*aside*) : Such an idea, sir, never entered my head. No, sir.

Ripa. (*aside*) : Go away ! (*Aloud*) Have two eggs boiled, and when they are very hard, bring them to me. (*Exit* Servant.) Mirandolina, you are as beautiful as you are charming.

Mir. : Fie, sir ! You're quizzing me !

Ripa. : No. But I fear that you wish to make me lose my peace of mind.

Mir. : Perish the thought, Cavaliere ! Here's a toast : may we always remain good friends. (*Touches his glass with hers.*)

Ripa. : Good friends ! [*Enter* Forlipopoli.

Forli. : Here I am again. What is this talk about good friends ?

Ripa. : Hullo, there ! A glass for the Marquis ! A chair for the Marquis !

[Forlipopoli *seats himself.*

Mir. : Cavaliere, I had better go.

Forli. : Stay a little—to please me.

Ripa. : Yes, stay—to please my lord Marquis. (*Aside*) He is jealous because you are with me.

Mir. (*softly to* Ripafratta) : I am not thinking about him.

Ripa. (*softly to her*) : Are you still the enemy of men ?

Mir. (*as above*) : As you are of women.

Ripa. (*as above*) : These enemies of mine are about to have their revenge !

Mir. (*as above*) : What do you mean ?

Ripa. (*as above*) : Oh, little minx, you know perfectly well ! (*Aloud*) Well, Marquis, is the Burgundy to your taste ?

Forli. : With every apology to you, sir, it is not worth drinking. (*In a low voice*) My dear Cavaliere, I die for love of a certain little person. And I am as jealous as a cat, sir. I permit her to be with you, because I know how you feel. But if it were another, I would not suffer it for a hundred thousand crowns.

[*Enter a Servant, who gives* Forlipopoli *an insulting message from* Albafiorita. *He bounds from the room in a fury. Exeunt* Mirandolina *and the* Servant *shortly afterwards.*]

Ripa. (*musingly*) : She wishes to have me crawl before her ; she would assassinate me, but how sweetly she does it all ! And she has made me like her. The devil ! I'll to Leghorn. I do not want to see her again. Curse the women ! I'll never go again where women are !

SCENE II.—Albafiorita's *room ; himself,* Dejanira *and* Ortensia *at table. He has not been long deceived as to the true rank of the 'ladies.'*

ALBAFIORITA : The Marquis of Forlipopoli is a plaguey odd sort of rascal. That he is noble I cannot deny, but his father and he raced through the family fortune, and now he has hardly enough to live upon. But if you wish to wring anything from him, you must continue to act the parts of gentlewomen.

Ortensia : I will certainly do so. It was Dejanira who gave us away.

Dejanira : I couldn't help laughing when you gabies took me for a gentlewoman.

Alba. : You did well to disclose yourselves to me. I will introduce you to a little matter that you will find very profitable. Tell me : did you see who it was who passed through the hall just now ?

Ort. : I saw him.

Alba. : He is one of those men who cannot even look at women. Now, we're all friends here ; let me give you a hint of a jest. If you make the Cavaliere fall in love with you, I'll give you something worth having.

Ort. : Oh, I wouldn't take any payment for that ; I would love to do it.

Alba. : Would you like me to ask him to come here ? [*Instructs* Servant.

Ort. : What is his name ?

Alba. : The Cavaliere di Ripafratta, a Tuscan gentleman.

Ort. : He is rich ?

Alba. : Yes, exceedingly.

Dej. : And generous ?

Alba. : He has generous inclinations.

[*Enter* Ripafratta.

Ripafratta : You wished to speak to me, Count ?

Alba. : These two ladies have need of you.

Ripa. : I pray them to excuse me ; I really have not the time to merrymake. (*Aside*) Dem the Count !

Alba. : I leave you, ladies, in the care of the Cavaliere, with every confidence that you will—er—er—be relieved of your troubles. (*Rises to depart.*)

Ripa. : No, no, my dear friend ; please wait. Listen.

Alba. : I know my duty. Ladies, I kiss your hands. [*Exit.*

Ort. : Be so good as to sit down.

Ripa. : You will forgive me if I stand ? Kindly tell me what you want of me.

Dej. : Our husbands have abandoned us.

Ripa. : Abandoned ? What ? Two ladies abandoned ! You must pardon me, nevertheless. I am one who loves his ease before all else. I live for myself ; so, dearest ladies, you must not hope for either counsel or help from me.

Ort. : Stay a moment ; we are not really ladies.

Ripa. (*ironically*) : Really ?

Dej. : My lord Count wished us to play a little joke.

Ripa. : The little joke is played. (*He is about to depart.*)

Ort. : We know that you cannot even look at women . .

Ripa. : I am honoured to have you know it. (*Makes to depart.*)

Ort. : We are two comédiennes . . .

Ripa. : I may say that I had already come to the conclusion that you were a pair of impertinent hussies.

Ort. : Pompous ass ! [*Exit.*

Dej. : Plague on you, sir ! [*Exit.*

Ripa. : So I found the exact means of putting them to flight ! To-morrow I must leave this place. (*Enter* **Servant**) Fellow, go to the steward and tell him to bring my bill immediately.

Serv. : Yessir. Certainly, sir.

[*Exit* **Servant** *and enter* **Steward.**

Steward : I believe that you wish for your bill, sir.

Ripa. : I do. Have you brought it ?

Stew. : Madame the hostess is at present making it out, sir.

Ripa. : She keeps the accounts ?

Stew. : She has always done so, sir. Even when her father was alive. She writes, and knows how to keep books, sir, better than any of these young lads in business houses.

Ripa. (*aside*) : What a wonderful woman she is. (*To* **Steward**) That's all, thank you ; my bill.

Stew. : It shall be brought anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Ripa. : Everybody seems to be fascinated by Mirandolina. But whom do I see ? Mirandolina. She has papers in her hand ; she will be bringing me my bill herself. Yes, I certainly leave at two o'clock. [*Enter* **Mirandolina.**

Mirandolina : Sir, you asked for your bill. Here it is.

Ripa. : What is the matter ? Are you crying ?

Mir. : Lud, no sir ! I've got some smoke in my eyes.

Ripa. : Oh—ah well, how weighty is my bill ? (*Reads it.*) A guinea ? Such exceptionally good living for four days—one guinea ?

Mir. : That is what you are charged.

Ripa. : But those two special dishes that I had this morning are not on the bill.

Mir. : Pardon, but what I give I do not include in the bill. Excuse the liberty.(*Begins to cry.*)

Ripa. : What is the matter ? (**Mirandolina** *collapses upon a chair, in a swoon*). Mirandolina ! My precious ! Mirandolina ! She has swooned. Does she love me ? And why not ? Do I not love her ? Dear Mirandolina ! I must have something to restore her. I'll go and find something. Poor angel ! [*Rushes from room.*

Mir. (*sitting up*) : When men are obstinate the stroke that brings them most surely to a woman's feet is a swooning fit. Oh, he's coming back ! (*She lies down again.*)

Ripa. (*returning with water, which he sprinkles over her*) : I am here, dearest. I'll not leave you.

[*Enter* **Forlipopoli** *and* **Albafiorita.**

Albafiorita : What's this, my friend ?

Forlipopoli : Mirandolina !

Mir. : Ah me ! Ah me !

Forli. : I restored her. But my compliments, Cavaliere—you who could not even look at a woman.

[**Ripafratta** *dashes the water-jug to the floor so as to bespatter the Count and the Marquis, and rushes from the room in a rage, followed by the other two gentlemen.*]

Mir. : The lesson has been taught. His heart is aflame ; it is all afire ; it is in cinders. It remains for me to complete my victory so as to make my triumph public, to the shaming of presumptuous men and the honour of my sex.

Third Act

SCENE I.—*The kitchen ;* **Mirandolina** *is ironing. Enter* **Ripafratta's** *Servant.*

SERVANT : Signora Mirandolina, my master sends his kind regards, and demands how you are.

Mirandolina : Tell him that I am very well.

Serv. : He said that if you would drink this essence of balm-gentle it would quite restore you to health. (*Gives her a little golden flagon.*)

Mir. : Take his flagon back to him, and tell him that I thank him kindly, but do not want it.

[*Exit* **Servant.** **Mirandolina** *irons industriously. Enter* **Ripafratta.**

Ripafratta : Mirandolina, how are you ?

Mir. (*without looking up*) : Very well, I thank you.

Ripa. : Why did you reject the little flagon that I sent you ? Pleasure me in this : accept the flagon.

Mir. : Indeed, Cavaliere, I do not keep presents.

Ripa. : You have taken them from the Count of Albafiorita.

Mir. : I had to—lest I should offend him.

Ripa. : Then why so cruel towards me ? And why offend me ?

Mir. : What does it matter to you that a woman offends you ? Forsooth, you cannot even look at a woman !

Ripa. : Accept this gift or you will send me away in anger.

Mir. : Steward, steward, an iron ! This one is cold.

Ripa. : Will you take it or not ?

Mir. : Now you are losing your temper. (*She takes the flagon and tosses it into her wash-basket.*)

[*Enter* **Steward.**

Steward : Here I am.

Mir. (*giving him an iron*) : Take this. Be careful, my dear, you will burn yourself.

[*Exit* **Steward.**

Ripa. : You show great affection, madam, in your dealings with your steward.

Mir. : And what exactly do you mean by that ?

Ripa. : It would almost seem that you were captivated by him.

Mir. : I, in love with the steward ? What a compliment you pay me, sir. When I wish to fall in love I shall not throw my time away so foolishly.

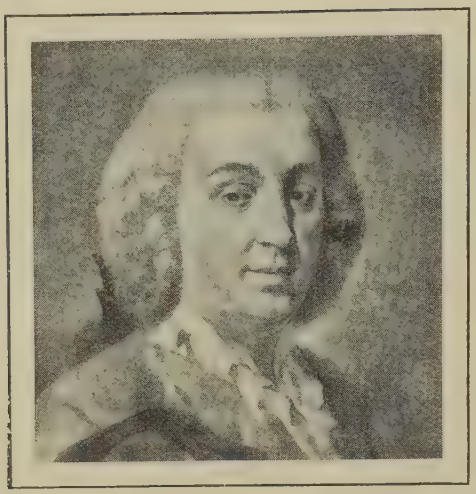
Ripa. : You deserve the love of a king.

Mir. : The king of spades or the king of clubs ?

Ripa. : Be serious, Mirandolina. Stop jesting.

Mir. : Oh, but you cannot even look at a woman.

Ripa. : Do not tease me any longer, Mirandolina. You have had your revenge. I esteem you



CARLO GOLDONI, one of the few great Italian playwrights, was born at Venice on February 25, 1707. As a youth he studied medicine, law and philosophy; and later practised successfully as a lawyer. Before 1735, however, he had written two tragedies, both bad; although one of them, Belisario, became popular. Thereafter Goldoni turned to comedy-writing, at first imitating Molière, but gradually developing a distinctive and individual style. He had amazing fluency, once writing sixteen comedies—among which are some of his best—in a year. In 1761 he went to France—receiving before he left Venice an impressive public ovation—and was warmly welcomed in Paris. He won great favour at Court, being awarded a pension, but this was discontinued on the outbreak of the Revolution. He died in France, February 6, 1793.

highly; I esteem all women who are like you. I esteem you—I love you, and ask your pity. I swear it by the heavens!

Mir.: A man who could not even look at women this morning now asks for love and pity? It cannot be. I cannot believe it.

[*Exit as* **Forlipopoli** *enters.*

Forli. (*sneering*): It seems to me that Sir Woman-hater has fallen victim, eh?

Ripa.: I? What do you mean?

Forli.: Oh ho! You are in love——

Ripa.: Let me be. [*Exit.*

Forli.: He is in love and bashful, and doesn't want it to be known. (*Picks flagon from wash-basket.*) Hello! What a beautiful little flagon! I wonder if it is of gold, or merely of tin? I must find out. (*Slips it into his pocket.*)

[*Enter* **Albafiorita.**

Albafiorita (*excitedly*): The rough-spoken Cavaliere, the despiser of women—he's in love with Mirandolina. What if she loves him?

Forli.: That cannot be. She would not do me so great a wrong. Besides, the Cavaliere can have done very little for her compared with what we have done.

Alba.: I am minded to leave this wretched inn immediately.

Forli.: That is an excellent idea.

Alba.: And you?

Forli.: I? Where can I go?

Alba.: I will find you lodgings. They will not cost you a penny.

Forli.: Very well, let us go to them. But—er—I need a matter of six guineas. Will you—er—

Alba.: Willingly. (*Takes out his purse.*)

Forli.: Stay a moment. While I remember, it is seven guineas I need.

Alba.: Six or seven, 'tis all one to me. Take them, and repay me when you like. [*Exeunt both.*

SCENE II.—*A private chamber.* **Mirandolina** *alone.*

MIRANDOLINA: It is true that I was amused to make so arrogant a man, a woman-hater, run after me—but now I am alone; I have nobody of spirit to protect me—except that good fellow, my steward. I shall promise to marry him. But—promise, promise?

[*There is a loud beating on the main door.*

Ripafratta (*without*): Open the door.

Mir.: What is it that you want, Cavaliere?

Ripa. (*after a pause*): Why will you not open the door?

Mir.: Go away! (*A pause, then she goes to another door.*) Steward, come here!

[*Enter* **Steward.**

Steward: Here I am.

Ripa. (*again beating on the main door*): Open!

Steward: What do you want?

Ripa.: Hell! Open this door!

[*Exit* **Mirandolina.**

Stew.: What is it that you want, sir? What violence! These things are not done in a well-conducted house.

[*Enter* **Forlipopoli** *and* **Albafiorita** *by the door through which the* **Steward** *has already come.*

Albafiorita: What's all this?

Stew. (*very quietly*): Gentlemen, I pray you—the noble Cavaliere di Ripafratta is trying to break down this door.

Alba.: Open it. I wanted to find an opportunity to speak with him.

[*The door is opened. Enter* **Ripafratta.**

Ripafratta: Where is Mirandolina? I will find that wanton!

Stew.: What do you want, sir, with the hostess?

Ripa.: I don't render any account to you.

Alba. (*to* **Steward**): No. Go away.

Ripa. (*to* **Steward**): Yes, you go away.

[*Exit* **Steward.**

Alba. (*to* **Ripafratta**): You will account to me for this.

Ripa.: Yes—I will account for it. (*To* **Forlipopoli**) Lend me your sword.

Forlipopoli: My dear Count, what does it matter to you that the Cavaliere loves Mirandolina?

Ripa.: I love her? Whoever told you that lied.

[*Enter* **Mirandolina** *and* **Steward.**

Mir.: My lords—with swords!

Forli.: Yes, and all because of you.

Alba.: The Cavaliere here is in love with you——

Ripa.: I in love! It is not true. You are a liar!

Mir.: The noble Cavaliere in love with me? He denies it, and denies it in my presence.

affronts me, drags my good name to the dust. But I am an honest woman ; I cannot hide the truth. I tried to make the Cavaliere fall in love with me, but I could do nothing. I tried and tried, but nothing came of it. If the noble Cavaliere should love me, he would not suffer that I belong to another—to one to whom my father destined me.

Stew. : May I ask, madam, if you are perhaps referring to me ?

Mir. : Yes, dear heart, to you, in the presence of these noblemen, I pledge my hand.

Ripa. : Wanton ! Marry as you please. [*Exit.*

Mir. : Steward, give me your hand.

Steward : Anon, madam, anon !

Mir. : Plague you for a stupid dolt ! When we are married I know what I shall do in these circumstances !

Alba. : Gad, Mirandolina, 'tis a great stateswoman you are. You know perfectly how to guide men whithersoever you will.

Mir. : So ? Then I beg you and the Marquis, as an act of grace, to provide yourselves with other lodgings.

Noblest Utterance of Pre-Christian Philosophy

PLATO

THE APOLOGY

APPEARING some years after the famous Trial of Socrates, when time had tempered the public resentment, the Apology is ostensibly an account of that trial and the philosopher's defence on the charge of corrupting the Athenian youth. Actually it is an exposition of all that was best in the doctrines of Socrates set out by his faithful and understanding disciple, Plato. For Socrates was as misunderstood by his followers as by his enemies. Brilliant young men such as Alcibiades gave public opinion the impression that the master's aim was to turn his pupils merely into caustic critics and somewhat arrogant and self-satisfied revolutionaries. Socrates had spent himself largely in destructive criticism, but he had something constructive to put in its place. His death, not decreed by his peers but by the shocked and uncomprehending bourgeoisie of Athens, prevented him from disseminating his theories. The Apology set Socrates right with the world.

A translation is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Indictment and the Real Charges

WHAT my accusers have said, Athenians, has been most specious, but none of it is true. The falsehood which most astonished me was that you must beware of being beguiled by my consummate eloquence ; for I am not eloquent at all, unless speaking pure truth be eloquence. You will hear me speak without adornments and without premeditation, in my everyday language. I am seventy years old, yet this is my first appearance in the courts and I have no experience of forensic arts. All I ask is that you will take heed whether what I say be just.

It is just that I shou'd begin by defending myself against my accusers from of old, in priority to Anytus and these other latter-day accusers. For, skilful as these are, I fear those more—those who from your youth have been untruthfully warning you against one Socrates, a wise man, who speculates about everything in heaven and under the earth, and tries to make the worse cause the better. Their charge is the craftier, because you think that a man who does as they say has no thought for the gods. I cannot name these gentlemen precisely, beyond indicating that one is a writer of comedies ; I cannot meet and refute them individually. However, I must try to enter a brief defence. I think I know where my difficulty will lie ; but the issue will be as the gods choose.

Now, what is the basis of this charge, on which Meletus also relies ? ' Socrates is an evil-doer, a busybody, who pries into things in heaven and under the earth, and teaches the same things to others.' You all saw the Socrates in the comedy of Aristophanes engaged in these pursuits. I have nothing to say against such inquiries ; but do not let Meletus charge me with them, for I have no part in them. Many of you have heard me talk, but never one on these subjects. From this you should be able to gauge the other things that are said against me.

Equally untrue is the charge that I make a paid business of teaching my neigh-

bours. It is a fine thing to be able to impart knowledge, like Gorgias and Prodicus and Hippias, who can go from city to city and draw to converse with them young men who pay for the privilege instead of enjoying their companions' society for nothing. I am told there is one Evenus, a Parian, practising now, whose fee is five minae. It must be delightful to possess such valuable knowledge and to impart it—if they do possess it. I should like to do it myself, but I do not possess the knowledge.

"Whence, then, comes the trouble, Socrates?" you will say; "if you have been doing nothing unusual, how have these rumours and slanders arisen?"

I will tell you what I take to be the explanation. It is due to a certain wisdom with which I seem to be endowed—not superhuman at all like that of these gentlemen. I speak not arrogantly, but on the evidence of the Oracle of Delphi, who told Chaerephon, a man known to you, that there was no wiser man than Socrates. Now, I am not conscious of possessing wisdom; but the god cannot lie. What did he mean?

Well, I tried to find out, by going to a man reputed wise, thinking to prove that there were wiser men. But I found him not wise at all, though he fancied himself so. I sought to show him this, but he was only very much annoyed. I concluded that, after all, I was wiser than he in one particular, because I was under no delusion that I possessed knowledge, as he was. I tried all the men reputed wise, one after the other, and made myself very unpopular, for the result was always the same. It was the same with the poets as with the politicians, and with the craftsmen as with the poets. The last did know something about their own particular art, and therefore imagined that they knew all about everything.

I went on, taking every opportunity of finding out whether people reputed wise, and thinking themselves so, were wise in reality, and pointing out that they were not. And because of my exposing the ignorance of others, I have got this groundless reputation of having knowledge myself, and have been made the object of many other calumnies. And young gentlemen of position who have heard me follow my example, and annoy people by exposing their ignorance; and this is all visited on me; and I am called an ill-conditioned person who corrupts youth. To prove which my calumniators have to fall back on charging me with prying into all things in heaven and under the earth, and the rest of it.

II—The Cross-Examining of Meletus

SUCH is my answer to the charges which have been poured into your ears for a long time. Now let me defend myself against these later accusations of Meletus and the rest—the virtuous patriot Meletus. I am an evil-doer, a corrupter of youth, who pays no reverence to the gods whom the city reveres, but to strange daemons. Not I, but Meletus is the evil-doer, who makes accusations so frivolous, pretending much concern for matters about which he has never troubled himself. Answer me, Meletus. You think it of the utmost importance that our youth should be made as excellent as possible?

Meletus: Certainly.

Socrates: Tell us, then, who is it that makes them better; for, of course, you know. You are silent? The laws, you say? The question was, 'Who?'

Mel.: The judges; all the judges.

Soc.: In other words, all the Athenian people—everyone but me? And I alone corrupt them? Truly, I am in ill plight! But in the case of all other animals, horses, for instance, there are only a few people who are able to improve them. Your answer shows that you have never bestowed attention on the care of young people. Next, tell me is it better for a man to dwell among good citizens or bad? The good, since the bad will injure him. I cannot, then, set about making bad citizens designedly. My friend, no man designedly brings injury upon himself. If I corrupt them, it must be undesignedly—reason good for admonishing and instructing me, which you have not done; but not for bringing me into court, which you have done! However, I corrupt them by teaching them not to believe in the gods in whom the

city believes, but in strange deities? Do I teach that there are some gods, or that there are no gods at all?

Mel.: I say that you believe in no gods. You say the sun is a stone, and the moon earth.

Soc.: Most excellent Meletus, everyone knows that Anaxagoras says so: you can buy that information for a drachma! Do I really appear to you to revere no gods?

Mel.: No, no gods at all.

Soc.: Now, that is incredible! You must have manufactured this riddle out of sheer wantonness, for in the indictment you charge me with reverencing gods! Can anyone believe that there are human affairs, or equine affairs, or instrumental affairs without believing that there are men or horses or instruments? You say expressly that I believe in daemonic affairs, therefore in daemons; but daemons are a sort of gods, or the offspring of gods. Therefore, you cannot possibly believe that I do not believe in gods. Really, I have sufficiently answered the indictment. If I am condemned, it will not be on the indictment of Meletus, but on popular calumnies; which have condemned good men before me, and assuredly I shall not be the last.

III—The Defence

It may be suggested that I ought to be ashamed of practices which have brought me into danger of death. Risk of death is not to be taken into account in any action which really matters at all. If it ought to be, the heroes before Troy were bad characters! Every man should stand to his post, come life, come death. Should I have stood to my post and faced death when on service at Potidaea, but have failed through fear of death when the deity imposed on me a certain course of action?

Whether to die be evil or good, I know not, though many think they know it to be evil. But to disobey authority, human or divine, I know to be evil; and I will not do what I know to be evil to avoid what may in fact be a good. Insomuch that if you now offer to set me free on condition that I should cease from these pursuits on pain of death, I should reply: 'Men of Athens, I love and honour you, but I will obey god rather than you; and while I breathe and have the power I will not cease from the pursuit of philosophy, or from exhorting and warning you, as I have done hitherto, against caring much for riches and nothing for the perfecting of your souls. This is the bidding of god. If to speak thus be to corrupt youth, then I corrupt youth. But he who says I speak other things than this talks vanity; and this I will do, though the penalty were many deaths.'

Do not murmur, but listen, for you will profit. If you put me to death, you will harm yourselves more than me, for it is worse to do wrong than to suffer it. You will not easily find another to serve as the gadfly which rouses a noble horse—as I have done, being commissioned thereto by god. For that I have made no profit for myself from this course my poverty proves.

If it seems absurd that I should meddle thus with each man privately, but take no part in public affairs, that is because of the divine or daemonic influence of which I have spoken, named also in mockery by Meletus in the indictment. This is a voice which checks but never urges me on. Indeed, had I meddled with politics, I should have been dead long ago.

But I have never posed as an instructor or taken money for giving instruction. Anyone who chooses can question me and hear what I have to say. People take pleasure in my society, because they like to hear those exposed who deem themselves wise but are not; this duty god has laid on me by oracles and dreams and every mode of divine authority. If I am corrupting or have corrupted youth, why do none of these bear witness against me, or their fathers or brothers or other kinsmen? Many I see around me who should do so if this charge were true; yet all are ready to assist me.

This, and the like, is what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps some of you, thinking how, in a like case with mine but less exigent, he has sought the compassion of the court with tears and pleadings of his children and kinsfolk, will be indignant that I do none of these things,

though I have three boys of my own. That is not out of disrespect to you, but because I think it would be unbeseeming to me. Such displays, as though death were something altogether terrifying, are to me astonishing and degrading to our city in the sight of strangers, for persons reputed to excel in anything, as in some respects I am held to excel the generality.

But apart from credit, I count that we ought to inform and convince our judges, not seek to sway them by entreaties; that they may judge rightly according to the laws, and not by favour. For you are sworn. And how should I persuade you to break your oath, who am charged by Meletus with impiety? For by so doing, I should be persuading you to disbelief in the gods, and making that very charge against myself. To you and to the gods I leave it, that I may be judged as shall be best for you and for me.

IV—After the Verdict

Your condemnation does not grieve me, for various reasons, one of which is that I fully expected it. What surprises me is the small majority by which it was carried. Evidently, Meletus, if left to himself, would have failed to win the few votes needed to save him from the fine.

Well, the sentence he fixes is death, and I have to propose an alternative—presumably, the sentence I deserve. I have neglected all the ordinary pursuits and ambitions of men—which would have been no good either to me or to you—that I might benefit each man privately, by persuading him to give attention to himself first—how to attain his own best and wisest—and his mere affairs afterwards, and the city in like manner. The proper reward is that I should be maintained in the Prytaneum as a public benefactor.

You may think this merely a piece of insolence, but it is not so. I am not conscious of having wronged any man. Time does not permit me to prove my case, and I will not admit guilt by owning that I deserve punishment by a fine. What have I to fear? The penalty fixed by Meletus, as to which I do not know whether it is good or bad? Shall I, to escape this, choose something which is certainly bad? Imprisonment, to be the slave of the Eleven? A fine, to be a prisoner till I pay it?—which comes to the same thing, as I cannot pay. Exile? If my fellow-citizens cannot put up with me, how can I expect strangers to do so?

Why cannot I go, and hold my tongue, you may ask. That is the one thing which I cannot do. That would be to disobey the god, and the life would not be worth living, though you do not believe me. I might undertake to pay a mina. However, as Plato and Crito and Apollodorus urge me to name thirty minae, for which they will be security, I propose thirty minae.

. . . . .

Your enemies will reproach you, Athenians, for having put to death that wise man Socrates. Yet you would have had but a short time to wait, for I am old. I speak to those of you who have condemned me. I am condemned, not for lack of argument, but because I have not chosen to plead after the methods that would have been pleasant and flattering to you, but degrading to me.

But to you, my true judges, who voted for my acquittal, I would speak while yet we may. I have to tell you that my warning daemon has in no way withstood the course I have taken, and the reason, assuredly, is that I have done what is best, gaining blessing, death being no evil at all. For death is either only to cease from sensations altogether as in a dreamless sleep, and that is no loss; or else it is a passing to another place where all the dead are—the heroes, the poets, the wise men of old. How priceless were it to hold converse with them and question them!

But be you hopeful with regard to death, for to the good man, neither in life nor in death is there anything that can harm him. And for me, I am confident that it is better to die than to live. Therefore I have no resentment against those who have caused my death. And now we go, I to death and you to life; but which of us to the better state, God alone knoweth.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

WRITTEN in the third year of the nineteenth century, Dorothy Wordsworth's Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland was not published until seventy-one years after. This and her other journals are invaluable as illuminative of her great brother's life. But their value is not merely biographical. Dorothy Wordsworth's work provides a witness of the revival of English poetry. She was daily in the company of her brother and Coleridge. The sympathy of her mind, informed and cultured to that one end, both stimulated and nurtured the poet's fertility. When France, having first debased them, forsook her humanistic ideals for dreams of world conquest under Napoleon, the effect on Wordsworth would have been disastrous but for the devotion of his sister Dorothy and the fact that a small legacy enabled the brother and sister to settle down quietly at Rydal Mount by Grasmere. Those who study the writings of this remarkable woman will find that she held the homespun of country life up to the light of her quickened sensitiveness and saw beauty shining through. An inexpensive edition of the Tour in Scotland was issued by David Douglas of Edinburgh.

First Week: From Keswick to Lanark

WILLIAM and I parted from Mary on Sunday afternoon, August 14, 1803; and William, Coleridge and I left Keswick on Monday morning. The day was very hot. We walked up the hills and all along the rough road. Travelled under the foot of Carrock, passed the foot of Grisdale and Mosedale, and slept at Hesket Newmarket.

On Tuesday dined at Carlisle, the town in a bustle with the assizes; so many strange faces known in former times and recognized that it half seemed as if I ought to know them all. The city and neighbourhood disappointed me; the banks of the river quite flat, and there is not much beauty in the vale from the want of trees.

On Wednesday we followed a treeless road over a peat-moss common—the Solway Moss; here and there an earth-built hut with its peat stack, perhaps the cow pasturing near, a little lass watching it; the dreary waste cheered by the endless singing of larks. We entered Scotland, dined at Annan, and reached Dumfries at nine o'clock.

Next day we went to the churchyard where Burns is buried, and visited his house.

On one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, and over it a print from The Cottar's Saturday Night. Travelled through the vale of Nith, and slept at Brownhill. William and I walked out after dinner. We saw what a delightful country this might be made by planting forest trees.

Friday. Came to Leadhills, a village inhabited by miners, the mines belonging to the Duke of Queensberry.

Saturday. Scotland is the country above all others that I have seen in which a man of imagination may carve out his own pleasures. There are so many inhabited solitudes, and the employments of the people are so intimately connected with the places where you find them. To-day we saw before us Ben Lomond, had our first view of the Clyde, and slept in Lanark.

Second Week: In the Highlands

SUNDAY morning, *August* 21, was very hot. After seeing the falls, which struck me with astonishment at the majesty and strength of the water, we set off towards Hamilton on foot; for we had to turn aside to the Cartland Rocks, and our car was to meet us on the road. In the rocky dell we passed two of Wallace's caves. There is scarce a noted glen in Scotland that has not a cave for some hero. Travelled through the vale of the Clyde, and met crowds of people coming from the kirk. The lasses were gaily dressed, often in white gowns, coloured satin bonnets and silk handkerchiefs, and generally with their shoes and stockings

in a bundle hung on their arm. It had been dark long before we reached Hamilton and William had some difficulty in driving the tired horse through the town.

Monday. Walked to the Duke of Hamilton's house to view the picture gallery, but we were refused admittance by the porter, who gave no reason. A few miles from Hamilton we came to Bothwell Castle, which stands nobly, overlooking the Clyde; it is a grand pile of red freestone, harmonising perfectly with the rocks of the river. Dined at a miserable public-house, very like a French house; indeed, we observed in almost every part of Scotland, except Edinburgh, that we were reminded ten times of France and Germany for once of England. The suburbs of Glasgow extend far, all ugly, and the inhabitants dirty. The road was full of people, who all noticed our car in one way or other. The children often sent a hooting after us. Wearied completely, we at last reached the town, and were glad to walk, leading the car to the first decent inn.

Tuesday. A cold morning. Walked to the bleaching ground, a large field covered with women and girls spreading out their linen and watching it while it bleaches. The shops at Glasgow are large, and like London shops. We left at three o'clock in a heavy rain. Coming to the top of the hill, we saw the Clyde, now a stately sea-river, winding away mile after mile, spotted with boats and ships. Came to an inn at Dumbarton before dark, where were a number of officers and their wives. The ladies sang some pretty songs.

Wednesday. We climbed Dumbarton Rock, and went up the vale of Leven to Loch Lomond. The reach of the lake is very magnificent. Our road carried us close to it, with the lake on our right. We passed Sir James Colquhoun's house, and came presently to a portion bounded by a high and steep, heathy and woody island opposite, which was like a paradise.

We were now entering the Highlands; it was like a new region. The huts were after the Highland fashion, and the boys wore the Highland dress and philabeg. On going into a new country I seem to myself to waken up. We slept this night in the inn at Luss.

Thursday. We rowed to the island, and thence saw a singular and beautiful prospect. We might have believed ourselves in North America. Islands of every possible variety of shape and surface—hilly and level, large and small, bare, rocky, pastoral, or covered with wood.

Friday. In a boat to Rob Roy's Caves, then landed at Inversneyde, and set out over the hills to Loch Ketterine. Our road was over a moor, where we passed a large, deserted stone building which had been used as a fort by the government until recently. At the head of Loch Ketterine we met a man on horseback, a complete Highlander in dress, figure and face, very hardy and vigorous, though past his prime, who referred us to a farmhouse, the Macfarlanes', where they received us kindly. The mistress of the house did not differ in appearance from an English country lady, but her kitchen roof, walls and floor of mud were all black alike. Yet in the evening, with the light of a bright fire upon many happy countenances, the room made a pretty sight.

On Saturday we took leave with great regret. They were handsome, healthy and happy-looking people. We found the ferryman, and rowed down the lake; it was an entire solitude, and was the perfection of loveliness and beauty. Everywhere were rocks, hills and promontories, covered with trees and heather. The heather was so tall that a child of ten years would often have been buried head and shoulders, and the exquisite beauty of its colour is not to be conceived. We passed on to gentle Loch Achray, and returning, slept at the ferry-house.

Third Week: Scottish Beauties

Sunday, *August* 28. We now returned over the mountain road to Loch Lomond, passing the garrison house again. We overtook two girls, one of whom was exceedingly beautiful. The figures of both of them, in grey plaids falling to their feet, their faces only being uncovered, excited our attention before we spoke to them, but they answered us so sweetly that we were quite delighted.

They belonged to the ferry-house on Loch Lomond, and there they provided me with clothes till my own were dry. The whole image of that romantic spot will be before me to my dying day, and it was the occasion of a poem written by William not long after our return from Scotland—To a Highland Girl. We were rowed over, and walked to Tarbet.

Monday. Coleridge, being very unwell, determined to set off to Edinburgh, and left us. We passed Arrochar, on Loch Long, the first sea-loch we had seen, and came by evening to Cairndow.

Tuesday. Came to Inveraray ; with its expanse of water and pleasant mountains, its boats and sloops, the town had a truly festive appearance. The castle is a stately turreted mansion, with a modern air.

Wednesday. Saw the falls at Inveraray and then nothing remarkable until Loch Awe, with Ben Cruachan beyond it. There was a ruined castle on an island, Kilchurn Castle, belonging to Lord Breadalbane, which had an enchanting effect, like a decayed palace rising out of the plain of waters. William addressing himself to the ruin, poured out the verses : ' Child of loud-throated war ! ' completed later as the Address to Kilchurn Castle. This evening to Dalmally.

Thursday. Down the side of the river, from Loch Awe to Loch Etive ; rowed on Loch Etive, and slept at Taynuilt.

Friday. Travelled eight miles down Loch Etive side, and our eyes settled upon the island of Mull, a high mountain, green in the sunshine, and overcast with clouds.

Saturday. Through Glen Coe. I cannot attempt to describe the mountains ; those on our right were the grandest I had ever seen. We rested the night at King's House at the bottom of a hollow. Never did I see such a miserable place, as dirty as a house after a sale on a rainy day, and crowds of drovers, carriers, horsemen and travellers.

Fourth Week: Turning South Again

SUNDAY, *September* 4. We passed over the Black Mount, and saw neither tree nor shrub for miles, yet perpetually traces of a long-decayed forest. Arrived at Tyndrum at two o'clock, passed Loch Dochart and stayed the night at Suie.

Monday. Set off eight miles to Killin, the River Dochart always on our left, and then travelled by the side of Loch Tay, to Kenmore. There is a uniformity in the lake which makes it appear tiresome.

Tuesday. Walked in Lord Breadalbane's grounds, visited the Falls of Moness, passed through Aberfeldy, Logierait, and went up the vale along the Tummel. With a tired horse we went by night through the Pass of Killiecrankie and slept at Blair Athole.

Wednesday. Rose early, and went before breakfast to the Duke of Athole's gardens and pleasure grounds, and saw the chapel where Dundee lies buried. This was the most northerly point of our destined course, and from here we went to the Falls of Bruar, for the sake of Burns. We spent the night in the cottage of a poor woman, near the Pass of Killiecrankie.

Thursday. Walked to the pass ; a very fine scene ; the Garry forcing its way down a deep chasm between rocks, at the foot of high rugged hills covered with wood. Then to the Falls of Tummel ; and thence down the vale of Tay to Dunkeld.

Friday. To the Rumbling Brig, and then, through the Narrow Glen, to Crieff.

Saturday. Through Strath Erne, one of the most celebrated vales of Scotland, a wide, long, irregular vale, with many gentlemen's seats. There is a struggle to overcome the natural barrenness, and the end not attained ; a passing with labour from one state of society to another. Passed Loch Lubnaig, and through the Pass of Leny to Callander.

Fifth Week: Breakfast With Scott

SUNDAY, *September* 11. We set off with cheerful spirits to the Trossachs, intending to take up our lodging with our old friend the ferryman. Came to Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray ; and passing through the Trossachs, felt that it is much more interesting to visit a place where we have been before than it can be the first time.

Monday. Our old companion rowed us over the water, and we walked to Glenfalloch and to Glengyle.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH was born in 1771, a year after her brother William, and was the only daughter of John Wordsworth of Cockermouth. He died in 1783, and in 1787 Dorothy was adopted by her uncle and lived with him at Forncett, near Norwich. In 1794 she visited the Lake District with her brother, to whom she was deeply attached, and in the autumn of the next year set up house with him at Racedown, Dorset, having decided to pool her income with his. The importance of her companionship to the poet cannot be exaggerated. She toured Germany with him and with Coleridge in 1798, the year in which she started her Journal. She died at Grasmere, January 25, 1855, surviving her brother by five years.

Tuesday. We slept this night at a village near Loch Lubnaig, having failed to reach Callander after a long circuit over the mountains to Loch Voil, where we found the burial place of the MacGregors.

Wednesday. Reached Callander early and set out to Stirling, passing the village of Doune. Stirling Castle is stately and commanding, and the prospect from it very extensive. Thence we went on to Falkirk, seeing in the distance the Carron Ironworks.

Thursday. Breakfasted at Linlithgow, where we saw the remains of a royal palace; and arriving at Edinburgh just before sunset, we drove to the White Hart in the Grassmarket. Walked up to the castle.

Friday. A dismal day of heavy rain. Went to Holyrood House, and thence to the hill called Arthur's Seat. The old town of Edinburgh, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembles the work of men, but is more like a piling up of rocks. In the evening we departed to Roslin, where we slept.

Saturday. Through Hawthornden to the house of Mr. Walter Scott at Lasswade. Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Scott; then viewed the inside of the chapel of Roslin, and drove in the afternoon to Peebles.

Sixth Week: With Scott in His Own Country

SUNDAY, *September* 18. Walked up the river to Neidpath Castle, overlooking the Tweed. The soft, low mountains, the castle, and the river murmuring through unfenced pastures spotted with sheep, together composed a harmonious scene. We drove down the Vale of Tweed to Clovenford.

Monday. Went to Melrose before breakfast, passing through Galashiels. We met Mr. Scott in the street at Melrose; he gave us a cordial greeting and conducted us to the abbey. He was here on his own ground, for he is familiar with all the history of Melrose, and with the popular tales. The ruin is of considerable extent, but almost surrounded by insignificant houses. Dined with Mr. Scott at the inn; he was now travelling to the assizes at Jedburgh in his character of Sheriff of Selkirk.

Tuesday. We went by Dryburgh, where we viewed the abbey, to Jedburgh, where we found lodgings in a private house with an old woman above seventy years, whose surprising alacrity and joyousness of motion were long afterwards recorded by William in the verses 'Age, twine thy brows.' Mr. Scott sat with us an hour or two, and repeated part of The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Wednesday. After Mr. Scott's business in the courts was over, he walked with us up the Jed. The town of Jedburgh, on our return, looked exceedingly beautiful on its low eminence. We had our dinner sent from the inn, and the sheriff stayed late and repeated some of his poem

Thursday. The minister, Dr. Somerville, called upon us with Mr. Scott; we went into court to hear the judge pronounce his charge: and then Mr. Scott travelled with us in our car to Hawick.

Friday. Walked with Mr. Scott before breakfast; and then, with great regret, were obliged to part with him. We travelled through the Vale of Teviot, passed Branxholm Hall, which we looked at with particular interest for the sake of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and arrived at Langholm about five.

Sunday, September 25. A beautiful autumnal day. We arrived home between eight and nine in the evening, and found Mary in perfect health, and little John asleep by the fire.

Tender Tragedy of Breton Fisherfolk

PIERRE LOTI

AN ICELAND FISHERMAN

PECHEUR D'ISLANDE—An Iceland Fisherman—was published in 1886 and proved the most popular of Loti's books. It was also his first important work after his suspension, for a year, from naval service owing to his courageous exposure of certain scandals following the capture of Hué (1883) in the Tonking war. Loti is celebrated for the polished beauty of his style and the extraordinary minuteness of his observation. In the book before us he turns to the simple but telling themes belonging to the life of the fishing villages along the coast of Brittany. His comprehension of nature could not be better judged than from a perusal of The Desert, of which an outline will be found at page 653. Pierre Loti was the pseudonym of Captain L. M. J. Viaud and is said to have been a nickname he earned in the navy, loti being an Indian flower which blossoms unostentatiously. The following abridgement of An Iceland Fisherman from the French is by Edgar Preston. Werner Laurie publish a translation by W. T. Baines of the complete book at 10s. 6d.

I—Two Women and a Letter

ONE fair summer evening at Paimpol, in Brittany, two women were very busy composing a letter. They sat near a wide open window on the sill of which stood flowers in pots. At the first glance they both looked quite young, but when the one who was dictating, and wore a very large old-fashioned cap, raised her head, behold, she was quite old, a grandmother of well-nigh seventy, but still slim and pretty, fresh-skinned and rosy-cheeked, her toothless gums perhaps adding to the illusion of youth, even childishness, about her. In addition, eyes the kindest, most honest ever seen.

This was old Yvonne, respected and beloved by all for miles around; and the letter the other woman was taking down from her dictation was presently to be addressed to her grandson, Sylvestre Moan, the seventeen-year-old cabin-boy aboard the fishing-boat *Marie*, now, as every summer, far away, off the coast of Iceland, for the cod-fishing. The men of old Yvonne's family had been fishermen every one. The sea had claimed them almost all, sooner or later, and now her handsome curly-headed Sylvestre was the only one left. She adored him.

The other woman, in a much smaller, newer type of head-dress, was Margaret Mével, known familiarly as Gaud—which is the Breton equivalent of Marguerite. Twenty years old, a beautiful, fair-haired girl—conspicuous among the darker Bretons on that account—with grey eyes under lashes almost black, in a pale face of almost Grecian perfection. Slim and tall, she had about her a dignity, a gravity, inherited, doubtless, from the bold fishermen, her forebears. The expression of her eyes was at the same time determined and gentle

Her father, M. Mével, who had been a fisherman in his day, was now retired, having been able to leave his hazardous calling earlier than most, thanks to certain lucky speculations which had left

him comfortably off while still in middle life. He was a widower, and Gaud his only child. When quite small she was sent to school at Saint-Brieuc, and after that to Paris. Every year her father used to bring her back to Paimpol for a holiday; and now they had come to live there for good. The old fisherman was never quite happy far from the sea.

"Is that all, Granny?" asked Gaud, as the old woman seemed to come to the end of what she had to say.

"No, my dear; please send a *bonjour* from me to young Gaos."

As she wrote the name, Gaud's face flushed crimson, for 'young Gaos' was her hero, Yann—or Jean—Gaos, the splendid giant whom she worshipped in secret.

As for Yann, he seemed to hold all women in contempt. At any rate, though twenty-five by now, extraordinarily strong and well-favoured, and fairly well-to-do, he had never made serious love to any girl as yet. Once, on board the *Marie*, Sylvestre, whom he loved like a brother, said to him seriously: "You ought to get married, Yann." The skipper and the crew—about half-a-dozen in all—were there at the time, and Yann turned on them all with a disdainful smile.

"I? Marry? Oh, yes, I'll marry right enough, one of these days. But none of the girls at home for me! When I marry, my bride will be the sea, and I invite you all to the wedding!"

. . . . . .

Left alone, now that old Yvonne (who lived at Ploubazlanec, some distance away) was gone home with her letter, Gaud still sat by the window, in meditation. She recalled her first meeting with Yann. It was the day after her arrival at Paimpol the year before. A 'Pardon,' or fishermen's *fête*, was being celebrated, with a procession through the dark, narrow, little streets, now gay with flags and winter flowers. Church bells chimed, while priests intoned; from every ale-house came noisy singing; groups of revelling sailors arm-in-arm swayed unsteadily across the road; all the girls were out, dressed in their best, for summer was over and the men home again!

GAUD remembered, oh! so well, how she had picked Yann out from among a group of merry-making 'Icelanders.' He was so tall, his shoulders were so broad, you couldn't help remarking him. And she had said, with a laugh:

"There's a big fellow! Won't he fill up the house, when he's married!"

And just then the great fisherman had turned round and looked at her, surprised to see one so elegant, so *Parisienne*, wearing the head-dress of the district, and yet in every line of her so superior to the rest, so different. That same evening the young people were introduced, but how slow they were getting to know one another better! Once, of course, he had danced with her at a wedding, and he had interested her just as much as she appeared to interest him. But that was last December, that delicious night, and now it was May, and Yann was far away fishing. Why had he not sought her after the dance? Why had he made no effort to improve an acquaintance so happily started?

II—Gaud Goes to Yann's Home

IT was mid-September now, and the boats had been back from the Iceland seas nearly a month—all but two, which had disappeared in a June tempest. Yann, of course, was home with the rest, but Gaud had set eyes on him only once, when they all went to see Sylvestre off. The boy had started his five years' naval service, and was joining up at Brest. And then they were not alone for a moment, and Yann had done no more than salute her distantly. Could she have offended him? And how?

Gaud made up her mind to go to Pors-Even, where Yann's family lived, and try to have an explanation with him. So one cool September afternoon she set out to walk along the coast in that direction. She had an excuse for going to visit the elder Gaos; her father owed him a hundred francs, over the sale of a boat, and when Gaud had suggested that she might walk over with the money, M. Mével had raised no objection.

As Gaud drew near the village of Pors-Even she came to the chapel, a small,

weather-beaten building, in an enclosure full of crosses. In the little chalk-walled chapel itself there were granite figures of saints in the angles of the walls, and many memorial plaques.

The name Gaos was everywhere. Presently she came upon this inscription, one of many almost exactly like it :

To the memory
of
Gaos, Jean-Louis,
Aged 24, sailor on board the 'Marguerite,' lost in Iceland, the 3rd of August, 1877.
R. I. P.

Iceland—always Iceland ! Gaud had a dark presentiment come over her, and she was sorry she had not gone straight on and passed the tragic chapel by.

It was growing dark by the time she reached the comfortable, well-kept home of the Gaos family, and it was almost a relief to her to hear that Yann was out. But all the rest were there, the mother and the girls busy cutting out the cloth to make oilskins for next season's fishing. They received their charming visitor with respect, even with cordiality, and the father—a fine, tall, grey-haired man, almost as big as Yann—excused his son's absence. He had gone to Loguivy to buy lobster pots.

At last Gaud felt she could find no excuse for staying longer ; so she said good-bye, though pressed to stay for supper. The father went with her until the lights of Paimpol could be seen. Then Gaud went on alone, sad, dispirited and tired. She could not make the journey again, now the money was paid. Heaven only knew when she would see him again !

SYLVESTRE, who was now at Brest, soon learnt that he was for China, to join the Formosa squadron. The war there showed no sign of ending, so there would be fighting for the French sailors.

Old Yvonne went to Brest, to spend the last two or three days with her grandson before he sailed. It was good to see them going about together, like lovers, arm-in-arm, she so proud and happy in her Sunday clothes, he—who knew nothing of younger women—as content as though she had been seventeen, and not seventy.

" His girl's rather old, isn't she ? " remarked his comrades among themselves, but not in his hearing, for Sylvestre's uncommon strength was well known.

But everything comes to an end, and nothing so quickly as happiness. Sylvestre was to embark on the day after next, and as sailors are always kept in their quarters the day before they sail—lest they get into trouble over wine or women, or both—it was necessary for them to say good-bye. There was something so tender, so touching, in their last embrace, that none who saw it felt inclined to laugh.

IT was the last day of February. The fishermen are leaving Paimpol on the morrow for Iceland. Gaud, pale and nervous, is standing at the door of her bedroom, listening, Yann is below, talking to her father. It is months since she and he have met, and now she feels she *must* speak to him. In a minute or two he will be gone, and it will then be too late. As she hears him going out Gaud rushes down to intercept him.

" Monsieur Yann, I have something to say to you, please."

" Something to say to *me*, Mademoiselle Gaud ? " He spoke softly, hat in hand.

" Yes, I want to know if you have quite forgotten the night of the ball, and how we said good-bye then. I want to know what I have done, that since——"

He had become crimson, while she was as white as a statue.

" No, Mademoiselle Gaud," he replied, turning to go. " I've heard a lot of talk about you and me along the coast. You are rich. We are not of the same class. I'm not the right sort of man to come to your house——" and he was gone.

So it was all over. Everything was at an end for ever. And she had not even said to him what she meant to say ! Going up to her room again she looks out of the window, and sees him among a little knot of fishermen. They are all merry, all laughing and joking, all but he, who stands there silent, grave and sad. When the others go in to drink, Yann walks slowly away, homeward, taking no heed of the rain, as though absorbed in thought.

Then she forgives him everything, and a feeling of tenderness, with no hope in it, takes the place of the bitter spite that for a moment had risen within her.

III—Sylvestre Does His Duty

THERE is a letter for 'Moan, Sylvestre' when the French post is delivered on board the *Circé*, lying in the roadstead of Ha-Long, at the other end of the world. At once the young sailor notices that the writing is not Gaud's, and he opens it with some trepidation. The signature, 'Veuve Moan,' in the shaky, unformed handwriting at the end reassures him, however—his grandmother is alive and well, at any rate. She explains why she, and not Gaud, is writing. Trouble has befallen Sylvestre's old playmate. Gaud's father, M. Mével, has just died suddenly; the nice sum of money he had has been lost in some unlucky business transaction in Paris; the house and furniture are to be sold; poor Gaud will now have to work for her living. Old Yvonne adds an affectionate message to Sylvestre from Yann, who went off in the *Marie* only a day or two before Gaud's father's death, and so knew nothing of the sudden change in her fortunes.

It is not long ere Sylvestre receives his baptism of fire. He is reconnoitring among the rice-fields, one of a party of six. Bullets are whistling around them. They have been discovered by a party of the enemy under cover behind a clump of bamboo. These must be dislodged, so on go the French sailors, Sylvestre's long legs soon taking him to the front of them. But the Chinese are more, far more, than they supposed. No matter! They must be put to flight; so on go the half-dozen sailors, now firing, now clubbing with their rifles in among the retreating mob of yellow men, who already are panic-stricken. Sylvestre has a lance-thrust in the thigh and a deep wound in the arm, but he feels nothing, for his blood is up, and he continues to lead the attack.

Suddenly he has a strange sensation in his chest. He feels the air go into his lung as he breathes, then his mouth fills with blood, once or twice he spins round, and exclaiming, "I think I've got my dose!" falls heavily in the mud, insensible.

They took him to Hanoï, and put him on a hospital-ship returning to France. He was awarded the Military Medal, which gave him a moment's joy. At first he seemed to be recovering a little, but when near the Equator the heat became terrible, and he cried constantly for air, which, alas, they could not give him, though a port-hole by his bed was opened. Through it poured the blood-red rays of the setting sun forming a nimbus round the dying boy's head. Before the sun had quite disappeared beneath the waves, Sylvestre had ceased to suffer. They closed his dark-fringed eyelids, and he lay very calm and beautiful, like a marble statue.

His body was landed at the island of Singapore, which was not far away, and there one morning, very early, before the sun had grown too powerful, they buried him amid the great tropical flowers in the French cemetery, with the *tricolore* around him. The little wooden cross at his head bore the words: 'Sylvestre Moan. Aged nineteen.'

WHEN old Yvonne got home one day early in June the neighbours told her someone had been to see her from the Maritime Registry. It was something to do with her grandson, of course, and she knew the office well, as daughter, wife, mother and grandmother of seafaring men. So, thinking there was perhaps a little pay on account to receive, she at once put on her best dress and bonnet and shawl, in honour of Monsieur le Commissaire, and set off to find him. The office was in Paimpol. When Yvonne arrived the Commissary was out, but his ugly little clerk was there at his desk. As soon as he heard the name, he rose, with an air of great importance, and took from a pigeon-hole a large bundle of documents. There were certificates and papers with seals on them, and a sailor's pay-book yellowed by the sea air. What could it mean? The old woman began to tremble when she recognized two of her own letters, unopened. The clerk then began to read:

"Moan, Jean-Marie Sylvestre, registered at Paimpol, deceased on board the *Bien-Hoa*, on the fourteenth——"

"What? What has happened to him, sir?"

"Deceased! He's deceased!" was the reply; and as she did not seem to under-

stand the French word, he repeated it in Breton : *Maru éo !* (He's dead).

Presently the clerk handed Yvonne a paper authorising her to draw thirty francs, the proceeds of the sale of Sylvestre's few belongings ; then the letters, the certificates, and the box containing his Military Medal. All these she took mechanically in her poor, trembling, work-worn hands ; then, her eyes bent downwards, and hardly conscious of what had befallen her, she left the office and staggered home.

When Gaud came round in the evening she found her lying in the corner with her head against the wall. Her face wore a sort of grimace, and she could only murmur in a high, childish voice, " My grandson dead, my grandson dead ! "

IV—The Young Woman and the Old

GAUD went to live with the old woman after this, taking with her all she had left after the sale—her bed. It was necessary that she should work now, so by degrees, being a good needlewoman, she got some dressmaking to do, just contriving to earn enough for their small needs. Gradually Yvonne recovered from the shock of Sylvestre's death ; but there was a change in her, she began to grow indifferent to almost everything around her ; even the old pride in her appearance, her cleanliness, left her, and, to Gaud's astonishment, she would sometimes begin to sing, in her quavering voice, snatches of the ribald songs she had heard from the sailors half a century ago : ' The Girls of Paimpol,' and so forth.

At times she even seemed to have forgotten all about her dead grandson. " Sylvestre ? Sylvestre ? " she would say, as though puzzled to know who he could have been. Yet the next day she would remember him perfectly, and weep for hours, recalling the little things he had done and said.

But the year was getting on. One day in September, while she was working in Paimpol (the two women lived now in the Moans' old cottage at Ploubazlanec) Gaud heard that the *Marie* had just got back. On her way home she recognized in the distance the tall, straight figure of Yann, coming towards her. Her legs almost gave way beneath her, and much as she had longed for a sight of him, she would now have avoided the meeting, had it been possible. But there was no escape. They came face to face in the narrow path, and he stood aside to make way for her.

" Good-morning, Mademoiselle Gaud ! " he said, touching his cap.

" Good-morning, Monsieur Yann ! " she replied.

The next moment he had gone on his way, without another look or word. When Gaud reached home Yvonne told her Yann had been to see her, and had cried as they talked of poor young Sylvestre. Never had Gaud felt so utterly deserted and miserable. She wished she were dead !

One of Gaud's customers was a certain Madame Tressoleur, who kept a *cabaret* at Paimpol, much frequented by the Icelanders. It was while working there during the winter that she overheard someone say the *Marie* was to be sold and broken up. The captain and crew—big Yann Gaos and all—had signed on to sail next February in a new boat, the *Léopoldine*. Somehow, the name displeased her. She would have preferred that Yann should sail, as before, in the old *Marie*, which the Virgin had protected through so many dangerous voyages. But, after all, she reflected sadly, it was not her business.

AS Yann was walking one day early in February along the road to Ploubazlanec he was shocked to see Sylvestre's poor old grandmother shambling along, covered in mud and almost in rags, followed by a crowd of mischievous boys. The little wretches had killed her cat, and now they were shouting that she was drunk, as indeed she might well have been, from her appearance.

When Yann strode up the boys ran away, afraid of the big sailor. At the same moment Gaud, returning from Paimpol, came on the scene. This time the young people did not attempt to avoid one another. Gaud at once began to tidy the grandmother up as best she could, talking softly to her, just as though she had been a little child ; and then they took her home between them, old Yvonne crying over her dead pet.

V—A Meeting—and What Came of It

YANN did not leave them at the cottage door, but, after a moment's hesitation, followed the two women inside. During the walk he had kept his eyes fixed on Gaud, more beautiful than ever, in her plain workaday clothes; and now, as they stood face to face, he continued looking at her very earnestly still. The old woman took no notice of either. Presently, after a silence that had become almost painful, Yann said slowly in his deep, grave tones:

"Gaud, if you are still willing . . ."

What was he going to say? What was the decision he had suddenly made and hardly dared express?

"If you are still willing . . . The catch sold well this year, and I have a little money put by . . . We might get married, Mademoiselle Gaud, if you are still willing. . . ."

If she was still willing! She could not speak; and he looked at her in alarm. No words would come. She had turned deathly white as she stood there before him, her hands pressed on the table between them.

"Well, Gaud, why don't you say something?" exclaimed the old woman. "You must excuse her, Monsieur Yann. She's so surprised, that's all. But sit down, pray, and take a glass of cider with us."

Although her tongue could not utter a sound, Gaud's eyes gave Yann all the answer he needed, and he seized her hands.

"Well, God bless you, my children!" said Yvonne. "And *I* thank Him, too, for letting me see this before I die!" And she continued: "You might as well kiss one another! Why, you don't say a word! Goodness, what funny grandchildren I've got, now!"

Yann took off his hat, then he stooped and kissed Gaud, who, in return, embraced him on his sunburnt cheek. Of other kisses she knew nothing. To the sailor it seemed to be the first real kiss he had ever given in his life.

. . . . . .

There was not much time to spare, if the wedding was to be before the *Léopoldine* sailed at the end of the month for Iceland, so the banns were put up at once and the date fixed so as to have about six days for the honeymoon.

Night after night the lovers would sit together on the old stone seat outside the cottage gate. It is not very cold in Brittany in February, and even if it had been Gaud and Yann would not have noticed it!

They were married a week before the day on which the *Léopoldine* and the rest of the convoy was to sail. As the party came out of the church at Ploubazlanec it rained in torrents, and the wind grew more furious every minute. The pair looked as grand as a king and queen, walking at the head of the company, and all the village and nearly all the Icelanders turned out to see and admire them. Every beggar and cripple and village idiot for miles around was there to share in the alms which Yann distributed lavishly.

The bridal pair and their friends, following the custom of the place, made their way to the chapel of the Trinity, which stands on the low rocks almost in the sea; but so high was the wind, so menacing the waves, that they had to retreat. The fiddler who headed the party sat on a rock, trying to get some music out of his strings, until Yann, turning his back on the angry waters, said, with a laugh:

"Best put away your fiddle, old man. The sea means to play her own tune today!"

THEN the rain came down harder than ever, and they all hurried along as fast as they could to Yann's home, where the wedding feast was spread. As they sat there enjoying the abundant good cheer, they could hear the storm howling without.

"One would think the wind was angry," someone remarked, "just because we're enjoying ourselves."

"No," said Yann, smiling at his bride, "it's the sea that's cross because I once promised to marry her."

When the wine had begun to tell its tale, and the fun was at its height, Yann and his wife slipped quietly away. Their home now was with old Yvonne, who had been taken back to her cottage before the singing began. They ran together through

wind and rain, arriving wet but happy. The grandmother, in her cupboard bed, was or feigned to be, asleep, so at last they were alone. For the first time their lips met, and a long while they stood silent, thus united. Then suddenly, stretching out his hand, Yann put out the candle, and, lifting Gaud in his arms, carried her to the other end of the room to her own French bed, their nuptial couch. . . . .

VI—Voyage of the 'Leopoldine'

YANN and Gaud were man and wife for six days, both happier than they had ever been, or ever hoped to be. With her the sailor had a respectful courtesy which seemed to be quite natural. She was his wife—something altogether different and apart from the women he had hitherto known. As for Gaud, she was anxious, even in her complete happiness. It was, she felt, too good to be true. Surely it must all be a dream!

The very last day arrived—a perfect spring day, with the wind, which had been strong and cold, at rest at last, and not a cloud in the sky. Hand-in-hand they walked along the cliffs and opened their hearts the one to the other, for they had so much to say. The next morning, just before going on board, Yann lifted Gaud off her feet and pressed her to his heart without a word. Long after the *Léopoldine* had left the shore, bearing away from her all she loved, the young wife watched the grey sails growing less and less, until at last they disappeared entirely. Then she turned her back on the sea and walked slowly home, her tears falling softly as she went.

The summer went by uneventfully. Gaud, of course, wrote to her husband regularly, without even knowing if her letters reached him, and about the end of July she had one from Yann. It thrilled her to read the address: *A Madame Marguerite Gaos!*

Gaud worked hard and steadily month after month. There was plenty to do in the cottage, plenty to prepare, against Yann's return. Among other things, she knitted him a great big jersey.

About the end of August the first of the fleet reached home from Iceland, and within the next week or two most of the other boats arrived. There still remained ten to come in, the *Léopoldine* among them. No one was alarmed. Some of the boats were bound to be late.

Three of the overdue boats came in, and then five. There were only two still missing.

The days went by.

Gaud went about as usual, always daintily dressed, outwardly cheerful, and ready to chat with the others on the quay. She declared that the delay was quite natural. Similar things happened every year. And besides—such good seamen and two such fine boats.

But at home in the evening, she began to feel little shivers of apprehension, of distress. Could she really be afraid, so soon? Was there anything wrong?

One afternoon, about the middle of September, Gaud took it into her head to pay another visit to the little chapel near Yann's home. As she read and re-read the names of the mariners who had been lost at sea a sudden fear came over her, for she seemed to see the name of her beloved, *Yann Gaos*, on a vacant space on the wall. Crying aloud, she was hurrying away, when another woman entered the chapel—Fante Floury, wife of *Léopoldine's* mate. She had brought with her a candle to burn. As they came out, Gaud stumbled, and the other woman, catching her in her arms, embraced her. Then they separated without a word.

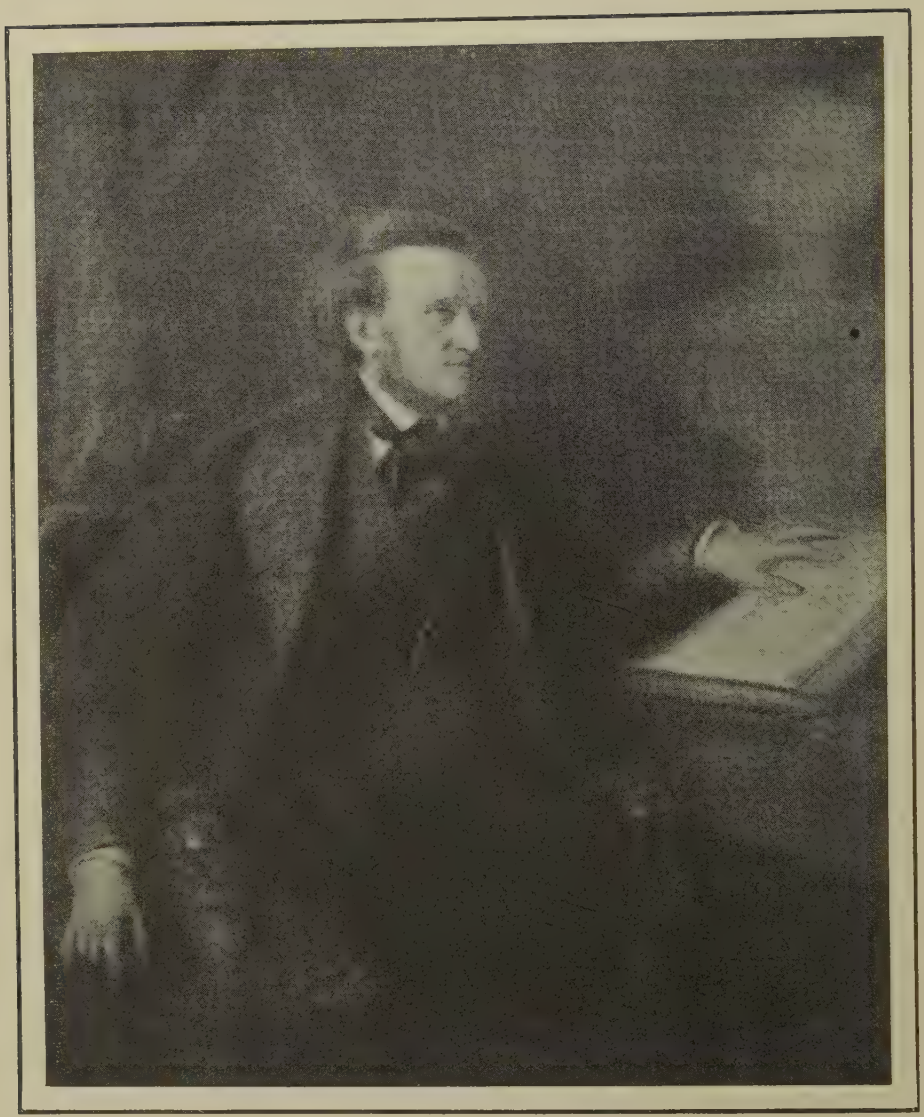
At last every vessel, save *Léopoldine*, was back. Very early one morning Gaud heard a step on the stair. Could it be? No, it was his father, come to comfort her—and himself. And day after day she waited and waited.

. . . . .

He never returned.

One night in August, on the dark Iceland waters, amidst the full fury of the sudden storm, Yann celebrated his marriage with the Sea.

And there were present at the feast all the comrades he had once invited—all, except Sylvestre, who had gone to sleep in the enchanted gardens very far away at the other side of the earth.



Wagner. Richard Wilhelm Wagner was born May 22, 1813, at Leipzig. As he grew up he had ideas of writing poetry. At the age of eighteen he went to Leipzig university and studied classics. Later he began to compose, but in 1836 made an unfortunate marriage to an actress at Königsberg. He visited London and then Paris, where he found himself very poor and was even reduced to writing novelettes. His first published opera was Rienzi (1838–40), which was accepted for performance in Dresden. In 1842 he left Paris to conduct the Dresden opera. He became an ardent republican and even fought at the Barricades in the Revolution of 1848. He had to fly to Switzerland, where he remained till 1859. Liszt had Lohengrin produced at Weimar in 1850, and in 1861 Princess Metternich procured Wagner's return to his native land. Ludwig II presented him with a villa and an allowance just as the composer, burdened with debts, was contemplating suicide. In 1872 he went to Baireuth, where he lived until his death at Venice, February 13, 1883. This portrait is from the picture painted by A. F. Pecht to the order of Ludwig II, now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

RICHARD WAGNER

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS

I—Rhine Gold

IN 1848, when he was thirty-five, Wagner wrote a poem on the death of the mythological hero Siegfried. It was one of the qualities of Wagner's genius that he could write not only the music but also the story of his operas. The poem was the libretto of his opera Siegfried, the great work which he had planned, and, having finished it, he conceived the idea of developing his theme by writing and setting to music the story of the events which led up to the Siegfried history and also an epilogue. The result was a trilogy to be performed during three days, consisting of The Valkyrie, Siegfried and The Twilight of the Gods, preceded by a shorter introductory work Rhine Gold, which was to be performed on the evening before Valkyrie. A summary of the whole work appears in the following pages, beginning with Rhine Gold. In the latter we have the origin of all the subsequent strife, the story of the stealing of the Nibelungs' treasure hidden in the Rhine. Wagner's epic borrows the strongly mythological element of the old Norse sagas and weds it to the chivalrous atmosphere of the Teutonised Lay of the Nibelungs (see page 3361).

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Wotan **Fasolt** and **Fafner**, giants **Froh** **Alberic** **Donner** **Loki** **Mime**
Flosshilde, **Woglinde** and **Wellgunde**, Rhine maidens **Fricka** **Freia** **Erda**, a witch

First Act

At the bottom of the Rhine the Rhine maidens, **Flosshilde, Woglinde** *and* **Wellgunde** *are playing. From a dark chasm* **Alberic** *clambers up one of the rocks.*

ALBERIC: Ho! ho! ye nixies:
Are ye not nimble,
Nice to behold?
From Nibelheim's night
Now would I fain
Approach, if ye be kind.

Woglinde and **Wellwunde**: Faugh! The ugly brute!

Flosshilde: Look to the gold!
Father warned us
From such a fox.

Alb.: How sweet and soft
In this light ye seem!
Gladly I'd seek
To encircle one of your waists.

Floss.: I laugh at our fears;
The foe is in love.

[**Alberic** *attempts to make love to each in turn. They pretend to accept his advances, and then repulse him. He becomes enraged. Through the water above breaks a blinding yellow gleam.*]

Wog.: Look, sisters!
The Awakener laughs in the deep.

All Three (*swimming joyously round the central rock*): Rhine gold! Rhine gold!
Lustrous delight!
Thou laughest in radiance rare!
Glistening gleams
Outglow from thee wide o'er the waves.

Alb.: What is't, ye gliders,
That there doth gleam and glow?

All Three: Ugly one, where is your home,
If of Rhine gold you never have heard?

Wog.: The golden prize
Precious you'd deem
Wist you but all of its wonder.

Well.: The world's kingdom
He can encompass
Who from the Rhine gold
Shapeth the Ring
Which measureless might can secure.

Wog.: But he who passion's
Power forswears
And from delights
Of Love forbears,
He alone the magic commandeth
The gold to mould to a Ring.

Alb.: The world's kingdom
At once could I compass through this?
If Love is denied me
A newer delight may I know.

[*He clambers hastily up the central rock.*
Fear ye not now?
Then fondle in darkness!
The light's lustre I quench
And rend the gold from the rock,
Vengeance to wreak with a ring;
Love I forswear for ever!

[*He tears the gold from the rock and disappears. Sudden darkness. Curtain.*]

Second Act

Morning. A mountain top; on a cliff a castle, with glittering pinnacles. **Wotan** *and* **Fricka** *asleep.* **Fricka** *wakes, and shakes* **Wotan.**

FRICKA: Arise now, spouse, and arouse thee!
[**Wotan** *wakes and sees the castle.*

Wotan: 'Tis ended, the infinite work!
A heavenly mansion
On mountain heights;
Grand and glorious pile!

Fric.: Though fair thy power,
I tremble for Freia.

Mindless one, pause and remember
The stated price to be paid!
Wot.: I mind well all they demanded,
My men who built me this keep.
It prospers, thanks to their prowess;
For the price have thou no heed!
Fric.: So without shame
Ye shrink not to forfeit
Freia, my glorious sister,
For this scandalous cause?
Wot.: I'll let not our fairest
Freia be taken:
My thoughts never turned to such a thing.
Freia (*enters hastily*):
Help me, Fricka!
Fail me not, father!
From mountain fastness
Fasolt comes surely to catch me.
Wot.: Loki advised this agreement,
And vowed to extricate Freia:
On him I firmly rely.
[*Enter* **Fasolt** *and* **Fafner**, *two giants.*
Fasolt: High, with dome,
Donjon, door,
We have formed
A fortress fair and fast.
Now pay our wage!
Freia, the holy—
Holda, the free one,
Agreed it is
She goes with us home.
Wot.: Other guerdon ask:
Freia I must refuse.
Fas.: What sayst thou? Ha,
Seek'st to betray—
Betray a contract?
Serve but for sport
Those compelling runes of power
On thy spear writ?
Wot.: How sly, to take for truth
What only in sport we had settled;
The beauteous goddess,
Light and bright,
What use to you are her charms?
[*Enter* **Loki.**
Ah, now, Loki,
Hastest thou so
When thou shouldst straighten
The sorry bargain thou struckest?
Loki: Alone for thy sake
I stormily strode
To the ends of the earth
To seek for Freia a substitute
Which for the giants were just.
I now see full well
In the world around
Naught is so rare
As woman's wonderful worth.
Yet one I met with
Had made 'gainst Love his oath.
The Nibelung,
Hight Alberic,
Failed from the Rhine-maids
Amorous favours to gain:
The Rhine gold he
Robbed in his raging revenge.
Alberic conquered
The potent spell
And rightly fashioned the Ring.
Placed were all of us
In his power
Were not the Ring from him ravished.
Fafner: Hear, Wotan,
Our hasty last words:
Free from our hands be Freia;
Us rough giants contenteth
The red gold of the Nibelung.
Fas. (*seizing* **Freia**):
Come here, maid!
With us remain.
In pledge art thou placed
Till our forfeit be paid.
[**Freia** *is borne off hastily by the giants. A pale mist fills the stage. The gods take an aged and haggard appearance.*]
Fric.: Woe's me! Woe's me!
What is it all?
Donner: My hand doth sink!
Froh: My heart doth stop!
Loki: The golden apples
From Freia's garden
Preserved you from dwindling with age,
Eating them every day.
If without apples,
Old and grim,
Grey and gruesome,
Waning to sport of the world,
The stock of gods would cease.
Wot.: Up Loki! away with me
Beneath to the home of the Nibelungs!
I'll surely seize on this gold.

Third Act

A subterranean cavern. **Alberic** *enters, dragging* **Mime** *by the ear, shrieking, and compels him to surrender a magic helmet which he has just made.*

Alberic: You, idiot, would seek
To save the wonderful
Work for yourself.
[*Sets it on his head.*
Now, will it act as it ought?
Night, annul me!
Naught be seen! [*He vanishes.*
Brother, d'ye see me?
Mime (*astonished*): I see you not!
Alb.: Then feel me instead,
You faithless scamp!
[**Mime** *writhes and yells under invisible blows.*
Alb. (*laughing*): I thank you, blockhead;
The work is well performed.
[*Howls and cries heard off as* **Alberic** *retreats.*
Enter **Wotan** *and* **Loki.**
Loki: What whining whimperer's here?
Mime: Leave me in quiet!
Loki: That will I gladly,
And more yet, Mime;
Help will I give you.
Mime: What help for me?
Lately Alberic
Hath wrought from Rhine gold
A yellow Ring,
And its spell of magic
Masters our spirits.

This wretch now compels us,
Without peace or pause,
To heap up a hoard for him.
But who are ye ?

Loki : Friends to you :
From all their troubles
We'd free all the Nibelung folk.

[*Enter* **Alberic**, *driving a crowd of Nibelungs, laden with gold and silver. Having piled this in a heap, they and* **Mime** *are driven off to get more.* **Alberic** *perceives* **Wotan** *and* **Loki**.]

Alb. : What want you here ?

Wotan : From Nibelheim's night-bound land
Strange news to our notice came
Of rarest wonders
Worked here by Alberic.
To witness these marvels
We are guests at thy gate.

Alb. : Beware ! Beware !
For soon ye men
Shall work to my might !
Beware of the night-begot host !

Loki : What if in sleep
A thief to you slipped,
The Ring slyly to wrest ?
What, wise one, would warrant you then ?

Alb. : The helm that hides
Myself I designed :
Swiftly to waft me,
Or, at my will,
To assume other semblance.
So, undisturbed
By aught, I stand safe.

Loki : This work without fellow
I cannot believe.
Till it be proved, I doubt, dwarf, thy word.

Alb. : Now say, then, what shape
Shall my figure assume ?

Loki : Whatever you will.

Alb. (*puts on helm*) :
Come thou here,
Mightiest dragon.

[*In his place immediately appears a dragon.*

Alb. (*reappearing in his proper form*) :
Ha ! ha ! do ye believe now ?

Loki : My trembling surely attests it ;
Well I credit the wonder.
But as you waxed great,
Can you not become smaller ?
More cunning it seems to me
From dangers so to withdraw.

Alb. : Pah ! Naught simpler !
Look at me now.
[*Puts on helm again.*
Crooked toad,
Creep from cranny.

[*He appears as a toad.* **Wotan** *instantly sets his foot on it, and* **Loki** *seizes the Tarnhelm.*

ALBERIC STEALS THE TREASURE FROM THE RHINE MAIDENS
From the painting by Theo Pixis

Alberic *thereupon returns to his own shape, writhing under* **Wotan**'s *foot. They bind him and drag him off, struggling furiously.*]

Fourth Act

A mountain top. Enter **Wotan** *and* **Loki** *dragging* **Alberic**, *tightly bound. They compel him to make the gnomes bring all the hoarded gold and silver, and finally to surrender the Ring, and then release him.*

Alberic (*screaming*) : As at first by my curse thou wast made,
Henceforth be cursed, thou Ring ;
Now may thy magic
Deal each owner death !
Aye, the murderer's brand thou shalt bring.
To death he is fated,
Though long he live,
The jewel's lord
And the jewel's slave,
Till within my hand
I in triumph once more behold it !

[*Exit, screaming horribly.* **Fricka**, **Donner** *and* **Froh** *enter on one side ;* **Fasolt**, **Fafner** *and* **Freia** *on the other.*

Fasolt : To lose the maiden,
Look you, will make me forlorn :
So, from my soul to unseat her,
Be the sparkling hoard
Heaped in a stack
So as to hide
The heavenly maid from my sight.
[**Loki** *and* **Froh** *build the treasure all round* **Freia**.
Fafner : Still shines on me Holda's hair !
Throw me that woven
Work on the heap !
Loki : What ! The Tarnhelm !
Wotan : Let it go freely !
Fas. : Her eyes like stars—
Yes, I can spy them
Still through this space.
Faf. : That chink must be hidden !
On Wotan's finger
Gleams a glittering Ring :
Give that, to fill up the fissure !
Wot. : Make demand as you will,
But the whole world
Moves not this Ring from my hand !
Fas. : All's off, then !
And Freia's forfeit for ever !
[*All the gods do their utmost to persuade him to give up the Ring.*]
Wot. : Leave me at rest,
The Ring I retain !
[*Suddenly the stage grows dark, and* Erda *rises.*
Erda : Waver, Wotan, waver !
Quit the Ring accursed.
Ruin and dismal downfall
Wait thee in its wealth.
Wot. : Who art thou, threatening wife ?
Erda : Whatever was, wot I,
What is as well,
What ages shall work
All I show.
Hear me ! Hear me ! Hear me !
All that exists, endeth !
A dismal day
Dawns for the gods :
I conjure you, render the Ring !
[*She sinks slowly into the ground. After a pause, absorbed in deep thought :—*
Wot. : Return, Freia, I set thee free.
Ye giants, there is your Ring.
[*The giants at once begin to quarrel about the division of the treasure.* **Fasolt** *wrests the Ring from* **Fafner** *who fells him to the ground, tears the Ring from his dying hand, and makes off with the booty. All the gods stand horrified.*]
Wot. : Fearful power I find in the fatal curse.
Follow me, wife,
In Walhall abide with me.
[*As the gods depart, the song of the Rhine maidens is heard.*
Rhine gold ! Rarest gold !
For thee, our plaything
Now implore we :
Give us our gold !
Oh, give us our glory again.

Scholarly Poet in Communicative Mood

THOMAS GRAY

LETTERS

In the early years of the present century there appeared an excellent and very fully annotated edition of the Letters of Thomas Gray, edited by D. C. Tovey. Some of these letters appeared in Mason's Life of Gray, published some years after the poet's death, but they suffered badly from garbling, and it was not till the edition of 1836-43, edited by Mitford, that any justice was done to this side of Gray's genius. The epitome given here is taken from Tovey's edition. In it we find some of the finest examples of the lost art of letter writing. Does Gray complain of Cambridge ; then his complaints not only express something important and radical in his nature but are made with wit. Does he write a description of scenery—that bane of those who receive letters from holiday-making friends ; then he really paints a picture worth having. Tovey's edition of the Letters is published in Bohn's Library in three volumes, and another edition appears in Macmillan's Eversley Series in two volumes.

I—The Student's Freedom

To Richard West

Peterhouse, *December* 1736. After this term I shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls, though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them.

Indeed, what can I do else ? Must I plunge into metaphysics ? Alas ! I cannot see in the dark. Nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore

upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light. I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this, and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, 'The wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there and satyrs shall dance there.' You see, here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle.

To Horace Walpole

BURNHAM, *September* 1737. I have at the distance of half a mile through a green lane a forest all my own. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches. At the foot of one of these squat I, *Il penseroso*, and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I do not think he read Virgil, as I commonly do there.

II—Travels With Horace Walpole

To His Mother

AMIENS, *April* 1739. We left Dover at noon, and with a pretty brisk gale reached Calais by five. This is an exceedingly old, but very pretty town, and we hardly saw anything there that was not so new and so different from England that it surprised us agreeably. We went the next morning to the great church, and were at high mass, it being Easter Monday. In the afternoon we took a post-chaise for Boulogne, only eighteen miles further.

This chaise is a strange sort of conveyance, resembling an ill-shaped chariot, only with the door opening before, instead of the side; three horses draw it, one between the shafts, and the other two on each side, on one of which the postillion rides and drives, too. This vehicle will, upon occasion, go fourscore miles a day; but Mr. Walpole, being in no hurry, chooses to make easy journeys of it, and we go about six miles an hour. They are no very graceful steeds, but they go well, and through roads which they say are bad for France, but to me they seem gravel walks and bowling greens. In short, it would be the finest travelling in the world were it not for the inns, which are most terrible places indeed.

The country we have passed through hitherto has been flat, open, but agreeably diversified with villages, fields well cultivated, and little rivers. On every hillock is a windmill, a crucifix, or a Virgin Mary dressed in flowers and a sarcenet robe; one sees not many people or carriages on the road; now and then you meet a strolling friar, a countryman, or a woman riding astride on a little ass, with short petticoats and a great headdress of blue wool.

To Thomas Ashton

PARIS, *April* 1739. Here there are infinite swarms of inhabitants and more coaches than men. The women in general dress in sacs, flat hoops of five yards wide, nosegays of artificial flowers on one shoulder, and faces dyed in scarlet up to the eyes. The men in bags, roll-ups, muffs and solitaires.

We had, at first arrival, an inundation of visits pouring in upon us, for all the English are acquainted and herd much together, and it is no easy matter to disengage oneself from them, so that one sees but little of the French themselves. To be introduced to people of high quality it is absolutely necessary to be master of the language. There is not a house where they do not play, nor is any one at all acceptable unless he does so too, a professed gamester being the most advantageous character a man can have at Paris. The abbés and men of learning are of easy access enough, but few English

that travel have knowledge enough to take any great pleasure in that company.

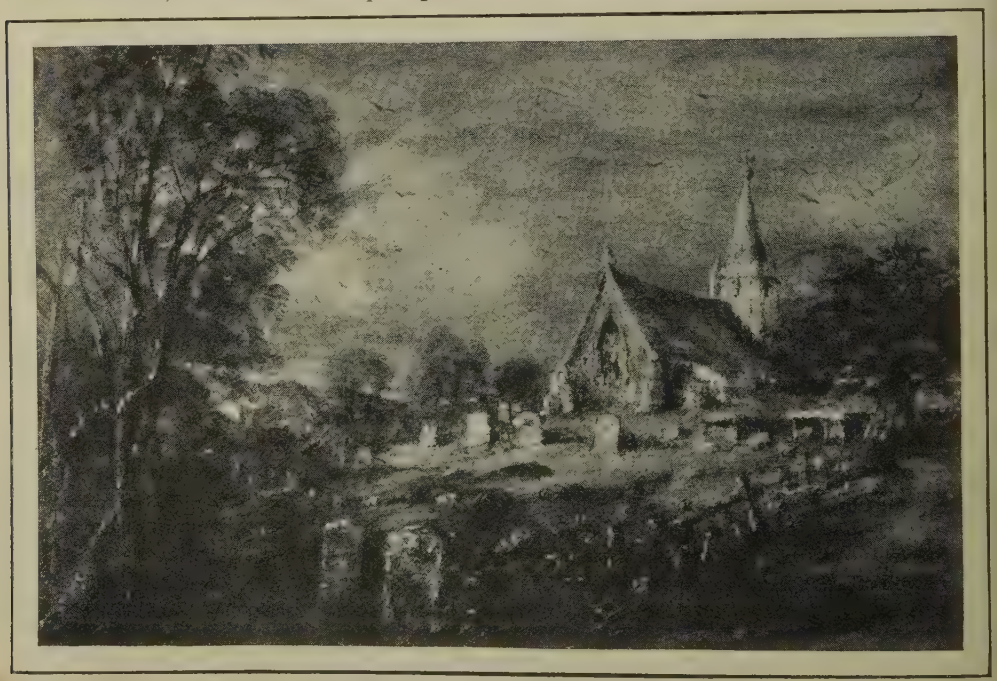
We are exceedingly unsettled and irresolute; don't know our own minds for two moments together, and try to bring ourselves to a state of perfect apathy. In short, I think the greatest evil that could have happened to us is our liberty, for we are not at all capable to determine our own actions.

To His Mother

LYONS, *October* 13, 1739. We have been to see a famous monastery, called the Grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days, very slow (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads), we arrived at a little village among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse.

It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine trees hanging overhead; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes is tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is made still greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld. Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand, the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale and the river below.

This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers who are commissioned to entertain strangers (for the rest must neither speak to one another nor to anyone else) received us very kindly, and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us



STOKE POGES CHURCH, THE SCENE OF GRAY'S ELEGY
From the painting by John Constable, R.A.

about their house, which is like a little city, for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine and do everything among themselves. The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery, but the wonderful decency and the strange situation more than supply the place of it.

To the Same

TURIN, *November* 7, 1739. I am this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days' tiresome journey. On the seventh day we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous Mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules. We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles, and so began to ascend by the help of eight men.

It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness, in places where none but they could go three paces without falling.

The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge crags covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion.

To the Same

ROME, *April* 2, 1740. The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michelangelo, and adorned with statues; this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a large block of granite, and in front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture and so much alike that they are called the twins; with three streets, the middle-most of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine.

III—The Birth of the 'Elegy'

To Horace Walpole

JANUARY 1747. I am very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myself obliged to vindicate a profession I honour. The first man that ever bore the name used to say that life was like the Olympic games, where some came to show the strength and agility of their bodies; others, as the musicians, orators, poets and historians, to show their excellence in those arts; the traders to get money; and the better sort, to enjoy the spectacle and judge of all these. They did not then run away from society for fear of its temptations; they passed their days in the midst of it, conversation was their business; they cultivated the arts of persuasion, on purpose to show men it was their interest, as well as their duty, not to be foolish and false and unjust; and that, too, in many instances with success; which is not very strange, for they showed by their life that their lessons were not impracticable.

To the Same

CAMBRIDGE, *February* 11, 1751. As you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from certain gentlemen who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hands. They tell me that an 'ingenuous' poem, called Reflections in a Country Churchyard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the 'excellent' author of it is I by name, and that they

THOMAS GRAY was born in London, December 26, 1716, his father being a money scrivener. He was sent to Eton in 1727 where one of his closest friends was Horace Walpole. In 1734 Gray matriculated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, and in 1739 embarked with Walpole on a three years' Continental tour. In 1742 Gray returned to Cambridge, where he spent the rest of his life, save for brief intervals. In 1757 he declined the offer of the poet laureateship and in 1768 became professor of modern history at the university. He died at Cambridge, July 30, 1771, and is buried in the churchyard of Stoke Poges.

From the painting by J. G. Eccardt in the National Portrait Gallery

beg not only his 'indulgence,' but the 'honour' of his correspondence, etc.

As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent or so correspondent as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character. He must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be Elegy, Written in a Country Churchyard. If he would say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better.

To Stonehewer

CAMBRIDGE, *August* 18, 1758. I am as sorry as you seem to be that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism when I saw him with you in town. That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn with equal conviction that we are not merely such; that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call 'habit'; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion, to that least material of all agents, a thought.

I have known many in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full licence for doing whatever we please; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men, as they should have been; their indignation to such as offended them was nothing mitigated. In short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart.

To Horace Walpole

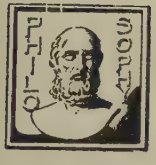
1760. I am so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry (Macpherson's) that I cannot help giving you the trouble to inquire a little farther about them.

Is there anything known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity they are supposed to be? Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it? I have often been told that the poem called Hardycanute, which I always admired, and still admire, was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago. This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand; but, however, I am authorised by this report to ask whether the two poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this inquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it; for, if I were sure that anyone now living in Scotland had written them to divert himself and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.

THOMAS HOBBES
LEVIATHAN

ORIGINALLY projected as a purely philosophical inquiry into the nature and function of social polities, the development of Hobbes's greatest and best-known work was materially affected by the political unrest with which he found England seething on his return to it in 1637. Analysing the principles which underlay the dissensions, he found himself equally opposed to the theory of the divine right of kings so stubbornly maintained by the Royalists and to the principles on which the Parliamentarians based their action which culminated in the great rebellion. In the course of the following years he devoted himself to the construction of a science of politics and in 1651 he published Leviathan, or The Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil. Taking advantage of the apparently secure establishment of the Commonwealth, Hobbes was not afraid to raise the question of the subject's right to change allegiance when a former sovereign's power to protect was irrevocably gone, and the work contains the most definite enunciation made up to that time of the doctrine of the social contract which later took so different a shape in the hands of Rousseau. Leviathan is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Of Man



NATURE, the art whereby God hath made and governs the world, is by the art of man so imitated that he can make an artificial animal. For by art is created that great leviathan called a commonwealth or state, which is but an artificial man ; in which the sovereignty is an artificial soul, as giving life and motion ; the magistrates and other officers the joints ; reward and punishment the nerves ; concord, health ; discord, sickness ; lastly, the pacts or covenants by which the parts were first set together resemble the ' fiat ' of God at the Creation.

To describe this artificial man, I will consider : First, the matter and the artificer, both which is man ; secondly, how it is made ; thirdly, what is a Christian commonwealth ; lastly, what is the kingdom of darkness.

And first, of man. The thoughts of man are, singly, every one a representation of some quality or accident of a body without us, called an object. There is no conception in the mind which has not first been begotten upon the organs of sense. The cause of sense is the eternal object which presseth upon the proper organ ; not that, as hath been taught in the schools, the thing ' sendeth forth a visible or audible species.'

Imagination is the continuity of an image after the object is removed. When we would express that the image is decaying, we call it memory ; in sleep, we call it dreams.

Of all invention, the most notable is that of speech, names, the register of thoughts ; which are notes for remembrance, or signs, for transference. Truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations. Words are wise men's counters, but the money of fools.

Reasoning is the reckoning, the addition and subtraction of the sequences of words, the sum being the conclusion. Which conclusions may be absurd, because men do not start—except in geometry—from the definitions of the words. Reason, therefore, implies speech.

In animals there are two sorts of motions—vital and voluntary. The beginnings of motion within man are called ' endeavour.' Appetite is a motion towards ; aversion a motion fromwards. Some are born in us, some are products of experience. The object of a man's appetite he calls ' good ' ; of his aversion, ' evil ' ; whether in promise (beautiful and ugly), in effect (pleasant, painful), or as means (useful, hurtful). Pleasures and pains arise from an object present, of the senses ; or in expectation, of the mind. Thus ' pity ' is the imagining of a like calamity befalling oneself.

' Deliberation ' is the sum of the successive appetites or aversions which are concluded by the doing or not doing of

the particular thing. 'Will' is the last appetite in deliberating. So, in the enquiry of the truth, opinions correspond to appetites, and the final judgement, the last opinion, to the will.

There are two kinds of knowledge; of 'fact,' and of 'the consequence of one affirmation to another.' The former is nothing else but sense and memory, and is absolute; the latter is called science, and is conditional. The register of the first is called history, natural or civil; that of the second is contained in books of philosophy, in corresponding groups—natural philosophy, and civil philosophy, or politics. Natural philosophy breaks up into a number of groups, including mental and moral science.

Power is present means, whencesoever derived, to attain some future apparent good. Value is the price that will be given for the use of a man's power. To honour a man is to acknowledge his power; to dishonour him is to depreciate it. The public worth of a man is the value set on him by the commonwealth.

By manners, I mean those qualities of mankind which are concerned with their living together in peace and unity. Desire of power tends to produce strife; other desires, as for ease, or for knowledge, incline men to obey a common power. To receive benefits, or to do injuries, greater than can be repaid or expiated, tends to make us hate the benefactor or the injured party.

II—Of Contract and Sovereignty

NATURE hath made men so equal, in the faculties of body and mind that are born in them, that one man cannot in respect of these claim to himself any benefit to which another may not pretend. From this equality ariseth equality of hope in the attaining of our ends. Therefore, if two men desire the same thing which they cannot both enjoy they become enemies, and seek each the destruction of the other, each mistrusting the other. So men invade each other, first for gain, second for safety, and third for reputation.

Hence, while men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in a state of war, every man against every man. In this state, notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have no place. Probably there never was actually such an universal condition; but we see it now among savage races and in the mutual relations of sovereigns. In this state of war, reason suggesteth articles of peace upon which men may agree; which articles are otherwise called the laws of nature.

The 'right of nature' is the right of self-preservation. 'Liberty' is the absence of impediments to the exercise of power. A 'law of nature' is a precept of reason forbidding a man to do what is destructive of his own life. In the state of nature every man has a 'right' to everything. Thus security comes only of the first fundamental law: 'To seek peace and follow it,' and 'by all means we can to defend ourselves.'

The second law follows: 'To lay down the right to everything, claiming only so much against others as we concede to others against ourselves.' This right being renounced or transferred, injustice is the revocation of that act. But since the object of a voluntary act is good to oneself, such renunciation is not valid if not good for oneself; hence a man cannot renounce the right of self-preservation.

The transferring of right, if not mutual, is free gift; if mutual, it is contract. When this is not simultaneous there is a covenant or pact. The covenant can become void only through some new fact arising after it was made. A covenant not to defend oneself against force by force is void *per se*.

The third law is: 'That men perform their covenants made,' without which covenants are vain, and the state of war continues. The definition of injustice is 'the not-performance of a covenant.' No covenant is valid until there exists some power that can enforce the performance of it by penalties; that is, until there is a commonwealth. What is done to a man conformable to his own will signified to the doer is no injury to him.

The fourth law is that of 'gratitude'; that a man receiving a free gift endeavour that the giver may not suffer thereby. A

fifth is 'complaisance'—that every man strive to accommodate himself to the rest. Others are pardon on repentance, and non-vindictiveness of punishment; and the common enjoyment—or, failing that, distribution by lot—of what cannot be equally divided.

Persons are either natural and actual, or fictitious and artificial, *i.e.* representing someone else, or even something else: as a church, a hospital, a bridge. When the representative has authority from the represented, we call the former the 'actor,' and the latter the 'author.' One person may artificially represent a multitude.

Now, men being in the state of nature may agree together; but there is no security, unless there be a power to enforce the covenant. Such a power can be created only if they agree together to confer all their own power on one man or one assembly; so that all the acts of such person or assembly have authority as from each one of them, and each one of them submits his individual will to that of such person or assembly. The multitude so united in one person is a commonwealth. This is the generation of that leviathan or mortal god to which, under the Immortal God, we owe our peace and defence.

He that carrieth this person is called 'sovereign,' and everyone beside is his 'subject.' This sovereign power may be attained either by natural force, 'acquisition,' or by voluntary 'institution.'

They that have instituted a commonwealth by covenant cannot make a new covenant contrary thereto without permission of the sovereign, since this is a breaking of their covenant with each other. On his part there is no covenant, so that breach of covenant by him cannot be pleaded as warranting abrogation of the covenant made. The sovereign cannot do the subjects injustice because, since he has their authority, what he does to them is done by their own will; so also they cannot punish him.

Since the sovereign was instituted for peace and defence, he controls the means to war and peace, and judges of opinions as conducing to peace or endangering it. He prescribes the rules of property, since in the state of nature there is no property; he has the right of adjudicature; of making war and peace with other commonwealths; of choosing all counsellors in peace and war; of rewarding and punishing, according to the law he has made, and of bestowing honour. Nay, if he grants away any of these powers the grant is null.

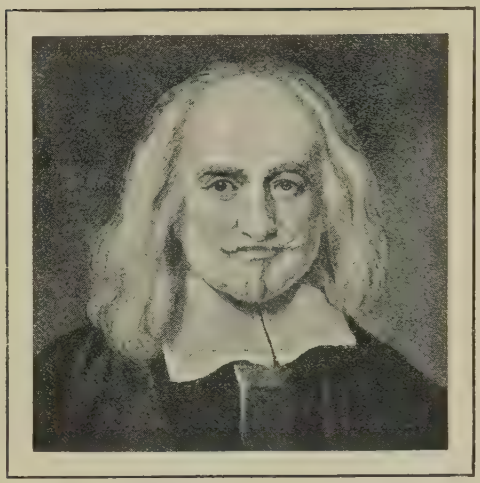
THE sovereignty may be in one man, or in a limited assembly, or in an assembly of all—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy; these three forms only, though when they are misliked they are called other names. In any case, the power of the sovereign is absolute, whether a monarch or an assembly. He is the representative of the commonwealth, not deputies who may be chosen to tender petitions.

The three forms differ not in the power of the sovereign, but in their advantageousness. In monarchy, the private interest of the sovereign must coincide with that of the commonwealth as a whole; much more so than in aristocracy or democracy. An assembly cannot receive counsel secretly; a monarchy has the benefit of a single will instead of conflicting wills. There is no government by the mixture of the types, *e.g.* an elective 'king' is not sovereign, but a minister.

Men submit themselves to an instituted sovereign, for fear of each other; to an acquired sovereignty, for fear of the sovereign. Acquired sovereignty or dominion is either by generation (paternal) or by conquest. A family, however, does not amount to a commonwealth, unless it be so great that it may not be subdued by war. Acquired sovereignty is absolute, for the same reasons as instituted sovereignty.

III—The Natural Commonwealth

LIBERTY is absence of impediments to motion. It is consistent with fear, also with necessity; for a voluntary act is yet necessary as having a cause which is a link in a chain of causes up to the First Cause, which is God. But men have created artificial impediments or bonds called laws. The liberty of the subject lies only in such things as the sovereign has pretermitted, for he hath



THOMAS HOBBES was born at Westport, Malmesbury, Wiltshire, April 5, 1588, son of the vicar of Westport and Charlton, and was educated at Malmesbury School and Magdalen Hall, Oxford. He was admitted a bachelor, Feb. 5, 1608, and in the same year became tutor to the duke of Devonshire and subsequently to his son. From 1646 to 1648 he was mathematical instructor to the Prince of Wales. He lived abroad for some years to escape the consequences of his support of monarchy in Human Nature and De Corpore Politico, but made his peace with the Commonwealth and found favour at the Restoration. He died at Hardwicke Hall, December 4, 1679.

From the painting by Hobson

power to regulate all, even life and death, at his own will. The liberty praised in Rome and Athens was the liberty of the commonwealth as against other commonwealths.

The subject has liberty to disobey the sovereign's command if it contravene the law that the right of self-preservation cannot be abrogated, unless it be to endanger himself for the preservation of the commonwealth, as with soldiers. The subjects' obligation of obedience lasts so long as the sovereign's power of defending them, that being the purpose of his being made sovereign.

By systems I mean numbers of men joined in one interest. These are political, constituted by law ; and private, permitted or forbidden by law. All, except a commonwealth, are subordinate to the commonwealth, and have not the character of sovereignty. The rights of governing bodies are only those expressly conceded by law, either generally or to them specifically. Systems in the commonwealth correspond to muscles in the natural body.

The nourishment of the commonwealth is its commodities or products, the distribution of which must be at the will of the sovereign, whether of land or of commodities, exchanged internally or trafficked abroad.

The procreation, or children, of a commonwealth are its ' plantations,' or ' colonies,' which may be commonwealths themselves, as children emancipated, or remain parts of the commonwealth.

By civil laws I mean those laws that men are bound to obey as members of any commonwealth. The sovereign is the sole legislator, and is not subject to the laws which he can repeal at pleasure. The civil laws are the laws of nature expressed as commands of the commonwealth, or the will of the sovereign so expressed ; whatever is not the law of nature must be expressly made known and published. Both the law of nature and written law require interpretation, which is by sentence of the judge constituted by sovereign authority.

An intention of breaking the law is a sin ; issuing in a breach of the law it is crime. Violation of the laws of nature is always and everywhere sin ; it is crime only when a violation of the laws of a commonwealth. Unavoidable ignorance of a law is a complete excuse for breaking it, but ignorance due to lack of diligence is not unavoidable. Terror of present death, or the order of the sovereign, is a complete excuse. And many circumstances may serve as extenuation.

A punishment is an evil inflicted by public authority on him that hath done or omitted that which is said to be by the same authority a transgression of the law, to the end that the will of men may thereby be the better disposed to obedience. Now, this right of punishment is not transferred by the subjects to the sovereign, since they cannot surrender their right of self-defence against violence. But as all before had the natural right of hurting others, that right is left by the covenant to the sovereign alone, strengthened by the resignation thereof by the rest.

Punishments inflicted by man are ' corporal ' or ' pecuniary,' or ' ignominy,' or ' imprisonment,' or ' exile,' or mixed of

these. Corporal are capital, with or without torment, and less than capital. Pecuniary includes deprivation not only of money, but also of lands or other saleable goods; but such deprivation, if it is by way of compensation to the person injured, is not really punishment. Imprisonment, when it is only for the custody of a person accused, is not punishment. Exile is not so much a punishment as a command or permission to escape punishment, except when accompanied by deprivation of goods.

Infirmities of a commonwealth arise—from the first institution, when the sovereign has not assumed sufficient power; from such doctrines as that each man privately is the judge of good or evil actions, or sins if he obey the commonwealth against his 'conscience'; that the sovereign is subject to the civil laws; that private property excludes sovereign rights; that sovereign power may be divided, which is the worst of all; and from other causes, as of money grudged for wars, monopolies, over-potent subjects or corporations, insatiable desire of dominion. But when a country is conquered, that is the dissolution of the commonwealth.

Of the sovereign's duties the first is to surrender none of his powers, and the second to see that they be known, to which end, and the understanding of it, the people must be rightly instructed. Further, that he administer justice equally to all people, and impose equal taxes, and make good laws (I say good, not just, since no law can be unjust), and choose good counsellors.

Subjects owe simple obedience to the sovereign in all things whatsoever, except what is contrary to the laws of God. Therefore, it remains here to speak of the kingdom of God, Whose subjects are they that believe in Him. God declareth His laws either by natural reason, or by revelation, or by the voice of prophets. He is necessarily sovereign, for the one reason that He is omnipotent.

IV—Of a Christian Commonwealth

Of God speaking by the voice of a prophet are two signs: that the prophet worketh miracles, and that he teacheth no other religion than that established. These two must go together. And since miracles have ceased, it is clear that God no longer speaks by prophets.

But He hath revealed Himself in Scripture—that is, in those books which are in the canon ordained. But whether their authority be derived from the civil sovereignty or is of a universal church to which all sovereigns are subordinate is another question. It may be seen, however, from Scripture that the kingdom of God therein spoken of is a civil kingdom, which is that kingdom of God by Christ which was interrupted by the revolt of the Israelites and the election of Saul.

A church is a term used in many senses, but in one only can it be treated as a person having power to will, command, or do any action whatever. And according to this sense I define a church to be 'a company of men professing Christian religion, united in the person of one sovereign, at whose command they ought to assemble, and without whose authority they ought not to assemble.' It follows that a church that is assembled in any commonwealth that hath forbidden them to assemble is an unlawful assembly.

There are Christians in the dominions of several princes and states; but every one of them is subject to that commonwealth of which he is himself a member, and consequently cannot be subject to the commands of any other person. There is therefore no such universal church as all are bound to obey.

The original covenant with Abraham gave him the sole right, which is the inheritance of every sovereign, to punish any subject who should pretend to a private vision for the countenancing of any doctrine which Abraham should forbid. This covenant established that kingdom of God which was interrupted by the secular kingdom of Saul. The coming of Christ was to restore that kingdom by a new covenant; which kingdom was to be in another world after the Resurrection. The power ecclesiastical was left by Him to the apostles, but this is manifestly not a coercive power on earth, as Christ's own power on earth was not.

Christ, therefore, by His coming did not withdraw any of the power from civil sovereigns, and if they do commit the government of their subjects in matter of religion to the Pope, he holdeth that charge not as being above the civil sovereign, but by his authority.

But as for disagreement between the laws of God and the civil laws of the sovereign, the laws of God, which must in no wise be disobeyed, are those which are necessary to salvation; and these are summed up in the will to obey the law of God and the belief that Jesus is the Christ. But the private man may not set up to judge whether the ordinance of the sovereign be against the law of God, or whether the doctrine which he imposeth consist with the belief that Jesus is the Christ.

But in the Scripture there is mention also of another power, the kingdom of Satan, 'the prince of the powers of the air,' which is a 'confederacy of deceivers that, to obtain dominion over men in this present world, endeavours by dark and erroneous doctrines to extinguish in them the light both of nature and of the Gospel, and so to dis-prepare them for the kingdom of God to come.'

And such darkness is wrought first by abusing the light of the Scriptures so that we know them not; secondly by introducing the demonology of the heathen poets; thirdly, by mixing with the Scripture divers relics of the religion and much of the vain and erroneous philosophy of the Greeks; and, fourthly, by mingling with these false or uncertain traditions and feigned or uncertain history.

A Famous 'Thriller' of the Sixties

SHERIDAN LE FANU

UNCLE SILAS

APPEARING first in 1864, Uncle Silas, a Tale of Bartram-Haugh, was one of a series of sensational stories from the pen of Le Fanu, the Dublin journalist. He was a definitely Irish novelist, with a strong bent towards the uncanny. He wrote some sixteen books in all, of which the one here presented in outline is perhaps the best. No one has excelled him in the writing of a ghost story; not even R. L. Stevenson could 'achieve the grue' with such weird effect. But he never lets the progress of his plot suffer from any interference in striving after gruesome effect. The horrors and thrills are the more effective for being just sufficiently restrained. He is able to give a first impression of mystery to any character, rapidly and effectively. Le Fanu's books are, as a whole, powerful and convincing within the limits of the type of story they represent. Some will compare him with Edgar Allan Poe, and among his other books of the same nature are Haunted Lives, published in 1868, The Wyvern Mystery, 1869, and Willing to Die, 1870.

I—Death the Intruder

IT was winter, and great gusts were rattling at the windows; a very dark night, and a very cheerful fire, blazing in a genuine old fireplace in a sombre old room. A girl of a little more than seventeen, slight and rather tall, with a countenance rather sensitive and melancholy, was sitting at the tea-table in a reverie. I was that girl.

The only other person in the room was my father, Mr. Ruthyn, of Knowl. Rather late in life he had married, and his beautiful young wife had died, leaving me to his care. This bereavement changed him—made him more odd and taciturn than ever. There was also some disgrace about his younger brother, my Uncle Silas, which he felt bitterly, and he had given himself up to the secluded life of a student.

He was pacing the floor. I remember the start with which, not suspecting he was close by me, I lifted my eyes, and saw him stand looking fixedly on me from less than a yard away.

"She won't understand," he whispered, "no, she won't. *Will* she? They are easily frightened—ay, they are. I'd better do it another way, and she'll not

suspect—she'll not suppose. See, child ? " he said, after a second or two. " *Remember* this key."

It was oddly shaped, and unlike others.

" It opens that." And he tapped sharply on the door of a cabinet. " You will tell nobody what I have said, under pain of my displeasure."

" Oh, no, sir ! "

" Good child ! *Except* under one contingency. That is, in case I should be absent and Dr. Bryerly—you recollect the thin gentleman in spectacles and a black wig, who spent three days here last month ?—should come and inquire for the key, you understand, in my absence."

" But you will then be absent, sir," I said. " How am I to find the key ? "

" True, child. I'm glad you are so wise. *That,* you will find, I have provided for. I have a very sure friend—whom I once misunderstood, but now appreciate."

I wondered silently whether it would be Uncle Silas.

" He'll make me a call some day soon, and I must make a little journey with him. He's not to be denied ; I have no choice. But on the whole I rather like it. Remember, I say, I rather like it."

I THINK it was about a fortnight after this conversation that I was one night sitting in the great drawing-room window, when on a sudden, on the grass before me stood an odd figure—a very tall woman in grey draperies, curtseying rather fantastically, smiling very unpleasantly on me and gabbling and cackling shrilly—I could not distinctly hear *what*—and gesticulating oddly with her long arms and hands. This was Madame de la Rougierre, my new governess.

I think all the servants hated her. She was by no means a pleasant *gouvernante* for a nervous girl of my years. She was always making excuses to consult my father about my contumacy and temper. She tormented me by ghost stories to cover her nocturnal ramblings, and she betrayed a terrifying curiosity about his health and his will. My cousin Monica, Lady Knollys, who visited us about this time, was shocked at her presence in the house ; it was the cause of a rupture between my father and her.

But not even a frustrated attempt to abduct me during one of our walks—which I am sure madame connived at—could shake my father's confidence in her, though he was perfectly transported with fury on hearing what had happened. It was not until I found her examining his cabinet by means of a false key that he dismissed her ; but madame had contrived to leave her glamour over me, and now and then the memory of her parting menaces would return with an unexpected pang of fear.

MY father never alluded again to Madame de la Rougierre, but, whether connected with her exposure and dismissal or not, there appeared to be some new trouble at work in his mind.

" I am anxious about you, Maud," he said. " *You* are more interested than *I* can be in vindicating his character."

" Whose character, sir ? " I ventured to inquire during the pause that followed.

" Whose ? Your Uncle Silas's. In course of nature he must survive me. He will then represent the family name. Would you make some sacrifice to clear that name, Maud ? "

I answered briefly ; but my face, I believe, showed my enthusiasm.

" I can tell you, Maud, if my life could have done it, it should not have been undone. But I had almost made up my mind to leave all to time to illuminate, or *consume.* But I think little Maud would like to contribute to the restitution of her family name. It may cost you something. Are you willing to buy it at a sacrifice ? Your Uncle Silas," he said, speaking suddenly in loud and fierce tones that sounded almost terrible, " lies under an intolerable slander. He troubles himself little about it ; he is selfishly sunk in futurity—a feeble visionary. I am not so. The character and influence of an ancient family are a peculiar heritage—sacred, but destructible. You and I, we'll leave one proof on record which, fairly read, will go far to convince the world."

That night my father bade me goodnight early. I had fallen into a doze when I was roused by a dreadful crash and a piercing scream from Mrs. Rusk. Scream followed scream, pealing one after

the other unabated, wilder and more terror-stricken. Then came a strange lull, and the dull sounds of some heavy body being moved.

What was that dreadful sound? Who had entered my father's chamber? It was the visitor whom he had so long expected, with whom he was to make the unknown journey, leaving me alone. The intruder was Death!

II—The Sorceries of Bartram-Haugh

One of those fearful aneurisms that lie close to the heart had given way in a moment. He had fallen, with the dreadful crash I had heard, dead upon the floor. He fell across the door, which caused a difficulty in opening it. Mrs. Rusk could not force it open. No wonder she had given way to terror. I think I should have lost my reason.

I do not know how those awful days, and still more awful nights, passed over. Lady Knollys came, and was very kind. She was odd, but her eccentricity was leavened with strong common sense; and I have often thought since with gratitude of the tact with which she managed my grief.

I did not know where to write to Dr. Bryerly, to whom I had promised the key, but in accordance with my father's written directions, his death was forthwith published in the principal London papers. He came at midnight accordingly, and on the morrow the will was read. Except for a legacy of £10,000 to his only brother, Silas Ruthyn, and a few minor legacies to relations and servants, my father had left his whole estate to me, appointing my Uncle Silas my sole guardian, with full parental authority over me until I should have reached the age of twenty-one, up to which time I was to reside under his care at Bartram-Haugh, with the sum of £2,000 paid yearly to him for my suitable maintenance and education.

I was startled by the expression of Cousin Monica's face. She looked ghastly and angry.

"To whom," she asked, with an effort, "will the property belong, in case—in case my cousin should die before she comes of age?"

"To the next heir, her uncle, Mr. Silas Ruthyn. He's both heir-at-law and next-of-kin," replied the attorney.

She was anxious to persuade my uncle to relinquish his guardianship to her; but on the evening of the funeral a black-bordered letter came from him, bidding me remain at Knowl until he could arrange for my journey to him. There was a post-script, which made my cheek tingle.

'Pray present my respects to Lady Knollys, who, I understand, is sojourning at Knowl. I would observe that a lady who cherishes, I have reason to fear, unfriendly feelings against your uncle is not the most desirable companion for his ward. But, upon the express condition that I am not made the subject of your discussions, I do not interpose to bring your intercourse to an immediate close.'

"Did I ever hear! Well, if this isn't impertinent!" exclaimed Lady Knollys. "I did not intend to talk about him, but now I *will*."

And so it was that I heard the story of that enigmatical person—martyr, angel, demon—Uncle Silas, with whom my fate was now so strangely linked.

It was twenty years ago. He was not a reformed rake, but a ruined one then. My father had helped him again and again, until his marriage with a barmaid. After that he allowed him five hundred a year and the use of his estate of Bartram-Haugh. Then Mr. Charke, a gentleman of the turf, who was staying with my uncle for Doncaster Races, was found dead in his room—he had committed suicide by cutting his throat. And Uncle Silas was suspected of having killed him.

This wretched Mr. Charke had won heavy wagers at the races from Uncle Silas, and at night they had played very deep at cards. Next morning his servant could not enter his room; it was locked on the inside, the window was fastened by a screw, and the chimney was barred with iron. It seemed that he had sealed himself in, and then killed himself.

But he had been in boisterous spirits. Also, though his own razor was found near his right hand, the fingers of his left hand were cut to the bone. Then the memo-

randum-book in which his bets were noted was nowhere to be found. Besides, he had written two letters to a friend, saying how profitable he had found his visit to Bartram-Haugh, and that he held Uncle Silas's I O U's for a frightful sum; and although my uncle stoutly alleged he did not owe him a guinea, there had scarcely been time in one evening for him to win back so much money.

In a moment the storm was up, and although my uncle met it bravely, he failed to overcome it, and became a social outcast, in spite of all my father's efforts.

And now I was to rehabilitate him before the world, and accordingly all preparations were made for my departure from Knowl; and at last the morning came—a day of partings, a day of novelty and regrets.

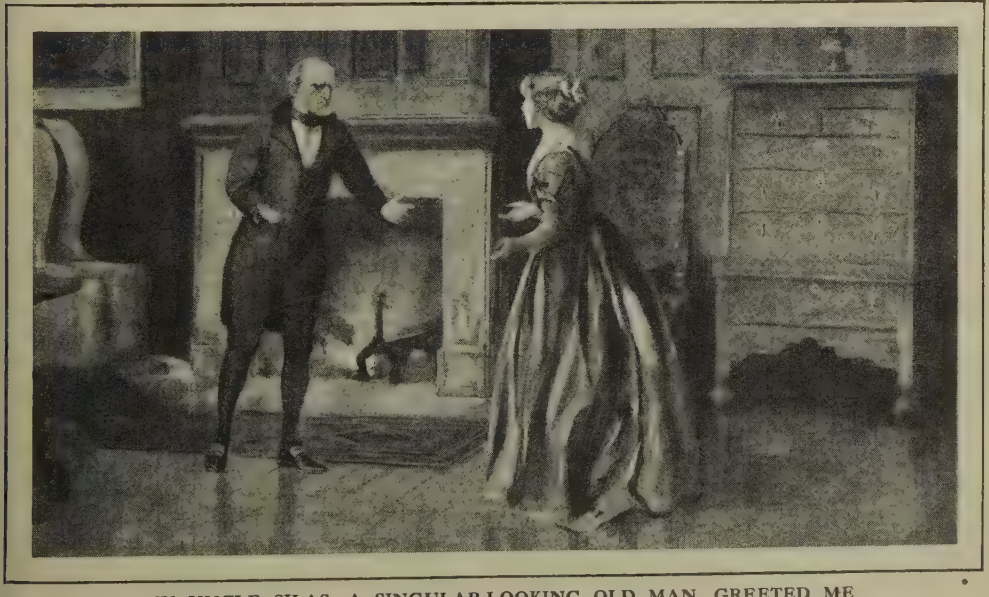
I remember we passed a gypsy bivouac on our journey, on the edge of a great moor. I had my fortune told, and I am ashamed to confess I paid the gypsy a pound for a brass pin with a round bead for a head—a charmed pin, which would keep away rat, and cat, and snake, a malevolent spirit, or 'a cove to cut my throat,' from hurting me. The purchase was partly an indication of the trepidations of that period of my life. At all events, I had her pin and she my pound, and I venture to say I was the gladder of the two.

It was moonlight when we reached Bartram-Haugh. It had a forlorn character of desertion and decay, contrasting almost awfully with the grandeur of its proportions and richness of its architecture. A shabby little old man, a young, plump, but very pretty female figure in unusually short petticoats, and a dowdy old charwoman, all stood in the door among a riot of dogs. I sat shyly back, peeping at the picture before me.

"Will you tell me—yes or no—is my cousin in the coach?" screamed the young lady. She received me with a hug and a hearty 'buss,' as she called that salutation, and was evidently glad to see me. Then after leading me to my bedroom to make a hurried toilet, she conducted me to my Uncle Silas.

A singular-looking old man—a face like marble, with a fearful monumental look—an apparition, drawn, as it seemed, in black and white, venerable, bloodless, fiery-eyed, with its strange look of power and expression so bewildering. Was it derision, or anguish, or cruelty, or patience?

He said something in his clear, gentle, but cold voice and, taking both my hands, led me affectionately to a chair near his own. He was a miserable invalid, he told me, after speaking a little eulogy of his



MY UNCLE SILAS. A SINGULAR-LOOKING OLD MAN, GREETED ME
From a drawing by Charles Sheldon

brother and examining me closely respecting his illness and its symptoms. At last, remarking that I must be fatigued, he rose and kissed me with a solemn tenderness, and, placing his hand on a large Bible, bade me "Remember that book; in it lives my only hope. Consult it, my beloved niece, day and night as the only oracle."

"I'm awful afraid of the governor, I am," said Cousin Milly, when we had left him. "I *was* in a qualm. When he spies me a-napping maybe he don't fetch me a prod with his pencil-case over the head." But Milly was a pretty and a clever creature in spite of her uncouth dialect, and I liked her very much. We spent much time taking long country rambles and exploring the old house, many of whose rooms were closed and shuttered. Of my uncle we saw little. He was 'queerish,' Milly said, and I learnt afterwards he took much laudanum.

My other cousin, Dudley, I did not meet till later. To my horror, I beheld in him one of the party of ruffians who had terrified me so much the day of the attempted abduction at Knowl; but he stoutly denied ever having been there, with an air so confident that I began to think I must be the dupe of a chance resemblance. My uncle viewed him with a strange, paternal affection. But dear Cousin Monica had written asking Milly and me to go to her, and we had some of the pleasantest and happiest days of our lives at her house of Elverston, for there Milly met her good little curate, the Rev. Sprigge Biddlepen, and I Lord Ilbury.

Uncle Silas was terribly ill when we returned to Bartram-Haugh, the result of an overdose of opium; but for the doctor's aid he would have died. Remembering how desperate Lady Knollys had told me his monetary position was, a new and dreadful suspicion began to haunt me.

Had he attempted to poison himself?

I remember I was left alone with him while his attendant fetched a fresh candle. A small thick Bible lay on the mantelshelf. I turned over its leaves, and lighted on two or three odd-looking papers—promissory notes, I believe—when Uncle Silas, dressed in a long white morning-gown, slid over the end of the bed and stood behind me with a deathlike scowl and simper. Diving over my shoulder, with his long, thin hand he snatched the Bible from me, and whispered over my head, 'The serpent beguiled her, and she did eat.'

It seemed an hour before Wyat came back. You may be sure I did not prolong my watch. I had a hysterical fit of weeping when I got to my room: the sorceries of Bartram-Haugh were enveloping.

About this time Dudley began to persecute me with his odious attentions. I was obliged to complain of him to my uncle. He was disposed to think well of the match; but I could not consent, and it was arranged that my cousin should go abroad. And then that night I had the key to some of the mysterious doings at Bartram-Haugh—the comings and goings in the darkness which had so often startled me—the face of Madame de la Rougierre peeped into the room.

III—A Night of Terror

SHORTLY afterwards I lost Milly, who was sent to a French school, where I was to follow her in three months. I bade her farewell at the end of Windmill Wood, and was sitting on the trunk of a tree when Meg Hawkes, a girl to whom I had once been kind, passed by.

"Don't ye speak, nor look; fayther spies us," she said quickly. "Don't ye be alone wi' Master Dudley nowhere, for the world's sake!"

The injunction was so startling that I had many an hour of anxious conjecture, and many a horrible vigil by night. But ten days later I was summoned to my uncle's room. He implored me once more to wed Dudley—to listen to the appeal of an old and broken-hearted man.

"You see my suspense—my miserable and frightful suspense," he said. "I'm very miserable, nearly desperate. I stand before you in the attitude of a suppliant."

"Oh, I must—I must—I *must* say no!" I cried. "Don't question me, don't press me. I could not—I *could* not do what you ask!"

"I yield, Maud—I yield, my dear. I will *not* press you. I have spoken to you

frankly, perhaps too frankly; but agony and despair will speak out and plead, even with the most obdurate and cruel!"

He shut the door, not violently, but with a resolute hand, and I thought I heard a cry.

The discovery that Dudley was already married spared me further importunity. I was anxious to relieve my uncle's necessities, which, I knew, were pressing; and the attorney from Feltram was up with him all night, trying in vain to devise some means by which I might do so. The morning after, I was told I must write to Lady Knollys to ask if I might go to her, as there was shortly to be an execution in the house.

I met Dudley on my way through the hall. He spoke oddly about his father, and made a very strange proposal to me—that I should give him my written promise for twenty thousand pounds, and he would "take me cleverly out o' Bartram-Haugh, and put me wi' my cousin Knollys!"

I refused indignantly, but he caught me by the wrist.

"Don't ye be a-flyin' out," he said peremptorily. "Take it or leave it—on or off! Can't ye speak wi' common sense for once? I'll take ye out o' all this, if you'll gi'e me what I say."

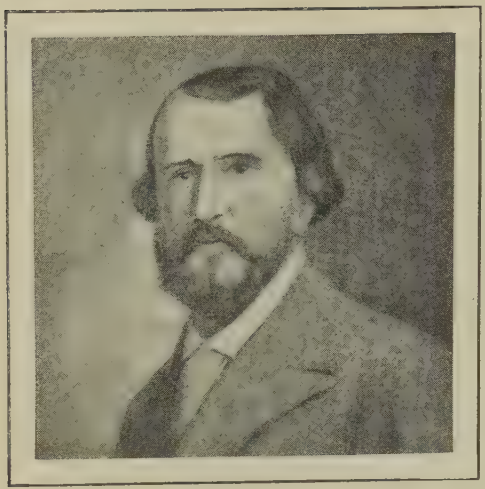
He looked black when I refused again. I judged it best to tell my uncle of his offer. He was startled, but made what excuse he could, smiling askance, a pale, peaked smile that haunted me. And then, once more, entering an unfrequented room, I came upon the great bony figure of Madame de la Rougierre. She was to be my companion for a week or two, I was told, and shortly after her coming I found my walks curtailed. I wrote again to my Cousin Knollys, imploring her to take me away. This letter my uncle intercepted, and when she came in reply to my former letter, I had but the sight of her carriage driving swiftly away.

I ESCAPED FROM THE HOUSE OF MURDER

From a drawing by Charles Sheldon

The morning after, I was informed madame was to take me to join Milly in France. As Uncle Silas had directed, I wrote to Cousin Monica from London. I know madame asked me what I would do for her if she took me to Lady Knollys. I was inwardly startled, but refused, seeing before me only a tempter and betrayer; and together we ended our journey, to find ourselves at last in Mr. Charke's room at Bartram-Haugh.

There were bailiffs in the house, I was told. I was locked in. I entreated madame wildly, piteously, to save me; but she



JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU, grandson of Richard Sheridan's sister, was born in Dublin, August 28, 1814, of Huguenot parentage and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1837 he joined the staff of the Dublin University Magazine, of which he eventually became editor and part proprietor, 1869-72. He had been called to the bar in 1839, but forsook the law for journalism, acquiring The Warder, a Dublin newspaper with which he incorporated The Evening Packet and The Dublin Evening Mail. These amalgamated newspapers were published under the name of The Evening Mail. In 1856 his wife died, and Le Fanu retired and devoted himself to writing books. He died in Dublin, February 7, 1873.

mocked me in my agony. I escaped for a brief moment and sought my uncle. I can never forget the look he fixed on me.

"What is the meaning of this? Why is she here?" he asked, in a stern, icy tone. "You were always odd, niece. I begin to believe you are insane. There's no evil intended you, by ——, there is none! Go to your room, and don't vex me, there's a good girl!"

I went upstairs with madame, like a somnambulist. She was to leave me to sleep alone that night. I had lost the talismanic pin I always stuck in the bolster of my bed. Uncle Silas sent up spiced claret in a little silver flagon. Madame abstractedly drank it off, and threw herself on my bed. I believed she was feigning sleep only, and really watching me; but now I think the claret was drugged.

About an hour afterwards I heard them digging in the courtyard. Like a thunderbolt it smote my brain. "They are making my grave!"

After the first dreadful stun, I grew wild, running up and down wringing my hands and gasping prayers to heaven. Then a dreadful calm stole over me.

IV—The Open Door

It was a very still night. A peculiar sound startled me, and I saw a man descend by a rope and take his stand on the window sill. In a moment more, window, bars and all, swung noiselessly open, and Dudley Ruthyn stepped into the room.

He stole, in a groping way, to the bed, and stooped over it. Nearly at the same moment there came a scrunching blow; an unnatural shriek, accompanied by a convulsive sound, as of the motion of running, and the arms drumming on the bed, and then another blow—and silence. The diabolical surgery was over. There came a little tapping at the door.

"Who's that?" whispered Dudley hoarsely.

"A friend," answered a sweet voice, and Uncle Silas entered.

Coolness was given me in that dreadful moment. I knew that all depended on my being prompt and resolute. With a mental prayer for help, I glided from the room and descended the stairs. I tried the outer door. To my wild surprise, it was open. In a moment I was in the free air—and as instantaneously was seized by Tom Brice, Meg's sweetheart, who was waiting to drive the guilty father and son away.

"They shan't hurt ye, miss. Get ye in; I don't care a d——!" he said in a wild, fierce whisper. To me it was the voice of an angel. He drove over the grass so that our passage was noiseless; then, on reaching the highway, at a gallop. At length we entered Elverston. I think I was half wild. I could not speak, but ran, with a loud, long scream, into Cousin Monica's arms. I forget a great deal after that.

. . . . .

It was not till two years afterwards that I learnt that Uncle Silas was found next morning dead of an overdose of laudanum, and that Dudley had disappeared.

Milly married her good little clergyman. I am Lady Ilbury now, happy in the affection of a noble-hearted husband.

PLUTARCH

PARALLEL LIVES

THE origin of this remarkable treatise probably dates from the opening years of the second century since it has been thought that Plutarch spent his later years, after the return to his native Chaeronea, in compiling the Lives. They number forty-six and are a series of studies of Greek and Roman celebrities grouped in pairs for the sake of the similarity of their work or circumstances. A tremendous amount of research must have been done in making the work what it is. Many authorities are quoted, especially for the lives of the Greeks with whom he deals, and many years must have been spent in the compilation. Some of Plutarch's statements have been impeached, but in general the Lives remain a great and important historical document which throws light on many dark corners of the past. It is instructive to recall that Shakespeare, using North's translation, drew largely on Plutarch for the plots of his classical plays. An edition of Plutarch's Lives, in 10 volumes, at 2s. each, is included in Dent's Temple Classics.

I—Lycurgus and Numa

ACCORDING to the best authors, Lycurgus, the lawgiver, reigned only for eight months as king of Sparta, until the widow of the late king, his brother, had given birth to a son, whom he named Charilaus. He then travelled for some years in Crete, Asia and possibly also in Egypt, Libya, Spain and India, studying governments and manners ; and returning to Sparta, he set himself to alter the whole constitution of that kingdom, with the encouragement of the oracles and the favour of Charilaus.

The first institution was a senate of twenty-eight members, whose place it was to strengthen the throne when the people encroached too far, and to support the people when the kings should attempt to become absolute. Occasional popular assemblies, in the open air, were to be called, not to propose any subject of debate, but only to ratify or reject the proposals of the senate and the two kings.

His second political enterprise was a new division of the lands, for he found a prodigious inequality, wealth being centred in the hands of a few ; and by this reform Laconia became like an estate newly divided among many brothers. Each plot of land was sufficient to maintain a family in health.

Then, desiring also to equalise property in movable objects, he resorted to the device of doing away with gold and silver currency, and establishing an iron coinage, of which great bulk and weight went to but little value. He excluded all unprofitable and superfluous arts ; and the Spartans soon had no means of purchasing foreign wares, nor did any merchant ship unlade in their harbours. Luxury died away of itself, and the workmanship of their necessary and useful furniture rose to great excellence.

Public tables were now established, where all must eat in common of the same frugal meal ; whereby hardiness and health of body and mutual benevolence of mind were alike promoted. There were about fifteen to a table, to which each contributed in provisions or in money ; the conversation was liberal and well informed, and salted with pleasant raillery.

Lycurgus left no law in writing ; he depended on principles pervading the customs of the people ; and he reduced the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of the young. And in this he began at the beginning, by regulating marriages. The man unmarried after the prescribed age was prosecuted and disgraced ; and the father of four children was immune from taxation.

Lycurgus considered the children as the property of the state rather than of the parents, and derided the vanity of other nations, who studied to have horses of the finest breed, yet had their children

begotten by ordinary persons rather than by the best and healthiest men. At birth, the children were carried to be examined by the oldest men in council who had the weaklings thrown away into a cavern, and gave orders for the education of the sturdy.

As for learning, they had just what was necessary and no more, their education being directed chiefly to making them obedient, laborious and warlike. They went barefoot, and for the most part naked. They were trained to steal with astuteness, to suffer pain and hunger and to express themselves without an unnecessary word. Dignified poetry and music were encouraged. To the end of his life, the Spartan was kept ever in mind that he was born, not for himself, but for his country; the city was like one great camp, where each had his stated allowance and his stated public charge.

Let us turn now to Numa Pompilius, the great lawgiver of the Romans. A Sabine of illustrious virtue and great simplicity of life, he was elected to be king after the interregnum which followed on the disappearance of Romulus. He had spent much time in solitary wanderings in the sacred groves and other retired places; and there, the goddess Egeria communicated to him a happiness and knowledge more than mortal.

Numa was in his fortieth year, and was not easily persuaded to undertake the Roman kingdom. But his disinclination was overcome, and he was received with loud acclamations as the most pious of men and most beloved of the gods. His first act was to discharge the bodyguard provided for him, and to appoint a priest for the cult of Romulus. But his great task was to soften the Romans, as iron is softened by fire, and to bring them from a violent and warlike disposition to a juster and more gentle temper. For Rome was composed at first of most hardy and resolute men, inveterate warriors.

To reduce this people to mildness and peace, he called in the assistance of religion. By sacrifices, solemn dances and processions, wherein he himself officiated, he mixed the charms of festal pleasure with holy ritual.

He founded the hierarchy of priests, the vestal virgins and several other sacred orders; and gave most of his time to religion. And by all this discipline the people became so tractable, and were so impressed with Numa's power, that they would believe the most fabulous tales and thought nothing impossible which he undertook. Numa further introduced agriculture and fostered it as an incentive to peace; he distributed the citizens of Rome into guilds, or companies, according to their several arts and trades; he reformed the calendar and did many other services to his people.

COMPARING, now, Lycurgus and Numa, we find that their resemblances are obvious—their wisdom, piety, talent for government and their deriving their laws from a divine source. Of their distinctions, the chief is that Numa accepted, but Lycurgus relinquished, a crown; and as it was an honour to the former to attain royal dignity by his justice, so it was an honour to the latter to prefer justice to that dignity. Again, Lycurgus tuned up the strings of Sparta, which he found relaxed with luxury, to a keener pitch; Numa, on the contrary, softened the high and harsh tone of Rome. Both were equally studious to lead their people to sobriety, but Lycurgus was more attached to fortitude and Numa to justice.

Though Numa put an end to the gain of rapine, he made no provision against the accumulation of great fortunes, nor against poverty, which then began to spread within the city. He ought rather to have watched against these dangers, for they gave birth to the many troubles that befell the Roman state.

II—Aristeides and Cato

ARISTEIDES had a close friendship with Cleisthenes, who established popular government in Athens after the expulsion of the tyrants; yet he had at the same time a great veneration for Lycurgus of Sparta, whom he regarded as supreme among lawgivers; and this led him to be a supporter of aristocracy, in which he was always opposed by Themistocles, the democrat. The latter was insinuating,

daring, artful and impetuous, but Aristeides was solid and steady, inflexibly just and incapable of flattery or deceit.

Neither elated by honours nor disheartened by ill success, Aristeides became deeply founded in the estimation of the best citizens. He was appointed public treasurer, and showed up the peculations of Themistocles and of others who had preceded him. When the fleet of Darius was at Marathon, with a view to subjugating Greece, Miltiades and Aristeides were the Greek generals, who by custom were to command by turns, day about; and Aristeides freely gave up his command to the other, to promote unity of discipline and to give example of military obedience. The next year he became archon.

THOUGH a poor man and a commoner, Aristeides won the royal and divine title of 'The Just.' At first loved and respected for his surname 'the Just,' Aristeides came to be envied and dreaded for so extraordinary an honour, and the citizens assembled from all the towns in Attica and banished him by ostracism, cloaking their envy of his character under the pretence of guarding against tyranny. Three years later, they reversed this decree, fearing lest Aristeides should join the cause of Xerxes. They little knew the man; even before his recall he had been inciting the Greeks to defend their liberty.

In the great battle of Plataea, Aristeides was in command of the Athenians; Pausanias, commander-in-chief of all the confederates, joined him there with the Spartans. The opposing Persian army covered an immense area. In the engagements which took place the Greeks behaved with the utmost firmness, and at last stormed the Persian camp, with a prodigious slaughter of the enemy. When, later, Aristeides was entrusted with the task of assessing the cities of the allies for a tax towards the war, and was thus clothed with an authority which made him master of Greece, though he set out poor he returned yet poorer, having arranged the burden with equal justice and humanity. In fact, he esteemed his poverty no less a glory than all the laurels he had won.

The Roman counterpart of Aristeides was Cato; which name he received for his wisdom, for Romans call wise men Catos. Marcus Cato, the censor, came of an obscure family, yet his father and grandfather were excellent soldiers. He lived on an estate which his father left him near the Sabine country. With red hair and grey eyes, his appearance was such, says an epigram, as to scare the spirits of the departed. Inured to labour and temperance, he had the sound constitution of one brought up in camps; and he had practised eloquence as a necessary instrument for one who would mix with affairs. While still a lad he had fought in so many battles that his breast was covered with scars; and all who spoke with him noted a gravity of behaviour and a dignity of sentiment such as to fit him for high responsibilities.

A powerful nobleman, Valerius Flaccus, whose estate was near Cato's home, heard his servants praise their neighbour's laborious life. He sent for Cato and, charmed with his sweet temper and ready wit, persuaded him to go to Rome and apply himself to political affairs. His rise was rapid; he became tribune of the soldiers, then quaestor, and at last was the collegue of Valerius both as consul and as censor.

CATO'S eloquence brought him the epithet of the Roman Demosthenes, but he was even more celebrated for his manner of living. Few were willing to imitate him in the ancient custom of tilling the ground with his own hands, in eating a dinner prepared without fire, and a spare, frugal supper; few thought it more honourable not to want superfluities than to possess them. By reason of its vast dominions, the commonwealth had lost its pristine purity and integrity; the citizens were frightened at labour and enervated by pleasure. Cato never wore a costly garment nor took an elaborate meal; even when consul he drank the same wine as his servants. He thought nothing cheap that is superfluous.

Some called him mean and narrow, others thought that he was setting an object-lesson to the growing luxury of the age. For my part, I think that his

custom of using his servants like beasts of burden, and of turning them off or selling them when grown old, was the mark of an ungenerous spirit, which thinks that the sole tie between man and man is interest or necessity. For my own part, I would not sell even an old ox that had laboured for me.

However that may be, his temperance was wonderful. When governor of Sardinia, where his predecessors had put the province to great expense, he did not even use a carriage, but walked from town to town with one attendant. He was inexorable in everything that concerned public justice. He proved himself a brave general in the field ; and when he became censor, which was the highest dignity of the republic, he waged an uncompromising campaign against luxury, by means of an almost prohibitive tax on the expenditure of ostentatious superfluity. His style in speaking was at once humorous, familiar and forcible, and many of his wise and pregnant sayings are remembered.

When we compare Aristeides and Cato, we are at once struck by many resemblances ; and examining the several parts of their lives distinctly, as we examine a poem or a picture, we find that they both rose to great honour without the help of family connexions, and merely by their own virtue and abilities. Both of them were equally victorious in war ; but in politics Aristeides was less successful, being banished by the faction of Themistocles ; while Cato, though his antagonists were the most powerful men in Rome, kept his footing to the end like a skilled wrestler.

Again, Cato was no less attentive to the management of his domestic affairs than he was to affairs of state, and not only increased his own fortune, but became a guide to others in finance and in agriculture. But Aristeides, by his indigence, brought disgrace upon justice itself, as if it were the ruin and impoverishment of families ; it is even said that he left not enough for the portions of his daughters nor for the expenses of his own funeral. So Cato's family produced praetors and consuls to the fourth generation ; but of the descendants of Aristeides some were conjurers and paupers, and not one of them had a sentiment worthy of his illustrious ancestor.

III—Demosthenes and Cicero

That these two great orators were originally formed by nature in the same mould is shown by the similarity of their dispositions. They had the same ambition, the same love of liberty and the same timidity in war and danger. Their fortunes also were similar ; both raised themselves from obscure beginnings to authority and power ; both opposed kings and tyrants ; both of them were banished, then returned with honour, were forced to fly again, and were taken by their enemies ; and with both of them expired the liberties of their countries.

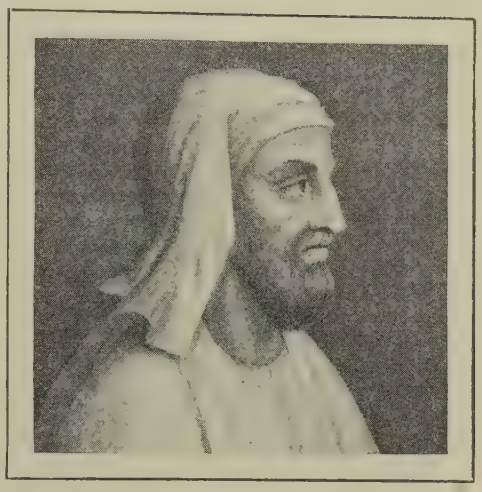
Demosthenes, while a weakly child of seven years, lost his father, and his fortune was dissipated by unworthy guardians. But his ambition was fired in early years by hearing the pleadings of the orator Callistratus, and by noting the honours which attended success in that profession. He at once applied himself to the practice of declamation, and studied rhetoric under Isaeus ; and as soon as he came of age he appeared at the Bar in the prosecution of his guardians for their embezzlements.

Though successful in this claim, Demosthenes had much to learn, and his earlier speeches provoked the amusement of his audience. His manner was at once violent and confused, his voice weak and stammering, and his delivery breathless ; but these faults were overcome by an arduous and protracted course of exercise in the subterranean study which he had built, where he would remain for two or three months together. He corrected the stammering by speaking with pebbles in his mouth ; strengthened his voice by running uphill and declaiming while still unbreathed ; and his attitude and gestures were studied before a mirror.

Demosthenes was rarely heard to speak extempore, and though the people called upon him in the assembly, he would sit silent unless he had come prepared. He wrote a great part, if not the whole, of

each oration beforehand, so that it was objected that his arguments 'smelled of the lamp'; yet, on exceptional occasions, he would speak unprepared, and then it was as if from a supernatural impulse.

His nature was vindictive and his resentment implacable. He was never a time-server in word or in action, and he maintained to the end the political standpoint with which he had begun. The glorious object of his ambition was the defence of the cause of Greece against Philip; and most of his orations, including these Philippics, are written upon the principle that the right and worthy course is to be chosen for its own sake. He does not exhort his countrymen to that which is most agreeable, or easy, or advantageous, but to that which is most honourable. If, besides this noble ambition of his and the lofty tone of his orations, he had been gifted also with warlike courage and had kept his hands clean from bribes, Demosthenes would have deserved to be numbered with Cimon, Thucydides and Pericles.



PLUTARCH was born about A.D. 48 at Chaeronea in Boeotia. He studied philosophy in Athens and then migrated to Rome, where he gave lectures and, so the story goes, became tutor to the Emperor Hadrian, who eventually made him Procurator of Greece. In later life he returned to his native town where he became archon, an office in that time and locality roughly corresponding to that of a mayor of an English provincial town. It is recorded that he was also priest of the Pythian Apollo. It would appear that the greater part of his work was done after his retirement to the town of his birth, in which he tells us he had brought up four sons and a daughter. He died about the year 122.

CICERO'S wonderful genius came to light even in his schooldays; he had the capacity and inclination to learn all the arts, but was most inclined to poetry, and the time came when he was reputed the best poet as well as the greatest orator in Rome. After a training in law and some experience of the wars, he retired to a life of philosophic study, but being persuaded to appear in the courts for Roscius, who was unjustly charged with the murder of his father, Cicero immediately made his reputation as an orator.

His health was weak; he could eat but little, and that only late in the day; his voice was harsh, loud and ill regulated; but, like Demosthenes, he was able by assiduous practice to modulate his enunciation to a full, sonorous and sweet tone, and his studies under the leading rhetoricians perfected his eloquence.

His diligence, justice and moderation were evidenced by his conduct in public offices, as quaestor, praetor and then as consul. In his attack on Catiline's conspiracy, he showed what charms eloquence can add to truth, and that justice is invincible when properly supported.

Demosthenes, by concentrating all his powers on the single art of speaking, became unrivalled in the power, grandeur and accuracy of his eloquence. Cicero's studies had a wider range; he strove to excel not only as an orator, but as a philosopher and a scholar also. Their difference of temperament is reflected in their styles. Demosthenes is always grave and serious, an austere man of thought; Cicero, on the other hand, loves his jest, and is sometimes playful to the point of buffoonery. The Greek orator never touches upon his own praise except with some great point in view, and then does it modestly and without offence; the Roman does not seek to hide his intemperate vanity, which made him obnoxious to many of his contemporaries.

Both of these men had high political abilities; but while the former held no public office, and lies under the suspicion of having at times sold his talent to the highest bidder, the latter ruled provinces as a pro-consul at a time when avarice reigned unbridled, and became known only for his humanity and his contempt of money, refusing even innocent presents.

CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN, KILLED AT THE SIEGE OF FREDERICSHALL, DECEMBER 11, 1718

From a Swedish painting

VOLTAIRE
HISTORY OF CHARLES XII

WRITTEN during his stay in England, 1726–29, the History of Charles XII was Voltaire's first notable historical work, and the first history of real historical value that appeared in French literature. It was published surreptitiously by him at Rouen in 1731, thirteen years after the death of the Swedish monarch. The career of that prince was extraordinarily brilliant, extraordinarily disastrous and in result extraordinarily ineffective. It furnished a remarkable contrast to that of his great antagonist Peter the Great of Russia, whose history Voltaire wrote thirty years later (see page 1873). Naturally the two books illustrate each other in a marked degree, and both are models of clear narrative and ingenious, if rather superficial, grasp and arrangement. For both works Voltaire claimed to have had first-hand information from the principal actors in the drama. The following epitome has been prepared from the French text. Outlines of Voltaire's larger historical works, The Age of Louis XIV and The Age of Louis XV, appear elsewhere in *The World's Great Books.*

I—The Meteor Blazes

THE House of Vasa was established on the throne of Sweden in the first half of the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century, Christina, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, abdicated in favour of her cousin, who ascended the throne as Charles X. He and his vigorous son, Charles XI, established a powerful absolute monarchy. To the latter was born on June 27, 1682, the infant who became Charles XII—perhaps the most extraordinary man who ever lived, who in his own person united all the great qualities of his ancestors, whose one defect and one misfortune was that he possessed all those qualities in excess.

In childhood he developed exceptional physical powers and remarkable linguistic facility. He succeeded to the throne at the age of fifteen, in 1697. Within the year he declared himself of age, and asserted his position as king; and the neighbouring powers at once resolved to take advantage of the Swedish monarch's youth—the kings Christian of Denmark, Augustus of Saxony and Poland, and the very remarkable Tsar Peter the Great of Russia. Among them, the three proposed to appropriate all the then Swedish territories on the Russian and Polish side of the Gulf of Finland and the Baltic.

Danes and Saxons, joined by the forces of other German principalities, were already attacking Holstein, whose duke was Charles's cousin; the Saxons, too, were pouring into Livonia. On May 8, 1700, Charles sailed from Stockholm with 8,000 men to the succour of Holstein, which he effected with complete and immediate success by swooping on Copenhagen. On August 6, Denmark concluded a treaty, withdrawing her claims in Holstein and paying the duke an indemnity.

Three months later, the tsar, who was besieging Narva, in Ingria, with 80,000 Muscovites, learnt that Charles had landed, and was advancing with 20,000 Swedes. Another 30,000 were being hurried up by the tsar when Charles, with only 8,000 men, came in contact with 25,000 Russians at Reval. In two days he had swept them before him, and with his 8,000 men fell upon the Russian force of ten times that number in its entrenchments at Narva. Prodigies of valour were performed; the Muscovites were totally routed. Peter, with 40,000 reinforcements, had no inclination to renew battle, but he very promptly made up his mind that his armies must be taught how to fight. They should learn from the victorious Swedes how to conquer the Swedes.

With the spring, Charles fell upon the Saxon forces in Livonia, before a fresh league between Augustus and Peter had had time to develop advantageously. After one decisive victory, the Duchy of Courland made submission, and he marched into Lithuania. In Poland, neither the war nor the rule of Augustus was popular,

and in the divided state of the country Charles advanced triumphantly. A Polish diet was summoned, and Charles awaited events; he was at war, he said, not with Poland, but with Augustus. He had, in fact, resolved to dethrone the King of Poland by the instrumentality of the Poles themselves—a process made the easier by the antagonism between the diet and the king, an elective, not a hereditary ruler.

Augustus endeavoured, quite fruitlessly, to negotiate with Charles on his own account, while the diet was much more zealous to curtail his powers than to resist the Swedish monarch, and was determined that, at any price, the Saxon troops should leave Poland. Intrigues were going on on all sides.

Presently Charles set his forces in motion. When Augustus learnt that there was to be no peace till Poland had a new king, he resolved to fight. Charles's star did not desert him. He won a complete victory. Pressing in pursuit of Augustus, he captured Cracow, but his advance was delayed for some weeks by a broken leg; and in the interval there was a considerable rally to the support of Augustus. But the moment Charles could again move, he routed the enemy at Pultusk.

The terror of his invincibility was universal. Success followed upon success. The anti-Saxon party in the diet succeeded in declaring the throne vacant. Charles might certainly have claimed the crown for himself, but chose instead to maintain the title of the Sobieski princes. The kidnapping of James Sobieski, however, caused Charles to insist on the election of Stanislas Leszczynski.

II—From Triumph to Disaster

CHARLES left Warsaw to complete the subjugation of Poland, leaving the new king in the capital. Stanislas and his court were put to sudden flight by the appearance of Augustus with 20,000 men. Warsaw fell at once; but when Charles turned on the Saxon army, only the wonderful skill of Schulembourg saved it from destruction. Augustus withdrew to Saxony, and began repairing the fortifications of Dresden.

By this time, wherever the Swedes appeared, they were confident of victory if they were but twenty to a hundred. Charles had made nothing for himself out of his victories, but all his enemies were scattered—except Peter, who had been sedulously training his people in the military arts. On August 21, 1704, Peter captured Narva. Now he made a new alliance with Augustus. Seventy thousand Russians were soon ravaging Polish territory. Within two months, Charles and Stanislas had cut them up in detail, or driven them over the border. Schulembourg crossed the Oder, but his battalions were shattered at Frawenstad by Reuschild. On September 1, 1706, Charles himself was invading Saxony.

The invading troops were held under an iron discipline; no violence was permitted. In effect, Augustus had lost both his kingdom and his electorate. His prayers for peace were met by the demand for formal and permanent resignation of the Polish crown, repudiation of the treaties with Russia, restoration of the Sobieskis, and the surrender of Patkul, a Livonian 'rebel' who was now Tsar Peter's plenipotentiary at Dresden. Augustus accepted, at Altranstad, the terms offered by Charles. Patkul was broken on the wheel; Peter determined on vengeance; again the Russians overran Lithuania, but retired before Stanislas.

In September 1707 Charles left Saxony at the head of 43,000 men, enriched with the spoils of Poland and Saxony. Another 20,000 met him in Poland; 15,000 more were ready in Finland. He had no doubts of his power to dethrone the tsar. In January 1708 he was on the march for Grodow. Peter retreated before him, and in June was entrenched beyond the Beresina. Driven thence by a flank movement, the Russians engaged Charles at Hollosin, where he gained one of his most brilliant victories. Retreat and pursuit continued towards Moscow.

Charles now pushed on towards the Ukraine, where he was secretly in treaty with the governor, Mazeppa. But when he reached the Ukraine, Mazeppa joined him not as an ally, but as a fugitive. Meanwhile, Lewenhaupt, marching to effect a junction with him, was intercepted by

Peter with thrice his force, and finally cut his way through to Charles with only 5,000 men.

So severe was the winter that both Peter and Charles, contrary to their custom, agreed to a suspension of arms. Isolated as he was, towards the end of May, Charles laid siege to Poltava, the capture of which would have opened the way to Moscow. Thither Peter marched against him, while Charles himself was unable to move, owing to a serious wound in the foot, endured with heroic fortitude.

On July 8 the decisive battle was fought. The victory lay with the Russians, and Charles was forced to fly for his life. His best officers were prisoners. A column under Lewenhaupt succeeded in joining the king, now prostrated by his wound and by fever. At the Dnieper, Charles was carried over in a boat; the force, overtaken by the Russians, was compelled to capitulate. Peter treated the captured Swedish generals with distinction. Charles himself escaped to Bender, in Turkey.

Virtually a captive in the Turkish dominions, Charles conceived the project of persuading the sultan to attack Russia. At the outset the grand vizier, Chourlouly Ali, favoured his ideas; but Peter, by lavish and judicious bribery, soon won him over. The grand vizier, however, was overthrown by a palace intrigue, and was replaced by an incorruptible successor, Numa Chourgourly, who was equally determined to treat the fugitive king in becoming fashion and to decline to make war on the tsar.

Meanwhile, Charles's enemies were taking advantage of his enforced absence. Peter again overran Livonia. Augustus repudiated the treaty of Altranstad and recovered the Polish crown. The King of Denmark repudiated the treaty of Traven dal and invaded Sweden, but his troops were totally routed by the raw levies of the Swedish militia at Helsimburg.

The Vizier Chourgourly, being too honourable for his post, was displaced by Baltaji Mehemet, who took up the schemes of Charles. War was declared against Russia. The Prince of Moldavia, Cantemir, supported Peter. The Turks seemed doomed to destruction; but first the advancing tsar found himself deserted by the Moldavians, and allowed himself to be hemmed in by greatly superior forces on the Pruth. With Peter himself and his army entirely at his mercy, Baltaji Mehemet—to the furious indignation of Charles—was content to extort a treaty advantageous to Turkey but useless to the Swede; and Peter was allowed to retire with the honours of war.

III—The Meteor Quenched

THE great desire of the Porte was, in fact, to get rid of its inconvenient guest; to despatch him to his own dominions in safety with an escort to defend him, but no army for aggression. Charles conceived that the sultan was pledged to give him an army. The downfall of the vizier—owing to the sultan's wrath on learning that Peter was not carrying out the pledges of the Pruth treaty—did not help matters; for the favourite, Ali Cournourgi, now intended Russia to aid his own ambitions, and the favourite controlled the new vizier. Within six months of Pruth, war had been declared and a fresh peace again patched up, Peter promising to withdraw from Poland, and the Turks to eject Charles.

But Charles was determined not to budge. He demanded as a preliminary half a million to pay his debts. A larger sum was provided; still he would not move. The sultan felt that he had now discharged all that the laws of hospitality could possibly demand. Threats only made the king more obstinate. His supplies were cut off and his guards withdrawn, except his own 300 Swedes; whereupon Charles fortified the house he had built himself. All efforts to bring him to reason were of no avail. A force of Janissaries was dispatched to cut the Swedes to pieces; but the men listened to Baron Grothusen's appeal for a delay of three days, and flatly refused to attack. But when they sent Charles a deputation of veterans, he refused to see them, and sent them an insulting message. They returned to their quarters, now resolved to obey the pasha.

The 300 Swedes could do nothing but surrender; yet Charles, with twenty com-

CHARLES XII. KING OF SWEDEN
From the painting by M. Dahl

panions, held his house, defended it with a valour and temporary success which were almost miraculous, and were only overwhelmed by numbers when they sallied forth and charged the Turkish army with swords and pistols. Once captured, the king displayed a calm as imperturbable as his rage before had been tempestuous.

Charles was now conveyed to the neighbourhood of Adrianople, where he was joined by another royal prisoner—Stanislas, who had attempted to enter Turkey in disguise in order to see him, but had been discovered and arrested. Charles was allowed to remain at Demotica. Here he abode for ten months, feigning illness; both he and his little court being obliged to live frugally and practically without attendants, the chancellor, Mullern, being the cook of the establishment.

The hopes which Charles obstinately clung to, of Turkish support, were finally destroyed when Cournourgi at last became grand vizier. His sister Ulrica warned him that the council of regency at Stockholm would make peace with Russia and Denmark. At length he demanded to be allowed to depart. In October 1714 he set out in disguise for the frontier, and reached Stralsund on November 21, not having rested in a bed for sixteen days. On the same day he was issuing from Stralsund instructions for the vigorous prosecution of the war in every direction.

But meanwhile the northern powers, without exception, had been making partition of all the cis-Baltic territories of the Swedish crown. Tsar Peter, master of the Baltic, held that ascendancy which had once belonged to Charles. But the hopes of Sweden revived with the knowledge that the king had reappeared at Stralsund.

Even Charles could not make head against the hosts of his foes. Misfortunes pursued him now, as successes had once crowded upon him. Before long he was himself practically cooped up in Stralsund, while the enemies' ships controlled the Baltic. In October, Stralsund was resolutely besieged. His attempt to hold the commanding island of Rugen failed after a desperate battle. The besiegers forced their way into Stralsund itself. Exactly two months after the trenches had been opened against Stralsund, Charles slipped out to sea, ran the gauntlet of the enemy's forts and fleets, and reached the Swedish coast at Karlscrona.

Charles now subjected his people to a merciless taxation in order to raise troops and a navy. Suddenly, at the moment when all the powers at once seemed on the point of descending on Sweden, Charles flung himself upon Norway, at

that time subject to Denmark. This was in accordance with a vast design proposed by his minister, Gortz, in which Charles was to be leagued with his old enemy Peter, and with Spain, primarily against England, Hanover, and Augustus of Poland and Saxony. Gortz's designs became known to the regent Orleans; he was arrested in Holland, but presently released.

Gortz, released, continued to work out his intriguing policy with increased determination. Affairs seemed to be progressing favourably. Charles, who had been obliged to fall back from Norway, again invaded that country and laid siege to Fredericshall. Here he was inspecting the siege works, when his career was brought to a sudden close by a cannon shot. So finished, at thirty-six, the one king who never displayed a single weakness, but in whom the heroic virtues were so exaggerated as to be no less dangerous than the vices with which they are contrasted.

Greatest Synthetic Achievement of the Human Mind

ALBERT EINSTEIN

RELATIVITY

The Special and the General Theory

A Study by J. W. N. Sullivan

THE famous Einstein theory was published in two parts. The first part, the so-called 'Special' theory, was published in 1905, when Einstein was only twenty-six years of age. The 'General' theory which, besides greatly extending the special theory, gave also a solution of the problem of gravitation, was published ten years later. It is this theory that attracted the attention of the whole world, as well as the strictly scientific portion of it, by the dramatic verification, at the total solar eclipse of May 29, 1919, of one of the most startling predictions of the theory. The book under consideration—a translation of which by Robert W. Lawson is published by Methuen at 5s. net—is Einstein's own exposition, for the general public, of both theories. It may be said at once that, judging from this book, Einstein had a rather exalted opinion of the intelligence of the general public. His exposition is superb, but it demands very close attention. He says what he has to say so compactly that the reader is in danger of missing the full significance of his statements.

He begins with a question which is fundamental for his whole theory, and that is the status of the axioms of geometry. His own words are:

> We cannot ask whether it is true that only one straight line goes through two points. We can only say that Euclidean geometry deals with things called 'straight lines,' to each of which is ascribed the property of being uniquely determined by two points situated on it. The concept 'true' does not tally with the assertions of pure geometry, because by the word 'true' we are eventually in the habit of designating always the correspondence with a 'real' object; geometry, however, is not concerned with the relation of the ideas involved in it to objects of experience, but only with the logical connexion of these ideas among themselves.

This estimate of the status of Euclidean geometry is justified by the fact that any number of non-Euclidean geometries exist. For two thousand years Euclid's axioms were regarded as necessities of thought. But early in the nineteenth century it was discovered that certain of Euclid's axioms could be denied and others substituted for them, and yet that perfectly self-consistent systems of geometry could be constructed. It follows that Euclid's axioms are not necessary truths. They are 'conventions.' We may adopt them or not, as we please. Consequently, in applying geometry to the real world, we are at liberty to apply that system of geometry we find most conve-

nient. All systems of geometry are equally logical and no one is more ' true ' than another, just as it is no more true that there are three feet in a yard than it is that there are one hundred centimetres in a metre. Which system we employ is a matter of convenience. In his general theory of relativity Einstein finds it convenient to use a non-Euclidean geometry.

AFTER some preliminary remarks dealing with our methods of measuring the positions of bodies Einstein enunciates his ' special ' theory of relativity which is to the effect that two observers in uniform translatory motion with respect to one another find the same laws for natural phenomena. By uniform translatory motion is meant motion at a constant speed in a straight line, *i.e.* without rotation or acceleration of any kind. Now Newton had said, long ago, that two such observers will find the same laws for mechanics. But will they find the same laws for optics and for electricity ? Einstein says that they will, but this statement, when we come to think about it, is a very puzzling one. Consider, for instance, the fact that light travels at 186,000 miles per second for a given observer. Could it have the same velocity for a second observer moving relatively to the first ? It seems obvious that it could not. An aeroplane does not pass a moving train at the same pace that it passes one at rest. Nevertheless, Einstein asserts that light will have the same velocity for two observers, whatever their relative motion. He says :

> As a result of an analysis of the physical conceptions of time and space, it became evident that *in reality there is not the least incompatibility between the principle of relativity and the law of propagation of light,* and that by systematically holding fast to both these laws a logically rigid theory could be arrived at.

He then proceeds to show that the notion of simultaneity is a relative one. Events which are simultaneous for one observer are not simultaneous for an observer moving relatively to the first. Two such observers will not agree in their estimates of the time-lapse between two events. Neither will their distance measurements agree. What are the relations between the space and time measurements of such observers, supposing them to get the same velocity for light ? This is a purely mathematical problem, and Einstein gives the solution, which we need not quote. But we must realize clearly what he has done here, for this is the basis of the whole theory.

He has shown that observers in uniform relative motion will obtain the same laws of nature for phenomena provided they use different space and time measurements, and he has shown just what these differences would be. Now it is a fact of experiment that such observers do obtain the same laws of nature. Not only the famous Michelson-Morley experiment on light, described by Einstein, but many other experiments bear out this statement. It follows that observers in relative motion naturally adopt space and time measurements which differ in the way described by Einstein. In other words, each observer has his own space-time framework. There is no absolute space and time, the same for all observers.

IF an observer B, carrying a clock and also carrying a yard measure pointing in the direction of his motion moves past an observer A then, from A's point of view, B's yard measure is short of a yard and his clock is going slow. And the discrepancy is greater the greater B's velocity relative to A. If B passed A with the velocity of light then we reach the highly astonishing result that from A's point of view B's yard measure would be of zero length and his clock would not be going at all ! This means that the velocity of light is a *limiting* velocity. No object in the universe can possibly move at a speed greater than the speed of light. Einstein proceeds to work out some of the consequences of this theory :

> The most important result of a general character for which the special theory of relativity has led is concerned with the conception of mass. Before the advent of relativity, physics recognized two conservation laws of fundamental importance, namely, the law of the conservation of energy and the law of the conservation of mass; these two fundamental laws appeared to be quite independent of each other. By means of the theory of relativity they have been united into one law.

Mass and energy have become, in fact, interchangeable terms. A body radiating energy thereby loses mass; a body receiving energy thereby gains mass. As a body moves faster its energy, and therefore its mass, increases. At the velocity of light its mass would be infinite. We may mention that these deductions from Einstein's theory have been verified by experiment. Thus the swiftest electrons we can produce artificially have speeds within a few per cent. of that of light, and their mass is found to increase to just the extent calculated by Einstein. The reader should remember, in reading this book, that he is not dealing with speculations 'in the air.' Countless experiments have confirmed Einstein's conclusions.

EINSTEIN concludes this part of his exposition with an account of Minkowski's 'four-dimensional space.' The central idea of this must be understood before the general theory can be tackled. It is thus described by Einstein:

> Space is a three-dimensional continuum. By this we mean that it is possible to describe the position of a point (at rest) by means of three numbers (co-ordinates) x, y, z, and that there is an indefinite number of points in the neighbourhood of this one, the position of which can be described by co-ordinates such as x_1 y_1 z_1, which may be as near as we choose to the respective values of the co-ordinates x, y, z, of the first point. In virtue of the latter property we speak of a 'continuum,' and owing to the fact that there are three co-ordinates we speak of it as being 'three-dimensional.'
>
> Similarly, the world of the physical phenomena which was briefly called 'world' by Minkowski is naturally four-dimensional in the space-time sense. For it is composed of individual events, each of which is described by four numbers, namely, three space co-ordinates x, y, z, and a time co-ordinate, the time-value t. The 'world' is in this sense also a continuum; for to every event there are as many 'neighbouring' events (realized or at least thinkable) as we care to choose, the co-ordinates x_1 y_1 z_1 t_1 of which differ by an indefinitely small amount from those of the event x y z t originally considered. That we have not been accustomed to regard the world in this sense as a four-dimensional continuum is due to the fact that in physics, before the advent of the theory of relativity, time played a different and more independent rôle, as compared with the space co-ordinates. It is for this reason that we have been in the habit of treating time as an independent continuum. As a matter of fact, according to classical mechanics, time is absolute, *i.e.* it is independent of the position and the condition of motion of the system of co-ordinates. . . . The four-dimensional mode of consideration of the 'world' is natural on the theory of relativity, since according to this theory time is robbed of its independence.

We say that space has three dimensions because we require three measurements to specify the position of a point in space. For instance, to specify the position in a room of the tip of an electric light bulb we would have to give its distances from two walls and its distance from the floor or the ceiling. Whatever method we adopted we should have to give at least three measurements. That is why we call space three-dimensional. And space is continuous because we can have points in space as close together as we like. The three distances of a point from our frame of reference (such a frame, for instance, as the two walls and the ceiling) are called the 'co-ordinates' of the point.

But if we are specifying an event we want to say when as well as where it happened. We must give, therefore, the moment of time of its occurrence. This is called its time co-ordinate. In calculations the space co-ordinates are usually denoted by x, y, z, and the time co-ordinate by t.

NOW Minkowski showed that the space and time co-ordinates of an event are not independent of one another. Two flashes of light may be separated by ten yards for one observer and occur at an interval of ten seconds. But for a second observer, moving relatively to the first, they may be more than ten yards apart and occur at an interval of more than ten seconds. A certain combination of distance and time will be the same for both observers, but the distances and times taken separately will not be the same. That particular combination of distance and time that all observers will find to be the same is called the 'interval.' Minkowski showed that the interval could be regarded as a 'distance in a four-dimensional space.' This four-dimensional space we split up into a three-dimensional space and a one-dimensional time—and each observer splits it up differently. The actual four-dimensional quantity involved—the 'interval'—is the same for all of them, but they split it up differently into so much of

space and so much of time. This result is very interesting, but there is one particular aspect of it which is of the greatest importance for relativity theory. This aspect is described by Einstein as follows :

But the discovery of Minkowski, which was of importance for the formal development of the theory of relativity, does not lie here. It is to be found rather in the fact of his recognition that the four-dimensional space-time continuum of the theory of relativity, in its most essential formal properties, shows a pronounced relationship to the three-dimensional continuum of Euclidean geometrical space.

That is to say the geometry of this four-dimensional space of Minkowski's is a Euclidean geometry. The whole 'special' theory of relativity can be explained as the geometry of a four-dimensional 'Euclidean' space. This fact gave Einstein a very important clue for developing his theory. For Einstein was dissatisfied with his special theory. We have pointed out that that theory says that the laws of nature are the same for observers in uniform translatory motion with respect to one another, and *only* for such observers. Einstein comments :

But no person whose mode of thought is logical can rest satisfied with this condition of things. He asks : 'How does it come that certain reference-bodies (or their states of motion) are given priority over other reference-bodies (or their states of motion) ? *What is the reason for this preference ?*'

Einstein wants to know why the laws of nature should not be the same for all observers, whatever their state of motion. We have found that uniform motion makes no difference. What difference does non-uniform motion make ? His solution of this question is Einstein's most dazzling achievement. We begin with his famous account of the man in the box.

As reference-body let us imagine a spacious chest resembling a room with an observer inside who is equipped with apparatus. Gravitation naturally does not exist for this observer. [Einstein imagines the man in the chest to be right away in empty space.] He must fasten himself with strings to the floor, otherwise the slightest impact against the floor will cause him to rise slowly towards the ceiling of the room.

To the middle of the lid of the chest is fixed externally a hook with rope attached, and now a 'being' (what kind of a being is immaterial to us) begins pulling at this with a constant force. The chest, together with the observer, begin to move 'upwards' with a uniformly accelerated motion. In course of time their velocity will reach unheard-of values—provided that we are viewing all this from another reference-body which is not being pulled with a rope.

But how does the man in the chest regard the process. The acceleration of the chest will be transmitted to him by the reaction of the floor of the chest. He must therefore take up this pressure by means of his legs if he does not wish to be laid out full length on the floor. He is then standing in the chest in exactly the same way as anyone stands in a room of a house on our earth. If he release a body which he previously had in his hand, the acceleration of the chest will no longer be transmitted to this body, and for this reason the body will approach the floor of the chest with an accelerated relative motion. The observer will further convince himself *that the acceleration of the body towards the floor of the chest is always of the same magnitude, whatever kind of body he may happen to use for the experiment.*

The point Einstein is leading up is clear from the above passage in italics. For it is characteristic of the gravitational force, and of the gravitational force alone, that it is entirely independent of the physical or chemical constitution of the bodies on which it operates. The man in the chest will naturally conclude that he and his chest are in a gravitational field. Einstein goes on :

Of course he will be puzzled for a moment as to why the chest does not fall in this gravitational field. Just then, however, he discovers the hook in the middle of the lid of the chest and the rope which is attached to it, and he consequently comes to the conclusion that the chest is suspended at rest in the gravitational field

From this illustration we can grasp Einstein's conception of the essential difference between uniform and non-uniform motion. An observer in non-uniform motion may be regarded as existing in a gravitational field. The laws of phenomena for observers in non-uniform motion, therefore, are the laws of phenomena in gravitational fields. But we must be careful in reading this example not to suppose that Einstein means to say that a gravitational field is always

merely *apparent*. There is a gravitational field for the man in the chest although there is no gravitational field from the point of view of an observer outside the chest. But there is no possible observer for whom the gravitational field of the earth does not exist.

Let us imagine the man looking through a window in his moving chest and observing the passage of a ray of light outside. Since the man's motion is an accelerated motion the ray of light would appear to him curved. But since, according to Einstein, there is no essential difference between accelerated motion and a gravitational field, it follows that light passing through a gravitational field should follow a curved path. Einstein prophesied, therefore, that this would be so and, as all the world knows, the prophecy was verified at the eclipse expedition of May 29, 1919.

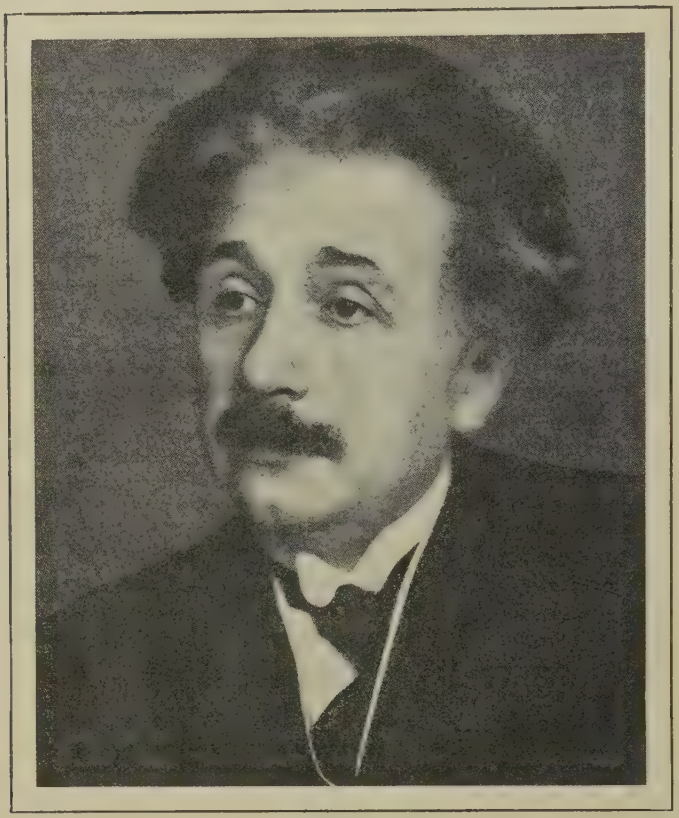
This case exemplified a procedure which is pretty general in the theory. We imagine an artificial gravitational field and find what would happen to phenomena in that field. We then use this result to say what would happen to phenomena in a real gravitational field. Also, by finding the laws obeyed by these artificial fields themselves we can deduce the laws obeyed by real gravitational fields. This is what Einstein has done, and it is perhaps the most celebrated part of his achievement. He has found the true laws for gravitation and shown that Newton's law is only approximate.

But, to do this, he had greatly to extend Minkowski's idea, mentioned above. He found that if Minkowski's four-dimensional space was permeated by a gravitational field, then its geometry was *not* Euclidean. He had to apply non-Euclidean geometry. Einstein, in his desire to omit no steps from the argument, gives the reader an outline of the method by which he did this. The reader will probably find this the most obscure part of his book. There would be no point in quoting it and still less in summarising it. It is best for the reader who is not a mathematician to take this part of the argument for granted. Suffice it to say that the laws of motion in a non-Euclidean space can be worked out, and that they are found to give just the motions we observe in the case of the planets. Thus the actual motion of Mercury had never been satisfactorily explained on Newton's theory. The difference between observation and calculation was slight, but it was there, and the greatest mathematicians had exerted themselves in vain to explain it. Einstein's theory, in a perfectly natural and unforced way, clears up the whole mystery. Einstein's own words are:

> Since the time of Leverrier, it has been known that the ellipse corresponding to the orbit of Mercury . . is not stationary with respect to the fixed stars, but that it rotates exceedingly slowly in the plane of the orbit and in the sense of the orbital motion. The value obtained for this rotary movement of the orbital ellipses was 43 seconds of arc per century, an amount ensured to be correct to within a few seconds of arc. This effect can be explained by means of classical mechanics only on the assumption of hypotheses which have little probability, and which were devised solely for this purpose.
>
> On the basis of the general theory of relativity, it is found that the ellipse of every planet round the sun must necessarily rotate in the manner indicated above; that for all the planets, with the exception of Mercury, this rotation is too small to be detected with the delicacy of observation possible at the present time; but that in the case of Mercury it must amount to 43 seconds of arc per century, a result which is strictly in agreement with observation

This result, the deflection of light mentioned above, and the shift of the lines of the sun's spectrum towards the red, are the three greatest experimental confirmations of Einstein's general theory.

It may help the reader to grasp the central idea of Einstein's general theory if it be put in the following way. The natural motion of a body, left to itself, is, in Euclidean space, motion in a straight line and with a constant velocity. Now the planets do not move in straight lines with uniform velocity. Why? Newton said because there is a force of gravitation emanating from the sun and pulling them out of the straight line. Einstein says No, there is no force of gravitation at all. The planets do not move in straight lines because they are not moving in a Euclidean space at all, but in a non-Euclidean space, where their actual motions are their natural motions. And his general conditions for this non-Euclidean space are what he calls the law of gravitation. His



ALBERT EINSTEIN was born of Jewish parentage at Ulm, in Germany, March 14, 1879. He went to school in Munich until his family moved to Italy, when the son joined the Cantonschule at Aarau in Switzerland and later (1896–1900) supported himself by teaching mathematics and physics at the polytechnic school of Zürich. In 1901 Einstein became naturalised as a Swiss and was appointed examiner of patents at Berne and subsequently took the Ph. D. degree at Zürich University. In 1903 he evolved the theory of his 'Special' form of relativity. In 1911 he became professor of physics at Prague and in 1914 joined the Academy of Science at Berlin. It was in 1915 that he made his sensational explanation of gravitational attraction which was crowned with triumphant confirmation by the British solar eclipse expedition of 1919.

law of gravitation, therefore, is not the law of a force; it is a set of geometrical conditions. As a matter of fact, Einstein does not need the notion of 'force' at all.

In the last part of his book Einstein deals with his notion of a finite universe. We are accustomed to think of the universe as consisting of matter (in the form of stars) distributed pretty uniformly throughout infinite space. It can be shown that, on Newton's law of gravitation, such a universe is impossible. The gravitational force would be infinite. And there are grave objections to such a universe also on relativity theory. Einstein therefore supposes that our universe is finite. But, although finite, it is unbounded. He illustrates the idea by asking us to consider perfectly flat creatures living on the surface of a sphere. Such creatures could wander forward on this sphere for ever without meeting any boundary. Nevertheless their space, that is the area of their sphere, is of finite size. Analogously, the mathematics of a sort of three-dimensional spherical surface can be worked out. It will be of finite size but it will have no boundaries. Einstein supposes that the space we live in is of this kind.

We can get a rough idea of the size of this universe. A ray of light would go all round this spherical universe in about one thousand million years. Light sent out a thousand million years ago would come back to the place it started from and, if it had not become too scattered by passing through gravitational fields *en route*, would unite again in a focus at that point. It may be, therefore, that some of the stars we see are really ghosts—the images of stars that were there a thousand million years ago, but which have since moved on to other parts of the universe, or which have even become extinct or perished in a collision.

But this part of Einstein's theory, although it solves certain difficulties, must not be taken as on the same level of evidence as the rest of his theory. The rest of the theory may fairly be regarded as proved. The theory of the finite universe is still only a speculation. Even as it stands, however, the theory has been justly described by a great mathematician as 'the greatest synthetic achievement of the human mind.'

HENRY FIELDING

AMELIA

THE last novel that the author wrote, Amelia appeared in 1751. It betrays a certain subdued note, surprising in the author of Tom Jones till one learns that he was wretchedly ill at the time of writing and that about that time his health began to break. But here, as in all his novels, the work is as charged with life to-day as when it first won the admiration of its contemporaries. Fielding has created a crowded gallery of memorable characters—the true test of the novelist—and student and general reader alike must read him, though neither will need compulsion to the task. As a literary artist, if not as a reader of the human heart, Fielding has a place above Richardson, and Sir Walter Scott styled him The Father of the English Novel. His knowledge of life was wide, his sympathies were catholic, his humour is of the rarest vintage, his style is like the vigour of a spring morning and his constructive faculty is classical. Outlines of Fielding's Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, and Jonathan Wild appear at pages 37, 381, and 2170 respectively. Amelia has the additional interest of being partly autobiographical. An edition in three volumes at 2s. each is published in Dent's Temple Classics.

I—The Inside of a Prison

ON the first of April, in the year ——, the watchmen of a certain parish in Westminster brought several persons, whom they had apprehended the preceding night, before Jonathan Thrasher, Esq., one of the justices of the peace for that city.

Among the prisoners a young fellow, whose name was Booth, was charged with beating the watchman in the execution of his office, and breaking his lantern. The justice, perceiving the criminal to be but shabbily dressed, was going to commit him without asking any further questions, but at the earnest request of the accused the worthy magistrate submitted to hear his defence.

The young man then alleged that as he was walking home to his lodgings he saw two men in the street cruelly beating a third, upon which he had stopped and endeavoured to assist the person who was so unequally attacked; that the watch came up during the affray and took them all four into custody; that they were immediately carried to the round-house, where the two original assailants found means to make up the matter, and were discharged by the constable, a favour which he himself, having no money in his pocket, was unable to obtain. He utterly denied having assaulted any of the watchmen and solemnly declared that he was offered his liberty at the price of half a crown.

Though the bare word of an offender can never be taken against the oath of his accuser, yet the magistrate might have employed some labour in cross-examining the watchmen, or at least have given the defendant time to send for the other persons who were present at the affray; neither of which he did.

Booth and the poor man in whose defence he had been engaged were both dispatched to prison under a guard of watchmen.

Mr. Booth was no sooner arrived in the prison than a number of persons gathered round him, all demanding garnish. The master or keeper of the prison then acquainted him that it was the custom of the place for every prisoner, upon his first arrival there, to give something to the former prisoners to make them drink. This was what they called garnish. Mr. Booth answered that he would readily comply with this laudable custom, were it in his power; but that in reality he had not a shilling in his pocket and, what was worse, he had not a shilling in the world. Upon which the keeper departed and left poor Booth to the mercy of his companions, who, without loss of time, stripped him of his coat and hid it.

Mr. Booth was too weak to resist and too wise to complain of this usage. He summoned his philosophy to his assistance,

and resolved to make himself as easy as possible under his present circumstances.

On the following day Miss Matthews, an old acquaintance whom he had not seen for some years, was brought into the prison, and Booth was shortly afterwards invited to the room this lady had engaged. Miss Matthews, having told her story, requested Booth to do the same, and to this he acceded.

II—Captain Booth Tells His Story

"FROM the first I was in love with Amelia; but my own fortune was so desperate, and hers was entirely dependent on her mother, a woman of violent passions, and very unlikely to consent to a match so highly contrary to the interest of her daughter, that I endeavoured to refrain from any proposal of love. I had nothing more than the poor provision of an ensign's commission to depend on, and the thought of leaving my Amelia to starve alone, deprived of her mother's help, was intolerable to me.

"In spite of this I could not keep from telling Amelia the state of my heart, and I soon found all that return of my affection which the tenderest lover can require. Against the opposition of Amelia's mother, Mrs. Harris, to our engagement, we had the support of that good man, Dr. Harrison, the rector; and at last Mrs. Harris yielded to the doctor, and we were married. There was an agreement that I should settle all my Amelia's fortune on her, except a certain sum, which was to be laid out in my advancement in the army, and shortly afterwards I was preferred to the rank of a lieutenant in my regiment, and ordered to Gibraltar. I noticed that Amelia's sister, Miss Betty, who had said many ill-natured things of our marriage, now again became my friend.

"At the siege of Gibraltar I was very badly wounded, and in this situation the image of my Amelia haunted me day and night. Two months and more I continued in a state of uncertainty, when one afternoon poor Atkinson, my servant, came running to my room. I asked him what was the matter, when Amelia herself rushed into the room.

"She gently chided me for concealing my illness from her, saying, 'Mr. Booth! And do you know so little of your Amelia as to think I could or would survive you?' Amelia then informed me that she had received a letter from an unknown hand, acquainting her with my misfortune and advising her, if she desired to see me more, to come directly to Gibraltar.

"From the time of Amelia's arrival nothing remarkable happened till my perfect recovery; and then the siege being at an end, and Amelia being in some sort of fever, the governor gave me leave to attend my wife to Montpelier, the air of which was judged to be most likely to restore her to health.

"A fellow-officer, Captain James, willingly lent me money and, after an ample recovery at Montpelier and a stay in Paris, we returned to England. It was in Paris we received a long letter from Dr. Harrison, enclosing £100, and containing the news that Mrs. Harris was dead and had left her whole fortune to Miss Betty. So now I was a married man, with children, and the half-pay of a lieutenant.

"DR. HARRISON, at whose rectory we were staying, came to our assistance. He asked me if I had any prospect of going again into the army; if not, what scheme of life I proposed to myself.

"I told him that as I had no powerful friends, I could have but little expectations in a military way; that I was incapable of thinking of any other scheme, for I was without the necessary knowledge or experience, and was likewise destitute of money to set up with.

"The doctor, after a little hesitation, said he had been thinking on this subject, and proposed to me to turn farmer. At the same time he offered to let me his parsonage, which was then become vacant; he said it was a farm which required but little stock, and that little should not be wanting.

"I embraced this offer very eagerly, and Amelia received the news with the highest transports of joy. Thus, you see me degraded from my former rank in life; no longer Captain, but Farmer Booth.

"For a year all went well; love, health and tranquillity filled our lives.

Then a heavy blow befell us, and we were robbed of our dear friend the doctor, who was chosen to attend the young lord, the son of the patron of the living, in his travels as a tutor.

"By this means I was bereft not only of the best companion in the world, but of the best counsellor, and in consequence of this loss I fell into many errors.

"The first of these was in enlarging my business by adding a farm of one hundred a year to the parsonage, in renting which I had also as bad a bargain as the doctor had before given me a good one. The consequence of which was, that whereas at the end of the first year I was £80 to the good, at the end of the second I was nearly £40 to the bad.

"A second folly I was guilty of was in uniting families with the curate of the parish, who had just married. We had not, however, lived one month together before I plainly perceived the curate's wife had taken a great prejudice against my wife, though my Amelia had treated her with nothing but kindness, and, with the mischievous nature of envy, spread dislike against us.

"My greatest folly, however, was the purchase of an old coach. The farmers and their wives considered that the setting up of a coach was the elevating ourselves above them, and immediately began to declare war against us. The neighbouring little squires, too, were uneasy to see a poor renter become their equal in a matter in which they placed so much dignity, and began to hate me likewise.

"My neighbours now began to conspire against me. Whatever I bought, I was sure to buy dearer, and when I sold, I was obliged to sell cheaper than any other. In fact, they were all united; and while they every day committed trespasses on my lands with impunity, if any of my cattle escaped into their fields I was either forced to enter into a law-suit or to make amends for the damage sustained.

"The consequence of all this could be no other than ruin. Before the end of four years I became involved in debt to the extent of £300. My landlord seized my stock for rent and, to avoid immediate confinement in prison, I was forced to leave the country.

"In this condition I arrived in town a week ago. I had just taken a lodging, and had written my dear Amelia word where she might find me; and that very evening, as I was returning from a coffee-house, because I endeavoured to assist the injured party in an affray, I was seized by the watch and committed here by a justice of the peace."

III—Amelia in London

Miss Matthews, being greatly drawn to Captain Booth, procured his discharge by the expenditure of £20, and obtained her own release at the same time.

Amelia arrived in London to receive her husband in her arms. "For," said she, "your confinement was known all over the county, my sister having spread the news with a malicious joy; and so, not hearing from you, I hastened to town with our children."

Poor Booth, in spite of his release, was very cast down. Seeing tears in his eyes at the sight of his children, Amelia, embracing him with rapturous fondness, cried out, "My dear Billy, let nothing make you uneasy. Heaven will provide for us and these poor babes. Great fortunes are not necessary to happiness. Make yourself easy, my dear love, for you have a wife who will think herself happy with you, and endeavour to make you so in any situation. Fear nothing, Billy; industry will always provide us a wholesome meal."

Booth, who was naturally of a sanguine temper, took the cue she had given him, but he could not help reproaching himself as the cause of all her wretchedness. This it was that enervated his heart and threw him into agonies, which all that profusion of heroic tenderness that the most excellent of women intended for his comfort served only to heighten and aggravate: as the more she rose in his admiration, the more she quickened the sense of his unworthiness.

His affairs did not prosper; in vain he solicited a commission in the army. With

no great man to back him, and with his friend, Captain James (now a colonel, and in London), too taken up with his own affairs to exert any influence on behalf of Booth, it seemed as though no escape from misery was possible. The beautiful Amelia, always patient and cheerful, remained his comforter. And Atkinson, now a sergeant in the guards, was the devoted servant of both Amelia and her husband.

Then one morning, when Amelia was out, Booth was arrested for debt and carried to the bailiff's house in Gray's Inn Lane.

"Who has done this barbarous action?" cries Amelia, when the news is told her by Sergeant Atkinson.

"One I am ashamed to name," cries the sergeant; "indeed, I had always a very different opinion of him; but Dr. Harrison is the man who has done the deed."

"Dr. Harrison!" cries Amelia. "Well, then, there is an end of all goodness in the world. I will never have a good opinion of any human being more!"

The fact was that while the doctor was abroad he had received from the curate, and from a gentleman of the neighbourhood, accounts of Booth's doings very much to his disadvantage. On his return to the parish these accusations were confirmed by many witnesses, and the whole neighbourhood rang with several gross and scandalous lies, which were merely the inventions of Booth's enemies. Poisoned with all this malice, the doctor came to London, and calling at Booth's lodgings, when both the captain and Amelia were out, learnt from the servant-maid that the children had got a gold watch and several fine trinkets. These presents, indeed, had come from a certain noble lord, who hoped by these means to win Amelia's affection; but no suspicion of his evil desire had entered the innocent mind of Amelia. The doctor had no doubt that these trinkets had been purchased by Amelia; and this account tallied so well with the ideas he had imbibed of Booth's extravagance that he firmly believed both the husband and wife to be the vainest, silliest and most unjust people alive.

But no sooner did the doctor hear that Booth was arrested than the wretched condition of his wife and children began to affect his mind. In this temper of mind he resolved to pay Amelia a second visit, and was on his way thither when Sergeant Atkinson met him and made himself known to him.

The doctor received from Atkinson such an account of Booth and his family that he hastened at once to Amelia, and soon became satisfied concerning the trinkets which had given him so much uneasiness. Amelia likewise gave the doctor some satisfaction as to what he had heard of her husband's behaviour in the country.

This worthy clergyman, who was not desirous of finding proofs to condemn the captain, rejoiced in every piece of evidence which tended to clear his character, and gave a ready ear to all which Amelia said.

Induced, indeed, by the love he always had for that lady as well as by pity for her present condition, the doctor immediately endeavoured to comfort the afflicted, and then proceeded to accomplish the captain's release.

"So, captain," says the doctor, on arrival at the bailiff's house, "when last we met I believe that we neither of us expected to meet in such a place as this."

"Indeed, doctor," cried Booth. "I did not expect to have been sent hither by the gentleman who did me this favour."

"How so, sir!" said the doctor. "You were sent hither by some person, I suppose, to whom you were indebted. But you ought to be more surprised that the gentleman who sent you thither is come to release you."

IV—Fortune Smiles on Amelia

Booth was again arrested some months later, and lodged in the bailiff's house. This time his creditor was a Captain Trent, who had lent him money and promised him assistance in getting returned to the army. In reality, Trent was only seeking to ingratiate himself with Amelia and, meeting with no encouragement, took his revenge accordingly.

Amelia at once sought out Dr. Harrison and told him what had occurred to her husband ; and the doctor set forwards to the bailiff's to see what he could do.

The doctor had not got so much money in town as Booth's debt amounted to, and therefore he was forced to give bail to the action.

While the necessary forms were being made out, the bailiff, addressing himself to the doctor, said, " Sir, there is a man above in a dying condition that desires the favour of speaking to you. I believe he wants you to pray by him."

Without making any further inquiry, the doctor immediately went upstairs.

The sick man mentioned his name, and explained that he lived for many years in the town where the doctor resided and that he used to write for the attorneys in those parts. He was anxious, he said, as he hoped for forgiveness, to make all the amends he could to someone he had injured, and to undo, if possible, the injury he had done.

" You know, good doctor," the sick man resumed, " that Mrs. Harris, of our town, had two daughters—one now Mrs. Booth, and another. Before Mrs. Harris died, she made a will, and left all her fortune, except £1,000, to Mrs. Booth, to which will Mr. Murphy, the lawyer, myself and another were witnesses. Mrs. Harris afterwards died suddenly, upon which it was contrived, by her other daughter and Mr. Murphy, to make a new will, in which Mrs. Booth had a legacy of £10, and all the rest was given to the other."

" Good heaven, how wonderful is thy providence ! " cries the doctor. " Murphy, say you ? Why, this Murphy is still my attorney."

Within a short time Murphy was arrested and the sick man's depositions taken. Booth was released on the doctor's bail, and on the following morning Amelia learnt of the change of fortune that had befallen them.

Dr. Harrison himself broke the good news by reading the following paragraph from the newspaper.

' Yesterday, one Murphy, an eminent attorney-at-law, was committed to Newgate for the forgery of a will, under which an estate has been for many years detained from the right owner.'

" Now," said the doctor, " in this paragraph there is something very remarkable, and that is that it is true. But now let us read the following note upon the words ' right owner.' ' The right owner of this estate is a young lady of the highest merit, whose maiden name was Harris, and who some time since was married to an idle fellow, one Lieutenant Booth ; and the best historians assure us that letters from the elder sister of this lady, which manifestly prove the forgery and clear up the whole affair, are in the hands of an old parson, called Dr. Harrison.' "

" And is this really true ? " cries Amelia.

" Yes, really and sincerely," cries the doctor, " the whole estate—for your mother left it you all ; and it is as surely yours as if you were already in possession."

" Gracious heaven ! " cries she, falling on her knees, " I thank you ! " And then starting up, she ran to her husband, and embracing him, cried, " My dear love, I wish you joy ! It is upon yours and my children's account that I rejoice."

Miss Harris, having received a letter from Amelia, informing her of the discovery and the danger in which she stood, immediately set out for France, carrying with her all her money, most of her clothes, and some few jewels.

About a week afterwards, Booth and Amelia, with their children, and Atkinson and his wife, all set forward together for Amelia's house, where they arrived amidst the acclamations of all the neighbours and every public demonstration of joy.

Miss Harris lived for three years with a broken heart at Boulogne, where she received annually £50 from her sister ; and then died in a most miserable manner.

Dr. Harrison is grown old in years and in honour, beloved and respected by all his parishioners and neighbours.

As to Booth and Amelia, fortune seems to have made them large amends for the tricks she played them in their youth. They have continued to enjoy an uninterrupted course of happiness.

OLD WELSH
THE MABINOGION
The Red Book of Hergest
Outlined by J. D. Symon

IN 1838 appeared the first volume of the three which comprise the Mabinogion in English. The other two were issued during the next eleven years. The translator was Lady Charlotte Guest, wife of Sir John Guest, an ironmaster of Dowlais, Glamorganshire. The word Mabinogion is the plural form of mabinogi, from mabinog which signifies one who is learning to be a bard. The Mabinogion comprises a dozen tales of great antiquity, one being called Taliesin, mostly in verse, and the rest are from The Red Book of Hergest of which there is a 14th century manuscript in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. The stories in the first group—Pwyll, Branwen, Manawyddan and Math—extracts from which appear below, are considered to be survivals from Celtic mythology. The Red Book also contains a chronology from Adam to the year 1318 and a chronological history of the Saxons till 1376. Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of the Mabinogion is published in Everyman's Library with an introduction by the Rev. R. Williams.

I—Pwyll, Prince of Dyved

PWYLL, Prince of Dyved, was lord of the seven Cantrevs of Dyved; and once upon a time he was at Narberth, his chief palace, and he was minded to go and hunt in Glyn Cuch. And lo, as his dogs followed the stag, he heard the cry of other dogs, and when he saw them pull down the stag he marvelled, for never had he seen dogs like unto these. For shining white was their hair, and their ears red, and as the whiteness of their bodies shone, so did the redness of their ears glisten; and he drove away the dogs from the stag and set his own upon it.

Now, there came to him a huntsman clad in grey, and he said to Pwyll, "I know thee, but I greet thee not for thy great discourtesy in driving away my dogs. I will yet do thee more dishonour than the value of a hundred stags."

"O chieftain," replied Pwyll, "how shall I redeem thy friendship?"

"After this manner," said he. "Arawn, a king of Annwvyn [Hades], am I. Rid me of the oppression of Havgan, a king of Annwvyn, who ever harries my dominions, and I will make friendship with thee."

"Gladly will I do this," replied Pwyll.

So they exchanged shapes, one with the other, and Pwyll went to the court of Arawn, where he abode for a year, and at the end of that time he kept tryst for Arawn with Havgan at the ford where they had covenanted to fight. And Pwyll smote Havgan stoutly and overcame him, that he made submission. Then did Arawn and Pwyll take back each his proper semblance and there was great friendship between them.

Pwyll, Prince of Dyved, returned to his dominions and asked of his nobles how his rule had been during the past year. "Never so just or so generous," said they. Then Arawn and Pwyll sent to one another rich gifts, and from that day was he called Pwyll, Chief of Annwvyn, because of his prosperous rule in that kingdom.

Once upon a time, when Pwyll was at Narberth, he went with a great host to the mound called Gorsedd Arberth. Now, he was told that whoever sat on that mound either received wounds and blows or saw a wonder.

"I fear not wounds," said Pwyll, "but gladly would I see a wonder."

Now there came riding towards him a fair lady clad in shining gold, and although Pwyll sent a mounted page to have speech with her she could not be overtaken. And on the third day Pwyll himself pursued and overtook her.

"Rhiannon am I," said she, "daughter of Heveydd Hên, and they would marry me against my will, but thee only will I wed. Seek me therefore this day twelvemonth at the palace of Heveydd."

And he kept that tryst. And as they sat feasting in the hall a tall, auburn-haired youth, Gwawl, son of Clud, sought a boon of Pwyll.

"Gladly," said he.

Then the youth besought him for the hand of Rhiannon.

"Ah, witless!" cried the lady, "this is the suitor I sought to escape."

Howbeit, she devised to free Pwyll from his word by stratagem, and they tied the youth up in a bag on which all Pwyll's knights struck blows, and thus was the game of Badger in the Bag first played. So Pwyll wedded Rhiannon with great joy.

When a son was born to them after four years, behold the six women watchers slept, and the child was stolen. Then they smeared Rhiannon with pig's blood, and said she had devoured the infant. And for penance she was set at the palace gate to tell her sin to all and to carry every guest into the palace on her back.

Now at this time it befel that Teirnyon Twryv Vliant, Lord of Gwent Is Coed, watched his beautiful mare all night, for hitherto none could ever tell what became of her colts. And when the colt was foaled, behold! a claw came through the window and seized it. And Teirnyon smote off the arm, whereat arose tumult and wailing.

At the stable door he found a fair babe, which he and his wife brought up as their son, calling him Gwri Wallt Euryn, for his hair was yellow and gold. At a year old the child was as big as a boy of three, and he grew up noble and manly.

Then came tidings to Teirnyon of Rhiannon's punishment, and as he looked on the boy he knew him for his likeness to Pwyll, and thought it shame that the lady should suffer unjustly. Wherefore he restored the boy to his parents. Now, when Rhiannon heard the joyful tidings she named her son Pryderi, which means 'Anxiety.' And between the houses of Pwyll and Teirnyon there arose great friendship. and Teirnyon was offered the choicest gifts, but he would take none.

And thus ends this portion of the Mabinogi.

II—Branwen, the Daughter of Llyr

Bendigeid Vran, son of Llyr, was the crowned king of this island, and he was exalted from the crown of London. One afternoon he was at Harlech, in Ardudwy, at his court, and he sat on the rock of Harlech looking over the sea. And thirteen ships came from the south of Ireland, with beautiful flags of satin, and on one was a shield uplifted point upwards, in token of peace.

Then came ashore messengers saying: "Matholwch, King of Ireland, is here seeking Branwen, the daughter of Llyr, to wife." And it was resolved to bestow Branwen upon Matholwch, and they fixed upon Aberffraw as the place where she should become his bride. And at Aberffraw they began the feast, and sat down under tents, for no house could ever contain Bendigeid Vran.

And behold, Evnissyen, brother of Vran by the mother's side, a youth who loved to cause strife, disfigured all the horses of Matholwch and rendered them useless; and on this insult Matholwch sought his ships. Then Bendigeid Vran sent his brother Manawyddan to promise atonement, a sound horse for every one injured, a silver staff and a gold plate, which he accepted, and all returned to the court in peace.

And Bendigeid Vran enhanced the atonement, and gave Matholwch a cauldron which could restore slain men, if they were cast therein, to life and strength, but their speech it could not restore. And next day they paid the horses as long as the trained horses lasted, and colts until the whole had been paid.

"Whence hadst thou the cauldron?" Matholwch asked.

"I had it," said Vran, "from a man and his wife who escaped from the Iron House in Ireland, when it was made red-hot around them, and they fled hither."

So with discourse and minstrelsy and carousing the banquet was finished, and Matholwch departed to Ireland with Branwen, and in Ireland there was great joy because of their coming.

But in the second year the foster-brothers of Matholwch blamed him openly for the insult he received in Cambria and the payment made to him for his horses.

And in vengeance they drove away Branwen from his chamber and made her cook for the court, and every day the butcher gave her a blow on the ear. And Branwen reared a starling under the kneading-trough and taught it to speak, and sent it with a letter of her woes to Bendigeid Vran, who sailed to Ireland with a host. And as he waded ashore in shoal water they mistook him for a mountain.

And Matholwch sent a message of peace, but naught would content Bendigeid Vran save that he should have the kingdom; so Matholwch made him a great house to contain him and his men, and gave over the kingdom to his will, and did him homage. But on the brackets of the hundred pillars in the house the Irish placed leathern bags containing each an armed man, but they said the bags contained meal. And Evnissyen felt about each bag until he came to the man's head and squeezed his head until his fingers met in the brain.

Thereupon Matholwch brought in his son Gwern, and conferred the kingdom upon him; and all loved him save Evnissyen, who thrust the boy headlong into the blazing fire. And never was there so great a tumult; and Branwen would have leaped into the fire with her son, but Bendigeid Vran restrained her, and when all sought their arms he covered her with his shield.

Then the Irish cast the dead bodies into the cauldron of renovation, and next day they came forth fighting men good as before, except that they were not able to speak. And when Evnissyen saw the dead bodies of the men of the Island of the Mighty resuscitated, he contrived to be thrown into the cauldron, and he rent it in four, and burst his own heart also. And so the men of the Island of the Mighty obtained some success, but they were not victorious, for but seven escaped, and Bendigeid Vran himself was wounded in the foot with a poisoned dart. And he bade them cut off his head and bury it in the White Mount in London. And fourscore and seven years were they on the road thither, the head remaining uncorrupted and making them pleasant company all that time.

And in Ireland but five women and their five sons were left alive. And when the youths were grown up they each took a wife of the mothers of their companions; and they divided the country, and peopled and governed it; and because of this partition are the five divisions of Ireland still so termed.

And thus ends this portion of the Mabinogi.

III—Manawyddan, the Son of Llyr

When the head of Bendigeid Vran had been buried in the White Mount in London, Manawyddan gazed upon London and heaved a great sigh, exclaiming, "Woe is me, there is none save myself without a resting-place this night." "Lord," said Pryderi, "be not so sorrowful, for I will give thee my mother, Rhiannon, to wife, and with her the seven fairest Cantrevs in Cambria."

So Rhiannon became the bride of Manawyddan. And such was the friendship between Pryderi, Kicva his wife, and Manawyddan and Rhiannon, that they would not be parted from each other.

Now one day when they sat upon the Gorsedd of Narberth, behold! a peal of thunder and a fall of mist, and all their herds and people vanished away, and the houses of the court stood empty. And they four were left alone.

And in hall and court and cellar was wrought but desolation throughout all their possessions. Yet did they feast and take their pleasure until provisions failed; and in the second year they began to be weary.

So they went into Lloegyr [England] as far as Hereford, where they betook themselves to making saddles, and Manawyddan made housings of blue enamel; and so long as that workmanship could be had of Manawyddan, neither saddle nor housing was bought of any saddler in all Hereford. Then the saddlers rose up to slay them. But they received warning, and went to another city.

And there they made shields, enamelled, like to the saddles. And they prospered. But at last the craftsmen again sought to slay them, so to another town they went, where they made shoes.

And again they had to flee, and went forward to Narberth, where they lived by hunting. But one day their dogs ran into a new and lofty castle after a boar and disappeared, and Pryderi, following, laid hold of a golden bowl beside the fountain in the castle, and his hands stuck to the bowl and his feet to the floor. And Rhiannon followed, and likewise stuck to the bowl and the floor; and the castle vanished, and they with it.

And Kicva feared to be alone with Manawyddan, but he kept his faith with Pryderi. And Manawyddan sowed crofts, but the crops were destroyed by a plague of mice. One only of the mice he caught, and would have hanged it on a cross-piece, but there came by a bishop, who offered him great treasure to ransom the mouse. But the only ransom he would take was that the illusion and enchantment should be removed from the seven Cantrevs of Dyved, and that he should know who the mouse might be. "She is my wife," said the bishop. "I am Llwyd, the son of Kilcoed, and I cast the charm over the Cantrevs to avenge Gwawl, son of Clud, for the game of Badger in the Bag, which Pryderi's father, Pwyll, played on him."

Thereupon behold Pryderi and Rhiannon! Wherefore Manawyddan set the mouse free, and she was changed back into the fairest young woman ever seen. And all the lands and people and herds were restored forthwith.

And thus ends this portion of the Mabinogi.

IV—Math, the Son of Mathonwy

MATH, the son of Mathonwy, lord of Gwynedd, could not exist except his feet were in the lap of a maiden, and the maiden that was with him continually was Goewin. Her Gilvaethwy, son of Don, desired, and told his desire to his brother Gwydion, who raised by his arts a tumult in the land, so that when Math was at the wars Gilvaethwy took Goewin by force. Thereupon Math changed Gwydion and Gilvaethwy into beasts, and in that shape they abode three years until their punishment was sufficient. Then when they had obtained peace, and Math sought another maiden, Gwydion sent him to Arionrod, daughter of Don, whom he bade step over his magic wand. And straightway a fine boy came forth, whom Gwydion put out to nurse. And he grew tall and fair.

Now Arionrod prophesied that the lad should wed no mortal woman, nor bear arms, until Arionrod herself had equipped him. Now Gwydion, disguising himself and the boy as minstrels, came to Arionrod's court and, raising a false rumour of a tumult, caused Arionrod to equip the stripling. So Llew Llaw Gyffes, for so Arionrod had called the boy, got arms. And Gwydion and Math fashioned a fair maid of the blossoms of oak and broom and meadowsweet, and gave her to Llew Llaw Gyffes to wife. And her name was Blodeuwedd

Now Blodeuwedd saw and loved Gronw Pebyr, lord of Penllyn, and they took counsel to slay Llew Llaw Gyffes. Under the disguise of the dalliance of love, Blodeuwedd learnt from Llew how he might be slain. And his death was in this wise. If he bathed in a cauldron and set a buck beside it and on coming forth set one foot on the cauldron's edge and the other on the buck's back, then he might be struck to death. All this Blodeuwedd contrived, and Gronw smote him, and he was changed into an eagle.

After many days Gwydion found an eagle in a tree. And lo! the eagle was Llew Llaw Gyffes, whom Gwydion restored to his own form. And Gwydion overtook Blodeuwedd, and said unto her, "I will not slay thee, but I will do unto thee worse than that. For I will turn thee into a bird; and because of the shame thou has done unto Llew Llaw Gyffes, thou shalt never show thy face in the light of day henceforth; and that through fear of all the other birds. For it shall be their nature to attack thee, and to chase thee from wheresoever they may find thee." And he changed Blodeuwedd into an owl, hateful unto all birds. And Llew smote Gronw that he died, and a second time took possession of the land and did prosperously govern it.

And thus end the Mabinogion proper, or Mabinogi of the four branches.

QUEEN ELIZABETH CROWNED AND BEARING THE ORB AND SCEPTRE
From an engraving by W. Rogers in the collection of H.M. the King

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

THE CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND

APPEARING first in 1577 in two folio volumes, this history owed its inception to the Queen's printer, Reginald Wolfe, who had projected a universal history. Raphael Holinshed (c. 1520–1580) was employed as a translator and, on the death of Wolfe in 1577, abridged the work and brought it out, with illustrations, as The Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland. The author received considerable help from William Harrison, Richard Stanyhurst and others, while the Scottish section is largely a translation of Hector Boece's Scotorum Historiae. The second edition, in three folio volumes, enlarged and improved, came out in 1587 but contained several passages which were considered offensive to the Queen and her Ministers. Accordingly the pages in question were excised by an order of the Privy Council. In 1723 the expurgations were published separately and in 1807–08 a complete reprint in six volumes appeared. Shakespeare used Holinshed for the plots of many of his historical plays and of Cymbeline, Lear and Macbeth. An edition of The Chronicles has been published at 3s. by the Oxford University Press, and the work is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Some Account of the Historie of Britaine

AS few or no nations can justlie boast themselves to have continued sithence their countrie was first replenished, without anie mixture, more or lesse, of forreine inhabitants; no more can this our Iland, whose manifold commodities have oft allured sundrie princes and famous capteines of the world to conquer and subdue the same unto their owne subjection. Manie sorts of people therefore have come in hither and settled themselves here in this Ile, and first of all other, a parcell of the lineage and posteritie of Japhet, brought in by Samothes, in the yeare 1910 after the creation of Adam.

Howbeit in process of time, and after they had indifferentlie replenished and furnished this Iland with people, Albion the giant repaired hither with a companie of his owne race proceeding from Cham, and not onelie annexed the same to his owne dominion, but brought all such as he found here of the line of Japhet into miserable servitude and most extreame thraldome. After him also, and within lesse than six hundred and two yeares, came Brute, the son of Sylvius, with a great train of the posteritie of the dispersed Trojans in 324 ships; who rendering the like courtesie unto the Chamminits as they had done before unto the seed of Japhet, brought them also wholie under his rule and governance, and dispossessing them he divided the countrie among such princes and capteines as he had led out of Grecia with him.

Then after some further space of time the Roman emperours subdued the land to their dominion; and after the coming of the Romans, it is hard to say with how manie sorts of people we were dailie pestered. For their armies did commonlie consist of manie sorts of people, and were (as I may call them) a confused mixture of all other countries and nations then living in the world. Howbeit I thinke it best, because they did all beare the title of Romans, to retaine onelie that name for them all, albeit they were wofull guests to this our Iland: sith that with them came all kinds of vice, all riot and excess of behaviour into our countrie, which their legions brought with them from each corner of their dominions.

Then did follow the Saxons, and the Danes, and at last the Normans, of whom it is worthilie doubted whether they were more hard and cruell to their countriemen than the Danes, or more heavie and intollerable to our Iland than the Saxons or the Romans. For they were so cruellie bent to our utter subversion and overthrow, that in the beginning it was lesse reproach to be accounted a slave than an Englishman, or a drudge in anie filthie businesse than a Britaine: insomuch that everie French page was superiour to the greatest peere; and the losse of an Englishman's

life but a pastime to such of them as contended in their braverie who should give the greatest strokes or wounds unto their bodies, when their toiling and drudgerie could not please them or satisfie their greedie humours. Yet such was our lot in those daies by the divine appointed order, that we must needs obey such as the Lord did set over us, and this because we refused grace, and would not heare when God by His preachers did call us so favourablie unto Him.

By all this, then, we perceive how from time to time this Iland hath not onelie beene a prey, but, as it were, a common receptacle for strangers, the naturall homelings or Britons being still cut shorter and shorter, till in the end they came not onelie to be driven into a corner of this region, but in time also verie like utterlie to have beene extinguished. Thus we see how England hath beene manie times subject to the reproach of conquest.

And whereas the Scots seeme to challenge manie famous victories also over us, it shall suffice for answer, that they deale in this as in the most part of their historie, which is to seeke great honour by lying, and great renown by prating and craking. Indeed they have done great mischief in this Iland, and with extreame crueltie; but as for anie conquest the first is yet to heare of.

But beside those conquests aforementioned, Huntingdon, the old historiographer, speaketh of another, likelie (as he saith) to come one daie out of the North, which is a wind that bloweth no man to good, sith nothing is to be had in those parts but hunger and much cold.

II—Of Richard I and His Journie to the Holie Land

RICHARD THE FIRST of that name, and second sonne of Henrie the Second, began his reign over England the sixth daie of Julie, in the yeare of our Lord 1189. He received the crowne with all due and accustomed sollemnitie at the hands of Baldwin, the archbishop of Canterburie, the third daie of September.

Upon this daie of King Richard's coronation, the Jewes that dwelt in London and in other parts of the realme, being there assembled, had but sorie hap, as it chanced. For they, meaning to honour the same coronation with their presence, and to present to the king some honourable gift whereby they might declare themselves glad for his advancement, and procure his friendship towards them, for the confirming of their privileges and liberties; he of a zealous mind to Christes religion, abhorring their nation (and doubting some sorcerie by them to be practised), commanded that they should not come within the church when he should receive the crowne, nor within the palace whilest he was at dinner.

But at dinner-time, among other that pressed in at the palace gate, divers of the Jewes were about to thrust in, till one of them was striken by a Christian, who alledging the king's commandement, kept them backe from comming within the palace. Which some of the unrulie people perceiving, and supposing it had beene done by the king's commandement, tooke lightlie occasion thereof, and falling upon the Jewes with staves, bats and stones, beat them and chased them home to their houses and lodgings. Then did they set fire on the houses, and the Jewes within were either smoldred and burnt to death, or else at their comming forth most cruellie received upon the points of speares, billes and swords of their adversaries that watched for them verie diligentlie.

This great riot well deserved sore and grievous punishment, but yet it passed over without correction, because of the hatred generallie conceived against the obstinate frowardnesse of the Jewes. Finallie, after the tumult was ceased, the king commanded that no man should hurt or harm any of the Jewes, and so they were restored to peace after they had susteined infinit damage.

No great while after this his coronation, the king sought to prepare himself to journey to the holie land, and to this end he had great need of money. Therefore he made such sale of things appertaining to him, as well in right of the crowne as otherwise, that it seemed to divers that he made his reckoning never to return again, in so much that some of his councillors told him plainlie that he did not

RICHARD COEUR DE LION AND SALADIN AT THE BATTLE OF ASCALON
From the painting by A. Cooper, R.A.

well in making things awaie so freelie; unto whom he answered 'that in time of need it was no evill policie for a man to help himself with his owne,' and further, 'that if London at that time of need would be bought, he would surelie sell it, if he might meet with a convenient merchant that were able to give him monie enough for it.'

Then all things being readie, King Richard set forth and, after great hindrance by tempests, and at the hands of the men of Cyprus, who warred against him and were overcome, he came to the citie of Acres, which then was besieged by the Christian armie. Such was the valiancie of King Richard shown in manfull constraining of the citie that his praise was greatly bruted both amongst the Christians and also the Saracens.

At last, on the twelfth daie of Julie, in the yeare of grace 1192, the citie of Acres was surrendered into the Christian men's hands. These things being concluded, the French King Philip, upon envie and malice conceived against King Richard (although he pretended sickness for excuse), departed homewards. Now touching this departure, divers occasions are remembered by writers of the emulation and secret spite which he should bear towards King Richard.

But, howsoever, it came to passe, partlie through envie (as hath beene thought) conceived at the great deeds of King Richard, whose mightie power and valiantnesse he could not well abide, and partlie for other respects him moving, he took the sea with three gallies of the Genevois and returned into Italie, and so home into France, having promised first unto King Richard in the holie land, and after to pope Celestine at Rome, that he would not attempt any hurtfull enterprise against the English dominions till King Richard should be returned out of the holie land. But this promise was not kept, for he sought to procure Earle John, King Richard's brother, to rebell against him, though he then sought it in vaine.

Yet were matters nowise peacefull within the realme of England, and because of this, and likewise because the froward humours of the French so greatlie hindered

him in warring against the Saracens, King Richard determined fullie to depart homewards, and at last there was a peace concluded with Saladin. But on his journie homewards the king had but sorie hap, for he made shipwracke on the coast of Istria and then fell into captivitie ; and this was the manner that it came to passe.

III—Of King Richard's Captivitie

KING RICHARD, doubting to fall into the hands of those who might bear him ill will, made the best shift he could to passe through quietlie, yet were many of his servants made captive, and he himself came with but three men to Vienna. There causing his servants to provide meat for him more sumptuous and fine than was thought requisite for so meane a person as he counterfeited then, he was straightway remarked, and some gave knowledge to the duke of Austrich named Leopold, who loved him not for some matter that had passed in the holie land. Moreover, his page, going about the towne to change gold and buy vittels, bewraied him, having by chance the king's gloves under his girdle : whereupon, being examined, for fear of tortures he confessed the truth.

The duke sent men to apprehend him, but he, being warie that he was descried, got him to his weapon ; but they alledging the duke's commandement, he boldly answered ' that sith he must be taken, he being a king, would yeeld himselfe to none of the companie but to the duke alone.' The duke hearing of this, speedilie came unto him, whom he meeting, delivered up his sword, and committed him unto his custodie.

Then was he brought before the princes and lords of the empire, in whose presence the emperour charged him with diverse unlawfull doings. King Richard, notwithstanding the vaine and frivolous objections laid to his charge, made his answers always so pithilie and directlie to all that could be laid against him, and excused himselfe in everie point so thoroughlie, that the emperour much marvelled at his high wisdom and prudence, and not onelie greatlie commended him for the same, but from thenceforth used him more courteously. Yet did King Richard perceive that no excuses would serve, but that he must paie to his covetous host some great summe of monie for his hard entertainment. Therefore he sent the bishop of Salisburie into England to provide for the paiment of his ransome.

Finallie the king, after he had beene prisoner one yeare, six weekes and three daies, was set at libertie on Candlemass daie, and then with long and hastie journies, not keeping the high waies, he hasted forth towards England. It is reported that if he had lingered by the way, he had beene eftsoones apprehended. For the emperour being incensed against him by ambassadors that came from the French king, immediatlie after he was set forward, began to repent himselfe in that he had suffered him so soon to depart from him, and hereupon sent men after him with all speed to bring him backe if they could by any means overtake him, meaning as then to have kept him in perpetual prison. But these his knavish tricks being in the good providence of God defeated, King Richard at length in good safetie landed at Sandwich, and the morrow after came to Canterburie, where he was received with procession. From thence he came unto London, where he was received with great joy and gladnesse of the people, giving heartie thanks to almightie God for his safe return and deliverance.

THE same yeare that King Richard was taken by the duke of Austrich, one night in the month of Januarie, about the first watch of the night, the north-west side of the element appeared of such a ruddie colour as though it had burnt, without any clouds or other darknesse to cover it, so that the stars showed through that rednesse and might be verie well discerned. Divers bright strakes appeared to flash upwards now and then, dividing the rednesse, through the which the stars seemed to be of a bright sanguine colour.

In Februarie next issuing, one night after midnight the like wonder was seene, and shortly after newes came that the king was taken in Almaigne. And the same daie and selfe houre that the king arrived at Sandwich, whilst the sunne shone verie

bright and cleare, there appeared a most brightsome and unaccustomed clearnesse, not farre distant from the sunne, as it were to the length and breadth of a man's personage, having a red shining brightnesse like to the rainbow, which strange sight when manie beheld, there were that prognosticated the king alreadie to be arrived.

IV—Of Queen Elizabeth's Coming into Her Kingdom

AFTER all the stormie, tempestuous and blustering windie weather of Queene Marie was overblowne, the darksome clouds of discomfort dispersed, the palpable fogs and mists of most intollerable miserie consumed, and the dashing showers of persecution overpast, it pleased God to send England a calm and quiet season, a cleare and lovelie sunshine, and a world of blessings by good Queene Elizabeth, into whose gracious reign we are now to make an happie entrance as followeth.

On her entering the citie of London she was received of the people with prayers, wishes, welcomings, cries and tender words, all which argued a wonderfull earnest love of most obedient subjects towards their sovereign. And on the other side, her grace, by holding up her hands and merrie countenance to such as stood farre off, and most tender and gentle language to those that stood nigh unto her grace, did declare herselfe no lesse thankfullie to receive her people's good will than they lovinglie offered it to her.

And it was not onelie to those her subjects who were of noble birth that she showed herself thus verie gracious, but also to the poorer sort. How manie nosegaies did her grace receive at poore women's hands? How oftentimes staid she her chariot when she saw anie simple bodie offer to speake to her grace? Especiallie is it to be remembered how a branch of rosemarie given her grace with a supplication about Fleetbridge was seene in her chariot till her grace came to Westminster not without the marvellous wondering of such as knew the presenter, and noted the queene's most gracious receiving and keeping the same. Therefore may the poore and needie looke for great hope at her grace's hand, who hath shown so loving a carefulnesse for them.

Moreover, because princes be set in their seat by God's appointing, and they must therefore first and chieflie tender the glorie of Him from whom their glorie issueth; it is to be noted in her grace that for so much as God hath so wonderfullie placed her in the seat of government of this realme, she in all her doings doth show herselfe most mindful of His goodness and mercie shewed unto her.

And one most notable signe thereof her grace gave at the verie time of her passage through London, for in the Tower, before ever she entered her chariot, she lifted up her eies to Heaven and saith as followeth.

'O Lord Almightie and everlasting God, I give Thee most heartie thanks that Thou hast beene so mercifull unto me as to spare me to behold this joyfull daie. And I acknowledge that Thou has dealt as wonderfullie and as mercifullie with me as Thou diddest with Thy true and faithful servant Daniell Thy prophet, whom Thou delivredst out of the den from the crueltie of the greedie and raging lions; even so was I overwhelmed, and onelie by Thee delivered. To Thee, therefore, onelie be thankes, honor and praise, for ever. Amen.'

ON Sundaie, the five and twentieth daie of Januarie, her majestie was with great sollemnitie crowned at Westminster, in the Abbey church there, by doctor Oglethorpe, bishop of Carlisle. She dined in Westminster hall which was richlie hung, and everything ordered in such royall manner as to such a regall and most solemn feast appertained. In the meanetime, whilst her grace sat at dinner, Sir Edward Dimmocke, knight, her champion by office, came riding into the hall in faire complete armour, mounted upon a beautiful courser, richlie trapped in cloth of gold, and in the midst of the hall cast down his gauntlet, with offer to fight in her quarell with anie man that should denie her to be the righteous and lawfull queene of this realme. The queene, taking a cup of gold full of wine, dranke to him thereof, and sent it to him for his fee. Finallie, this feast being celebrated with

all due and fitting royall ceremonies, tooke end with great joy and contentation to all the beholders.

Yet, though there was thus an end of the ceremonies befitting the queene's coronation, her majesty was everywhere received with brave shows and with pageants, all for the love and respect that her subjects bare her. Thus on Whitsundaie, in the first year of her reign, the citizens of London set forth a muster before the queene's majestie at Greenwich in the parke there, of the number of 1,400 men, whereof 800 were pikes, armed in fine corselets, 400 shot in shirts of mail, and 200 halberdiers armed in Almaigne rivets; these were furnished forth by the crafts and companies of the citie. To everie hundred two wifflers were assigned, richlie appointed and apparelled for the purpose. There were also twelve wardens of the best companies mounted on horsebacke in coates of blacke velvet, to conduct them, with drums and fifes, and sixe ensigne all in jerkins of white sattin of Bridges, cut and lined with black sarsenet, and caps, hosen and scarfs according. The sergeant-majors, capteine Constable and capteine Sanders, brought them in order before the queene's presence, placing them in battell arraie, even as they should have fought; so the show was verie faire, the emperour's and the French king's ambassadors being present.

Verilie the queene hath ever shown herselfe forward and most willing that her faithfull subjects should be readie and skilfull in war as in peace. Thus in the fourteenth yeare of her reign, by order of her council, the citizens of London, assembling in their several halles, the masters chose out the most likelie and active persons of their companies to be pikemen and shot. To these were appointed divers valiant capteines, who to train them up in warlike feats, mustered them thrice everie weeke, teaching the gunners to handle their pieces.

In the arts of peace likewise, she is greatlie pleased with them who are good craftsmen, and shews them favour. In government we have peace and securitie, and do not greatlie fear those who may stir up wicked rebellion within our land, or may come against us from beyond the sea.

Triumph of Sentimental Analysis

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

CLARISSA HARLOWE

THE popularity of Clarissa Harlowe, or the History of a Young Lady, eclipsed that of Pamela (see page 155), and its success brought Richardson a European reputation. The first four volumes of the novel appeared in 1747, the last four in 1748, and during the next few years French and German translations were made. Told, like Pamela, in the form of letters, the novel is commonly regarded as Richardson's masterpiece. Though developed in his usual leisurely manner, the story is free from the unrelated digressions that mar some of his other works. The plot is thin, but the depth and simplicity of Richardson's sentiment, his knowledge of the heart, and his command of pathetic effects carry even the sophisticated reader away and compel his admiration for a triumph in the creation of character. One of the severest of Richardson's critics, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, summed up the feelings of many when she said: "I heartily despise him, and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works, in a most scandalous manner." An inexpensive edition of Clarissa Harlowe is published by George Routledge.

I—At Harlowe Place

CLARISSA is persecuted by her family to marry Mr. Roger Solmes, but favours Richard Lovelace, who is in love with her. That her grandfather had left Clarissa a considerable estate accounts mainly for the hostility of the family to Clarissa's desire for independence.

Clarissa writes to her friend, Miss Howe:

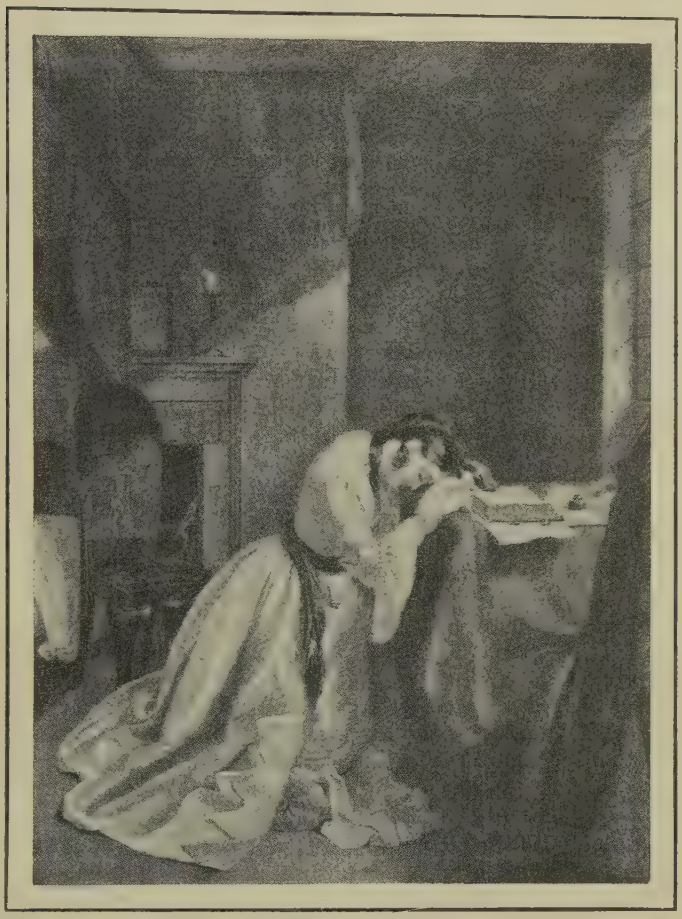
January 15. The moment, my dear, that Mr. Lovelace's visits were mentioned to my brother, on his arrival from Scotland, he expressed his disapprobation, declaring

he had ever hated him since he had known him at college, and would never own me for a sister if I married him.

This antipathy I have heard accounted for in this manner.

Mr. Lovelace was always noted for his vivacity and courage, and for the surprising progress he made in literature, while for diligence in study he had hardly his equal. This was his character at the university, and it gained him many friends, while those who did not love him feared him, by reason of the offence his vivacity made him too ready to give and of the courage he showed in supporting it.

My brother's haughtiness could not bear a superiority; and those whom we fear more than love we are not far from hating. Having less command of his passions than the other, he was evermore the subject of his ridicule, so that they never met without quarrelling, and everybody siding with Lovelace, my brother had an uneasy time of it while both continued in the same college.



CLARISSA HARLOWE
From the painting by Charles Landseer, R.A.

Then, on my brother's return, he found my sister (to whom Lovelace had previously paid some attention) ready to join him in his resentment against the man he hated. She utterly disclaimed all manner of regard for him. Their behaviour to him when they could not help seeing him was very disobliging, and at last they gave such loose to their passion that, instead of withdrawing when he came, they threw themselves in his way to affront him.

After several excesses, which Mr. Lovelace returned haughtily, my brother took upon himself to fill up the doorway once when he came, as if to oppose his entrance; and upon his asking for me, demanded what his business was with his sister.

The other, with a challenging air, told him he would answer a gentleman *any* question. Just then good Dr. Lewin, the clergyman, came to the door and, hearing the words, interposed between them, both gentlemen having their hands upon their swords, and telling Mr. Lovelace where I was, the latter burst by my brother to come to me, leaving him chafing, he said, like a hunted boar at bay.

After this, my father was pleased to hint that Mr. Lovelace's visits should be discontinued, and I, by his command, spoke a great deal plainer; but no absolute prohibition having been given, things went on for a while as before, till my brother again took occasion to insult Mr. Lovelace, when an unhappy *rencontre* followed, in which my brother was wounded and disarmed, and on being

brought home and giving us ground to suppose he was worse hurt than he was, and a fever ensuing, everyone flamed out, and all was laid at my door.

Mr. Lovelace sent twice a day to inquire after my brother, and on the fourth day came in person, and received great incivilities from my two uncles, who happened to be there.

I fainted away with terror, seeing everyone so violent, hearing his voice swearing he could not depart without seeing me, my mamma struggling with my papa, and my sister insulting me. When he was told how ill I was, he departed, vowing vengeance.

He was ever a favourite with our domestics; and on this occasion they privately reported his behaviour in such favourable terms that those reports and my apprehensions of the consequences induced me to 'read a letter' he sent me that night imploring me 'to answer' it some days after.

To this unhappy necessity is owing our correspondence; meantime I am extremely concerned to find that I am become the public talk.

February 20. Alas, my dear, I have sad prospects! My brother and sister have found another lover for me. Who do you think it is? No other than that Solmes. They are all determined, too, my mother with the rest.

Yesterday, Mr. Solmes came in before we had done tea. My uncle Antony presented him as a gentleman he had a particular friendship for. My father said, 'Mr. Solmes is my friend, Clarissa.' My mother looked at him, and at me; and I at her, with eyes appealing for pity.

February 24. They drive on at a furious rate. The man lives here. Such terms, such settlements. That's the cry. I have already stood the shock of three of this man's visits.

What my brother and sister have said of me, I cannot tell. I am in heavy disgrace with my papa.

March 9. I have another letter from Mr. Lovelace, although I have not answered his former one. He knows all that passes here, and is excessively uneasy upon what he hears, and solicits me to engage my honour to him never to have Mr. Solmes. I think I can safely promise him that.

I am now confined to my room; my maid has been taken away from me. In answer to my sincere declaration that I would gladly compound to live single, my father said angrily that my proposal was an artifice. Nothing but marrying Solmes should do.

April 5. I must keep nothing by me now; and when I write lock myself in, that I may not be surprised now they think I have no pen and ink.

I found another letter from this diligent man, and he assures me they are more and more determined to subdue me.

He sends me the compliments of his family, and acquaints me with their earnest desire to see me amongst them. Vehemently does he press for my quitting this house whilst it is in my power to get away, and again craves leave to order his uncle's chariot-and-six to attend my commands at the stile leading to the coppice adjoining the paddock.

Settlements he again offers; Lord M. and Lady Sarah and Lady Betty to be guarantees of his honour. As to the disgrace a person of my character may be apprehensive of on quitting my father's house, he observes, too truly, I doubt, that the treatment I meet with is in everybody's mouth, that all the disgrace I can receive they have given me. He says he will oppose my being sent away to my uncle's. He tells me my brother and sister and Mr. Solmes design to be there to meet me; that my father and mother will not come till the ceremony is over, and then to try to reconcile me to my odious husband.

How, my dear, am I driven!

April 8. Whether you will blame me or not I cannot tell. I have deposited a letter to Mr. Lovelace confirming my resolution to leave this house on Monday next. I tell him I shall not bring any clothes than those I have on, lest I be suspected. That it will be best to go to a private lodging near Lady Betty Law-

rance's that it may not appear to the world I have refuged myself with his family; that he shall instantly leave me nor come near me but by my leave, and that if I find myself in danger of being discovered and carried back by violence, I will throw myself into the protection of Lady Betty or Lady Sarah.

II—In London

CLARISSA, after staying in lodgings at St. Albans, is persuaded by Lovelace that she will be safer from her family in London. After refusing a proposal for an immediate marriage, she therefore moves to London to lodge in a house recommended as thoroughly respectable by Lovelace, but which in reality is kept by a widow, Mrs. Sinclair, of no good repute, who is in the pay of Lovelace.

Clarissa writes to her friend, Miss Howe:

April 26. At length, my dear, I am in London. My lodgings are neatly furnished, and though I like not the old gentlewoman, yet she seems obliging and her kinswomen are genteel young people.

I am exceedingly out of humour with Mr. Lovelace, and have great reason to be so. He began by letting me know that he had been to inquire the character of the widow. It was well enough, he said, but as she lived by letting lodgings and had other rooms in the house which might be taken by an enemy, he knew no better way than to take them all, unless I would remove to others.

It was easy to see he spoke the slighter of the widow to have a pretence to lodge here himself, and he frankly owned that if I choose to stay here he could not think of leaving me for six hours together. He had prepared the widow to expect that we should be here only for a few days, till we could fix ourselves in a house suitable to our condition.

"Fix *ourselves* in a house, Mr. Lovelace?" I said. "Pray in what light?"

"My dearest life, hear me with patience. I am afraid I have been too forward, for my friends in town conclude me to be married."

"Surely, sir, you have not presumed——"

"Hear me, dearest creature. You have received with favour my addresses, yet, by declining my fervent tender of myself you have given me apprehensions of delay. Your brother's schemes are not given up. I have taken care to give Mrs. Sinclair a reason why two apartments are necessary for us in our retirement."

I raved at him. I would have flung from him, yet where could I go?

Still, he insisted upon the propriety of appearing to be married. "But since you dislike what I have said, let me implore you," he added, "to give a sanction to it by naming an early day—would to Heaven it were to-morrow!"

What could I say? I verily believe, had he urged me in a proper way, I should have consented to meet him at a more sacred place than the parlour below.

The widow now directs all her talk to me as 'Mrs. Lovelace,' and I, with a very ill-grace, bear it.

III—Friendless and Prisoner

AFTER some weeks Clarissa succeeds in escaping from Mrs. Sinclair's house. But Lovelace finds out her refuge, and sends two women, who pretend to be his relatives, Lady Betty and Lady Sarah, and Clarissa is beguiled back to Mrs. Sinclair's for an interview. Once inside the house, however, she is not allowed to leave it. Her health is now seriously injured, and her letters home have been answered by her father's curse.

Lovelace writes to his friend, John Belford:

June 18. I went out early this morning, and returned just now, when I was informed that my beloved, in my absence, had taken it into her head to attempt to get away. She tripped down, with a parcel tied up in a handkerchief, her hood on, and was actually in the entry, when Mrs. Sinclair saw her.

"Pray, madam," whipping between her and the street-door, "be pleased to let me know whither you are going?"

"Who has the right to control me?"

"I have, madam, by order of your

spouse, and I desire you will be pleased to walk up again."

She would have spoken, but could not; and bursting into tears, turned back and went to her chamber.

That she cannot fly me, that she must see me, are circumstances greatly in my favour. What can she do but rave and exclaim? To-night, as I was sitting with my pen in my chamber, she entered the dining-room with such dignity in her manner as struck me with great awe, and prepared me for the poor figure I made in the subsequent conversation. But I will do her justice. She accosted me with an air I never saw equalled.

"You see before you, sir, the wretch whose preference of you to all your sex you have rewarded as it *deserved* to be rewarded. Too evident is it that it will not be your fault, villainous man, if the loss of my soul as well as my honour, which you have robbed me of, will not be completed. But, tell me—for no doubt thou hast *some* scheme to pursue—since I am a prisoner in the vilest of houses, and have not a friend to protect me, what thou intendest shall become of the remnant of a life not worth keeping; tell me if there are more evils reserved for me, and whether thou has entered into a compact with the grand deceiver, in the person of the horrid agent in this house, and if the ruin of my soul is to complete the triumphs of so vile a confederacy? Say, if thou hast courage to speak out to her whom thou has ruined; tell me what further I am to suffer from thy barbarity."

I had prepared myself for raving and execrations. But such a majestic composure—seeking me—whom yet, it is plain, by her attempt to get away, she would have avoided seeing. How could I avoid looking like a fool, and answering in confusion?

"I—I—I—cannot but say—must own—confess—truly sorry—upon my soul I am—and—and—will do all—do everything to make amends!"

"Amends, thou despicable wretch! And yet I hate thee not, base as thou art, half as much as I hate myself, that I saw thee not sooner in thy proper colours, that I hoped for morality, gratitude, or humanity from one who defies moral sanction. What amends hast *thou* to propose? What amends can such a one as thou make to a person of spirit or commonsense for the evils thou hast made me suffer?"

"As soon, madam, as soon as——"

"I know what thou wouldst tell me. But thinkest thou that marriage will satisfy for guilt like thine? Destitute as thou hast made me both of friends and fortune, I too much despise the wretch who could rob himself of his wife's honour, to endure the thoughts of thee in the light thou seemest to hope I will accept thee. Had I been able to account for myself and your proceedings, a whole week should not have gone over my head before I had told you what I now tell you, that the man who has been the villain to me you have been shall never make me his wife. All my prospects are shut in. I give myself up for a lost creature as to this world. Hinder me not from entering upon a life of penitence. Let me try to secure the only hope I have left. This is all the amends I ask of you. I repeat, am I now at liberty to dispose of myself as I please?"

Now comes the fool, the miscreant, hesitating in his broken answer. "My dearest love, I am quite confounded. There is no withstanding your eloquence. If you can forgive a repentant villain, I vow by all that's sacred—and may a thunderbolt strike me dead at your feet if I am not sincere—that I will, by marriage, before to-morrow noon, without waiting for anybody, do you all the justice I can. And you shall ever after direct me as you please till you have made me more worthy of your angelic purity. Nor will I presume so much as to touch your garment till I can call so great a blessing lawfullv mine."

"Oh, thou guileful betrayer! Hadst thou not seemed beyond the possibility of forgiveness, I might have been induced to think of taking a wretched chance with a man so profligate. But it would be criminal to bind my soul in covenant to a man allied to perdition."

"*Allied to perdition*, madam?"

But she would not hear me, and insisted

upon being at her own disposal for the remainder of her short life. She abhorred me in every light; and more particularly in that in which I offered myself to her acceptance.

And saying this she flung from me, leaving me shocked and confounded at her part of a conversation which she began with such severe composure, and concluded with such sincere and unaffected indignation. Now, Jack, to be thus hated and despised!

IV—The Death of Clarissa

In the absence of Lovelace from London Clarissa manages to escape from Mrs. Sinclair's, and takes refuge in the house of Mrs. Smith, who keeps a glove shop in Covent Garden. Her health is now ruined beyond recovery, and she is ready to die. Belford discovers her retreat, and protects her from Lovelace.

Mr. Mowbray, a friend, writes to Robert Lovelace:

June 29. Dear Lovelace,—I have plaguy news to acquaint thee with. Miss Harlowe is gone off. Here's the devil to pay. I heartily condole with thee. But it may turn out for the best. They tell me thou wouldst have married her had she staid. But I know thee better.

Lovelace writes to Belford:

June 30. I am ruined, undone, destroyed. If thou canst find her out, and prevail upon her to consent, I will, in thy presence, marry her. She cannot be long concealed; I have set all engines at work to find her out, and if I do, who will care to embroil themselves with a man of my figure, fortune and resolution?

Belford writes to Lovelace:

August 31. When I concluded my last, I hoped that my next attendance upon this surprising lady would furnish me with some particulars as agreeable as now could be hoped for from the declining way she is in; but I think I was never more shocked in my life than on this occasion.

When I attended her about seven in the evening, she had hardly spoken to me, when she started, and a blush overspread her sweet face on hearing, as I also did, a sort of lumbering noise upon the stairs, as if a large trunk were bringing up between two people. "Blunderers!" said she. "They have brought in something two hours before the time. Don't be surprised, sir; it is all to save *you* trouble."

Before I could speak in came Mrs. Smith. "Oh, madam," said she, "what have you done?"

"Lord have mercy upon me, madam, cried I, "what have you done?" For she stepping at the instant to the door, Mrs. Smith told me it was a coffin. Oh, Lovelace, that thou hadst been there at the moment! Thou, the causer of all these shocking scenes! Surely thou couldst not have been less affected than I, who have no guilt as to *her* to answer for.

With an intrepidity of a piece with the preparation, having directed them to carry it into her bed-chamber, she returned to us. "They were not to have brought it till after dark," said she. "Pray excuse me, Mr. Belford; and don't you be concerned, Mrs. Smith. Why should you? There is nothing more in it than the unusualness of the thing. Why may we not be as reasonably shocked at going to the church where are the monuments of our ancestors as to be moved at such a sight as this?"

How reasonable was all this. But yet we could not help being shocked at the thought of the coffin thus brought in; the lovely person before our eyes who is in all likelihood so soon to fill it.

Belford writes to Lovelace:

September 7. I may as well try to write, since were I to go to bed I should not sleep; and you may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. All is now hushed and still. At four o'clock yesterday I was sent for. Her cousin, Colonel Mordern, and Mrs. Smith were with her. She was silent for a few minutes. Her breath grew shorter. Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory. "Do you, sir," turning her head towards me, "tell your friend that I forgive him, and I pray to God to forgive him. Let him know how happily I die, and that such as my own I wish to be his last hour."

With a smile of charming serenity overspreading her face she expired.

Oh, Lovelace, but I can write no more.

Edward Irving (1792–1834) ranks high among the notable figures in the ecclesiastical world of the nineteenth century. A man of unsullied moral character and perfect purity of intention, and wholly free from any taint of charlatanism, he nevertheless over-estimated his own powers and was actuated by a disastrous readiness to regard himself as set apart for extraordinary works. His intellectual qualities were not of the highest, and he was certainly deficient in practical common sense, yet he remained unspoilt by popular adulation that would have turned the head of a smaller man. The authoritative tone of his fluent oratory carried conviction which the substance of his sermons hardly warranted, and his voluminous writings are equally notable for the way in which the great dignity of their style serves to redeem their lack of original and really useful thought. His greatest memorial is the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church in Gordon Square, London, built in 1854 by the Irvingite denomination of which he was the originator. This portrait is from the drawing by Joseph Slater in the National Portrait Gallery.

MARGARET OLIPHANT

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING

AT one period of his life something of a popular idol and at another the quarry of relentless heresy-hunters, Edward Irving was the object of more violent controversy than raged round any other notable figure of the religious world of the early nineteenth century. He was thus at once a picturesque subject for the biographer and a difficult one for impartial treatment. In 1862 Mrs. Oliphant published in two volumes The Life of Edward Irving, of which an outline appears in the following pages. Written with genuine enthusiasm and whole-hearted admiration for a remarkable man, the book is truly interesting and most affecting; the inclusion of many of Edward Irving's letters to his wife completely establishes the thorough earnestness and simplicity of the man. The book remains the standard biography of Edward Irving, of whose life it has been justly said that, notwithstanding all his defects and errors, there are few lives of the saints fuller of instruction, interest and contemplation.

I—Schoolmaster and Divine

ON August 4, 1792, in the peaceful little Scotch town of Annan, Edward Irving was born. He was the son of Gavin Irving, who followed the humble occupation of a tanner, and of Mary Lowther, the handsome and high-spirited daughter of a small landed proprietor in the adjacent parish of Dornoch. An old world of adventurous romance and martyr legend thrilled and palpitated around the villages of Annandale; and from this community Edward Irving received his first impressions.

He first went to school to Peggy Paine, a relation of the tailor-sceptic, Tom Paine. His next teacher was Mr. Adam Hope, who taught not only the young Irvings, but after them a certain Thomas Carlyle, from Ecclefechan. Annan was at this period in a prosperous condition, and Gavin Irving, making progress in his tanner's yard, became one of the magistrates of the town. At thirteen, Edward, with his elder brother John, who was destined for the medical profession, began his studies at Edinburgh University.

Then, as now, the Alma Mater was a mere abstract mass of classrooms, museums and libraries, and the youths or boys who sought instruction there were left in absolute freedom to their own devices. Whether Irving's progress during this period was beyond that of his contemporaries there is no evidence; but he succeeded sufficiently well to take his degree in April 1809, when he was just seventeen. So far as the library records go, he does not seem to have been an extraordinarily diligent student. Among all the fellow-students of Edward Irving there are no names that have attained more than local celebrity, except that of Thomas Carlyle, and Carlyle did not share the studies of the first four years of Irving's college life.

A new school had just been established at Haddington and, by the recommendation of Sir John Leslie and Professor Christian, Irving got the mastership. For four or five years thereafter he was what is called a partial student of divinity, making his appearance at college to go through the necessary examinations and to deliver the prescribed discourses, but carrying on his intermediate studies by himself according to a licence permitted by the Church.

'When Irving first came to Haddington,' writes one of his pupils, 'he was a tall, ruddy, robust, handsome youth, cheerful and kindly disposed; he soon won the confidence of his advanced pupils, and was admitted into the best society in the town and neighbourhood.' Into the house of Dr. Welsh, the principal medical man of the district, he entered as the tutor of his only daughter, Jane, and a life-long friendship sprang out of that early connexion.

'This youth,' said Dr. Welsh, 'will scrape a hole in everything he is called on to believe'—a strange prophecy looked at by the light of events. Though Irving was severe and peremptory in school, out of doors he was just that delightful mixture of superior wisdom yet equal innocence, that junction of the teacher and the companion, which is irresistible to all generous young people. Two years he remained at Haddington, and he left to be promoted to the mastership of a newly established academy at Kirkcaldy.

At Kirkcaldy he remained seven years, and had the training of a generation in his hands. The recollection of him forty years after was fresh in the town—his picturesque looks, his odd ways, his severities, his kindnesses, the distinct individuality of the man. He was now twenty, and had attained his full height, which some say was two, and some four inches over six feet; his appearance was noble and remarkable to a high degree, his features fine, his figure fully developed and vigorous.

While he was at Kirkcaldy he became engaged to Isabella Martin, the eldest daughter of the parish minister; and after completing his attendance at Divinity Hall, went through his trials and was fully licensed to preach the Gospel by the presbytery. His sermons, however, at this period met with no great amount of popular appreciation. They had 'ower muckle grandeur' for the good people of Kirkcaldy.

Three years after receiving his licence as a preacher, Irving remained at Kirkcaldy, where, during the latter part of these years, Thomas Carlyle was also teaching, though in another school. He had now reached the maturity of his twenty-sixth year and, resolving henceforward to devote himself to the ministry alone, he gave up the Kirkcaldy Academy in the summer of 1818, removed to Edinburgh and as a beginning burned all his existing sermons. He now began to write sermons to himself as a dissatisfied listener.

While his mind took exception to the manner in which truth is set forth in the pulpit, there was no trace in his life of uncertain or negative belief; he seems to have entirely escaped what was then called 'freethinking.'

Though occasionally engaged at this time as a supply preacher, he was, after a year's interval, still an unemployed probationer, and his thoughts turned to the mission-field. Their current was, however, changed by an invitation from Dr. Andrew Thomson, the minister of St. George's, it being understood that Dr. Chalmers would be present in the course of a search for an assistant in the splendid labours he was beginning at Glasgow. After some delay, an invitation to Glasgow followed, and in October 1819 Irving preached, as assistant to Chalmers, his first sermon to the fastidious congregation in St. John's, and so began his natural career.

II—In the Shade of Chalmers

Irving's remarkable appearance when he became assistant to Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow may be imagined from a remark of an excited maidservant, who had been ordered to say to visitors that her mistress was engaged. "Mem, there's a wonderful, grand gentleman called, and I couldn't say you were engaged to *him*. I think he maun be a Highland chief!"

Everywhere Irving found warm friends. His frankness and warmth, and habit of making himself the friend of the humblest individual he encountered, his splendid person and stately manners took the hearts of the poor by storm. He knew how to adapt himself to each parishioner. "He's a sensible man *yon*," said an intractable shoemaker; "he kens about leather!" He could make himself an acceptable guest over a meal of porridge or potatoes, such was his gift of brotherhood—a gift as rare as any gift of genius. He spoke at all times with a natural pomp of diction.

As a preacher, however, Irving lived in the shade at Glasgow—the shade of Chalmers. And when he stood up in the pulpit of St. John's for the last time he calmly told his astonished hearers of his own unpopularity, of their forbearance yet not applause, yet of their brotherly kindness; and he proclaimed the praises

of his leader with a warmth and heartfelt fullness which distressed and overwhelmed that sober Scotsman, unaccustomed to, and disapproving of, such demonstrations of attachment.

Chalmers himself only half understood and half sympathised with his assistant, whose character was much less broad, but in some respects more elevated than his own. The statesman and philosopher watched the poet-enthusiast with a troubled, half-amused, half-sad perplexity, liking him, yet not knowing what he would be at.

After two years at Glasgow under these conditions, Irving received an invitation to preach at the Caledonian Chapel, Hatton Garden, London; and, later, was invited to become its minister. His ordination followed, and in July 1822 his labours in London began.

In four months the dingy little church off Holborn was overflowing at every service, and before a year had passed it was a fashionable resort, with admission by ticket—fifteen hundred applicants for six hundred seats, special arrangements for carriage traffic, and its minister on the giddiest height of popular applause, abuse and idolatry, but bearing the wonderful revolution with a steady though joyful simplicity.

The immediate origin of Irving's popularity, or, rather, of the flood of noble and fashionable hearers who poured upon the little chapel all at once, without warning or premonition, is said to have been a speech of Canning's in the House of Commons. Canning told the House he had himself heard a Scotch minister, trained in one of the most poorly endowed of churches, and established in one of her outlying dependencies, preach the most eloquent sermon that he had ever listened to.

It was the curiosity awakened by this speech which startled Hatton Garden out of itself. Every periodical of the day occupied itself with the orator, and the crowds at the chapel doubled. In consequence steps were taken to build a new church where the regular congregation could hope to enjoy more quiet.

III—A Bent for Strange Doctrines

In September 1823, Irving married Isabella Martin, to whom he had been engaged eleven years, and he found in her a wife whose devotion never failed. The year 1824 passed with incessant labours and unabated success; but it brought signs of growing hostility. In his Orations, published in 1823, the preacher had declared that the chief obstacle to the progress of divine truth was to be found in the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry. Retorts took the form of accusations of self-importance, self-exaltation and vanity on the part of the preacher.

The preacher now began to make a special study of prophecy and the mystic impersonations of the Apocalypse, and as children were born to him, he adopted views of baptismal regeneration scarcely distinguishable from those of the High Church party of England. The depths of his spirit were profoundly stirred by the death of his first-born son, Edward; and during a separation from his wife which followed, she remaining in Scotland for her health's sake, he kept a diary for her information, in which he pictured his inner life and daily doings so minutely, yet so broadly, with a self-revelation so entire as to make it a record without parallel in modern days.

In his wife's absence he began to study Spanish, and before he had made any great advances in the language, undertook the translation of a work entitled The Coming of the Messiah in Glory and Majesty. Professedly this book was written by a Hebrew convert, but really by a Jesuit priest, called Lacunza. To Irving it appeared 'the chief work of a master's hand,' and it so far influenced him that the anticipation of the approaching end of the world coloured all his after-life.

Irving and his friends met in private conference from time to time, to build themselves up in that splendid hope, casting wistful looks over all the world for prophecies fulfilled, watching for the advent of the Lord.

While Irving was thus drifting from the main current of thought in the Church to which he belonged, his new chapel was completed, early in 1827. So far, perfect

harmony prevailed in the congregation, although by this time many sermons had been preached which afterwards were found out to be heretical. Though the fashionable attendance had now fallen away, a thousand members of the church remained, who objected neither to the preacher's long sermons nor to his doctrines. Dr. Chalmers preached at the opening of the new church, and, writing of it to Mrs. Chalmers, remarked, 'Irving certainly errs in the outrunning of sympathy.' The reference was to the length of his prayer—forty minutes.

Chalmers adds: 'Mr. Gordon informed me that yesternight Mr. Irving preached on his prophecies at Hackney Chapel for two hours and a half, and, though very powerful, yet the people were dropping away. I really fear lest his prophecies, and the excessive length and weariness of his services may unship him altogether.'

What could any sober-minded clerical spectator do but shake his head? Chalmers returned to Scotland, alarmed and uneasy. What wonder that the church, though well filled, was no longer crowded, and that fashion took her departure?

IV—Fine Theological Distinctions

From 1828 onward Irving passed, for seven years, through a sea of trouble to his death. Early this year he published three volumes of his collected sermons. They had been preached without a suspicion of heresy, and were selected in all simplicity and innocence of controversial intentions.

An idle clergyman called Cole—of whom nobody seems to know anything but that he appeared out of the darkness at this moment to do his ignoble office—heard that the eloquent preacher was declaring a new doctrine. This was that the human nature of our Saviour was identical with all human nature, and in actual verity the 'seed of Abraham.' He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

Irving's argument was that redemption came through Christ because He took upon himself our very nature. To this view, Mr. Cole, by a verbal twist, gave the name 'the sinfulness of Christ's human nature,' and described it as 'an awful doctrine.'

Irving met this attack by publishing a volume entitled Christ's Holiness in the Flesh, in which he stated the difference thus: 'The point at issue is simply this, whether Christ's flesh had the grace of sinlessness and incorruption from its proper nature, or from the dwelling of the Holy Ghost. I say the latter.' Within, his church was unroused and unstartled, but an angry wind of assault and accusation raged without.

The preacher now went to Scotland to deliver twelve lectures on the Apocalypse. He drew prodigious crowds to services held at six o'clock in the morning, but his preaching appeared, from Dr. Chalmers's point of view, unsatisfactory and obscure—quite woeful. An 'apostolic journey' through Scotland followed.

When his labours in London were resumed, Irving vehemently opposed the repeal of Catholic disabilities and the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts, and on this political side of his activity it would be vain to attempt to vindicate him from charges of illiberality and intolerance.

V—The Storm Gathers and Bursts

It was in the year 1830 that certain of Irving's closest ministerial friends, who held views similar to his own, were charged before their presbyteries with heresy, and it should have become clear to him that his Church disowned some of his tenets. With pious spitefulness the religious papers began to call upon him to recant or resign.

But Irving further separated himself from the main current of faith by giving credence to claims for special spiritual gifts of 'tongues' and prophecy. Some time before he had become convinced that the spiritual gifts bestowed upon the apostolic age of Christianity belonged to the Church of all ages and, having through absence of faith died out of use, would be restored at the time of the Second Advent, which now was at hand.

The first speaker with 'tongues' was an impressionable Highland maiden, Mary

Campbell, and her outbursts were accepted by Irving as the beginning of a new miraculous dispensation. Others soon received the same 'gifts.'

The Presbytery of London, consisting of six members, three ministers and three elders, took the first distinctly hostile step by indicting Irving, to use his own words, 'as if I taught that Christ sinned in, instead of sanctifying, our nature.' As he was minister of a church whose minister by its trust deed must be ordained by a presbytery in Scotland, and not by the Presbytery of London, he disputed the jurisdiction of the London Presbytery, and the elders and deacons of his church stood by him loyally, while they and he repudiated the perversions of his teaching which were charged against hm.

The General Assembly of the Scottish Church, which met soon after this, decided against such of its ministers as had adopted the tenets associated with Irving's name, deposing one, withdrawing the licence of another, and threatening Irving himself.

Seeing no help in man, Irving now turned more openly and hopefully towards those who claimed the miraculous 'gifts' that he believed would herald the coming of the Master himself. The 'gifted' persons were men and women of blameless life and saintly character. He believed that the monitions of these 'gifted' people came from God, and he had no choice left but to obey them.

THE air was rife with tales of prophecy and miracle. Astonishing voices burst into utterance at the morning prayer meetings, strange, exciting, unintelligible, but followed by testimonies and exhortations in English. These latter Irving accepted and allowed, rapt in the fervour of his faith. He was himself fully persuaded that 'it was the Holy Ghost speaking to the members of Christ as on the Day of Pentecost.'

But now the trustees of the church, disagreeing with their minister for the first time, appealed to him to suppress these manifestations in public as amounting to breaches of decorum. The appeal was made in vain, and after futile discussion was carried to the Presbytery of London. The decision of the presbytery was that to suffer unauthorised persons to speak in the church was a capital offence against the laws of the Church of Scotland, and it was declared that 'the Rev. Edward Irving has rendered himself unfit to remain the minister of the National Scotch Church, Regent Square.'

Ejected from his church, Irving preached first in the open air, then in a room in Gray's Inn Road. The Presbytery of Annan, who had ordained him, now called him to their bar on a charge of heresy—the sinfulness of our Lord's humanity—and he was deposed from the ministry. Nevertheless, in a solemn leave-taking of his native hills and mosses, he preached to excited thousands ere he returned to London, denouncing the church that had cast him out.

ON rejoining his own little community in London, where he had been recognized as the 'angel' of a new church, he was eventually restored to his office by the apostolic hands of one of its ecstatically 'gifted' speakers. But now he was under the control of these persons who declared to him the will of God when they were 'in the power.' Outside people imagined him a leader, when he was only waiting with a troubled soul for the divine word to come to him through the 'gifted' apostles and prophets of his flock—a harassing position between conscience and command.

By the middle of the next year (1834) the sorrow-worn preacher's health had failed terribly, and in September he set out for a long, wandering journey to Scotland by the west of England, Wales and Lancashire. His wife joined him at Liverpool and, prostrated by weakness, he finished the journey by sea.

It was clear now to the onlookers that Irving must die, and the end came at Glasgow on December 8, 1834, his last audible words being: "If I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen."

They buried him in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, a man who trusted God to extremity, a man to whom mean thoughts and unbelieving hearts were the only things miraculous and out of nature, a man who left neither an enemy nor a wrong behind him.

William Hazlitt

Lectures on the English Poets

Early in life William Hazlitt displayed an inclination towards the study of metaphysics, and his earlier work included an Essay on the Principles of Human Action (1805), and an abridgement of Abraham Tucker's Light of Nature (1807), while a few years later he lectured at the Russell Institution on the Rise and Progress of Modern Philosophy. In 1817 he published Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, gaining a reputation which was confirmed by his Lectures on the English Poets, on the English Comic Writers, and on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, delivered in the three succeeding years at the Surrey Institution. To The Examiner, The Edinburgh Review, the London Magazine, and other periodicals, he contributed essays on all kinds of subjects which are collected in volumes under various titles. His wide, genial interests, ardent temperament and admirable style place Hazlitt in the first rank of English literary critics and his judgements generally are the judgements of posterity. An edition of the Lectures on the English Poets is included in Bohn's Library and in Everyman's Library.

What is Poetry?

The best general notion which I can give of poetry is that it is the natural impression of any object or event by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing, by sympathy, a certain modulation of the voice or sounds expressing it. Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself or for anything else. It is not a mere frivolous accomplishment ; it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages.

Nor is it found only in books ; wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, as in a wave of the sea, or in the growth of a flower, there is poetry in its birth. It is not a branch of authorship ; it is the ' stuff of which our life is made.' The rest is ' mere oblivion,' for all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it. If poetry is a dream, the business of life is much the same. If it is a fiction, made up of what we wish things to be, and fancy that they are because we wish them so, there is no other or better reality.

The light of poetry is not only a direct, but also a reflected light, that, while it shows us the object, throws a sparkling radiance on all around it ; the flame of the passions communicated to the imagination reveals to us, as with a flash of lightning, the inmost recesses of thought and penetrates our whole being.

Poetry represents forms chiefly as they suggest other forms ; feelings, as they suggest forms, or other feelings. Poetry puts a spirit of life and motion into the universe. It describes the flowing, not the fixed. The poetical impression of any object is that uneasy, exquisite sense of beauty or power that cannot be contained within itself, that is impatient of all limit ; that—as flame bends to flame—strives to link itself to some other image of kindred beauty or grandeur, to enshrine itself, as it were, in the highest forms of fancy, and to relieve the aching sense of pleasure by expressing it in the boldest manner and by the most striking examples of the same quality in other instances.

As in describing natural objects poetry impregnates sensible impressions with the forms of fancy, so it describes the feelings of pleasure or pain by blending them with the strongest movements of passion and the most striking forms of nature. Tragic poetry strives to carry on the feeling to the utmost point of sublimity or pathos by all the force of comparison or contrast, loses the sense of present suffering in the imaginary exaggeration of it, exhausts the terror or pity by an unlimited indulgence of it, and lifts us from depths of woe to highest contemplation of human life.

The use and end of poetry, ' both at the first and now, was and is to hold the mirror

up to nature,' seen through the medium of passion and imagination, not divested of that medium by means of literal truth or abstract reason. Those who would dispel the illusions of imagination, to give us their drab-coloured creation in their stead, are not very wise.

It cannot be concealed, however, that the progress of knowledge and refinement has a tendency to clip the wings of poetry. The province of the imagination is principally visionary, the unknown and undefined; we can only fancy what we do not know. There can never be another Jacob's dream. Since that time the heavens have gone farther off, and grown astronomical.

Poetry combines the ordinary use of language with musical expression. As there are certain sounds that excite certain movements, and the song and dance go together, so there are, no doubt, certain thoughts that lead to certain tones of voice, or modulations of sound. The jerks, the breaks, the inequalities and harshnesses of prose are fatal to the flow of a poetical imagination as a jolting road disturbs the reverie of an absent-minded man. But poetry makes these odds all even. The musical in sound is the sustained and continuous; the musical in thought is the sustained and continuous also. An excuse may be made for rhyme in the same manner.

Chaucer and Spenser

THESE are two out of the four greatest English poets; but they were both much indebted to the early poets of Italy, and may be considered as belonging, in some degree, to that school. Spenser delighted in luxurious enjoyment; Chaucer in severe activity of mind. Spenser was the most romantic and visionary of all great poets; Chaucer the most practical, the most a man of business and the world.

Chaucer does not affect to show his power over the reader's mind, but the power which his subject has over his own. The readers of Chaucer's poetry feel more nearly what the persons he describes must have felt than perhaps those of any other poet. There is no artificial, pompous display; but a strict parsimony of the poet's materials, like the rude simplicity of the age in which he lived. His words point as an index to the objects, like the eye or finger. There were none of the commonplaces of poetic diction in his time, no reflected lights of fancy; he was obliged to inspect things narrowly for himself, so that his descriptions produce the effect of sculpture.

His descriptions of natural scenery possess a characteristic excellence which may be termed gusto. They have a local truth and freshness which give the very feeling of the air, the coolness or moisture of the ground. Inanimate objects are thus made to have a fellow-feeling in the interest of the story, and render the sentiment of the speaker's mind.

It was the same trust in nature and reliance on his subject which enabled Chaucer to describe the grief and patience of Griselda and the faith of Constance. Chaucer has more of this deep, internal, sustained sentiment than any other writer, except Boccaccio. In depth of simple pathos and intensity of conception, never swerving from his subject, I think no other writer comes near him, not even the Greek tragedians.

The poetry of Chaucer has a religious sanctity about it, connected with the manners and superstitions of the age. It has all the spirit of martyrdom. It has also all the extravagance and the utmost licentiousness of comic humour, equally arising out of the manners of the time. He excelled in both styles, and could pass at will from the one to the other; but he never confounded the two styles together.

Of all the poets, Spenser is the most poetical. There is an originality, richness and variety in his allegorical personages and fictions which almost vie with the splendours of the ancient mythology. His poetry is all fairy-land; he paints nature not as we find it, but as we expected to find it, and fulfils the delightful promise of our youth. His ideas, indeed, seem more distinct than his perceptions. The love of beauty, however, and not of truth, is the moving principle of his mind; and he is guided in his fantastic delineations by no rule but the impulse of an inexhaustible imagination.

Some people will say that Spenser's poetry may be very fine, but that they cannot understand it, on account of the allegory. They are afraid of the allegory. This is very idle. If they do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pikestaff.

Spenser is the poet of our waking dreams, and he has invented not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the sea; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish ever to be recalled.

Shakespeare and Milton

THOSE arts which depend on individual genius and incommunicable power have always leaped at once from infancy to manhood, from the first rude dawn of invention to their meridian height and dazzling lustre, and have in general declined ever after. Homer, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Dante and Ariosto —Milton alone was of a later age, and not the worse for it—Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, Correggio, Cervantes and Boccaccio, the Greek sculptors and tragedians, all lived near the beginning of their arts, perfected, and all but created them.

The four greatest names in English poetry are almost the four first we come to—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. There are no others that can really be put into competition with these. Of these four, Chaucer excels as the poet of manners, or of real life; Spenser as the poet of romance; Shakespeare as the poet of nature, in the largest use of the term; and Milton as the poet of morality. Chaucer describes things as they are; Spenser, as we wish them to be; Shakespeare, as they would be; and Milton, as they ought to be. The characteristic of Chaucer is intensity; of Spenser, remoteness; of Milton, elevation; of Shakespeare, everything.

The peculiarity of Shakespeare's mind was its generic quality; its power of communication with all other minds, so that it contained a universe of thought and feeling within itself. He was just like any other man, but that he was like all other men. He was the least of an egoist that it was possible to be. He was nothing to himself; but he was all that others were, or that they could become. His genius shone equally on the evil and on the good, on the wise and the foolish, the monarch and the beggar. The world of spirits lay open to him, like the world of real men and women; and there is the same truth in his delineations of the one as of the other. Each of his characters is as much itself, and as absolutely independent of the rest, as well as of the author, as if they were living persons, not fictions of the mind. His plays alone are properly expressions of the passions, not descriptions of them.

Chaucer's characters are narrative; Shakespeare's, dramatic; Milton's, epic. In Chaucer we perceive a fixed essence of character. In Shakespeare there is a continual composition and decomposition of its elements, a fermentation of every particle in the whole mass, by its alternate affinity or antipathy to other principles which are brought in contact with it. Milton took only a few simple principles of character, and raised them to the utmost conceivable grandeur.

The passion in Shakespeare is full of dramatic fluctuation. In Chaucer it is like the course of a river—strong, full and increasing; but in Shakespeare it is like the sea, agitated this way and that, and loud-lashed by furious storms. Milton, on the other hand, takes only the imaginative part of passion, that which remains after the event, and abstracts it from the world of action to that of contemplation.

The great fault of a modern school of poetry (the Lake poets) is that it would reduce poetry to a mere effusion of natural sensibility; or, what is worse, would divest it both of imaginary splendour and human passion, to surround the meanest objects with the morbid feelings and devouring egotism of the writers' own minds. Milton and Shakespeare did not so understand poetry. They gave a more liberal interpretation both to nature and art. They did not do all they could to get rid of the one and the other, to fill up the dreary void with the moods of their own minds.

Shakespeare's imagination is of the same plastic kind as his conception of character or passion. Its movement is rapid and devious, and unites the most opposite extremes. He seems always hurrying from his subject, even while describing it; but his stroke, like the lightning's, is as sure as it is sudden.

His language and versification are like the rest of him. He has a magic power over words; they come winged at his bidding, and seem to know their places. His language is hieroglyphical. It translates thoughts into visible images. He had an equal genius for comedy and tragedy; and his tragedies are better than his comedies, because tragedy is better than comedy. His female characters are the finest in the world.

Shakespeare discovers in his writings little religious enthusiasm and an indifference to personal reputation; in these respects, as in every other, he formed a direct contrast to Milton. Milton's works are a perpetual invocation to the muses, a hymn to Fame. He had his thoughts constantly fixed on the contemplation of the Hebrew theocracy, and of a perfect commonwealth; and he seized the pen with a hand warm from the touch of the ark of faith. The spirit of the poet, the patriot and the prophet vied with each other in his breast. He thought of nobler forms and nobler things than those he found about him. He strives hard to say the finest things in the world, and he does say them. In Milton there is always an appearance of effort; in Shakespeare, scarcely any.

Milton has borrowed more than any other writer and exhausted every source of imitation; yet he is perfectly distinct from every other writer. The power of his mind is stamped on every line. He describes objects of which he could only have read in books with the vividness of actual observation.

Milton's blank verse is the only blank verse in the language, except Shakespeare's, that deserves the name of verse. The sound of his lines is moulded into the expression of the sentiment, almost of the very image.

Dryden and Pope

THESE are the great masters of the artificial style of poetry, as the four poets of whom I have already treated were of the natural, and they have produced a kind and degree of excellence which existed equally nowhere else.

Pope was a man of exquisite faculties and of the most refined taste; he was a wit and critic, a man of sense, of observation and the world. He was a poet not of nature, but of art. He saw nature only dressed by art; he judged of beauty by fashion; he sought for truth in the opinions of the world; he judged of the feelings of others by his own. His muse never wandered with safety but between his library and grotto. That which was the nearest to him was the greatest; the fashion of the day bore sway in his mind over the immutable laws of nature. He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry; he was in poetry what the sceptic is in religion.

Yet within this narrow circle how much, and that how exquisite, was contained. The wrong end of the magnifier is held to everything, but still the exhibition is highly curious. If I had to choose, there are one or two persons—and but one or two—that I should like to have been better than Pope!

Dryden was a bolder and more various versifier than Pope; he had greater strength of mind, but he had not the same delicacy of feeling. Pope describes the thing, and goes on describing his own descriptions, till he loses himself in verbal repetitions; Dryden recurs to the object often, and gives us new strokes of character as well as of his pencil.

Thomson and Cowper

THOMSON is the best of our descriptive poets; the colours with which he paints still seem wet. Nature in his descriptions is seen growing around us, fresh and lusty as in itself. He puts his heart into his subject, and it is for this reason that he is the most popular of all our poets. But his verse is heavy and monotonous; it seems always labouring uphill.

Cowper had some advantages over Thomson, particularly in simplicity of style, in a certain precision of graphical description, and in a more careful choice of topics. But there is an effeminacy about him which shrinks from and repels common and hearty sympathy. He shakes hands with nature with a pair of fashionable gloves on; he is delicate to fastidiousness, and glad to get back to the drawing-room and the ladies, the sofa and the tea-urn. He was a nervous man; but to be a coward is not the way to succeed either in poetry, in war, or in love. Still, he is a genuine poet, and deserves his reputation.

Robert Burns

BURNS was not like Shakespeare in the range of his genius; but there is something of the same magnanimity, directness and unaffected character about him. He was as much of a man, not a twentieth part as much of a poet, as Shakespeare. He had an eye to see, a heart to feel—no more. His pictures of good fellowship, of social glee, of quaint humour, are equal to anything; they come up to nature, and they cannot go beyond it. His strength is not greater than his weakness; his virtues were greater than his vices. His virtues belonged to his genius; his vices to his situation.

Nothing could surpass Burns's love-songs in beauty of expression and in true pathos except some of the old Scottish ballads themselves. There is in these a still more original cast of thought, a more romantic imagery; a closer intimacy with nature, a more infantine simplicity of manners, a greater strength of affection, 'thoughts that often lie too deep for tears.' The old English ballads are of a gayer turn. They are adventurous and romantic; but they relate chiefly to good living and good fellowship, to drinking and hunting scenes.

WILLIAM HAZLITT was born at Maidstone, Kent, April 10, 1778, son of a Unitarian minister. For a short time he studied for the ministry, but abandoned that idea and from 1798 until 1805 devoted himself to art. In 1812 he came to London and took up journalism and literature professionally, becoming parliamentary reporter and dramatic critic for the Morning Chronicle, contributing to many periodicals and publishing many books, biographical and critical. Hazlitt died in London, September 18, 1830, and is buried in the churchyard of St. Anne's, Soho.

From a miniature by his brother John

Some Contemporary Poets

TOM MOORE is heedless, gay and prodigal of his poetical wealth. Everything lives, moves and sparkles in his poetry, while, over all, love waves his purple light. His levity at last oppresses; his variety cloys; his rapidity dazzles and distracts the sight.

Lord Byron's poetry is as morbid as Moore's is careless and dissipated. His passion is always of the same unaccountable character, at once violent and sullen, fierce and gloomy. It is the passion of a mind preying upon itself, and disgusted with, or indifferent to, all other things. There is nothing less poetical or more repulsive. But still there is power; and power forces admiration. In vigour of style and force of conception he surpasses every writer of the present day.

Walter Scott is deservedly the most popular of living poets. He differs from his readers only in a greater range of knowledge and facility of expression. The force of his mind is picturesque rather than moral. He is to the great poet what an excellent mimic is to a great actor.

Mr. Wordsworth is the most original poet now living. His poetry is not external, but internal; he furnishes it from his own mind, and is his own subject. He is

the poet of mere sentiment. Many of the Lyrical Ballads are of inconceivable beauty, of perfect originality and pathos. But his powers have been mistaken by the age. He cannot form a whole. He has not the constructive faculty. His Excursion is a proof of this; the line labours, the sentiment moves slowly, but the poem stands stock-still.

The Lake school of poetry had its origin in the French Revolution, or rather in the sentiments and opinions which produced that event. The world was to be turned topsy-turvy, and poetry was to share its fate. The paradox they set out with was that all things are by nature equally fit subjects for poetry, or rather, that the meanest and most unpromising are best. They aimed at exciting attention by reversing the established standards of estimation in the world.

An adept in this school of poetry is jealous of all excellence but his own. He is slow to admire anything admirable, feels no interest in what is most interesting to others, no grandeur in anything grand. He sees nothing but himself and the universe. His egotism is, in some respects, a madness. The effect of this has been perceived as something odd; but the cause or principle has never been traced to its source before. The proofs are to be found throughout many of the poems of Mr. Southey, Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Wordsworth.

I may say of Mr. Coleridge that he is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. But his Ancient Mariner is the only work that gives an adequate idea of his natural powers. In it, however, he seems to 'conceive of poetry but as a drunken dream, reckless, careless and heedless of past, present and to come.'

I have thus gone through my task. I have felt my subject sinking from under me as I advanced, and have been afraid of ending in nothing. The interest has unavoidably decreased at almost every step of the progress, like a play that has its catastrophe in the first or second act. This, however, I could not help.

Tense Drama of the Australian Pioneers

HENRY KINGSLEY

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFRY HAMLYN

HIS five years in the Australian gold-fields proved financially unremunerative to Henry Kingsley, but they furnished him with sufficient knowledge of life to justify his adoption of a literary career. His first attempt at fiction was The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn, published in 1859, based largely on his own experiences in Australia, and giving a picture of conditions of life in the Commonwealth which for accuracy and vividness has not been excelled by any more recent novelist. In 1862 Kingsley published Ravenshoe, of which an outline appears in later pages of *The World's Great Books*, and thereafter some nineteen novels flowed in quick succession from his pen. The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn is included in Everyman's Library.

I—In a Devonshire Village

THE twilight of a winter's evening was fast falling into night, and old John Thornton sat dozing by the fire. His face looked worn and aged, and anyone might see the old man was unhappy.

What could there be to vex him? Not poverty, at all events, for not a year ago a relation had left him £5,000, and a like sum to his daughter, Mary. And his sister—a quiet, good old maid—had come to live with him, so that now he was comfortably off, and had with him the only two relations he cared about to make his old age happy. His daughter Mary—a beautiful girl, merry, impetuous and thoughtless—was standing at the window.

The white gate swung on its hinges, and a tall man comes, with rapid, eager steps, up the walk. The maid, bringing in

candles, announces: "Mr. George Hawker!"

As the light fell on him, any man or woman might have exclaimed immediately, and with justice, "What a handsome fellow!" Handsome he was, without doubt, and yet the more you looked at him the less you liked him. The thin lips, the everlasting smile, the quick, suspicious glance were fearfully repulsive. He was the only son of a small farmer in one of the outlying hamlets of Drumston. His mother had died when he was very young, and he had had little education, and strange stories were in circulation about that lonely farmhouse, not much to the credit of father or son, which stories John Thornton in his position of clergyman must have heard somewhat of; so that one need hardly wonder at his uneasiness when he saw him enter.

For Mary Thornton adored him. The rest of the village disliked and distrusted him; but she, with a strange perversity, loved him with her whole heart and soul. After a few words, the lovers were whispering in the window.

Presently the gate goes again, and another footfall is heard approaching. That is James Stockbridge. I should know that step in a thousand. As he entered the parlour, John's face grew bright, and he held out his hand to him; but he got rather a cool reception from the pair in the window.

Old John and he were as father and son, and sat there before the cheerful blaze smoking their pipes.

"How are your Southdowns looking, Jim?" says the vicar. "How is Scapegrace Hamlyn?"

"He is very well, sir. He and I are thinking of selling up and going to New South Wales."

The vicar was 'knocked all of a heap' at Jim's announcement; but recovering a little, said, "You hear him? He is going to sell his estate—250 acres of the best land in Devon—and go and live among the convicts. And who is going with him? Hamlyn, the wise! Oh, dear me! And what is he going for?"

That was a question apparently hard to answer. Yet I think the real cause was standing there, with a look of unbounded astonishment upon her pretty face.

"Going to leave us, James!" she cried. "Why, whatever shall I do without you?"

"Yes, Miss Mary," said James huskily. "I think I may say we've settled to go. Hamlyn has got a letter from a cousin of his, who is making a fortune; and besides, I've got tired of the old place lately."

Time went on, and May was well advanced. That had at last reached the vicar's ears which had driven him to risk a quarrel with his daughter and forbid George Hawker the house.

George went home one evening and found Madge, the gipsy woman who had brought him up, sitting before the fire.

"Well, old woman, where's the old man?"

"Away at Colyton fair," she answered.

"I hope he'll have the sense to stay there to-night. He'll fall off his horse, coming home drunk one night, and be found dead in a ditch."

"Good thing for you if he was."

"Maybe," said George; "but I'd be sorry for him, too."

"He's been a good father to you, George, and I like you for speaking up for him. He's an awful old rascal, my boy, but you'll be a worse if you live."

"Now stop that, Madge! I want your help, old girl."

"Ay, and you'll get it, my pretty boy. Bend over the fire, and whisper in my ear, lad."

"Madge, old girl," he whispered, "I've wrote the old man's name where I oughtn't to have done."

"What, again!" she answered. "Three times! For God's sake, George, mind what you're at! Why, you must be mad! What's this last?"

"Why, the five hundred. I only did it twice."

"You mustn't do it again, George. He likes you best of anything next his money, and sometimes I think he wouldn't spare you if he knew he'd been robbed. You might make youself safe for any storm if you liked."

"How?"

"Marry that little doll Thornton, and get her money."

"Well," said George, "I am pushing that on. The old man won't come round, and I want her to go off with me; but she can't get up her courage yet."

But in a few days Mary had consented. They had left the village at midnight, and were married in London. Within a year George Hawker had spent all his wife's money, and had told her to her face he was tired of her. He fell from bad to worse and finally, becoming the ally of a coiner, was transported for life.

Mary Hawker, with a baby, tramped her way home to the village she had left.

II—A General Exodus

The vicar had only slowly recovered from the fit in which he had fallen on the morning of Mary's departure, to find himself hopelessly paralytic. When Mary's letter, written just after her marriage, came, it was a great relief. They had kept from him all knowledge of George Hawker's forgery, which had been communicated to them by Major Buckley, old John Thornton's very good friend and near neighbour.

But George Hawker burnt the loving letters they wrote in reply, and Mary remained under the impression that they had cast her off. So when, one bright Sunday morning, old Miss Thornton found a poor woman sitting on the doorstep, Mary rose, prepared to beg forgiveness. Her aunt rushed forward wildly and hugged her to her honest heart.

When they were quieted, Miss Thornton went up to tell the vicar. The poor old man was far gone beyond feeling joy or grief to any great extent. Mary, looking in, saw he was so altered she hardly knew him.

The good news soon got up to Major Buckley's, and he was seen striding up the path, leading the pony carrying his wife and child. While they were still busy welcoming Mary came a ring at the door. Who but her cousin, Tom Troubridge? Who else was there to lift her up four good feet from the floor and call her his darling little sister?

This was her welcome home—to the home she had dreaded to come to, where she had meant to come only as a penitent, to leave her child there and go forth to die.

After dinner, Mrs. Buckley told Mary all the news, how her husband had heard from Stockbridge, how he and Hamlyn were so flourishing, and had written such an account of the country that Major Buckley, half persuaded before, had now made up his mind to go there himself, and Tom Troubridge was much inclined to go too. Mary was sad to think of losing them all so soon, but Mrs. Buckley pointed out her father's state gently to her, and asked her to think what she would do when he was gone. Miss Thornton said she had made up her mind to go wherever Mary went, if it were to the other end of the earth.

Scarcely more than a week had passed when another messenger came to old John Thornton, and one so peremptory that he rose and followed it in the dead of night.

It was two months yet before the major intended to sail, and long before they had passed Mary and Miss Thornton had determined to cast in their lot with the others, and cross the sea towards a more hopeful land.

III—The New World

A new heaven, and a new earth. All creation is new and strange. The trees, the graceful shrubs, the bright-coloured flowers, ay, the very grass itself, are of species unknown in Europe, while flaming lories and brilliant paroquets fly whistling through the gloomy forest, and overhead countless cockatoos wheel and scream in noisy joy, as we may see the gulls do in England.

We are in Australia. Three hundred and fifty miles south of Sydney, on the great watershed which divides the Belloury from the Maryburnong.

As the sun was going down James Stockbridge and I, Geoffry Hamlyn, reined up our horses and gazed down the long gully at our feet. For five days we had been passing from run to run, making inquiries about some cattle we had lost, and were now fifty long miles from home.

At this time Stockbridge and I had been settled in our new home about two years, and were beginning to get comfortable and

settled. We had had but little trouble with the blacks and, having taken possession of a fine piece of country, were flourishing and well-to-do. I dismounted to set right some strap or other, and stood looking at the prospect, glad to ease my legs for a time, cramped with many hours' riding.

Stockbridge sat immovable and silent as a statue, and I saw that his heart travelled farther than his eye could reach.

"Jim," said I, "I wonder what is going on at Drumston now?"

"I wonder," he said softly.

"Jim," I began again, "do you ever think of poor little Mary now?"

"Yes, old boy, I do," he replied. "I was thinking of her then—I am always thinking of her. I wonder if she married that fellow Hawker?"

"I fear there's but little doubt of it," I said. "Try to forget her, James; you'll make all your life unhappy if you don't."

He laughed.

"That's all very well, Jeff, but it's easier said than done. Do you hear that? There are cattle down the gully!"

There was some noise in the air besides the evening rustle of the south wind among the tree-tops. Now it sounded like a far-off hubbub of waters, now swelled up harmonious, like the booming of cathedral bells across some rich old English valley on a still summer's afternoon.

"I'll tell you what I think it is, old Jeff; it's some new chums going to cross the watershed, and look for new country to the south. Let us go down to meet them: they will camp down by the river yonder."

All doubt about what the newcomers were was solved before we reached the river; so we sat and watched the scene so venerable and ancient—the patriarchs moving into the desert, to find new pasture ground.

First came the cattle lowing loudly, then horsemen, six or seven in number, and last, four drays came crawling up the pass.

Suddenly James dashed forward with a shout, and when I came up with him, wondering, I found myself shaking hands, talking and laughing, with Major Buckley and Tom Troubridge.

They told us all the news as we rode with them to the drays, where sat Mrs. Buckley—a noble, happy matron, laughing at her son, as he toddled about busy gathering sticks for the fire. Beside her sat Mary, looking sad and worn, with her child on her lap, and poor old Miss Thornton, glancing uneasily round.

Mary sprang up and, running to Jim, burst into hysterical weeping. I saw how his big heart yearned to comfort his old sweetheart in her distress, as he took the child of his rival to his bosom.

"Is nobody going to notice me or my boy, I wonder?" said Mrs. Buckley. "Come here immediately, Mr. Stockbridge, before we quarrel."

Soon we were all restored to our equanimity, and laying plans for future meetings.

Next morning, with many hearty farewells, and having promised to spend Christmas-day with them, I turned my horse homewards, and went on my solitary way. Jim was going on with them to see them settled.

IV—Father and Son

There is a long period of dull prosperity coming to our friends. Go on two years. See Baroona, the Buckleys' place, now. That hut where we spent the pleasant Christmas-day is degraded into the kitchen, for a new house is built—a long, low house, with deep, cool verandahs all round, already festooned with passion flowers and young grape-vines.

Mary and Miss Thornton had stayed with the Buckleys till good Cousin Tom had got a house ready for them—a charming house, covered with creepers, and backed by huts, sheep-yards and all the usual concomitants of a flourishing Australian sheep-station. This is Toonarbin, where Mary Hawker is living with her son Charles as happy and uninteresting an existence as ever fell to the lot of a handsome woman yet. The old dark days seem like a bad dream. She has heard of her husband's re-conviction and life sentence—finally death, and George Hawker is as one who has never lived.

So sixteen years rolled peacefully away until Tom Troubridge returned from a

journey up country with news of a great gang of bushrangers being 'out.' He had actually sat hob-and-nob with the captain, in a bush public-house, without knowing it. But his servant, William Lee, an ex-convict, knew him, and told them that the great Captain Tonan, with whose crimes the whole country was ringing, was George Hawker himself. Mary's terrible fear that father and son might meet made her ill and delirious for weeks; Tom and his trusty servant kept watch, then heard from a passing cattle-dealer that the gang had been 'utterly obliterated' by Captain Desborough, the chief of the police—but the captain had escaped.

Things went on quietly for two months, and no one thought about bushrangers—till one morning Lee was found dead with a pistol lying near with 'G. Hawker' scratched upon it. A messenger was sent post haste to fetch Desborough and his troopers, who came, declared the country in a state of siege, and kept us all at Major Buckley's.

ONE day hasty steps came through the house. The bushrangers had attacked a station not far off, killed the owner, and were now riding towards Captain Brentford's, the major's nearest neighbour and old friend. Captain Desborough rose with deadly wrath in his face. But the villains had done their work of destruction before we reached the station, and gone off to the mountains.

"We shall have them in the morning," said Desborough. "More particularly as they have in their drunken madness hampered themselves in the mountains."

We started before daybreak, each man of us armed with swords and pistols, and as we entered the mouth of the glen to which we were bound, I turned to the man beside me. Conceive my horror at finding it was Charles Hawker! I said fiercely, "Get back, Charles! Go home! You don't know what you're doing, lad."

He defied me. I was speaking roughly to him again when there came a puff of smoke from the rocks overhead, and down I went, head over heels. A bullet grazed my thigh and killed my horse; so that during the fight that followed, I was sitting on a rock very sick and very stupid.

"They've set a watch," said Captain Desborough. "They'll fight us now; they can't help it, thank God!"

Then, under the beetling crags, the bushrangers stood at bay. All about among the ferns and flowers men fought, and fired and cursed. Shots were cracking on all sides, and two riderless horses were galloping about neighing.

DESBOROUGH fought neither against small nor great, but only against one man—George Hawker. Him he had sworn he would bring home, alive or dead. He caught sight of his quarry, and instantly made towards him. As soon as Hawker saw he was recognized, he made to the left, trying to reach the only practicable way back to the mountains. They fired at one another without effect. As the ground got more open, Desborough was aware of one who came charging recklessly up alongside of him, and recognized Charley Hawker. He had had no hint of the relationship.

"Good lad," he said; "come on. I must have that fellow before us. He's the arch-devil of the lot. We must have him!"

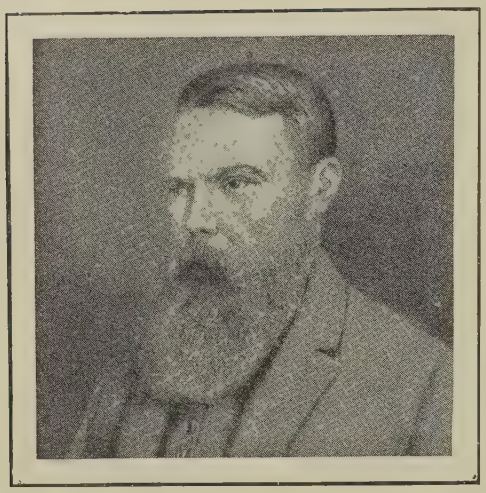
"We'll have him safe enough!" said Charles. "Push to the left, captain, and we shall get him among these fallen rocks."

They pushed forward, and succeeded in bringing him to bay. Alas, too well!

He reined up when he saw escape was impossible, and awaited their coming. Desborough's horse received a bullet in the chest, and down went horse and man together. But Charles pushed on till within ten yards of the bushranger, and levelled his pistol to fire.

For an instant father and son glared on one another as the father made his aim more deadly. The bullet sped, and the poor boy tumbled from his saddle, clutching wildly at the grass and flowers—shot through the chest. Then, ere Desborough had disentangled himself from his fallen horse, George Hawker rode off laughing—out through the upper rock walls into the presence of the broad snow-line that rolled above his head in endless lofty tiers, and made for the valley beyond.

There was no pursuit, he thought. How could there be? Who knew of this route but he and his mates? No creature was



HENRY KINGSLEY was born at Barnack, Northamptonshire, January 2, 1830, younger brother of Charles Kingsley. Leaving Worcester College, Oxford, in 1853, he went out to the Australian goldfields, where he remained for five years. On his return to England he devoted himself to literature and journalism, becoming in 1869 editor of The Edinburgh Review, for which paper he acted as war correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War, being present at the battle of Sedan. Henry Kingsley died at Cuckfield, Sussex, May 24, 1876.

From a drawing by William S. Hunt in the National Portrait Gallery

stirring, but he must onwards—onwards, across the snow. Twilight, and then night, and still the snow but half passed. Strange ghosts and fancies crowd in upon him thick and fast.

Morning, and the pale ghosts have departed. He reached the gully where his refuge lay, utterly dispirited, just as the sun was setting. He turned a sharp angle round an abrupt cliff. He saw a horseman within ten yards of him—Captain Desborough, holding a pistol to his head! Hungry, cold, desperate, unarmed—his pistols had gone with his horse over a precipice—he threw up his arms, and was instantly chained fast to Desborough's saddle, only to be loosed by the gallows.

Without a word on either side they began their terrible journey. They had gone two or three miles before Hawker said, "That young fellow I shot when you were after me—will you tell me who he was?"

"Mr. Charles Hawker, son of Mrs. Hawker, of Toonarbin."

Desborough told me his wild, despairing cry rang in his ears for years afterwards.

One wild, dreary day in spring, Major Buckley and I were admitted to the condemned cell in the gaol in Sydney. Before us was a kind of bed place. On it lay a man with his face buried in the pillow.

The handsome head was raised, and my eyes met George Hawker's. I could not see the fierce, desperate villain who had kept our country-side in terror so long; I could only see the handsome, curly-headed boy who used to play with James Stockbridge and myself in Drumston churchyard! And seeing him, and him only, I sat down beside him and put my arm round his neck.

He put his hands on my shoulders, and looked me in the face, and said, after a time, "What! Old Jeff Hamlyn! Jeff, old boy, I'm to be hung to-morrow."

"I know it," I said. "And I came to ask if I could do anything for you."

"Anything you like, old Jeff," he said, with a laugh. "so long as you don't get me reprieved. I've murdered my own son, Jeff. Do you know that?"

I answered, "Yes, I know that, George; but you did not know who he was."

"He came at me to take my life," said Hawker. "And I tell you, if I had guessed who he was, I'd have blown my brains out to save him from the crime of killing me."

The major came forward, and held out his hand to George Hawker, and asked him to forgive him; he had been his enemy since they first met.

"Let me tell you, major, I feel more kind and hearty towards you and Hamlyn for coming to me like this than I've felt towards any man this twenty years. Time's up, I see. Good-bye, old lad, good-bye!"

That was the last we saw of him; the next morning he was executed with four of his comrades.

AFTER all this, we old folks took up our residence at Baroona. We were very dull at first, but I remember many pleasant evenings when we played whist; and Mary Hawker, in her widow's weeds, sat sewing by the fireside contentedly enough.

But one evening next spring in stalked Tom Troubridge; and, in short, he took her off with him, and they were married. And I think I never saw a couple more sincerely attached than they were.

Hoppé

Henry Newbolt

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SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

POEMS: NEW AND OLD

A Study by Coulson Kernahan

'To remind the combatants of patriotic legends or old successes may be enough to change the issue of a pitched battle,' writes R. L. Stevenson, in Virginibus Puerisque; and he adds: 'If an Englishman wishes to have such a feeling, it must be about the sea.'

In those words we read one at least of Sir Henry Newbolt's titles to immortality. Poems of his will endure because he has thus reminded, and in time to come he will thus remind, Englishmen of courage so superb, of deeds so glorious, as newly to inspire not only English seamen (thus fulfilling Stevenson's saying that in Englishmen this feeling 'must be about the sea'), but also English soldiers with the spirit which 'may change the issue of a pitched battle.'

Though a landsman, because a law's man, for he is a barrister, one believes that brine there must be in Henry Newbolt's blood, not merely at his pen's point, as is the case with some who write about the sea. One believes, too, that soldiers there must have been among his forebears; but, if so, they were not among his immediate forebears, for he is the elder son of the Rev. H. F. Newbolt, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston, and was born June 6, 1862. From Clifton he went to Corpus Christi, Oxford, where he took a first class in Classical Moderations. From 1887 until 1899 he practised as a barrister (Lincoln's Inn). In 1892 he published a novel, Taken From the Enemy, and in 1897 Admirals All, becoming in 1900 the editor of The Monthly Review. Since then Newbolt has published many highly successful volumes of poetry and prose, and has come to world fame as a poet and to deserved distinction for his patriotic work. In 1915 he was knighted, and in 1922 became a Companion of Honour, an order created specially in connexion with the Great War, and exclusively reserved for those who have rendered high service to the State.

The predominant note in Newbolt's poetry is the selfless spirit—proud yet humble—of 'service,' which is the source and the secret of the purest patriotism. In the preface to Poems: New and Old (John Murray, 1919) he tells us that 'This volume forms a complete collection of all my published work in verse from 1897 to 1918,' and in no other volume known to me are the great deeds of British sailors and British soldiers more nobly commemorated. I write 'sailors and soldiers' not only because the Navy takes precedence, as the Senior Service, but also because, as the titles of some of his volumes—Admirals All, The Island Race, The Sailing of the Long-ships, Songs of the Sea, and Songs of the Fleet—indicate, seamen and the sea are more frequently the subject of poems than are soldiers and the battlefield. But by him the heroism of both sailors and soldiers is equally enhaloed; and in one poem, Craven, the scene of which is a battleship, and so recalls Nelson, he has also in mind memories of the battlefield, and of Sidney, Lucas and Outram. As all four of the names mentioned are those of Englishmen, one may add, without insular boastfulness, that both the deeds commemorated and the spirit in which the deeds were done are typically English.

The battleship of which the poet writes in Craven had been torpedoed in action (Mobile Bay, 1864) and is sinking. There is time for only one of two men—him who precedes the other through the manhole in the ship's tower—to be saved. With characteristic English taci-

turnity, in three commonplace words, spoken unemotionally, and as if said of some everyday occurrence, one of the two indicates which it is to be :

Over the turret, shut in his iron-clad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame ;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.
[grim,
There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign ;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming ; the monitor hung
Beating the stream ; the roar for a moment hushed.
Craven spoke to the pilot ; slow she swung ;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank ; [roar,
She turned but a yard too short ; a muffled
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the iron-clad tower,
Pilot and Captain met as they turned to fly :
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream : Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's pride,
' After you, Pilot : ' the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner, but we—
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud :

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command,

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears, [strong.
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and

To indicate the beauty, or the blemishes, in a poet's work is part of a critic's task ; but he should also seek to interpret the poet to the reader. To do so, some consideration must be given to the poet's choice of theme, to the ideals and the standards he sets himself, and to the spirit in which he writes. To-day some novelists and playwrights, and even some poets, make deliberate choice of sordid themes. But Henry Newbolt, of deliberate choice, sings only of what is pure and knightly. One would search his pages in vain for a single poem dealing with the sordid, or the unclean.

The simplicity, directness and dignity with which Newbolt writes of Craven are so at one with the simple unquestioning grandeur of Craven's deed that, in reading the poem, we say to ourselves, " In Craven's place Newbolt would have done what Craven did." We feel, too, that had Craven been a poet instead of a sailor, and had he striven to sing just so selfless a deed, he would have done so in a spirit equally at one with that of Newbolt, even if he lacked Newbolt's superb mastery of his art. He would have said with Newbolt, that

' Here each must save himself by saving all.'

He would have held, too, that

Life is no life to him that dares not die,
And death no death to him that dares to live,

for the spirit of the two men, sailor and singer, is one, and that spirit is

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes.

These four lines are from the poem, Clifton Chapel. In a recent controversy, what is called 'the public school spirit' was extolled as a national asset by some who took part. They held that it produces a high type of manhood, essentially English, that it forms character and affords a training in discipline by teaching lads first to obey, and thereafter to command. From the public schools, they asserted, comes the finest type of officer for the Fighting Services.

By others, the public school system and the public school spirit were deprecated as making for class privilege, for social distinctions—some said for snobbery—and as out of date in these democratic days. Claiming equal rights for all, they urged that only one spirit, the spirit of 'brotherhood,' should prevail among men and among nations, and that to the spirit of brotherhood, the public school spirit, which they held to be militarist, was opposed. On which side Newbolt would range himself is evident from the fact that the public school spirit is the very breath and life of many of his poems, and that no public schoolman was ever prouder of 'The Old School' than Henry Newbolt is of Clifton. In the Notes to Poems: New and Old he writes:

Thirty-five Old Cliftonian officers served in the campaign of 1897 on the Indian Frontier, of whom twenty-two were mentioned in despatches, and six recommended for the Distinguished Service Order. Of the three hundred Cliftonians who served in the war in South Africa, thirty were killed in action and fourteen died of wounds or fever.

"Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell
Fighting far over sea;
For they in a dark hour remembered well
Their warfare learned of thee."

More than 3,000 have served in the Great War, of whom over 500 have been killed in four years. Their honours are past count.

"From the great Marshal to the last recruit
These, Clifton, were thy self, thy spirit in deed,
Thy flower of chivalry, thy fallen fruit,
And thine immortal seed."

FROM the Notes I turn back to the Poems, in one of which, Vitaï Lampada, Clifton and the 'spirit in deed' of Clifton are unforgettably commemorated:

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

IN Vitaï Lampada, as in Craven, and indeed as in all his work in poetry, Newbolt is seen as a master of the art which is without artifice; of the craftsmanship by which art achieves that 'last perfection—its own invisibility.' In illustration of this I quote another poem, He Fell Among Thieves, which so distinguished a critic of poetry as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has selected to represent Sir Henry Newbolt's work in The Oxford Book of English Verse:

"Ye have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"
"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."
"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows. . . . .

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all. . . . .

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;

He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white:
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee."
A sword swept.
Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

As the reader of this and other poems, already quoted, has observed, a marked feature of Newbolt's work is its freedom from rhetoric. I do not deny that poems, even noble poems, by other poets might be cited which are by no means thus free from all trace of rhetoric; and I agree with Sir William Watson that 'There is a tinsel rhetoric, and there is a golden rhetoric.' But that which is golden, is not necessarily gold. Still less is it necessarily all gold, that is to say pure gold, whereas pure poetry, like pure gold, must be wholly without alloy. From the alloy, even of golden rhetoric, Newbolt's poems are entirely free. They are also entirely free from the baser alloy (one might call it the adulteration) of sentimentality. In Newbolt's poems is to be found only the feeling which is deep, steel-strong and steel-true, and the more so for the fact that it is expressed with art, with beauty, and with power, because expressed with restraint.

That he is now one of the most widely read of living poets—for Poems: New and Old was twice reprinted in one year, and since then reprint after reprint has been called for—is evidence to the fact that there is, to-day, a great English-speaking public which knows true poetry for true poetry. There has always been a public for verse in which patriotic sentiments are stirringly set forth, or some heroic incident is stirringly narrated. There has always been a public, too, for melodious, smoothly-running verse which expresses, pleasingly and sincerely, some mood or sentiment of the human heart. Thousands of people find pleasure, help, hope, relief, or uplift in such verse, but nevertheless it has to be borne in mind that not all which is poetic, lofty, or beautiful in thought or in sentiment, even when expressed musically and correctly, is necessarily poetry. Poetry has 'its own incommunicable magic which is foolishness to the multitude,' and from most of this widely popular verse the incommunicable magic is missing. It is not missing from Newbolt's work. Moreover, the standard which Newbolt sets himself is so high, so severely and sometimes austerely classical that the issue of many editions of his poems points to a return on the part of the poetry-reading public to work in which the great traditions of English poetry are honoured and sustained.

Many poets show a tendency to write as if their poems were intended to be sung instead of to be spoken, and even sometimes to write as if 'to a tune.' Verse so written is for the most part trick-poetry. True poetry has word-music of its own, which in no way resembles either instrumental or vocal music. There are, of course, many lyrics and poems which lend themselves to musical setting, but song-writing is a separate art, calling for different treatment. Of those which are thus set to music, not very many rank highly as poetry, but exceptions there are, one of which is Sir Henry Newbolt's lovely if sad lyric, entitled Ireland, Ireland:

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Down thy valleys green and sad,
Still thy spirit wanders wailing,
Wanders wailing, wanders mad.

Long ago that anguish took thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and fair,
Spoilers strong in darkness took thee,
Broke thy heart and left thee there.

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Still thy spirit wanders mad;
All too late they love that wronged thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.

When I said that poetry is intended to be spoken, not sung, I might have gone farther, and have added that poetry

need not even be spoken, can dispense even with speech. Just as a skilled musician, taking up the score of an air which he has never heard rendered, can by the spirit's ear hear the music scarcely less clearly than if actually played upon an instrument—so in reading poetry only 'by eye' (dumbly, with closed lips, and still tongue) the reader is aware of music diviner and more spiritual than any which comes by way of the ear. Of such music one is conscious in reading not a few poems by Henry Newbolt; but sometimes the music deepens, organ-wise, as in his Hymn in Time of War and Tumult, or is anthem-like, as n The Building of the Temple. At other times it seems wind-borne from some Devon coombe, but most often it is sea-borne, or martial, as in one of the most famous of his poems, Drake's Drum:

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

Drake's Drum is the last of my quotations from the lengthier poems. That which I have reserved with which to prefix my concluding words is of four lines only:

O strength divine of Roman days,
O spirit of the age of faith,
Go with our sons on all their ways,
When we long since are dust and wraith.

WHEN the poet himself is dust and wraith, he will be remembered as one who wrote in the 'spirit of the age of faith,' and so wrote as to recall the 'strength divine of Roman days.' In reading criticisms or appreciations of his work, I have observed with surprise how seldom attention is drawn to Henry Newbolt's constant effort to restore to English poetry the classical note that rings in the literature of Greece and Rome. It is the note which to-day is often missing, perhaps because not very many living poets are classical scholars. When Dr. J. W. E. Crees wrote that 'Greek is infinitely more beautiful than any other language,' he might have added: 'And next to Greek, the English of the scholar whose pure and lovely diction is inspired by, and moulded upon the Greek.'

Mr. Kipling would have us 'walk with kings—nor lose the common touch.' Sir Henry Newbolt has walked with the intellectual kings of the classical age, and has not only not lost touch with the common things of life, but has so sung of them as to invest them with not a little of

the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

That he has done so, and the fact that—though he has penned no epic, no greatly-creative or greatly-imagined poetic drama—he has written greatly and inspiringly of sublimely heroic deeds, constitute his surest title to immortality: his surest, not his only title, for when Henry Newbolt writes of other subjects than the Services, patriotism, or the sea, he does so not only with compelling sincerity and perfection of craftsmanship, but also in a spirit which brings to mind the words: 'Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things.'

MAURICE BARRÈS

UPROOTED

PUBLISHED in 1897, Les Déracinés (Uprooted) was the first of a group of three novels in which Maurice Barrès raised the banner of traditional nationalism, its successors, L'Appel au Soldat (1900) and Leurs Figures (1902) forming the trilogy entitled Le Roman de l'Energie Nationale. The work represents a complete change of thought in its author's mind, for in an earlier series of fierce, wild works, Barrès had pushed to their logical conclusion the destructive ideas which writers of the so-called advanced school commonly only play with. He had become the leader of the movement of revolutionary thought, but now began the destruction of that movement by the novel here chosen as an example of his genius. There is a good deal of autobiography in Uprooted, François Sturel being clearly a portrait of the author. From henceforward Barrès must be regarded as the founder of the school of conservative thought to which nearly every French writer of genius belongs.

I—Modern Adventurers

AT two o'clock on May 5, 1884, seven lads held a meeting before the tomb of Napoleon, under the solemn dome of the Hôtel des Invalides. None of them had been long in Paris. They spoke with a Lorraine accent, and their heavy winter clothes were worn threadbare. But shabby though they were to look at, there was a resolute strength in their fresh faces which distinguished them from the metropolitan crowd. Seven young students from Nancy, they had suddenly been uprooted from the rich soil of Lorraine and thrown on the bare, dusty asphalt of Paris.

Among them were at least five of the best minds of the younger generation of their province. Maurice Roemerspacher, for instance, the broad-shouldered, robust, red-haired youth, who stood gazing at the sarcophagus of the great emperor, had already written an article which had been praised by the master spirit of the age, Taine. Next to him, leaning a hand on his shoulder, was a pale, excitable lad, who was speaking with great passion and gesticulating violently. This was François Sturel, who was making a name as a wild, but very original poet. Then there were Renaudin, a rising journalist, Suret-Lefort, a rising barrister, and the philosophic Saint-Phlin. Even Racadot, a wealthy farmer's son, with a low brow and heavy features, and Mouchefrin, his penniless boon companion, were not negligible forces; one had at least tenacity of character, the other cleverness and ambition.

"Napoleon was but a poor, friendless young man," Sturel was saying, "but he was true to himself—to himself alone—and he made his mark. Well, we have finished our studies; what are we going to do with ourselves? Shall we be lost in the crowd, and let others win dominion? Look at it—the vast, dim mass of men of our own generation. It contains somewhere the coming leaders, the captains of the new age. Let us be the leaders! Let us be the captains! Swear it on the tomb of Napoleon—of Napoleon the preacher of the gospel of energy! We will be great men!"

It was vainglorious, it was violent, it was extravagant; but it was effective. Sturel was a poet, and he gave expression to the master passion of his contemporaries. It was young France speaking. Napoleon to them was neither a lover and servant of France, nor a liberator of humanity, but a hard, fierce, splendid free-lance, fighting only for his own hand. As such, they admired him. Taine had destroyed their faith in humanitarianism; Renan had destroyed their faith in revealed religion; Darwin had opened their eyes to the struggle for life. Well, what was there to live for? The struggle

itself, and the fierce joy of it! So they admired Napoleon as a sublime example of the energy which gives a man victory in this pitiless struggle.

"Napoleon," said Mouchefrin, "was fitted to preside over the reorganization of a new France because he was a foreigner. None of our institutions had any power over his alien imagination. What do we feel for our republican form of government? Contempt and hatred! It is utterly corrupt, utterly feeble, utterly ineffectual. It lies with us to destroy it."

"But how?" said Renaudin.

Nobody answered. Young France was not prepared with any plan of campaign. It was merely an aimless, disorganized, discontented multitude. Gambetta, the founder of the Third Republic, had tried to stamp out all monarchical and imperial sentiment in France by educating the younger generation to disregard the prejudices and feelings of their parents, and to examine everything from the point of view of French revolutionary thought.

The seven students from Nancy were the products of this destructive system. They had been instructed by one of the most brilliant teachers of the day, Paul Bouteiller, a friend and follower of Gambetta. He had taught them to criticise the traditions and ways of life of Lorraine, in the light of the abstract ideas of liberty, equality and fraternity. They had done so. Then, however, instead of accepting the theories of the French Revolution, as Gambetta and his follower intended them to do, they had gone on to criticise and explode these theories in the light of Darwinism and other modern branches of science. They were no longer Republicans, but Anarchists; and they hated the republican government with the blind, savage idealism of youthful rebels.

"But how were they to make their attack?" Renaudin had asked.

"All this talk about Napoleon," said Racadot, with a glance at Sturel, who had called the meeting and done nearly all the speaking, "is beside the point. None of us is the leader of a victorious army. We can't climb to power that way. We must adopt the modern method, the Press. Let us found a paper. I can get the funds."

The fact was Racadot had just received a legacy of £1,600, and he saw a way of increasing his fortune. It may seem a wild folly to try to start a newspaper on this small sum. Nowadays one wants about a quarter of a million. But in Paris in the early 'eighties a skilful intriguer, with a capable staff, did not require much capital. Though the circulation of his paper was poor and the advertisement revenue scanty, a little daring soon made up for that.

A crowd of company promoters and ambitious politicians required a means of influencing public opinion, and they generally subsidised any clever journal that was waiting to be bought up. That was how The True Republic was founded. Sturel was made editor; Roemerspacher, Saint-Phlin and Suret-Lefort, chief contributors. They all agreed to give their services until the paper became a paying concern; but they did not know anything about the subsidies. They would have withdrawn had they done so, for they still retained certain unreasonable traditions regarding personal honour. This part of the business was secretly managed by Renaudin, Racadot and Mouchefrin. They began boldly, as soon as the first number was issued.

"Will you make an enemy for the sake of a hundred pounds?" said Renaudin to the agent of the Panamá Canal Company.

The money was paid. The company was about to float a large issue of new shares.

II—Castles in the Air

While the blackmailing was going on, Sturel, Saint-Phlin, Roemerspacher and Suret-Lefort were engaged in building castles in the air. In one column of the newspaper, Sturel was continually proclaiming that France needed a strong man of the Napoleonic type. In another, Roemerspacher tried to found a new system of morality on the basis of modern science. Saint-Phlin was busy constructing a scheme of religious philosophy; while Suret-Lefort, the most practical member of the group, wrote on modern politics. The articles were well done,

but they were not journalism. The result was that The True Republic never had a circulation of more than 4,500 copies.

Even the virtue of the austere Saint-Phlin and of the studious Roemerspacher gave way to the common temptation of bohemianism. Strangely enough, Sturel, who had the wildest imagination of them all, was the only one who thought of marriage. The allowance which he received from his parents enabled him to live in a good boarding-house in the Rue Sainte-Beuve. Here he had met a charming girl of seventeen years of age, Thérèse Alison, who was staying with her mother in Paris for the season.

THERESE also came from Lorraine, and was another example of an uprooted and endangered mind. All the year round she wandered with her mother about Europe, lost in that idle, aimless multitude of pleasure-seekers which floats continually between the German spas, Paris and the cities of the Riviera. A quarrel between her parents had deprived her of the sweet and strengthening influences of home life, just at the age in which her character was being formed. A variety of chance acquaintanceships had already given her a self-assurance and a certain facility and forwardness of manner which would have brought her under suspicion in old-fashioned circles.

But the fact was that if she had remained shy and maidenly, she would never have had any social intercourse. As it was, until she met François Sturel, she never knew the intimate joys of human companionship. Under the eyes of Mme. Alison the young pair flirted and quarrelled, and made excursions together into the country. In another month, it seemed, they would be betrothed. On both sides the match was a desirable one in all respects.

But even the best of Parisian boarding-houses is not as safe a place for a young poet as a quiet home in Lorraine. One evening Sturel found a strange and marvellous creature sitting opposite to him at table. Astiné Aravian, a Turkish lady of high rank and remarkable beauty, had lived, up to the age of thirty, at Constantinople, in the harem of one of the chief officials of the Ottoman Empire. Her husband had just died, leaving her possessed of great wealth.

During her married life she had amused herself by reading French novels of the worst type, and now that she was free, she had journeyed to Paris to try and live the life of wild pleasure which she had admired in her favourite books. She came straight from the railway station to the boarding-house, still dressed in her native costume, and wearing long strings of splendid turquoises. All the romance of the Orient hung about her. Her fine oval face, her black hair, long black eyelashes and sombre blue eyes fascinated Sturel.

And, unfortunately, she in turn was attracted by François Sturel. That pale, good-looking young man a French poet? How interesting! Perhaps if Thérèse had not remained in her room all that day—she had had a tiff with her sweetheart—the result might have been different. But who knows? The Oriental woman was extraordinarily quick and direct when once her desire and curiosity were excited.

"Won't you come and read some of your poems to me in my room?" she said.

HE entered the room, and did not leave until the morning. It was not until she quitted the boarding-house, as suddenly as she entered it—after a stay of three weeks—that Sturel recovered from the fever of the senses and the disorder of the imagination which she had provoked in him. He then returned to Thérèse; but he had lost his purity and freshness of feeling, and she was vexed with him, and showed it by exaggerating the rather loud manners which she had learnt at fashionable watering-places. Both of them concealed the true and touching simplicity of their youthful souls. They were secretly discomfited by the brilliant, worldly tone in which they now conversed. They thwarted the happy chance which had brought them together; and, just for the vanity of astonishing each other, they spoilt the hours of joy and youth and ardour which would have led them hand in hand down the road to love and marriage.

III—The New Morality

RACADOT succeeded in getting The True Republic a bad name, without converting it into a profitable concern; and by the end of September his legacy was almost expended. He resolved to call in an expert.

"My dear editor," he said to Sturel, "the paper is admirably done, but it doesn't bring in money. The fact is we don't know the ropes. I have got a new contributor, and I should like you to come and dine with him this evening at the Champs Elysées."

Later Sturel was introduced to the expert.

"A scandalous case," said the new contributor, "has just been tried in private at the law-courts. A barrister and a merchant are badly mixed up in it. I will write you a note giving the name of the barrister—he hasn't a penny, so we can't bleed him. Then we will announce an inquiry to discover the name of the merchant. I know him also, and I will call on him, under the pretext of an interview, and I'm sure he'll stump up a round sum to keep us quiet."

"That's enough," said Sturel.

He took his hat, stick and gloves, paid his bill, and went off. Racadot followed him, explaining the difference between making a bargain to keep silent, 'which really isn't dangerous,' and forcing payment by defamatory attack, 'which, of course, one must beware of doing.'

Sturel hurried out of earshot. He wanted to get somewhere on to firm ground. He felt beneath his feet the quaking surface of the vast bog into which journalism has been transformed by the system of blackmail that constitutes parliamentary government in France.

He gave up editing The True Republic, and the expert was taken on the staff. But still things did not go well with the newspaper. Racadot's legacy was exhausted, and he wanted ready money to keep the newspaper running. Hearing that his old teacher, Paul Bouteiller, had gone into politics, and was standing as deputy for Nancy, he offered to put The True Republic at his service for the election.

In return, Bouteiller arranged to get the newspaper subsidised both by the Ministry for Home Affairs and by the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Unfortunately, however, there was quite a fortnight between Bouteiller's promises and his performances.

Where could Racadot get the money to bring out the paper in the meantime? He announced a lecture by himself on The New Morality, and got off about forty tickets on his friends and acquaintances. He cut down expenses to the last halfpenny, and lived himself on short rations. But bills poured in that he had to meet; and on May 21, 1885, the printer of the newspaper refused to prepare the issue for the following day unless his account was paid. He gave Racadot two hours to find the money.

THE only rich person Racadot knew who was likely to befriend him was Astiné Aravian, the strange Turkish woman. She had returned to Paris, and taken a suite of rooms in the Rue de Balzac, and she often came to the office of The True Republic, in the hope of meeting Sturel again. But instead of helping her to find him, Racadot tried to win her favour.

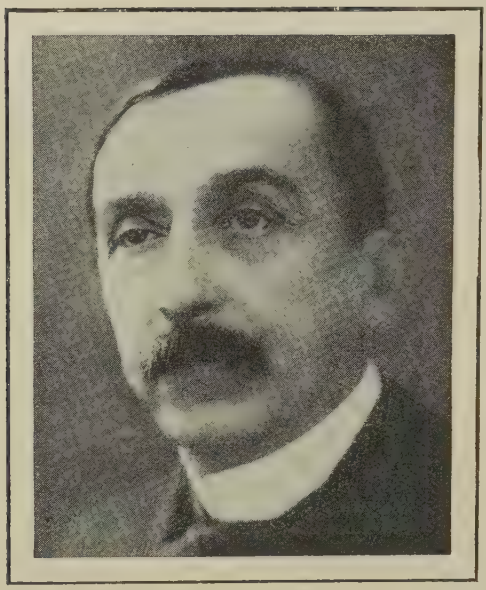
In the low-browed, heavy-featured peasant there was nothing to tempt the splendid Oriental adventuress. She amused herself, sometimes, by going out at night with him and Mouchefrin, and exploring the scenes of Paris night life in their company; but that was all.

She was now going to spend an evening with them, wandering among the taverns on the hills above the Seine, and Racadot was resolved to get some money out of her one way or another.

About ten o'clock that night, Sturel and the Alisons were returning in a landau from an excursion to the Bois de Boulogne

"Oh, the poor lady!" said Mme. Alison, as they passed by Billancourt. "She'll never get a carriage, here, this time of night!"

On the edge of the road a lady was wildly waving to the driver of the landau. Two men stood behind her, but they did not call or make any sign. Seeing that



MAURICE BARRES was born at Charmes-sur-Moselle, Vosges, August 17, 1862. He was educated at Nancy and in 1882 went to Paris with the intention of practising as an advocate, but abandoned law in order to devote himself exclusively to journalism, mainly political, and to literature. In 1889 he was elected to the chamber of deputies and in 1906 was elected a member of the Academy, in the same year being re-elected to the chamber of deputies as one of the deputies for Paris.

the carriage did not stop, the lady hastened towards Billancourt, and the men followed her.

" They're going the wrong way to get to town," said Thérèse to François. " Jump out and tell them."

Sturel never moved. The light from the carriage lamps had fallen on the face of the lady—she was Astiné Aravian. And the two men in the shadow were Racadot and Mouchefrin. Why, then, did Astiné have so strange a look of anguish ? Still, as she had left him for two men of that sort, he had no call now to interfere.

The next day, all the Press was full of the news of the illness of Victor Hugo. On his way to lecture on The New Morality, Sturel bought a newspaper, and read : ' Victor Hugo died this afternoon at twenty minutes past one.' And underneath, in small type : ' The body of a young woman of marvellous beauty was found this morning at Billancourt. Her head was smashed in and her clothes removed. She has been identified as Madame Aravian, a close relation of the Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg. No arrest has yet been made.'

Sturel found about forty persons assembled in the lecture-hall. Roemerspacher came and sat beside him, and was surprised at his strange, distracted air. Sturel waited in a sort of cold, shuddering impatience. Racadot came on the platform. He had shaved his beard off. His face was thinner than it used to be ; his eyes had more flame and more intelligence. He seemed to have been refined by illness. There was less of the peasant about him, and more of the thinker.

He began by boldly attacking the great man whom everybody was praising :

" Victor Hugo is a perfect example of the modern hypocrite. Sceptical in regard to the dogmas of ancient religion, he is credulous to the point of superstition in regard to the myths of modern politics. He pretends to be a modern thinker, but all he does is to play with words that are now empty of meaning. I mean words like duty, liberty, fraternity. He talks about going back to nature, but he never goes. What is the ' duty ' that nature teaches us ? The duty of self-preservation. There is for each of us an absolute necessity to persist in living. To live at the expense of others, and by all possible means ; such is the beautiful lesson of nature. That is her idea of ' fraternity.' "

" There is certainly some truth in what he says," said Roemerspacher to Sturel. " It is necessary to find a new basis for morality. But what a vile point of view he takes of a delicate problem ! "

Sturel did not respond. He was staring at Racadot, but not listening clearly to what he said. " Did he kill her ? Did he kill her ? " he kept asking himself.

The lecturer concluded by affirming that nature insisted that we should put aside our false and ineffectual moral sentiments, and boldly engage in the struggle for life.

" Science teaches us that every living being must strike to dominate and crush its neighbours. So does history. Who are the men who really fascinate the imagination ? The Killers ! The Conquerors ! The Caesars ! The Bonapartes ! "

" Here," said Roemerspacher to Sturel, " Racadot is echoing you. Do you re-

member your speech at the tomb of Napoleon ? "

There was no applause at the conclusion of this strange lecture, and Roemerspacher, who was annoyed at having been referred to, caught up Racadot at the door.

" My dear friend," he said, " your laws of nature that invite us to crush our neighbours, and so on, may be true, in theory, for an imaginary monster living all alone on some unknown island. But man is really a social being, a political animal. For his own protection he must respect the laws of society. Besides, if he doesn't, society will soon protect itself. You haven't thought of the guillotine ! "

Strangely pale, Racadot hurried off.

IV—The End of the Compact

ALONE with Roemerspacher, Sturel told him everything ; the scene at Billancourt between Astiné Aravian and Racadot and Mouchefrin : the news of the murder.

" You and I are partly responsible," said Roemerspacher, after a long pause. " I taught Racadot to talk about the struggle for life, and the new morality. You taught him to talk about fighting against the world for his own hand, as your hero, Napoleon, did."

" And who taught us ? " said Sturel. " We only handed on to Racadot and Mouchefrin the results of the education that Paul Bouteiller gave us. Yes ; Racadot was right in what he said about Victor Hugo and all the ranters of the modern liberal, democratic sort. They take away from us the faith and traditions of our fathers, but what do they put in their place ? A vague, sentimental humanitarianism that will not stand examination ! "

" But I still think," said Roemerspacher, " that we could found a new morality of a really solid kind on science."

" A morality that would help a poor, hungry, hard-pressed, miserable creature in the hour of temptation ? " exclaimed Sturel. " No. I've done with it all. I do not wish to be a citizen of the universe, living according to the rule of universal reason, as Paul Bouteiller used to say. What is Bouteiller now doing himself ? Truckling to the Republican ministers in order to get a chance of entering parliament and sharing in the spoils ! No. Let me be a humble, faithful son of Lorraine, holding to the honest traditions of the people from whom I spring."

The next day, that brilliant but rather obscure paper, The True Republic, was not published. Its staff was dispersed, and its proprietor imprisoned, and Paul Bouteiller had to find another organ of public opinion to assist him in winning his election at Nancy. Racadot had been arrested on the charge of murdering Astiné Aravian. As the police had traced the jewels which he had taken from his victim, he confessed that he had committed the crime. He was guillotined, and Mouchefrin acquitted.

THE trial excited an extraordinary amount of interest, and nearly lost Bouteiller his seat. There happened at the time to be a fierce dispute between the clerical and the anti-clerical Press. The clerical Press seized upon the fact that Racadot was a pupil of Bouteiller, and instanced the ' crime of Billancourt ' as an effect of the system of education established by the Third Republic. Racadot's lecture was printed by a Catholic journal, and the bishop of Nancy took it as the text for a manifesto against the official philosophy of the Republic. Bouteiller defended himself in an interview, in the course of which he said :

" The miserable creature, Racadot, was a lad with a practical mind, and nothing of a theoriser. He committed a murder to try to keep his paper, The True Republic, alive. The idea of founding the rag he got from the actual editor, François Sturel, a brilliant boy, but wild and undisciplined. As for the divagations about ' a new morality,' by means of which the criminal tried to excuse his infamy, no doubt young Roemerspacher was responsible for these—a very distinguished lad, by the way, who has attracted the notice of Taine. The amusing thing in the dreadful tragedy is that these young men, whom the clerical Press now make such a row over, were anti-Repub-

licans. So you see I had no influence whatever over their minds."

His statement, which did not grow less malevolent as it passed from mouth to mouth, had the effect of incriminating Sturel and Roemerspacher.

"I was always suspicious of M. Sturel. I knew that he kept bad company," said Mme. Alison afterwards to her friends.

Thérèse and François had not been formally betrothed, and the match was now abandoned. Sturel returned to his home in Lorraine, and there he heard that Thérèse had become engaged to a certain Baron de Nelles, and that Bouteiller had been returned to parliament as the deputy for Nancy. 'To Bouteiller, from grateful Lorraine,' that was the toast given at a banquet in commemoration of the Republican victory at the polls.

'To Bouteiller, from grateful Lorraine!'

A Rich Granary of Seed-Thoughts

JOHN SELDEN

TABLE TALK

A HIGHLY accomplished scholar, versed in classical, Oriental and Gothic knowledge, John Selden wrote books on such subjects as Grecian and Jewish antiquities, besides numerous juridical works which are still quoted with authority. He was a friend of most of the learned men of his time, Camden and Ben Jonson among them, and appears to have been one of the company frequenting the Mermaid tavern. Clarendon speaks of him as a man 'of stupendous learning in all kinds.' His History of Tythes (1617), while admitting their legal, denied their divine right, and was suppressed. Other works include Titles of Honour, Privileges of Baronage, and Mare Clausum—a vindication of Britain's right to navigate the seas, but he is best remembered by the volume usually called Selden's Table Talk, containing 'discourses on various matters of weight and high consequence,' as preserved by his amanuensis, Richard Milward, and first published in 1689. Table Talk has often been reprinted.

Ceremony

CEREMONY keeps up all things; 'tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremony, for they take themselves slighted without it. And they were not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with bows and kissing of hands, they were the pitifullest creatures in the world. But yet, methinks, to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys that after they eat the apple fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple.

Evil Speaking

HE that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against, for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

A gallant man is above ill words; an example we have in the old Lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone [the court jester] had called some lord about the court, fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipt. Stone cries, "I might have called my Lord of Salisbury fool often enough before he would have had me whipt."

Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying. His confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the Devil tormented the wicked that went to hell. The Spaniard replying, called the Devil 'my lord.' "I hope my lord the Devil is not so cruel."

His confessor reproved him.

"Excuse me," said the don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

Gentlemen

WHAT a gentleman is 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the court of honour, he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood.

What have you said? Nor God Almighty; but He can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of these two, civilly the gentleman of blood, morally the gentleman by creation, may be the better; for the other may be a debauched man, this is a person of worth.

Gentlemen have ever been more temperate in their religion than the common people, as having more reason, the others running in a hurry. In the beginning of Christianity the fathers writ *contra gentes* and *contra Gentiles;* they were all one. But after all were Christians, the better sort of people still retained the name of Gentiles throughout the four provinces of the Roman Empire; as *gentil-homme* in French, *gentil-huomo* in Italian, *gentil-huombre* in Spanish, and a *gentle-man* in English; and they, no question being persons of quality, kept up those feasts which we borrow from the Gentiles, at Christmas, Candlemas, May Day, etc., continuing what was not directly against Christianity, which the common people would never have endured.

Lords

THE making of new lords lessens all the rest. 'Tis in the business of lords as it was with St. Nicholas's image; the countryman, you know, could not find in his heart to adore the new image made of his own plum-tree, though he had formerly worshipped the old one. The lords that are ancient we honour, because we know not whence they come; but the new ones we slight, because we know their beginning.

For the Irish lords to take upon them here in England is as if the cook in the fair should come to my Lady Kent's kitchen, and take upon him to roast the meat there, because he is a cook in another place.

Marriage

OF all actions of a man's life, his marriage doth least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true, 'tis an ordinance of God; so is every other contract; God commands me to keep it when I have made it.

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Aesop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them. Thus when two are married, and have undone one another, they cry, 'It was God's providence we should come together,' when God's providence does equally concur to everything.

Moral Honesty

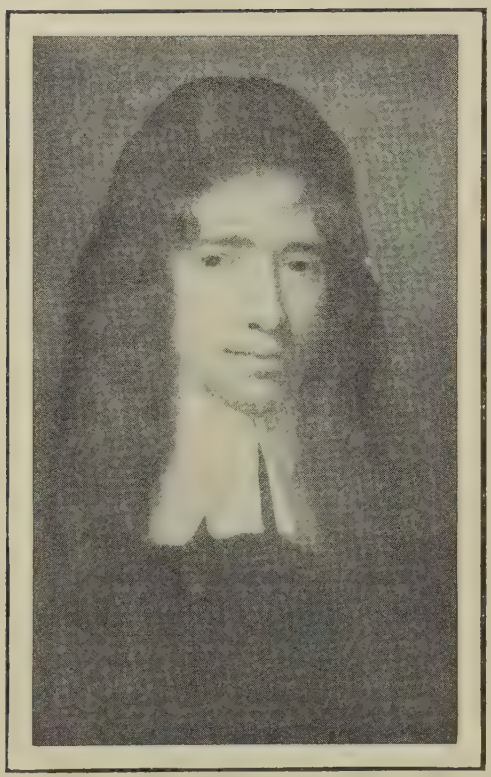
WHAT care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other side, morality must not be without religion, for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality is not a dram better than my mastiff; so long as you stroke him and please him, he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him he will fly in your face.

Pleasure

PLEASURE is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I get it.

'Tis a wrong way to apportion other men's pleasures to ourselves. 'Tis like a child's using a little bird: "O poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me"; so lays it in his bosom, and stifles it with his breath—the bird had rather be in the cold air.

'Tis most undoubtedly true that all men are equally given to their pleasure; only thus, one man's pleasure lies one way and another's another. Pleasures are all alike, simply considered in themselves. He that hunts, or he that governs the commonwealth, they both please themselves alike, only we commend that whereby we ourselves receive some benefit; as if a man place his delight in things that tend to the common good.



JOHN SELDEN was born at Salvington, near Worthing, Sussex, December 16, 1584, and educated at Chichester and at Hart Hall, afterwards Hertford College, Oxford. Settling in London in 1602, he entered Clifford's Inn and in 1612 was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. He entered the House of Commons in 1624, sat in the Long Parliament as representative of Oxford University, was a lay member of the Westminster Assembly, and was several times imprisoned on account of his opinions. In 1643 he was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower. Selden died November 30, 1654. This portrait is from the painting by Joachim Sandrart.

He that takes pleasure to hear sermons enjoys himself as much as he that hears plays; and could he that loves plays endeavour to love sermons, possibly he might bring himself to it as well as to any other pleasure. At first it may seem harsh and tedious, but afterwards 'twould be pleasing and delightful. So it falls out in that which is the great pleasure of some men, tobacco; at first they could not abide it; now they discover they cannot do without it.

Whilst you are upon earth, enjoy the good things that are here (to that end they were given), and be not melancholy and wish yourself in heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it, orchards, gardens, etc., and bid you use them; withal promise you after twenty years to remove you to the court and to make you a privy councillor; if you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down and wish you were a privy councillor, do you think the king would be pleased with you?

Reverence

'Tis sometimes unreasonable to look after respect and reverence, either from a man's own servant or other inferiors. A great lord and a gentleman talking together, there came a boy by, holding a calf with both his hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, "You shall see me make the boy let go his calf." With that he came towards him, thinking the boy would have put off his hat; but the boy took no notice of him. "Sirrah," says he, "do you not know me, that you use no reverence?"

"Yes," says the boy, "if your lordship will hold my calf, I will put off my hat."

Wisdom

A wise man should never resolve upon anything, at least never let the world know his resolution, for if he cannot arrive at that he is ashamed. How many things did the king resolve, in his declaration concerning Scotland, never to do, and yet did them all! A man must do according to accidents and emergencies.

Never tell your resolution beforehand, but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion, you know, called the sheep, to ask her if his breath smelled. She said, "Aye." He bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him. He said, "No." He tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox and asked him. Truly he had got a cold, and could not smell.

Wit

Wit and wisdom differ. Wit is upon the sudden turn, wisdom is in bringing about ends. Wit must grow like fingers. If it be taken from others, 'tis like plums stuck upon blackthorns; there they are for a while, but they come to nothing.

Sir Arthur Keith

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN

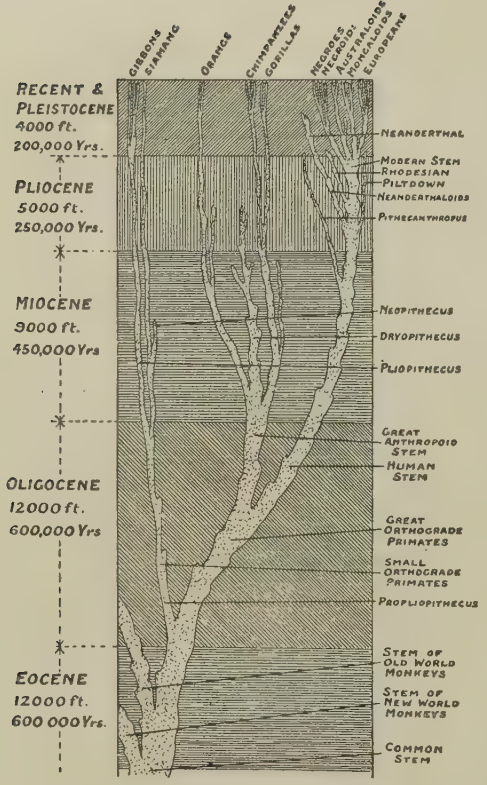
A comprehensive and extraordinarily significant study of the early development of the human race, The Antiquity of Man first appeared in 1915. Since, however, new discoveries are constantly providing fresh materials for the archaeologist, a revised and enlarged edition, in which all new facts of moment were considered, was prepared by the author and published by Williams & Norgate in 1925. It is from this edition, by permission of Sir Arthur Keith, that the following epitome was made and the diagram in page 3608 taken. In The Antiquity of Man all relevant evidence is sifted and weighed scientifically; and when Sir Arthur Keith's conclusions differ from those of his colleagues, as in the assignment of approximate dates to periods, he is careful to indicate that this is the case, and to state the reasons upon which his own opinion is based. Thus the book is one of the most impartial archaeological works ever written, and the most elucidatory. Sir Arthur Keith has also published many valuable treatises dealing with anatomy and other branches of science.

I—Tracing Man's Genealogy

The antiquity of man, from a geologist's point of view, has been placed clearly and fully before the English reading public. Lord Avebury wrote the story of the antiquity of man from the archaeologist's point of view. The problem, however, may be approached from another point of view—that of the human anatomist. The anatomist gives ancient man the centre of the stage; he depends on the geologist and the archaeologist to provide him with scenery and stage accessories. It is from the anatomist's point of view that the problem of man's antiquity is dealt with in this book. This method of approach has its difficulties. The anatomist has to trace man into the past by means of fossil skulls, teeth and limb bones; intelligible documents to him, but complex and repulsive hieroglyphs to the eyes of most people.

The garden of Eden has often been described before. Long ago an account of it appeared in the Pentateuch; quite lately it has been redescribed in Back to Methuselah. The story as told here takes the reader, not to a single sunlit, idyllic glade, as in former descriptions, but to dank and dark caves, gravel pits, limestone quarries, excavations for new docks, and even to trenches cut for sewage pipes, all the world over. For in reality the Garden of Eden was world wide. Even England was part of it—apparently an important part. So were the continent of Europe and the ancient lands of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Our search shows that it extended to the most distant lands of Africa, Australia, Asia and America. Nor was the drama of the Garden enacted in a single morning; it has been going on for a million years and is still unfinished.

I grew up under the belief that evolution proceeded in a leisurely manner and required long stretches of time to work out her effects—a belief I still cling to. The human brain is an organ of the utmost complexity, made up of so many parts, which require the nicest adjustment as they are elaborated; it does not seem the kind of machine that could have been produced in a hurry. All that we know relating to man's speech and accomplishments seems to indicate antiquity. Therefore the early appearance of modern man appeared to me to fit in with what we knew of the civilization which has become part of him. The evidence, however, is going against this conception. We cannot run our eye over the lines on which early man was framed without coming to the conclusion that evolution has proceeded at a more rapid pace in the fashioning of man than some



GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE HIGHER PRIMATES

In this diagram Sir Arthur Keith represents the ancestral stems and the probable lines of descent of the higher primates. The estimate of the length of the geological periods shown on the left is Sir Arthur Keith's own.

of us have hitherto thought. To turn the Rhodesian man into an Australian aborigine, an evolutionary event which may actually have happened, implies a large degree of transformation. Piltdown man, modern as he is in skull and brain, had a strain of the anthropoid in his teeth and jaws.

The recognition of the true nature of Neanderthal man—as a distinct kind or species of human being—compelled us to visualise an ancient population made up, of not mere varieties of one species of mankind, as at present, but of totally different species and genera. We do not hesitate to think that the anthropoids retain, to a much greater degree than man, the structure and the manner of being of the ancient stock from which all have been evolved. If, therefore, we try to form a picture of the world of ancient and primitive humanity, we must base it on the conditions now existing among anthropoids, not on those which hold for the modern world of mankind. We should expect, then, when we go far enough back, to find humanity broken up into distinct structural groups or genera, each confined to a limited part of the earth. Inside each group we expect to find, as amongst the great anthropoids, a tendency to produce varieties or species. Many facts relating to ancient man which were formerly obscure or conflicting become easy of comprehension when this interpretation is applied.

If we search the present world for the type of man who is most likely to serve as the common ancestor for both African and European we find the nearest approach to the object of our search in the aboriginal Australian. He is an ancient and generalised type of humanity; he is not the direct ancestor of either African or European, but he has apparently retained the characters of their common ancestor to a greater degree than any other living race. Now, from what we have seen in Egypt, in Europe and in North America, it is certain that a human type can persist for many thousands of years. Therefore we must make a liberal allowance of time for the mere differentiation of the modern type of man into distinct racial forms. Even if we admit that the ancestral type from which all modern races of men have descended was as highly evolved as the Australian native, I do not think that any period less than the whole length of the Pleistocene period is more than sufficient to cover the time required for the differentiation and distribution of the modern races of mankind. On the cultural evidence the farthest stretch we can give the Pleistocene period is two hundred thousand years. We must also allow for the time which has elapsed since the Pleistocene period ended and our present era began. There is now a general agreement that about ten thousand years would cover this recent period.

Under the Red Crag of the Foxhall Pit near Ipswich, there occurs the famous

sub-Crag 'detritus bed'—the sweepings of an ancient land surface. The sub-Crag culture of the detritus bed yields flint tools of several kinds and ages. The Red Crag is all that is left of the fair lands of East Anglia when the North Sea of Pliocene times—the period immediately previous to the Pleistocene—had done with it. Thus it will be seen that discoveries in East Anglia carry the history of man in England to beyond the bounds of the Pleistocene epoch—well into the bounds of the Pliocene period. If the allowance of two hundred thousand years to cover the Pleistocene period is accepted, then it would not be unreasonable to allow an almost equal period to take us back to the time of sub-Crag man. Nor do the sub-Crag implements represent mere first attempts. In the gravel deposits of the plateau of the North Downs, in Kent, Mr. Harrison, a distinguished archaeologist, found rudely shaped flints, which he recognized as being of human workmanship. They were primitive in form compared with the palaeoliths from the valley gravels, and he distinguished them as 'eoliths.' These Kentish eoliths are older than the sub-Crag implements. The 'industries' represented in the Pliocene deposits of the Continent have also been classified.

II—Antiquity of the Modern Human Type

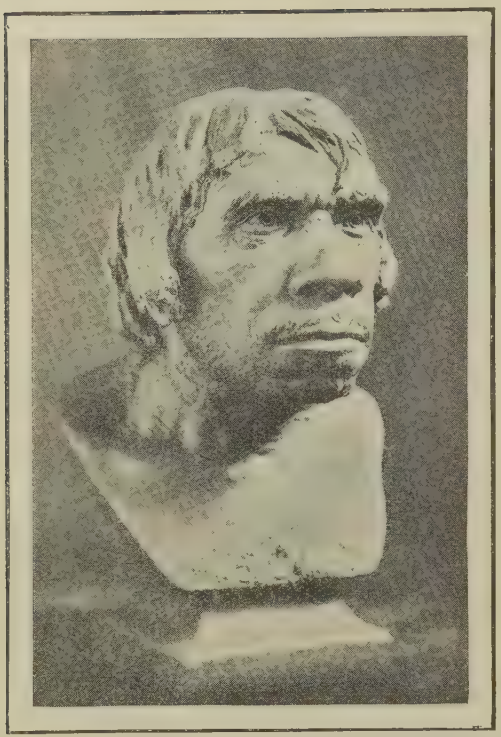
In following man into the past we might start from that period or age of culture which succeeds the Palaeolithic—the Neolithic. The passage from the Palaeolithic to the Neolithic was marked by a much greater change than a mere alteration in the manner in which flint implements were fashioned. There is evidence that men were no longer vagabonds and wanderers, but had settled down in communities. Agriculture was the slow and laborious invention of the Neolithic age. But we have no reason to suppose that the transition from the Palaeolithic to the Neolithic period was marked by the appearance of a newer or higher type of man. Indeed, in artistic ability, there must have been a decline, for the later Palaeolithic periods have furnished us with the most abundant and surprising evidence of a high artistic ability. The people who lived in the south-west part of France and the north-west part of Spain in all the phases of the Aurignacian period (c. 15,000—20,000 B.C.) covered the walls of their caves with most realistic drawings of the animals that were hunted and captured by them. Beyond all doubt we have traced men of the modern type—men belonging to races as highly evolved in body and brain as any race now living—to the beginning of the Aurignacian period.

I believe that the Mousterian age—which immediately preceded the Aurignacian—commenced some forty thousand or forty-two thousand years ago. The span of the Mousterian culture covers a period in which a great part of Europe was raised 100 feet and then gradually subsided again 75 feet; we have reason, therefore, for regarding twenty thousand years as none too much for the programme of events here set forth.

The Mousterian culture throughout this long period was evolving slowly. Perhaps one reason for its slow evolution was the type of man who practised this culture—Neanderthal man. He was a big-headed yet a low type of man, quite different from any race now living.

The classical discovery of Neanderthal man was made in Germany. In the valley of the Düssel, which joins the Rhine at Düsseldorf, is situated the celebrated Neanderthal cave. At the time of the discovery, the early spring of 1857, the cave opened on the face of a limestone cliff, 60 feet above the level of the Düssel and 100 feet below the neighbouring plateau. When the cave was cleared out, certain remarkable bones were secured and despatched to Professor Schaaffhausen of Bonn, an expert anatomist. He had no doubt as to the antiquity or humanity of the cave-bones. Numerous discoveries have subsequently added to our knowledge of Neanderthal man—as, for example, those of Le Moustier, La Ferrassie, La Chapelle-aux-Saints, Ehringsdorf, Spy, Gibraltar and Krapina.

The great majority of those structural features which mark the Neanderthal species off from modern races are essen-



WHAT CAVE MAN MAY HAVE LOOKED LIKE
Restoration copyright by Dr. J. H. MacGregor

tially of a simian or anthropoid nature. The skull gives us the impression of being compressed from above downwards into a bun-like form, called platycephalic. To find a counterpart of this platycephalism we have to go outside the limits of human species to the skulls of such anthropoids as the gorilla and chimpanzee. To find eyebrow ridges like those of Neanderthal man we have again to refer to the anthropoid skull. There can be no doubt, too, that in the region of the chin he retains a simian condition to a greater extent than does the modern type of man. Yet Neanderthal man had the larger brain capacity.

If we were dealing with fossil animals which lie outside the pale of humanity we should probably give Neanderthal man, not only separate specific, but even separate generic rank. He was not a low form. His skill as a flint-artisan shows that his abilities were not of a low order. He had fire at his command, he buried his dead, he had a distinctive and highly evolved form of culture. Neanderthal man was not, however, an ancestor of ours but a distant cousin.

The European of the Mousterian period, then—Neanderthal man—from an anatomist's point of view, was of a most primitive type. In the deposits of the two long periods which preceded the Mousterian—the Acheulean and the Chellean, probably covering between them a stretch of almost one hundred thousand years—we have found no trace of Neanderthal man, nor of his ancestor. The deposits of the Thames, of the Somme, of the Seine, of the Arno, from one side of Europe to the other, have revealed the same story—the existence of man, a mere variant of modern man, with a thick skull, a big brain, and a long head. When it is realized that men of the modern type must have been in existence when Neanderthal man was living, it is apparent that if the Neanderthal type did at any stage become converted into man of the modern type, that stage of evolution must have occurred before the Mousterian period.

Let us search for human remains belonging to an early part of the Pleistocene period—to the very earliest part of that epoch, which is represented in East Anglia by deposits of glacial sands and boulder clay. At the present time only one specimen is available—the famous Heidelberg mandible, 'the lower jaw of primitive man, in good preservation, and with all its teeth,' as the finder wrote. The Mauer sands in which it was discovered correspond in date of formation, it has been concluded, 'to the preglacial forest beds of Norfolk.' The Heidelberg man, as known by the Heidelberg jaw, represents a man of at least one hundred and thirty thousand years ago.

How much can be inferred concerning him, seeing that we know only his lower

JAW OF A PRIMITIVE EUROPEAN

jaw and his lower teeth ? In the first place the characters of the teeth leave us in no doubt as to his race ; he represents beyond all question a primitive variety of Neanderthal man. From the very first, anatomists have been struck by the apparent discrepancy between the ' humanity ' of the teeth and the massive power—almost bestiality—of the jaw itself.

The geological evidence has compelled us to assign the Heidelberg man to almost the same cultural horizon as the man whose remains were found at Galley Hill, overlooking the Thames. The bones of this individual are those of a well-made man of medium strength. The skeleton does not show a single feature which can be called Neanderthaloid, nor any simian feature which is not also to be seen in the skeleton of men of the modern type. In actual size of brain the Galley Hill man did not differ materially from modern man. From the conformation of the brain and of the chin—being exactly as in modern man—we draw the conclusion that the faculty of speech was fully evolved. The Galley Hill man represents no strange species of mankind ; he belongs to the same type as modern man. Is it possible, then, that the Chellean industry was evolved in the valleys of the Somme and Thames by men of the Galley Hill type (a modern type of European) at a time when more northern Europe was inhabited by benighted people of the Heidelberg type ? We must, in this case, also believe that the Neanderthal people, the progeny of the Heidelberg type, ousted the higher form of man from Europe before the dawn of Mousterian times. Only fresh facts, elicited by further discoveries, can resolve this problem. At least it is clear that we must seek for the evolution of modern man at an earlier time than the Pleistocene.

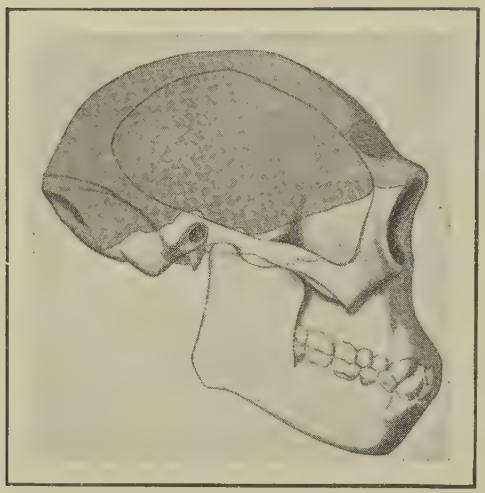
III—Ape-Men and 'Dawn' Men

Asia, with ancient civilizations in Mesopotamia, India and China, holds out the fairest promise for students of man's early history. So far, these promises have not been fulfilled. But if our search for traces of ancient man on the continent of Asia has yielded promises rather than actual payments, a visit to the island of Java will make amends. Between September, 1891, and October, 1892, Java gave up the remains of a being, which, after thirty years of debate, still retains an undecided place between the realms of ape and man. Dr. Eugène Dubois, who discovered the remains of this strange form, named it Pithecanthropus erectus, because, although it possesses the human erect posture, it yet possesses many ape-like traits. Pithecanthropus, in the opinion of the discoverer, was but the harbinger of a family of ' missing links.'

How difficult it is to fix the exact position of Pithecanthropus in the common family tree of man and ape becomes manifest when we consider the structural characters of the thigh-bone and the skull. The femur signifies a being adapted to the upright posture. The natural inference is that the human family of ancient Java and all human races are the common descendants of a stock in which the human posture and method of progression were already evolved. The forehead of Pithecanthropus shows many anthropoid features. It is low and receding ; the orbits are crossed by a true simian bar of bone ; but in size of brain Pithecanthropus takes a place between the great apes and the various races of man. The parts of the brain connected with the faculty of speech are present ; whether speech was actually evolved is a moot point ; at least we may think that the potentiality was there.

I would interpret Pithecanthropus as a true survival, into late Pliocene or early Pleistocene times, of an early stage in the true and direct line of human evolution—a stage we may expect to find already evolved in deposits, not of the Pliocene, but of the preceding or Miocene period (ended c. 500,000 years ago).

The earliest specimen of true man yet discovered, however, may perhaps be a Pliocene form. He is known by certain fragments of a skull discovered between 1908 and 1912 in a gravel bed near Piltdown Common in Sussex. The greater part of the left half of the brain case was found—only the middle part of the forehead and a part of the posterior or occipital bone was missing. Only one fragment of the



THE JAVA SKULL RESTORED BY DR. DUBOIS

right half of the brain case was recovered, but that is sufficient to give an exact basis for the reconstruction of the whole skull. Part of the jaw, and teeth, were also found. A great company assembled in the rooms of the Geological Society of London on the evening of December 18, 1912, to receive the first authentic account of the discovery at Piltdown. The various fragments of the skull had been pieced together ; the missing parts had been filled in ; a complete skull was thus brought before the meeting. It was quite plain to all assembled that the skull thus reconstructed was a strange blend of man and ape.

When we come to fix the place which must be assigned to Piltdown man in the human phylum, we find further evidence in support of man's great antiquity. We have already mentioned that the sub-Crag implements discovered near Ipswich indicate the existence of human beings towards the middle of the Pliocene period ; and that the Kentish eoliths are more ancient than the sub-Crag implements. When, therefore, we take into consideration these facts, and the similarity between the Piltdown and recognized Pliocene deposits, the animal remains accompanying Piltdown man and his own peculiar features, we are persuaded that those authorities who assigned a Pleistocene date to the human remains found at Piltdown were ultra-cautious. All the evidence seems to point to a Pliocene age.

Having thus settled, so far as the evidence will permit, the approximate position of the Piltdown man in the scale of time, we now proceed to see what sort of being he was. The form of his limbs and body are matters of inference. The supra-orbital ridges, however, are not like those formed in the anthropoids or in certain fossilised men, but their conformation is more like that seen in modern human races ; in the modelling of his forehead Piltdown man resembled living man. At first sight, indeed, the fragments of the Piltdown skull are very similar to the same parts of a modern human skull except as regards their thickness. The lower jaw, however, has ape-like features ; and when the Piltdown lips parted one would have seen the ferocious dental array of the anthropoid. It was only in front, however, that the teeth were simian ; behind they were human. As regards the brain, Professor Elliot Smith pronounced that ' taking all its features into consideration, we must regard this as

RECONSTRUCTION OF THE PILTDOWN SKULL
Courtesy of British Museum, Natural History

being the most primitive and most simian human brain so far recorded.' When we sum up all the characters in this new form of being—the anthropoid characters of the mouth, teeth and face, the massive and ill-filled skull, the simian characters of the brain and its primitive and pre-human general appearance—one feels convinced that Sir A. Smith Woodward was absolutely justified in creating a new genus of the family Hominidae for its reception. I look on Piltdown man as a representative of an extinct form of man—Eoanthropus, or 'Dawn Man.'

In 1921, Mr. W. E. Barren, a mining engineer from New Zealand, was making his round in the Broken Hill mine, in Rhodesia, when he came across a black labourer thrusting his pick among fossil bones which a successful charge had blasted from the deepmost recesses of the ancient cave. Mr. Barren intervened and thus saved the skull of Rhodesian man—the most complete and important document that has yet lain on the anthropologist's table—from being broken into fragments. Looking round, Mr. Barren found other human bones in the confused mass of fossilised remains that lay exposed. He found the complete tibia of a left leg, the upper and lower ends of a left thigh-bone, a sacrum, and part of the upper jaw, which belonged to an individual other than him who owned the skull; for in it the upper jaw was complete.

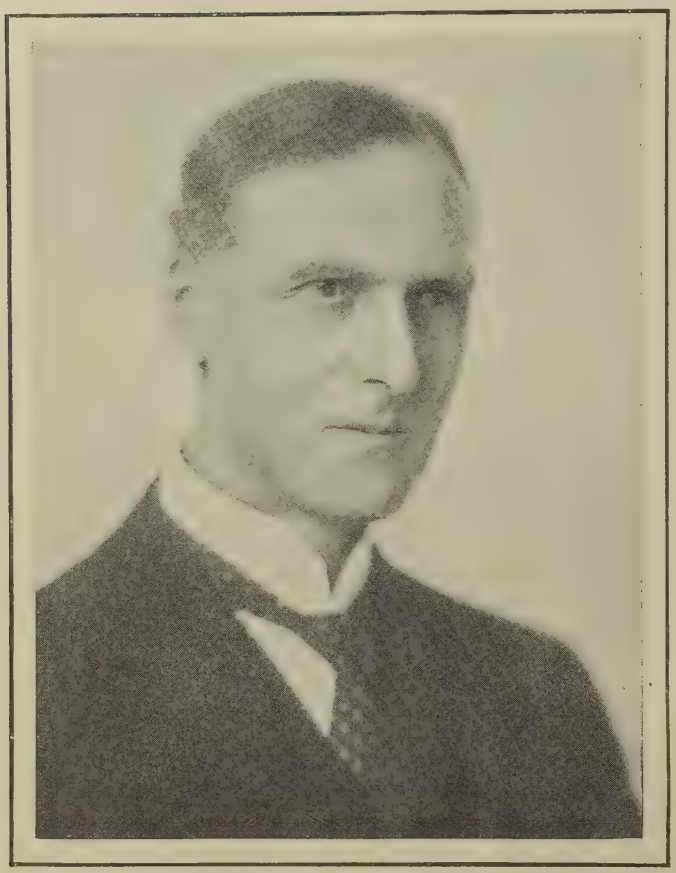
WHAT was the stature of the Rhodesian man, and how did he carry his body? A comparison of the form and proportion of the tibia, the thigh-bone and the sacrum leaves no doubt in my mind that they and the skull were part of the same individual, and that this individual was a man—a tall and strong man, perfectly erect in his carriage. The shafts of the femur and tibia were particularly straight—more so than is seen in any race now living—being in this character the opposite of ape-like. From these and other circumstances we infer that Rhodesian man held himself just as erect as we do, and that his gait was the same as ours.

If we had found merely the limb bones or sacrum of Rhodesian man we should have placed him amongst the extinct races

RHODESIAN SKULL, FULL FACE AND PROFILE
Courtesy of Dr Bather

of modern man—Homo sapiens. When we come to examine his skull—particularly that part which contained his brain—we see that such is not his place; he is far more primitive—more ape-like, more gorilline—than any of modern man's variants, living or extinct. In volume, moreover, the brain of Rhodesian man was small and primitive, but certainly human—more human than the external appearance of the skull leads us to expect. He deserves, as he has received, the rank of a separate species. But it is a species of the utmost interest, for it reveals for the first time the ancestral type of modern races.

It is when we take account of the great differences which separate the brain of a man so primitive as the Rhodesian from that of a modern man, particularly when we understand the complexity of the organization which underlies the latest acquisitions of the modern brain, that we are driven to demand a long period of time for the changes which brought man from a Rhodesian stage to that in which we now



Swaine

ARTHUR KEITH was born at Old Machar, Aberdeen, February 5, 1866, and educated at Aberdeen University, University College, London, and Leipzig University, his many academic distinctions including the degrees of M.D., F.R.C.S., LL.D. and D.Sc. He was Conservator of the Museum and Hunterian Professor at the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and lectured and wrote much on the results of his anthropological discoveries. From 1899 to 1902 he was secretary to the Anatomical Society of Great Britain, and from 1912 to 1914 President of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and from 1917 to 1923 was Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution. A foremost authority on anthropology he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1913 and in 1921 was created Knight Bachelor.

find him. Even if we allow two hundred thousand years for the duration of the Pleistocene period, the time seems far too short for the evolutionary changes we have merely glanced at. Time will show that Rhodesian man represents a Pliocene stage in our evolution. So far, however, we have not found the stage which lies between Rhodesian man and modern man.

All who have made a study of the human body are agreed that we must seek for man's origin in an ape-like ancestor. If, therefore, we review the facts which bear on the evolution of the anthropoid apes, we may obtain collateral evidence bearing on the date at which the differentiation of the human body became possible. We know that the great anthropoids were already evolved in the Miocene period. So far as our knowledge goes, the Miocene anthropoid apes offer us no form which can serve as a probable human ancestor. The small and large anthropoids were already differentiated, and we may presume that the same was the case as regards the ancestry of the human stock. The evidence, slight as it is, justifies us in presuming that the human and anthropoid lines of descent separated in pre-Miocene times. If, therefore, we mean by the antiquity of man the period which has elapsed since the human stem became differentiated from that which led to the great anthropoid apes, then it is apparent that the antiquity of man covers an immense period of time. Provided that our estimation of the length of the periods of the past is approximately right, then a period of about one million years has elapsed since the separation of the human stem. When we speak of the antiquity of man, however, most of us have in mind not the date at which the human lineage separated from that of the great anthropoids, but the period at which the brain of man had reached a human level or standard. We have reasonable grounds for presuming that man was approaching the human standard in size of brain by the commencement of the Pliocene period. The Pleistocene and Pliocene periods are estimated to cover a period of about half a million years. This period represents the antiquity of man.

Rene Bazin

AUTUMN GLORY

After contributing sketches of provincial life and travel impressions to Parisian journals, Rene Bazin achieved success in 1888 with his novel, Une Tache d'Encre, which was published serially in La Revue des Deux Mondes. For the next twenty years he produced every year one or more novels, dealing mainly with provincial life and the domestic virtues, and all distinguished by great delicacy and charm of style. Of these, the best known are Madame Corentine (1893), Humble Amour (1894), De Toute Son Ame (1897), La Terre Qui Meurt (1899), Les Oberlé (1901), L'Ame Alsacienne (1903), and Le Blé Qui Lève (1907). La Terre Qui Meurt, here translated as Autumn Glory, made a deep impression not only in France but in every country of Europe. For this picture of the decay of peasant farming is applicable to the 'dying soil' of many lands, which the peasants are leaving for the factories and slums of the cities. An inexpensive edition of Autumn Glory is published by Jarrold.

I—The Fever of Unrest

An autumnal sea-mist hung over the farm of La Fromentière as Rousille stole at dawn from her bedroom, crossed the yard on tip-toe and entered the orchard close. Creeping under the dwarfed and twisted boles of the fruit-trees, the young girl reached the low, mossy wall which protected them from the fierce western sea-winds; and there, sitting on the bent trunk of an old apple-tree, she stared across the sea-marshes of La Vendée. For some time the mist was too dense for her to see anything. But suddenly a breeze blew in from the open sea; shafts of sunlight pierced through the haze, and lighted up the immense green plain and turned the water in the canals and dykes into rippling gold, and straight and clear-cut against the glowing sky rose up the distant spire of the village church of Sallertaine.

"Rousille!" The shout came from a young man, who was hurrying across the marshes, with a gun and a string of plovers slung across his shoulders, and pole in his hand for leaping the dykes.

"Hurry, Jean! Hurry! Father will soon be up," said the girl. Her sweet, fair young face lighted up at her lover's approach. After a hard day's work on the farm, he had spent the night on the marshes, shooting wild-fowl to bring her as a gift. Leaning from the wall to welcome him, she did not hear the rustling noise behind her. A great red-haired man had crawled from under a neighbouring tree, and was stealthily dragging himself through the grass. On getting out of the orchard he did not rise up, but still pulled himself painfully on his hands across the yard to the door of the farm-house. He breathed heavily, his huge body trembled, his eyes flamed with fury. A minute afterwards a tall, fine-looking old man hurried out of the farm, and strode down into the orchard. The two lovers heard him, and turned round in affright.

"Jean Nesmy," he said sternly. "What are you doing with my daughter, Rousille?"

"Talking, Master Lumineau. Where's the harm in that?"

His voice shook, not with fear, but with eagerness. He had been waiting for a year to open this debate, but had not foreseen how suddenly it would begin and end.

"Come into the house at once," said the old farmer. He counted ninety-five francs out on the table. "There are your wages," he said. "Now get your things together and go. I do not allow my ploughmen to court my daughters."

"But Rousille and I love each other, Master Lumineau. I will wait for her as long as you like. I am young, and so is she. Only fix a time, and I will wait and work for her."

"No, my boy," said his master. "I know you're a good worker, and I'm sorry to part with you. But a girl like my Rousille can't marry a Boquin. You must have known that all along."

A Boquin! That was the great objection. Jean Nesmy was not only poor, but a stranger. Short in stature, dark-haired and dark-eyed, he had come from the Bocage three years ago, to work among the tall, fair, grey-eyed marshlanders.

After tying his few things up in his blue blouse, Nesmy stepped out into the farmyard, and Rousille, her face all wet with tears, came to bid him farewell.

"Boquin! Leave my sister alone!"

The cry came from the red-haired man. He had crawled on his enormous hands to the doorway, and he now stood up on crutches, with his great savage face convulsed with hatred.

Boquin means only a woodlander: it is the local name of the true Vendeans who were driven a thousand years ago into the inland forests by the invading Norman race that now inhabits the marshes. But the marshlanders, who still retain the pride of their ancestors, use it as a term of contempt. In the mouth of Mathurin Lumineau, the huge, red-haired, crippled heir of the old farmer, it became an expression of ferocious hatred.

"Boquin! Leave my sister alone!" Holding on to the door with one arm, he hurled his crutch at the two lovers; happily, it missed them.

"Mathurin Lumineau," said Jean Nesmy, "I am going now, thanks to you; but I will return."

"Not while I live," said the crippled giant.

And with furious eyes he watched the retreating figure of the stranger. Six years ago he would have been able to take that little fellow up in one hand, and do what he liked with him. He was then the strongest man in all the marshes, and the merriest. In those days he was betrothed to Félicité Gauvrit, a superb marshland girl, and the child of a rich farmer, holding the neighbouring lands of La Seulière.

Both old Gauvrit and old Lumineau wanted to give up work; and on the marriage of their children, La Seulière and La Fromentière would be combined into one immense farm under the management of Mathurin. Mathurin would have to provide settlements for his two brothers, François and André, and dowries for his two sisters, Lionore and Rousille; but as, in accordance with the custom of the marshes, the younger children would work for nothing until they married, this would not cripple the fine estate. Besides, they each had already a legacy of a hundred pounds from their mother.

Such was the arrangement; but an accident put an end to it. The horses drawing a heavy cart in which Félicité was sitting ran away. In trying to stop them Mathurin fell under the cart, and crushed both his legs.

He now crawled about the farm on his hands, watching with jealous eyes his brothers and sisters. He would get well, he kept telling himself; he would get well, and then show them who was the master. Had Jean Nesmy married into the family, there would be another rival.

"Ah, I have settled his business," said the cripple as he saw Nesmy disappear down the lane. "Now, when François and Lionore go, there will be only André to deal with, and he is in Algiers. I must get well! I must get well!" Dragging his withered limbs behind him, the stricken, hopelessly incurable creature crawled indoors.

II—The Call of the City

As Mathurin, with the strange cunning of a disordered mind, had found out, François and Lionore were about to leave the farm. The sudden dismissal of Nesmy hastened on their plan. It threw more work on their shoulders. François, a plump, lazy fellow, was a born shirker. Only the continual discipline of farm life, with its regular succession of tasks, could have hardened his flabby nature; but a term of military service in a large town had ruined him. He now fretted against the quiet round of existence in the marshlands. The fever and unrest of the city had got into his blood, and he longed to get back to the

lighted streets, the flaring taverns and the painted women.

His father roused him up at daybreak, and told him to harness the mare and four oxen. The old farmer was very joyful. The night before he had received a letter from his youngest and favourite child. André's time in the army was up ; he was returning from Algiers and would arrive at La Fromentière in a fortnight.

" The ploughing season begins to-day, François," said Lumineau. " Let us get as much done as possible before André returns. We will start by breaking up the old pasture field."

The farmer, proud of the strength remaining in his aged body, held the plough, and his son guided the mare and oxen. But when they finished the second furrow, François let the reins fall, and cried :

" I've done with it ! I've had enough !"

" Enough of what, my boy ? "

" Enough of this sort of thing, working myself to death to get money that all goes into the farm. I want to be my own master and earn something for myself. I'm going to La Roche, and so is Lionore. We've got £200 between us, from mother's estate, and we've taken a shop. But we've waited till André was returning. Now it's his turn to help you. We've served our time."

For some moments the old man leaned against the plough, speechless and dazed.

" But, my boy, the farm is now yours, since Mathurin's crippled. You are the heir. When André returns, and I engage another farm-hand, there will be four of us. You're not going to give up the farm, François ? "

" Yes," said François ; " I can't live in the country. I want the town."

Toussaint Lumineau could not understand. For hundreds of years La Fromentière had been handed down from father to son. His race was rooted in the soil ; its passion for land amounted at times to wild greed. They were one of the great thriving families in the marshes. There was a Lumineau in every village, often three or four, and each of them held a good farm. A Lumineau become a townsman—a landless, shiftless, cooped-up, dependent townsman ! The thing was unnatural—impossible. But the next morning François and Lionore were gone. They had stolen off in the night, secretly, for fear of a scene with their old father. Walking in the darkness to Challans, they had taken a train to La Roche, the noisy, busy inland county town of La Vendée.

Lumineau was an old man ; the flight of his children told heavily upon him. It took the spring out of his nature and made him look, for the first time, aged and troubled and outworn. He would have broken down if he had not been comforted by the thought that his youngest and dearest child, his brave soldier boy André, was travelling from Algiers back to the old, deserted home. In the meantime he engaged a new farm-hand—a tall, lanky, silent fellow—and ordered Mathurin to help Rousille in the household work.

Poor little, lonely Rousille ! The heaviest burden fell on her. She had now to rise up earlier, and go much later to bed, in order to get through the tasks which Lionore had hitherto shared with her. But it was not this that made her think of leaving La Fromentière, but her love for Jean Nesmy. She was a spirited little thing, full of the fearless courage of the marshland girls. She had said nothing either to her father or to Mathurin when her lover was sent away, but she meant to follow him, and she was only waiting until he was settled in his new situation. Then she would give up her position as mistress of the farm, and joyfully become a poor ploughman's wife. But she, too, anxiously awaited the home-coming of André. He was her favourite brother, and she would confide in him.

On the last Saturday in September the mare received a double ration of oats. Toussaint Lumineau harnessed her himself to the red tilbury, and drove her to the railway station of Challans, and brought back a handsome young man in the brilliant uniform of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. André jumped down and lifted his sister up in his arms and kissed her. " As pretty as ever, Rousille ! " he said, putting her gently down. " But a little sad, eh ? You miss Lionore. I'm afraid I shall miss François."

"It isn't that," said his sister.

"Oh, no!" said the soldier. "We shall get on without them. We two young——"

"And me? Do you think I don't count?" growled Mathurin, standing on his crutches in the doorway.

"Of course you do, old man," said André. "How glad I am to see you again!"

"I shall soon be well now," said his brother. "I'll come to church with you to-morrow. My legs are much stronger."

In the evening the farmer opened an old bottle of wine, saying:

"We must drink to your health, André. Stay at La Fromentière. I am growing old, and you must now be the master."

Mathurin, who was sitting at the table, became gloomy. When the glasses were filled, he emptied his quickly, without clinking it against his brother's.

III—The Tragedy of Departing Reason

EVERY Sunday morning all the marshlanders gathered at the ancient lichened church of Sallertaine. They wore their old picturesque costumes, and kept to their old usages. When Mass was over, the young men first came out by the eastern porch, and then ranged themselves in two files on the other side of the church, to watch the girls march out by the western door. Two by two, with their high head-dresses of white muslin swaying in the wind, the maids walked demurely past the young men, and gathered in a merry group down the village street. The farmers and their wives came out last by the third door. They, too, gossiped with their neighbours instead of hurrying down to the canal where their boats were moored.

Everybody had been astonished to see Mathurin Lumineau at church. He had not appeared since his accident six years ago. What had he come for? The curious crowd was waiting to see. His great red head appeared in the narrow porch; then a huge shoulder, and a crutch. As he struggled to drag himself forward, the veins on his forehead swelled. He was staring in a strange, fixed way at someone far down the village street. The crowd followed his glance, and saw why he had come. Félicité Gauvrit was standing, tall, proud and superb, against a wall, farther away from the church than the other girls.

No lad had wooed her since Mathurin met with his accident. In the eyes of all the marshlanders she was still engaged to Lumineau. She had often wished, during the last six years, that he would die, and so set her free. But now she gloried in letting all the world see the power of her attraction. She saw Mathurin's sombre eyes in the distance fixed upon her. But instead of going to meet him, she stood by the wall to enjoy her triumph. She knew that the poor, maimed creature had come to church to show her he was getting well.

His brother and father tried to help him through the porch. "Don't touch me!" he said, with a terrible energy in his voice.

With a supreme effort, he wrenched his body out, and then, slowly and painfully, dragged himself towards the spot where Félicité stood. Men and girls silently made a passage for him; there was a look of madness on his tortured face, which frightened them.

"Good-morning, Mathurin!" said Félicité as he drew near. But he was too far spent to speak. If André had not held him up he would have fallen. André began to chat to Félicité in order to divert attention. He merely paid her a few easy compliments of the kind that a gallant soldier uses to every pretty woman he meets. But Félicité went home with a new hope in her hard, proud heart. She would win André. By marrying into the Lumineau family she would be carrying out her engagement to Mathurin, and it would make her the mistress of La Fromentière.

A few days afterwards she came to the farm, ostensibly to inquire about Mathurin; but she talked all the time to the younger man. "You must come to the first dance at La Seulière, André," she said. "All the marshland girls want to meet you."

"It is so long since I danced at Sallertaine," he replied, "I'm afraid I've forgotten the steps."

But when the months wore on, and the winter dances began, Mathurin said:

"You must take me to the dance, André. I wish to speak to Félicité."

André helped his brother into a boat, and rowed him along the canal to La Seulière. The young man was now glad of any distraction, for he had soon grown weary of living in the farm. Ah, how changed it was! In hot, sleepless nights at Algiers he had longed for his old home, animated by the noise and work of a large, busy, united family. But he had found it strange and quiet and sad. Two of the children had fled; the house was gloomy, the father sorrowful, and the labour too heavy for those who remained. Rousille was wearing herself out. André felt that alone he could not keep the land in a good state of cultivation, and certainly not improve it, as he had dreamt of doing. He laboured hard from daybreak to sunset, ploughing, digging ditches, replanting the orchard. And what was the end of it? The ground yielded less every year. The soil of France was old and dying.

As he rowed his brother along in the cold, dark winter night, he thought of the warm, rich virgin soil of America. He had been thinking of it for many weeks, and that morning he had received an offer of a free farm in the Argentine. Suddenly Mathurin said:

"André, we are alone. Won't you confide in me? I've long since guessed your secret. You're going away—farther away than François."

"A friend wants me to join him in South America," said André. "It's tempting. I've got £100, and I can have a splendid farm—one worth working on. But the old man! How can I leave him? Who would look after the farm?"

"I will!" cried Mathurin. "I am the heir, and I mean to be the master. I can do without you and without all the others."

They had reached the landing-place. In order to show how well and strong he was, Mathurin got out of the boat before his brother could help him, rolled over the ground, raised himself up on his crutches and hobbled to the door of La Seulière. But he was so exhausted that he sat all the evening, pale and trembling, in a corner, hardly speaking. He was crippled in mind as well as in body, and he was growing mad.

With a strange, silent fury he watched his brother dancing with Félicité. For he fancied he was now cured, and he had come to ask his old sweetheart to marry him. He had read by stealth some of the letters André had received from the Argentine, and the thought of getting rid of his last rival had put out the flickering light of reason in his poor, injured brain. Only the sudden arrival of his old father—anxious to get him home before the canal froze—prevented him from making his proposal to Félicité.

IV—A Madman's Death

THE defection of André was more serious than that of François. His was no weak, moth-like soul, dazzled by the flare of the city. He was a laborious, intelligent young farmer of the modern school; he had as great a passion for land as his father had, but with that passion, more knowledge, more curiosity, more daring. He sailed away from France, as his ancestors, the Normans, had sailed away from Scandinavia, in search of a richer and more fertile land.

What decided him to emigrate to the Argentine was the sale of the Château de La Fromentière, which stood close to the farm of La Fromentière. The Marquis de la Fromentière had been an old friend of the Lumineaus; the connexion between the two families was, indeed, centuries old. His daughter had been Rousille's playmate, and André had entered the regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique in order to serve under the marquis's brother. For a certain amount of feudal sentiment obtained in this remote marshland. But now that the marquis—ruined by a fashionable life at Paris—was selling his estates and forsaking his people, André despaired of his country.

"It is a dying soil!" he said to his father. "Everybody is leaving it. How many young men have gone from the marshes to the town this year? Ten, at least, in our own village!"

Manuel

RENE FRANCOIS BAZIN was born at Angers, December 26, 1853. After studying law in Paris, he became professor of criminal law in the university of his native town. Inspired by the reading of Mayne Reid and Jules Verne he took up literary work as a distraction. In addition to many successful novels he published travel sketches, a volume of Questions Littéraires et Sociales, and a translation of Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. Bazin was elected to the French Academy in 1904.

The sale was fixed for a day late in February. On the night of that day André silently crept out of the farm and travelled to Antwerp and booked a passage to Buenos Aires.

Mathurin heard him depart. The senses of the cripple had become strangely acute as his intellect decayed. He lay sleepless upon his bed, listening to André moving about in the next room. The stairs creaked, then the door; the watch-dog began to bark, not savagely, as at a wandering tramp, but joyfully. Mathurin raised himself up in bed, with a look of triumphant pride upon his face.

"That's André," he said to himself. "I am now master of the farm."

Then some recollection of the dance at La Seulière stirred in his disordered mind. Yes, all his rivals were now gone—Nesmy, François and André—and he must go at once and bring home Félicité. She would help him look after the farm.

With the strength of madness, he rose up from his bed, dressed himself, took his crutches and crawled downstairs without waking anyone. The door was open. André had forgotten to close it. The poor, maimed, distracted creature hobbled down to the canal-side, and felt with his crutch in the black darkness for a boat. Throwing himself into the first one he found—an old, leaky thing—he seized the pole and pushed himself along. How often, seven years ago, had he shot in the evening down the waterway between La Fromentière and La Seulière! He knew the track then in the thickest darkness. But now he turned to the left down an unused dyke—striking the bank at random with the pole, and jerking the boat blindly from one bank to the other.

It began to rain—a cold, sleety, winter downpour; and the icy bilge-water washed over the legs of the madman. But he felt nothing; cold, rain, fatigue, darkness and peril. He was a bridegroom going to bring home a bride. At last, as the boat swung out of the dyke into a wild, desolate, open stretch of water, the strange exaltation passed away and a dreadful weakness came over him. Standing up, for an instant, on his crippled, frozen feet, he gazed in wide-eyed terror at the darkness above him, and the lapping water around him, and screamed with a great voice: "Félicité! Félicité!" Then he swayed, and fell down in the boat, and never moved. There his father found him towards daybreak; he was cold and dead.

For some days, Toussaint Lumineau seemed as if he, too, were going mad. So great was his misery that Rousille had not the heart to leave him. "Do you still think of Jean Nesmy?" he suddenly said.

"I love him, father," she replied, "and I can't help loving him. But now André has gone, I cannot go and live in the Bocage. I will remain unmarried, and stay with you."

The old farmer put his hand on his daughter's shoulder; there was a strange, new tenderness in his voice. "Rousille," he said, "I have no more sons. André and François have betrayed me. But one thing still remains to us—La Fromentière—and you must keep it. Do you think Nesmy would return to our farm?"

"I am sure of it," said Rousille.

"Then tell him that he may come as soon as he likes, and marry you."

So Jean Nesmy became the husband of Rousille and master of La Fromentière.

JAMES THOMSON

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

AN orphan at eight years old, and educated at an orphan asylum, James Thomson developed a gloomy pessimism further aggravated by a tragic love-affair. With few intervals his life was one of disappointment, loneliness and poverty, and he became addicted to alcoholism. It was under the auspices of Charles Bradlaugh that Thomson first became known to the public as a writer. Under the signature B.V. or Bysshe Vanolis (made from the second name of Shelley and an anagram of Novalis) he wrote for some years in The National Reformer. In that journal first appeared the poem To Our Ladies of Death (1863) and The City of Dreadful Night (1874), which brought him the appreciation of George Eliot and George Meredith. This sombre and imaginative poem is Thomson's masterpiece, reflecting his pessimism, and its gloomy view of London life is a bitter expression of his own experiences. The City of Dreadful Night was reprinted, with other poems, in 1880, followed a few months later by the volume containing the autobiographical fantasy, Vane's Story, and the oriental Weddah and Om-el-Bonain. Thomson also wrote some lyrics of beauty and prose essays, criticisms and translations.

I—'The City is of Night'

THE city is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night; for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold grey air;
The moon and stars may shine with scorn or pity;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
Though present in distempered gloom of thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week, and such weeks, few or many,
Recur each year for several years, can any
Discern that dream from real life in aught?

The city is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago
More sad, are found within its precincts vast.
The street lamps always burn; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front from roof to basement
Doth glow or gleam athwart the mirk air cast.

The street lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense
Of rangèd mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfils with awe the soul's despair unweeping:
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence!

Mature men chiefly, few in age or youth,
A woman rarely, now and then a child:
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as pre-ordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish
To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves, they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe
Broods maddening inwardly, and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamour,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The city is of Night, but not of Sleep;
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep,
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

II—'As I Came Through the Desert'

HE stood alone within the spacious square
Declaiming from the central grassy mound,
With head uncovered and with streaming hair,
As if large multitudes were gathered round. . . .
'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: all was black,
In heaven no single star, on earth no track;
A brooding hush without a stir or note,
The air so thick it clotted in my throat:

And thus for hours; then some enormous things
Swooped past with savage cries and clanking wings:
But I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: eyes of fire
Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;
The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath
Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;
Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers cold
Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:
But I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear.

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: lo! yon, there,
That hillock burning with a brazen glare;
Those myriad dusky flames with points aglow
Which writhed and hissed and darted to and fro;
A Sabbath of the serpents, heaped pell-mell
For Devil's roll-call and some *fête* of Hell:
Yet I strode on austere;
No hope could have no fear. . . . .

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: from the night
A shape came slowly with a ruddy light;
A woman with a red lamp in her hand,
Bareheaded and barefooted on the strand;
O desolation moving with such grace:
O anguish with such beauty in thy face!
I fell as on my bier,
Hope travailed with such fear.

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: I was twain,
Two selves distinct that cannot join again;
One stood apart and knew but could not stir,
And watched the other stark in swoon, and her;
And she came on, and never turned aside,
Between such sun and moon and roaring tide:
And as she came more near
My soul grew mad with fear.

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: Hell is mild
And piteous matched with that accursed wild;
A large black sign was on her breast that bowed,
A broad black band ran down her snow-white shroud;
That lamp she held was her own burning heart,
Whose blood-drops trickled step by step apart:
The mystery was clear;
Mad rage had swallowed fear.

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: by the sea
She knelt and bent above the senseless me:
Those lamp-drops fell upon my white brow there,
She tried to cleanse them with her tears and hair;
She murmured words of pity, love and woe,
She heeded not the level rushing flow;
And mad with rage and fear,
I stood stonebound so near.

'As I came through the desert thus it was,
As I came through the desert: when the tide
Swept up to her there kneeling by my side,
She clasped that corpse-like me, and they were borne
Away, and this vile me was left forlorn;
I know the whole sea cannot quench that heart,
Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two apart:
They love; their doom is drear,
Yet they nor hope nor fear;
But I, what do I here?'

III—'End it When You Will'

LARGE glooms were gathered in the mighty fane,
With tinted moon-gleams slanting here and there;
And all was hush: no swelling organ-strain,
No chant, no voice or murmuring of prayer;
No priests came forth, no tinkling censers fumed
And the high altar space was unillumed.

All patiently awaited the event
Without a stir or sound, as if no less
Self-occupied, doom-stricken, while attent.
And then we heard a voice of solemn stress
From the dark pulpit, and our gaze there met
Two eyes which burned as never eyes burned yet.

Two steadfast and intolerable eyes,
Burning beneath a broad and rugged brow;
The head behind it of enormous size.
And as black fir-groves in a large wind bow,
Our rooted congregation, gloom-arrayed,
By that great sad voice, deep and full, were swayed:

'My heart is sick with anguish for your bale;
Your woe hath seen my anguish; yea, I quail
And perish in your perishing unblest,
And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope
Of all our universe, with desperate hope
To find some solace for your wild unrest.

'And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure—
We fall asleep and never wake at all.

'We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
To other beings, with their own time-doom.
Infinite aeons ere our kind began;
Infinite aeons after the last man [womb.
Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and

'All substance lives and struggles evermore
Through countless shapes continually at war,
By countless interactions inter-knit:
If one is born a certain day on earth,
All times and forces tended to that birth;
Not all the world could change or hinder it.

'I find no hint throughout the universe
Of good or ill, of blessing or of curse;
I find alone Necessity supreme;
With infinite Mystery, abysmal, dark,
Unlighted ever by the faintest spark,
For us the flitting shadows of a dream.

'O brothers of sad lives! They are so brief,
A few short years must bring us all relief.
Can we not bear those years of labouring breath?
But if you would not this poor life fulfil,
Lo, you are free to end it when you will,
Without the fear of waking after death.'

The organ-like vibrations of his voice [away;
Thrilled through the vaulted aisles and died
The yearning of the tones which bade rejoice
Were sad and tender as a requiem lay.
Our shadowy congregation rested still,
As brooding on that 'End it when you will.'

IV—'Melancholia'

ANEAR the centre of that northern crest
Stands out a level upland bleak and bare,
From which the city east and south and west
Sinks gently in long waves; and thronèd there
An image sits, stupendous, superhuman,
The bronze colossus of a wingèd woman,
Upon a graded granite base foursquare.

Low-seated, she leans forward massively,
With cheek on clenched left hand, the forearm's might
Erect, its elbow on her rounded knee;
Across a clasped book in her lap the right
Upholds a pair of compasses; she gazes
With full, set eyes, but, wandering in thick mazes
Of sombre thought, beholds no outward sight.

Words cannot picture her; but all men know
That solemn sketch the pure sad artist wrought
Three centuries and three score years ago,
With phantasies of his peculiar thought:
The instruments of carpentry and science
Scattered about her feet, in strange alliance
With the keen wolf-hound sleeping undistraught.

The comet hanging o'er the waste dark seas,
The massy rainbow curved in front of it,
Beyond the village with the masts and trees;
The snaky imp, dog-headed, from the Pit,
Bearing upon its bat-like leathern pinions
Her name unfolded in the sun's dominions,
The 'Melancholia' that transcends all wit.

Thus has the artist copied her, and thus
Surrounded to expound her form sublime,
Her fate heroic and calamitous;
Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time,
Unvanquished in defeat and desolation.
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

Baffled and beaten back she works on still,
Weary and sick of soul she works the more,
Sustained by her indomitable will:
The hands shall fashion and the brains shall pore,
And all her sorrow shall be turned to labour,
Till Death, the friend-foe, piercing with his sabre
That mighty heart of hearts, ends bitter war.

But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarred,
A sense more tragic than defeat and blight,
More desperate than strife with hope debarred,
More fatal than the adamantine Never
Encompassing her passionate endeavour,
Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard;
The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat

JAMES THOMSON was born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834. Educated at the Caledonian Orphan Asylum and the Military Asylum, Chelsea, he served as an army schoolmaster from 1854 to 1862, when he was discharged for a trifling breach of discipline. Through the help of Charles Bradlaugh he obtained work as a solicitor's clerk and as a journalist, and he took an active part in the free-thought movement. Thomson died in London, June 3, 1882.

Because they have no secret to express; [tain
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncer-
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
That all is vanity and nothingness.

Titanic from her high throne in the north,
That city's sombre patroness and queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock ridges,
Confronting them with a coëval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east and west
Circle before her in the sea of air;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest.
Her subjects often gaze up to her there:
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance,
The weak, new terrors; all, renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair.

Chancellor

John Millington Synge was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, April 16, 1871. After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, he spent some time wandering in France, Germany and Italy, settling presently in the Latin Quarter in Paris. From there, on the advice of William Butler Yeats, he went to the Aran Islands at the entrance to Galway Bay, where he lived the life of the peasants, learnt their language and discovered his own capabilities. Records of these days are preserved in his book, The Aran Islands. In 1903 his first play, The Shadow of the Glen, was produced, and was followed by Riders to the Sea, 1904; The Well of the Saints, 1905; The Tinker's Wedding, and The Playboy of the Western World, 1907; and Deirdre of the Sorrows, produced posthumously in 1910. His volumes of poems include Queens, In Kerry, Beg-Innish, The Passing of the Shee, and The Curse; and his prose works, besides The Aran Islands, include In Wicklow and in West Kerry. Synge died in Dublin, March 24, 1909.

J. M. SYNGE

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD

With a Critical Appreciation by R. Musgrove Scott

BY the opening years of the twentieth century, the Irish literary revival had exhausted its pristine vigour and had become merely pretentious. Serious drama had grown tenuous, symbolic and melancholy; for the mystics had early captured the national theatre. From the stage the people were taught to believe in the newly idealised Gael, the fundamental beauty of his nature, and the nobility of the aspirations thoughtfully provided for him by his inventors. But there appeared John Millington Synge—a dangerous heretic, who seemed to have made it his business to uncover the nakedness of the 'Celts,' and to laugh at their dreams, or delusions. His first play, The Shadow of the Glen, was produced in Dublin in 1903; and immediately gave the whole elaborate fabric of poetry and mysticism upon which the prophets of the 'Celtic Renaissance' based their doctrines an air of the greatest artificiality.

Synge was not a youth when he thus offended popular susceptibilities; he was born on April 16, 1871; and, after an excellent preliminary education, studied extensively in Dublin, Germany and France. His mind was, therefore, mature when he wrote The Shadow of the Glen, and, indeed, it was acknowledged that he was a genius from the first; it was claimed and widely held, however, that he was a malignant genius. Even in 1909, when he died (March 24), he had not yet won the recognition that he deserved. To-day he is generally considered one of the greatest artists, and the greatest realist, that modern Ireland has produced.

Synge's former unpopularity is easily explained. In studying the Irish peasant in order to draw him in true perspective, he could not avoid coming to a number of very unpleasant conclusions. When he published these in dramatic form, there was a natural tendency—especially among patriotic or romantic people—to regard him as a perverter of the truth, a mischievous iconoclast or a plagiarist who had taken his characters not from life, but, as a critic said, 'from a writer of the Roman decadence.' It is demonstrable, however, that if some aspects of Irish life moved him to irony, others inspired him with wonder and vivid admiration. There is certainly no justification, therefore, for the assertion that Synge's motive for writing was merely a desire to destroy illusions; and the suggestion that he misrepresents the truth is admirably refuted by an eminent critic. 'I am certain,' wrote W. B. Yeats, whose opinion is especially worthy of quotation because he has so mystical, so extreme a love for his country, 'that, in the long run, his (Synge's) grotesque plays with their lyric beauty, their violent laughter, The Playboy of the Western World most of all, will be loved for holding so much of the mind of Ireland.'

In this connexion it is instructive to compare Synge with some of his contemporaries. 'The Irishman,' said Bernard Shaw in his preface to the Home Rule edition of John Bull's Other Island, 'has one eye always on things as they are.' We are not informed where he 'has' the other. Synge is more explicit, and also more honest. He, too, finds that the Irishman has a constant regard for 'things as they are,' but shows that this has become a hard cynicism; nevertheless, unlike many of the other modern Irish realists—James Joyce, Sean O'Casey,

Liam O'Flaherty, for example—he does not consider it as invariably debasing. At the same time he attributes a mysticism, a feeling for true poetry to the Irish peasant folk, as do Yeats, A. E. and their school; but, unlike them, he perceives that it is not a dominant characteristic. Thus Synge frequently represents people as possessing dual natures; they are part cynics, part mystics—like Pegeen Mike and Christy Mahon in The Playboy of the Western World. There is not the slightest suggestion that their pleasingly poetic moods are less sincere, less fundamental than their normal and repellent preoccupation with self. Among those Irishmen, therefore, who try to interpret their fellow countrymen, Synge occupies a central position, emphasising neither faults nor virtues. From this it seems fair to pronounce that he paints the essential Irishman impartially and accurately.

Let us return to The Shadow of the Glen, in order to examine Synge's methods. It is a play of one act and only four characters, but they are admirably delineated. Dan Burke is an old 'farmer and herd' of County Wicklow; he is cunning, mean and non-moral. His young wife Nora, is superstitious and immoral, but there is something of nobility in her nature. Michael Dara, a young herd, is foolish, greedy and self-satisfied; while the tramp is a prodigal drinker, but otherwise commonplace. This little company of peasants, even if they had been made to act a glorious tragedy, would have been sufficient in itself to set the pro-Gaelic critics of Dublin chattering with rage.

But the incident which displays their strength and weaknesses is neither tragic nor edifying. Burke suspects that his wife is unfaithful to him, in thought at least. To force her to compromise herself, he pretends to be dead, having laid a curse upon Nora if she shall touch his body. A tramp calls at the Burkes' one-roomed cottage, and is left in charge of the supposed corpse by Nora, while she goes in search of her lover, Michael Dara. Presently she brings him to her home, when the two proceed to count the money that Dan has left. Satisfied that it is a respectable sum, Michael discusses his forthcoming marriage with Nora, cynically omitting any reference to other than material considerations. Dan leaps from bed, and announces his intention of driving her penniless from the house; whereupon Michael will have no more to do with her. The tramp, however, takes Nora's part; and eventually she leaves with him. The curtain comes down upon Dan and Michael amicably drinking together, and it is understood that each considers himself very well rid of Nora. As presented by Synge, the unsavoury drama is both realistic and convincing; but there is something suave in his treatment of all that is extraordinary in the theme that contrasts sharply with the mordant bitterness of the whole conception, and gives the play a tinge of mockery that helps to explain how it came to be construed into a gratuitous attack upon Irish morality.

In The Shadow of the Glen, however, we have a group of characters who, while on the whole differing from each other, are all alike in being drab and rather sordid. A complete contrast to any of them is afforded by the priest in The Tinker's Wedding—one of the most amusing and concisely drawn figures in drama. His theological training and black coat have given him dignity, but his peasant instincts will assert themselves. In his anxiety to obtain a good bargain, for example, he is as undignified as an apple-wife at a fair. When Sarah, a tinker-lass, suggests that 'his reverence' should marry her to her lover for nothing, and add 'a small piece of silver to pay for the ring' he is pompously indignant. He insists that Sarah must pay the fee of one pound; pressed, he reduces the required sum to fifteen shillings, but stipulates that he shall also receive a well-made gallon-can; eventually, having been given a drink, he benevolently accepts Sarah's offer of a half-sovereign 'with a view on it of the living king's mamma' and the piece of tin-ware. Yet, in spite of these almost farcical proceedings, he can be an impressive figure, and is acutely conscious throughout of the

power that he wields. When, at the end of the play, he stoops to bluster and casuistry, we feel that Synge has used precisely the right means of completing a very powerful and realistic sketch.

Despite his occasional loftiness, however, the priest is essentially a comic figure; so are Sarah, her lover and his harridan of a mother. Very different is old Maurya, in Riders to the Sea, with her tragic premonition that her only surviving son, Bartley, will be drowned at sea. Early in the play she tells us that:

> It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them, and they coming to the world—and some of them were found, and some of them were not found, but they're gone now the lot of them. . .

Like her, we have no doubt as to what will happen; but—here again we are only sharing her emotions—we are kept in suspense until we know for a fact that Bartley has shared the fate of his father and brothers. Throughout the drama, indeed, Maurya compels our attention and sympathy. Fear and the certainty that her forebodings will be realized make her a terrible and yet a pathetic character; one who can be compared with Sophocles' Oedipus, since her endeavours to postpone the fulfilment of an inevitable destiny are not less obviously futile nor more human than his. But if Maurya is, in many respects, a great figure of tragedy, Synge never allows us to forget that she is also a miserable, crippled peasant woman.

A study of these three plays—The Shadow of the Glen, The Tinker's Wedding, and Riders to the Sea—cannot but impress us with the breadth and clarity of Synge's vision. We perceive that he can vividly portray sordid and commonplace men and women, like Dan Burke and Nora, boisterous peasants who provoke whole-hearted laughter, like the priest, and great tragic characters, like Maurya; and that his sense of reality never fails him. The fact that he had unusual skill in dramatic construction and an accurate knowledge of stagecraft is equally apparent. We should have arrived at the same conclusions had we primarily considered The Well of the Saints, a drama in which are elements of comedy, of ferocity and irony and of mysticism; or Deirdre of the Sorrows, a tragedy, based on Irish legend, that is instinct with subtle beauty. Even in his poems—he left very few, but all are perfect in form and deeply sincere—and in his prose narratives, The Aran Islands, In Wicklow, and In West Kerry, we are amazed by Synge's vitality and power and the keenness of his insight; we recognize that he was a dramatist before all else, but also a poet, a wonderful artist in words. His genius in all its different aspects, however, found its most complete expression in one drama, to which passing references have been made above, The Playboy of the Western World.

In spite of its beauty and that humour which Yeats so thoroughly appreciated, The Playboy is pervaded by cynicism; and the characters, although poetic and gay and lovable at times, are innately cold and hard. The action takes place throughout in a low public-house 'on a wild coast of Mayo.' Michael Flaherty, the proprietor, is about to go to a wake, and has to leave his daughter, Pegeen Mike, alone in the house. He tries to persuade her cousin Shawn, who is also her fiancé, to remain with her, partly that she may have company, partly to ensure that she will not be molested by any of the unscrupulous vagrants who are known to be in the neighbourhood. Shawn, however, will not stay the night at the inn; he is afraid both of the possible arrival of desperate ruffians and the probable loss of his reputation as a respectable man. The quarrel that arises out of his refusal has scarcely ceased when Christy Mahon enters. He is a dirty and unassertive young man, and is obviously extremely tired.

A casual remark betrays the fact that the police are anxious to lay hands upon him. 'It should be larceny, I'm thinking?' Michael suggests, carefully removing every portable object from the near vicinity of the wanderer. Christy, however, reassures him: 'I had in my

mind it was a different word, and a bigger.' The bucolic audience is plainly intrigued; one of the men knowingly observes that the crime committed was probably connected with women—an accusation that is angrily denied by Christy, and deprecated as being in bad taste by the rest of the company. How, then, has the fugitive broken the law? Has he shot a bailiff, an agent or a landlord? The lack of imagination and the ignorance of the world displayed by his hearers annoy Christy. 'You'd see the like of them stories in any paper of a Munster town,' he cries. 'But I'm not calling to mind any person, gentle, simple, judge or jury, did the like of me.' Murmurs of curiosity and delight greet this announcement. 'I killed my poor father, Tuesday was a week.' Michael and Pegeen fawn upon the self-proclaimed murderer; and one and all are gratified to meet so 'daring' a fellow.

Now, to those who do not know the West of Ireland, this scene may seem fantastic. But, if slightly coloured with irony, it nevertheless expresses a great truth. The Irish peasant is callous with regard to the taking of life, and is imbued with that morbidity shown by Christy's admirers when they demand the details of the murder, and add graphic comments of their own, describing other killings. It may be thought, too, that Synge is merely satirical in making them indignant when Christy is accused of a sexual offence and delighted when the young man admits that he is guilty of parricide; but this is not so. In introducing this peculiar instance of moral perversity in Irish peasants, Synge is only drawing attention to a recognized psychological fact.

The events following immediately upon Christy's confession are admittedly farcical though perfectly logical. Inspired by Pegeen, Michael comes to the conclusion that the murderer would make an ideal pot-boy, who would be the terror of the local constabulary. Much to Christy's astonishment, therefore, the publican offers him the post, which he gratefully accepts. Michael, confident that his daughter will now be adequately protected in the event of an incursion of vagrant plunderers, thereupon departs for the wake, with a jovial following; and Pegeen and Christy are left alone together.

The confidential dialogue that ensues affords Synge an opportunity to display his mastery of language. All that he has written is exceedingly beautiful, but in The Playboy his prose, with its strange music and unfaltering rhythm, has a greater flexibility and directness than in any of his other plays. We have an excellent example in the account of himself and his former life that Christy now gives Pegeen—an account that is a fragment of a true pastoral; one comprising both realistic and idyllic elements.

> There I'd be happy as the sunshine of St. Martin's Day, watching the light passing the north or the patches of fog, till I'd hear a rabbit starting to screech and I'd go running in the furze. Then, when I'd my full share, I'd come walking down where you'd see the ducks and geese stretched on the highway of the road, and before I'd pass the dunghill, I'd hear himself (his father) snoring out—a loud, lonesome snore he'd be making all times, the while he was sleeping . . . If you seen him and he after drinking for weeks, rising up in the red dawn, or before it maybe, and going out into the yard as naked as an ash-tree in the moon of May, and shying clods against the visage of the stars till he'd put the fear of death into the banbhs and the screeching sows.

There appears, however, the widow Quin, who schemes to have Christy as her own guest. She is something of a local celebrity herself, having killed her husband with a worn pick—'a sneaky kind of murder,' Pegeen says, 'that did win small glory with the boys itself.' Christy is proof against all the widow's blandishments; and is eventually left to his thoughts when Pegeen retires for the night. But, before the act ends, Synge has a final shrewd thrust to deliver: so far we have seen Christy as a rather foolish youth, alternately vainglorious and bashful, and frankly surprised at the ovation that he has received; but as he begins to undress, he soliloquises in a manner that shows him to be as callous, as cynical as his fellow peasants.

> Well, it's a clean bed and soft with it, and it's great luck and company I've won me in the end of time—two fine women fighting for the likes of me—till I'm thinking this night wasn't I a foolish fellow not to kill my father in the years gone by.

Christy is putting the finishing touches to his toilette on the next morning when four local girls call to have a sight of him. They all bring presents—eggs, butter, cake, and a pullet that ' was crushed at the fall of night by the curate's car '—and overwhelm him with attentions. Shortly afterwards the widow Quin also arrives, to announce that she is ' after putting him down in the sports below for racing, leaping, pitching and the Lord knows what.' They all make Christy tell again the story of the murder ; it has now become a kind of saga, reflecting great credit on the slayer. The arrival of Pegeen, however, brings the symposium to an end, and the girls and widow Quin are driven from the public-house.

When they are alone, Pegeen very characteristically makes sport of Christy, referring blithely to the unpleasantness of being hanged, the assiduity of the local police, the severity of the judges and kindred topics. She soon changes, however, and accepts his protestations of admiration with a mixture of amusement, curiosity and gratification. Soon she has to go on an errand, and this gives Shawn and the widow Quin a chance to have a private talk with Christy. Shawn offers him a complete new suit of clothes if he will avail himself of ' the half of a ticket to the Western States ' ; and it appears, too, that the widow has been bribed by Shawn to assist him in removing the interloper from the neighbourhood of Pegeen. Christy, however, has acquired a new arrogrance of manner, and Shawn disappears very humbly without having achieved his purpose.

But Christy's consequent jubilation is short lived. He sees what he takes to be his father's ghost, and rushes to hide himself, leaving the undaunted widow to face the ' murdered man.' He proves to be hale and hearty, in spite of a bandaged head—for actually Christy's ' deadly ' blow has done little more than draw blood—and is searching for his son in order to chastise him. To suit her own mercenary ends, Mrs. Quin sends the outraged father upon a wild goose chase, and is therefore able to wring a promise from Christy as to the large reward that she will receive for keeping the matter secret and helping him to wed Pegeen. Satisfied with her assurances, Christy goes to the sports accompanied by a crowd of admiring girls.

One of the chief merits of The Playboy, according to Sir Edmund Gosse, is that ' it flashes with surprises ' ; and this quality is nowhere better illustrated than in the third (and last) act. The widow Quin is at the public-house when Jimmy and Philly, two local youths, come to announce Christy's overwhelming triumphs at the sports. They are interrupted, however, by the reappearance of old Mahon, who insists upon telling his tale. With ready wit, Mrs. Quin informs them that the old man is a wandering lunatic, who has heard of the exploit of Christy for the first time that day. Jimmy is entirely satisfied with this plausible explanation ; not so Philly, who communicates his suspicions to his friend. When Mahon leaves the bar, therefore, he is followed by both men.

Christy, flushed with success and laden with prizes, returns with Pegeen from his athletic exhibitions. There follows what is assuredly one of the best love scenes in modern British drama. The tenderness, the restraint, the poetry in Christy's speeches, the cohesion of thought and language that makes them akin to lyrics, give them an individual and bewildering beauty. We may quote, for example :

Christy : When the airs is warming, in four months or five, it's yourself and me should be pacing Neifin in the dews of night, the times sweet smells do be rising, and you'd see a little, shiny new moon, maybe, sinking on the hills.

Pegeen : And it's that kind of poacher's love you'd make ?

Christy : It's little you'll think if my love's a poacher's, or an earl's itself, when you feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God in all ages sitting lonesome in His golden chair. Let you wait, to hear me talking, till we're astray in Erris, when Good Friday's by, drinking a sup from a well, and making mighty kisses with our wetted mouths, or gaming in a gap of sunshine, with yourself stretched back unto your necklace, in the flowers of the earth. If the mitred bishops seen you that time, they'd be the like of the holy prophets, I'm thinking, do be straining the bars of Paradise to lay eyes on the Lady Helen

of Troy, and she abroad, pacing back and forward, with a nosegay in her golden shawl.

Pegeen : And myself, a girl, was tempted often to go sailing the seas till I'd marry a Jew-man, with ten kegs of gold, and I not knowing at all there was the like of you drawing nearer, like the stars of God.

We cannot deny the great beauty of Synge's language, though we might suggest that he was artistically at fault when he put it into the mouth of Christy. But, mark the principal characteristics of the passages above—the smooth, unimpeded flow of the words, the wealth of original imagery and the audaciously near approach to profanity. All these, we venture to claim, are typical of the loquacious Irishman ; and Synge has left it on record that he listened to eloquence as wonderful in the cabins of illiterate peasants.

MICHAEL'S return from the wake puts a stop to Christy's wooing. The publican is slightly tipsy, but this only makes him more polite, more anxious to be obliging. He drags a very laggard Shawn with him, and announces his intention of having his daughter married immediately to her betrothed. Christy shows fight, however, and the unfortunate Shawn once again decides that a whole skin is better than the love of Pegeen. Michael is not averse from accepting a substitute son-in-law, and is on the point of pronouncing a vigorous paternal blessing when old Mahon rushes into the room, knocks down Christy, and begins to belabour him—to the amusement of the crowd that quickly collects.

This brings Christy's reign of glory to an end ; for explanations follow, and all those who have previously admired him for his ' murder,' now revile him on account of his ' deceit.' Pegeen is especially bitter, accusing Christy of being a shameless liar. The insults are more than he can bear, so he seizes a hoe and chases his father into the yard. There is a great commotion without, and Christy reappears, attended by the widow Quin and some of the girls. They assure him that he has really killed the old man this time, and attempt to make him don female dress in order to escape in the darkness. This he refuses to do ; he will not leave Pegeen.

But the mob of peasants have by now surrounded Christy and, urged on by Pegeen, announce their intention of haling him to the police ; his ' second ' murder has won him no respect—all the witnesses fear arrest as accomplices. A noose is cast over him, securing his arms to his sides, and he is dragged forward, Pegeen burning his leg with a blazing sod to hasten his progress to the door. We have another surprise, however ; for old Mahon enters, a little dazed but not severely hurt, and turns upon the crowd, angrily demanding why they have bound Christy. Explanation and apology he brushes aside :

My son and myself will be going our own way, and we'll have great times from this out telling stories of the villainy of Mayo, and the fools is here.

On trying to assert his authority over the son, Mahon meets with a rude shock. For Christy has undergone a change ; he is now a domineering man, ' a likely gaffer.' Driving his father before him, he leaves the public-house, to the evident relief of all assembled, with the exception of Pegeen. She sits down before the fire, and bitterly laments :

Oh, my grief, I've lost him surely. I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World.

SO the great comedy ends, pathetically for all its latent cynicism. There is nothing clumsy, nothing lame, throughout its course ; for, as in all his plays, Synge shows himself to be a master of construction. Relative to this, John Masefield has made a significant remark : ' I do not know who Synge's masters in art may have been, but from what I can remember, I should say that his favourite author, during the greater part of his life, was Racine.' There might seem to be little in common between the rigorous classicism of the great French playwright and Synge's lyrical realism ; superficially there is not. But in his ability to give perfect dramatic form to the clash of human wills, in the magnificence of his language, in his precise delineation of character, Synge merits comparison with Racine, admittedly the most finished dramatic craftsman of modern Europe.

MAX NORDAU

DEGENERATION

A MAN of keen intellect and somewhat exceptional critical acumen, Max Nordau was also characterised by his fearless disregard of conventional ideas. Thus from the first he made his mark as a writer of the very advanced school, but he first achieved world-wide notoriety in 1893 when he published Entartung—Degeneration—in which he broke away from all the fashionable cults in modern painting and literature and music, and denounced the leaders of the new schools of art. There is undoubtedly a considerable amount of force in his application, somewhat savagely made, of the theory of physical degeneration to the intellectual side of civilized man, and a large admixture of truth in his contention that confused aesthetic theory, mysticism in thought and so-called realism in art are indicative of the vain, spasmodic struggling of an effete civilization. Yet Nordau was not a pessimist, maintaining as he did that the degeneration of the time which he denounced was only temporary. An English translation of Degeneration is published by William Heinemann, by whose permission this outline is included here.

I—The Dusk of the Nations

THE old Northern faith contained the gloomy doctrine of the Dusk of the Gods. In our days there has arisen in more highly developed minds a vague fear of a Dusk of the Nations, in which mankind, with all its institutions and creations, is perishing in the midst of a dying world. One epoch of history is unmistakably in its decline, and another is announcing its approach. Meanwhile the terrors of an interregnum prevail; the people, robbed of its leaders, does not know where to turn; the strong men work their will; false prophets arise, and power is divided among those whose rod is heavy because their time is short.

Men look with longing for whatever new things are at hand, without presage when they will come, or what they will be. Some hope in this chaos of thought that art will yield revelations of the order that is to come out of this disorder. What shall we believe in? Where shall we seek for goodness and beauty and wisdom?

Such are the cries of the people, and wherever a cheap-jack sets up a booth and pretends to give an answer, and wherever a fool or a knave begins to prophesy in verse or prose, or professes to have found some new method in art, a multitude gathers around him and tries to find in his work some meaning to be divined and interpreted.

It is true that the great majority of the middle and lower classes is not decadent, though the spirit of the times is agitating the nations to their lowest depths and awakening even in the most rudimentary human being a feeling of stir and upheaval. It is only a very small minority which honestly finds pleasure in the new tendencies, and proclaims them, with genuine conviction, as sound, sure guides for the future and pledges of pleasure and moral benefit. But as a little oil is able to extend over a large tract of the sea, this minority has the gift of extending itself over the whole surface of society.

The manifest stages of decadence in modern art must be patent to everybody. The Philistine, however, regards them as a passing affectation, and the literary critic, being unable to see their real meaning, talks in a lofty way of 'the richer vibrations of the refined nervous system of the present day.' But a physician, especially if he be a student of mental maladies, recognizes in the tendencies of contemporary art and poetry the symptoms of two diseases, degeneracy and hysteria, of which the minor stages are found in nervous debility.

It must not be supposed that degeneration is synonymous with absence of talent. A degenerate may be a genius. He can attain to a high degree of intellectual power, though from a moral point of view his existence is completely deranged.

Every man of genius is no more a lunatic than every lunatic is a man of genius. Still, there are many cases in which the higher degenerates have some exceptional mental gift, which has been developed at the cost of other faculties, wholly or partially atrophied.

It is this which enables a man of science to distinguish between a sane genius and the most highly gifted degenerate. Take from the former the special faculties that make him a genius, and there will still remain a capable, intelligent and moral man. But let the same method be tried in the case of a degenerate, and there will remain only a criminal or a madman. Imagine a Schopenhauer who had written no astounding books, and we should have before us only a repulsive monster, whose morals would exclude him from good society and whose fixed ideas of persecution would point him out as a candidate for a madhouse.

I am sorry to say that I do not share Lombroso's opinion that highly gifted degenerates are an active force in the progress of mankind. They do, alas! often exercise a deep influence, but their influence is always baneful. Their conceptions are never of a high order, for they are incapable of great thoughts and prolific ideas.

This fact is in peculiar contrast to the excessive development of their powers of imagination. If they are painters, their predominant attribute will be the colour sense; they will be decorative. If they are poets, they will be rich in rhyme and brilliant in style, but barren of thought. Such are the qualities of the most gifted of those men who are proclaimed by their enthusiastic followers as the guides to the promised land of the future. The multitude who admire these men and delight in their extravagances, suffer, as a rule, from hysteria or nervous debility.

II—The Pre-Raphaelites

THE Anglo-Saxon race is by nature healthy and strong-minded. But owing to the development of English industry, Englishmen have had to work harder than other races and live more under artificial conditions. Hence the state of degeneration and exhaustion which we now observe in all civilized countries showed itself sooner in England than elsewhere.

In consequence, however, of the character of the English mind, the emotional factor of degeneration and exhaustion assumed in England a religious colouring. The Oxford movement was followed by spiritualism, and in the world of art the religious enthusiasm of the degenerate and hysterical sect of Englishmen found its expression in pre-Raphaelitism.

The most notable of the pre-Raphaelites was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He is the most instructive example of the often-quoted assertion of Balzac of the determining influence of a name on the development and destiny of its bearer.

Rossetti's whole poetical feeling was rooted in Dante. In The Divine Comedy, however, there is nothing of the mixture of transcendentalism and sensuality, of shadowy ideation and senseless combinations of incompatible ideas, which we find in the poems of Rossetti. This is because Dante was a mystic from ignorance, not from the weak-mindedness of degeneration. All his ideas were clear, homogeneous and free from internal contradictions. He built up his Hell, his Purgatory, his Paradise, on the science of his times, and he followed the realities of the world with the keenly penetrating eyes of an observer.

Rossetti's poems are not based upon the scientific knowledge of his time, but upon a mass of undeveloped germs of ideas in constant mutual strife. He was incapable of the attention necessary to see and understand real things and, feeling this weakness, he persuaded himself that he did not wish to do what in fact he could not do.

Reference must be made to some of the peculiarities of Rossetti's verses, because they are characteristic of the brainwork of weak, degenerate minds. The first thing that strikes us is his love of refrains. The refrain is an excellent means in poetry for revealing the state of a soul under the influence of a strong emotion. But there is nothing natural and intelligible about Rossetti's refrains. They have no relation

to the emotion or action expressed by the poem, but possess the character of an obsession which the patient cannot suppress, though he recognizes that it has no rational connexion with the intellectual content of his consciousness. Many of Rossetti's poems consist of the stringing together of wholly disconnected words, and to mystic readers these absurdities seem naturally to have the deepest meaning.

Besides Dante Gabriel Rossetti, it has been customary to include Swinburne and Morris among the pre-Raphaelite poets, but the similarity between these two and the head of the school is remote. William Morris is intellectually far more healthy than Rossetti or Swinburne. His affectation consists in medievalism, and his emotional activity made him an adherent of a vague socialism founded on love and pity for his fellow-men, which, however, sounds rather odd when it is expressed affectedly in the language of the old ballads.

Swinburne, on the other hand, is undoubtedly a higher degenerate. He is not so emotional as Rossetti, but he stands on a much higher mental plane. His thought is false and frequently delirious, but he has thoughts, and they are clear and connected. He is mystical, but his mysticism partakes more of the depraved and criminal than of the paradisiacal and divine. Like all degenerates, he is extraordinarily susceptible to suggestion; consciously or unconsciously, he has imitated all the strongly marked poetic geniuses that have come under his notice. He is an echo of Rossetti and Baudelaire, as he is of Gautier and Victor Hugo, and in his poems it is possible to trace, step by step, the course of his reading.

The pre-Raphaelites have for twenty years exercised a great influence on the rising generation of English poets. If the whole of English poetry is not to-day unmitigatedly pre-Raphaelite, this is due to the fortunate accident that with the pre-Raphaelites so sound a poet as Tennyson lived and worked. Pre-Raphaelitism in its further development degenerated in England into 'aestheticism' and in France into 'symbolism.'

III—Wagnerism

WAGNERISM is the German contribution to modern mysticism, and it far outweighs all that the other nations have supplied to that movement. For Germany is powerful in everything, and the magnitude of its elementary force manifests itself crushingly in its degenerate as well as in its ennobling efforts.

Richard Wagner is the greatest degenerate of the age. The stigmata of this morbid condition are united in him in their most complete and most luxuriant development. He displays in the general constitution of his mind the persecution mania, megalomania and mysticism; in his instincts, vague philanthropy, anarchism, a craving for revolt and contradiction; in his writings all the signs of graphomania—incoherence, fugitive ideation and a tendency to idiotic punning; and, as the groundwork of his nature, the characteristic emotionalism of a kind at once erotic and religiously enthusiastic.

The dramas of Wagner give us a deep insight into the world of ideas of an erotically emotional, degenerate nature. They reveal the alternating mental conditions of a most reckless licentiousness, of a revolt of moral sentiment against the tyranny of appetite, of the ruin of the higher man and his despairing repentance.

Like all the degenerates, Wagner is wholly sterile as a poet, although he has written a long series of dramatic works. The creative force capable of reproducing the spectacle of universal normal life is denied him. He has recourse to his own mystico-erotic emotions for the emotional content of his pieces, and the external incidents forming their skeletons are merely the reminiscences of books which have made an impression on him. That which passes before our eyes in Wagner's operas is not life, but spectres, witches' sabbaths, or dreams.

Wagner has swaggered about the art work of the future, and his partisans have hailed him as the artist of the future. He the artist of the future! He is the bleating echo of the far-away past. His path leads back to deserts long since

abandoned by all life. Wagner is the last mushroom on the dunghill of romanticism. This 'modern' is the degraded heir of a Tieck, of a La Motte-Fouqué—nay, more, sad to say, of a Johann Friedrich Kind. The home of his intellect is the Dresden evening paper. He derives his subsistence from the legacy of medieval poems, and dies of starvation when the remittance from the thirteenth century fails to arrive.

All the crotchets in Wagner's musical theories find their explanation in his clear consciousness of his incompetency. He was led to his theory of unending melody, for instance, by his limited capacity for the invention of finite—that is to say, real—melodies. His weakness in melodic creation has struck all impartial musicians.

In youth his power in this direction was more abundant, and he succeeded in creating in The Flying Dutchman, Tannhauser, and Lohengrin some superb airs. With increasing age this faculty of his became more and more impoverished, and in proportion as the torrent of melodic invention dried up in him, he insisted with greater obstinacy and asperity on his theory of unending melody.

Wagner was incapable of distinguishing the individual personages of his operas by a purely musical characterisation, and therefore he invented the *leit-motif*. Experiencing a great difficulty in creating true melodies, he set up the postulate of the unending melody.

This pretended musician of the future is an out-and-out musician of the distant past. His *leit-motif*, in which music is debased to a conventional phonetic symbol, is atavism; his unending melody is atavism, leading back to the fixed form of the vague recitative of savages; atavism, too, is his subordination of highly differentiated instrumental music to music-drama, which mixes music and poetry, and allows neither of the two art forms to attain to independence.

Wagner's mighty influence on his contemporaries is to be explained neither by his capacities as author or musician, nor by any of his personal qualities, but by the peculiarities of the nervous temperament of the people of the present age. It was not until he had long passed his fiftieth year that he began to know the intoxication of universal fame; and in the last decade of his life he was installed among the demi-gods. It had come to this, that the world had in the interval become ripe for him—and for the madhouse. He had the good fortune to endure until the general degeneration and hysteria were sufficiently advanced to supply a rich soil for his theories and his art.

ALTHOUGH the hysteria of the age is not so widespread in Germany as it is in France and England, yet during the last quarter of a century it has continued to gain ground there. Germany was longer protected from it than the other civilized nations of the west of Europe by the smaller development of her large industries and by the comparative absence of her large cities. In the last generation, however, both of these gifts have been abundantly accorded her, and two great wars have done whatever else was wanted to make the nervous system of her people susceptible to the pernicious influences of the city and the factory system.

Wagnerism is now the most widely diffused aberration of the present time, and the most momentous. By it posterity will be able to measure the whole breadth and depth of the degeneration and hysteria of the present age.

IV—The Twentieth Century

TOWARDS the end of the nineteenth century the mental disorder affecting modern society began to manifest itself in three chief forms—mysticism, ego-mania and pseudo-realism.

Pre-Raphaelitism, Wagnerism and Tolstoyism were varieties of mysticism, which is an expression of an inaptitude for attention, for clear thought and for the control of the emotions, and has for its cause the weakness of the higher cerebral centres.

Ibsenism and Nietzschism were varieties of ego-mania, which is an effect of faulty transmission by the sensory nerves, of obtuseness in the centres of perception, aberration of instincts from a craving for strong impressions, and of a morbid pre-

dominance of organic sensations over representative consciousness.

Zolaism was an example of false realism, and this proceeded from confused aesthetic theories, and was characterised by pessimism and an irresistible tendency to vulgar and licentious modes of expression.

In all these three forms we detect the same ultimate elements—namely, a brain incapable of healthy work owing to exhaustion.

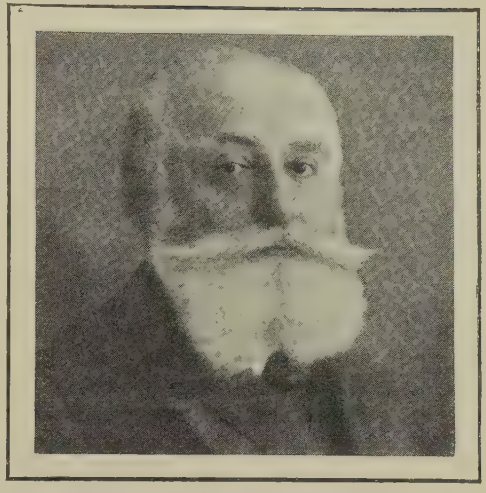
Hysteria and degeneration have, of course, always existed. But in former days they used to appear but rarely, and they were of no importance in the life of the whole community. It was the vast fatigue felt by the men of the last generation, whose strength was overtaxed by the multitude of discoveries and innovations that burst abruptly upon them, which created so favourable a condition for the spread of those maladies that they became a danger to civilization.

We stand now in the midst of a severe mental epidemic; of a sort of black death of degeneration and hysteria; and it is natural that we should ask anxiously on all sides, 'What is to come next?' It is possible that the disease may not as yet have attained its culminating point. If it should become more violent, then certain phenomena which at present are only observed among the inmates of lunatic asylums would pass into the daily habitual condition of whole classes of the population.

Will it come to this? Well, no, I think not. And this for a reason which scarcely permits of an objection; because humanity has not yet reached the term of its evolution; because the over-exertion of two or three generations cannot yet have exhausted all its vital powers.

The human race is still young, and a moment of over-exertion is not fatal for youth; it can recover itself. But the degenerates must succumb. They can neither adapt themselves to the condition of nature and civilization, nor maintain themselves in the struggle for existence against the healthy.

The latter—and the vast masses of the people still include unnumbered millions of them—will easily adapt themselves to



MAX SIMON NORDAU was born at Budapest, July 29, 1849. He studied medicine in Budapest, taking his doctor's degree in 1873, after which he spent some six years in travelling all over Europe. On his return he practised for a short time in Budapest, and in 1880 settled in Paris where in addition to his professional work he took up the study of art, literature and sociology, besides becoming an industrious writer, producing novels, dramas and works of travel, criticism and philosophy. He also took a prominent part in the Zionist movement. Nordau died January 22, 1923.

the conditions which new inventions have created in humanity. No doubt, they will at first become rather bewildered and fatigued. But little by little they will recover themselves, and their descendants will grow accustomed to the rapid progress which mankind must make, and their slow respiration and their quieter pulsations of heart will prove that it no longer costs them any effort to keep the pace that has been set for them.

The end of the twentieth century, therefore, will probably see a generation to whom it will not be injurious to read a dozen square yards of newspaper daily, to be constantly called to the telephone, to be thinking simultaneously of the five continents of the world, to live half their time in a railway carriage or in a flying-machine, and to satisfy the demands of a circle of a thousand acquaintances, associates and friends.

In the meantime it is the sacred duty of all moral and healthy men to take part in the work of protecting and saving those who are not already too deeply diseased. Only by each individual doing his duty will it be possible to dam up the invading malady. It is not seemly

simply to shrug the shoulders and smile contemptuously. While easy-going persons console themselves by saying, ' No rational creature takes this idiotcy seriously,' madness and crime are doing their work and poisoning a whole generation. Society must defend itself.

Whoever believes with me that society is the natural organic form of humanity, in which alone it can exist, prosper and continue to develop to its higher destinies ; whoever regards civilization as a good thing, having value and worthy of being defended, must mercilessly help in destroying the anti-social vermin.

It is time for medical specialists to come forward. Let them speak to the mass of cultivated persons and enlighten them in popular works and in popular lectures on the leading facts in mental therapeutics. Let our specialists reveal to the public the mental derangement of degenerate authors and artists, and teach them that the works now in fashion are only written and painted delirium.

Such is the treatment of the disease of the age which I hold to be efficacious. Characterisation of the leading degenerates as mentally diseased ; unmasking and stigmatising their imitators as enemies to society ; warning the public against the lies of these parasites.

The ' freedom,' the ' modernity,' the ' progress,' and the ' truth ' of these madmen and charlatans are not ours. We have nothing in common with them. They wish for self-indulgence ; we wish for work. They wish to drown consciousness in the unconscious ; we desire to strengthen and enrich the human power of right reasoning. They wish for evasive ideation and babble ; we desire the increase of attention, observation and knowledge.

The criterion by means of which the true lovers of progress may be recognized and distinguished from the impostors may be this : Whoever preaches absence of discipline is an enemy of progress ; and whoever worships his own self is an enemy of society. Society has for its first premise neighbourly love and the capacity for self-sacrifice ; and progress is the effect of an ever more rigorous subjugation of the beast in man ; of an ever tenser self-control ; an ever keener sense of duty and responsibility. The emancipation for which we are striving is of the judgement, not the appetites.

Penetrating Criticism by a Great Philosopher

VOLTAIRE

PHILOSOPHIC LETTERS ON THE ENGLISH

ALTHOUGH an English translation appeared in 1733, Voltaire's Lettres Philosophiques sur les Anglais was not definitely published until the following year, and it then brought down the grievous displeasure of the French authorities upon Voltaire's head. For, although the book was ostensibly a criticism, or rather, a panegyric of English ways, which Voltaire had had ample opportunities of studying during his three years' residence in the country from 1726 to 1729, it was in essence an acid criticism of everything established in the church and state of France, and the comparison between the political and intellectual liberty enjoyed by Englishmen and the bondage of his own countrymen could not fail to give offence in France. The Philosophic Letters purported to be addressed to the author's friend Thériot, but they are really essays written in epistolary form rather than actual correspondence.

I—The Quakers

MY curiosity having been aroused regarding the doctrines and history of these singular people, I sought to satisfy it by a visit to one of the most celebrated of English Quakers. He was a well-preserved old man, who had never known illness, because he had never yielded to passion or intemperance ; not in all my life have I seen a man of an aspect at once so noble and so engaging. He received me with his hat on his head, and advanced towards me without the slightest bow ; but there was far more courtesy in the open kindliness of his countenance

than is to be seen in the custom of dragging one leg behind the other, or of holding in the hand that which was meant to cover the head.

"Sir," I said, bowing low and gliding one foot towards him, after our manner, "I flatter myself that my honest curiosity will not displease you, and that you will be willing to do me the honour of instructing me as to your religion."

"The folk of thy country," he replied, "are too prone to paying compliments and making reverences; but I have never seen one of them who had the same curiosity as thou. Enter, and let us dine together."

After a healthy and frugal meal, I set myself to questioning him. I opened with the old inquiry of good Catholics to Huguenots. "My dear sir," I said to him, "have you been baptized?"

"No," answered the Quaker; "neither I nor my brethren."

"*Morbleu!*" I replied. "Then you are not Christians?"

"Swear not, my son," he said gently; "we try to be good Christians; but we believe not that Christianity consists in throwing cold water on the head, with a little salt."

"*Ventrebleu!*" I retorted. "Have you forgotten that Jesus Christ was baptized by John?"

"Once more, my friend, no swearing," replied the mild Quaker. "Christ was baptized by John, but himself baptized no one. We are disciples of Christ, not of John."

He proceeded to give me briefly the reasons for some peculiarities which expose this sect to the sneers of others.

"Confess," he said, "that thou hast had much ado not to smile at my accepting thy courtesies with my hat on my head, and at my calling thee 'thou.' Yet thou must surely know that at the time of Christ no nation was so foolish as to substitute the plural for the singular. It was not until long afterwards that men began to call each other 'you,' instead of 'thou,' as if they were double, and to usurp the impudent titles of 'majesty,' 'eminence,' 'holiness,' that some worms of the earth bestow on other worms. It is the better to guard ourselves against this unworthy interchange of lies and flatteries that we address kings and cobblers in the same terms, since for men we have nothing but charity, and respect only for the laws.

"We don a costume differing a little from that of other men, as a constant reminder that we are unlike them. Others wear the tokens of their dignities; we wear those of Christian humility. We never take an oath, not even in a court of justice, for we think that the name of the Almighty should not be prostituted in the miserable wranglings of men. We never go to war, not because we fear death—on the contrary, we bless the moment that unites us with the Being of Beings—but because we are not tigers, nor bulldogs, but Christian men, whom God has commanded to love our enemies and suffer without murmuring. When London is illuminated after a victory, when the air is filled with the pealing of bells and the roar of cannon, we mourn in silence over the murders that have stirred the people to rejoice."

II—Anglicans and Presbyterians

This is the land of sects. An Englishman is a free man and goes to heaven by any road he pleases.

But although anybody may serve God after his own fashion, their true religion, the one in which fortunes are made, is the Episcopal sect, called the Anglican Church, or, simply and pre-eminently, the Church. No office can be held in England or Ireland except by the faithful Anglicans, a circumstance which has led to the conversion of many Nonconformists.

The Anglican clergy have retained many Catholic ceremonies, above all, that of receiving tithes, with a most scrupulous attention. They have also a pious ambition for religious ascendancy, and do what they can to foment a holy zeal against Nonconformists. But a Whig ministry is just now in power, and the Whigs are hostile to Episcopacy. They have prohibited the lower clergy from meeting in convocation, a sort of clerical House of Commons; and the clergy are

limited to the obscurity of their parishes, and to the melancholy task of praying God for a government that they would only be too happy to disturb. The bishops, however, sit in the House of Lords in spite of the Whigs, because the old abuse continues of counting them as barons.

As regards morals, the Anglican clergy are better regulated than those of France, for these reasons—they are all educated at Oxford or Cambridge, far from the corruption of the capital, and they are only called to high church office late in life, at an age when men have lost every passion but avarice. They do not make bishops or colonels here of young men fresh from college. Moreover, the clergy are nearly all married, and the ill manners contracted at the universities, and the slightness of the intercourse between men and women, oblige a bishop, as a rule, to be content with his own wife. Priests sometimes frequent inns, for custom permits it, and if they get drunk, they do so discreetly and without scandal.

When English clergymen hear that in France young men famous for their dissipations, and elevated to bishoprics by the intrigues of women, make love publicly, amuse themselves by writing amorous ballads, give elaborate suppers every day, and in addition pray for the light of the Holy Spirit and boldly call themselves the successors of the Apostles, the Englishmen thank God that they are Protestants. But they are vile heretics, to be burnt by all the devils, as Rabelais puts it; which is why I have nothing to do with them.

THE Anglican religion only embraces England and Ireland. Presbyterianism, which is Calvinism pure and simple, is the dominant religion in Scotland. Its ministers affect a sober gait and an air of displeasure, wear enormous hats and long cloaks over short coats, preach through their noses, and give the name of Scarlet Woman to all Churches who have ecclesiastics fortunate enough to draw fifty thousand livres of income, and laymen good-natured enough to stand it.

Although the Episcopal and Presbyterian sects are the two prevailing ones in Great Britain, all others are welcome, and all live fairly well together; although most of the preachers detest each other with all the heartiness of a Jansenist damning a Jesuit.

Were there but one religion in England, there would be a danger of despotism; were there but two, they would cut each other's throats. But there are thirty, and accordingly they dwell together in peace.

III—The Government

THE members of the English Parliament are fond of comparing themselves with the ancient Romans; but, except that there are some senators in London who are suspected, wrongly, no doubt, of selling their votes, I can see nothing in common between Rome and England. The two nations, for good or ill, are entirely different.

The horrible folly of religious wars was unknown among the Romans; this abomination has been reserved for the devotees of a faith of humility and patience. But a more essential difference between Rome and England, and one in which the latter has all the advantage, is that the fruit of the Roman civil wars was slavery, while that of the English civil wars has been liberty. The English nation is the only one on earth that has succeeded in tempering the power of kings by resisting them. By effort upon effort it has succeeded in establishing a wise government in which the prince, all powerful for the doing of good, has his hands tied from the doing of evil; where the nobles are great without intolerance and without vassals; and where the people, without confusion, take their due share in the control of national affairs.

The houses of lords and commons are the arbiters of the nation, the king is the overarbiter. This balance was lacking among the Romans; nobles and people were always at issue, and there was no intermediary power to reconcile them.

It has cost a great deal, no doubt, to establish liberty in England; the idol of despotic power has been drowned in seas of blood. But the English do not think they have bought their freedom at too high a price. Other nations have not had fewer

troubles, have not shed less blood ; but the blood they have shed in the cause of their liberty has but cemented their servitude.

This happy concert of king, lords and commons in the government of England has not always existed. England was for ages a country sorely oppressed. But in the clashes of kings and nobles it fortunately happens that the bonds of the peoples are more or less relaxed. English liberty was born of the quarrels of tyrants. The chief object of Magna Carta, let it be admitted, was to place the kings in dependence upon the barons ; but the rest of the nation was favoured also in some degree, in order that it might range itself on the side of its professed protectors.

A man is not in this country exempt from certain taxes because he is a noble or a priest ; all taxation is controlled by the House of Commons, which, although second in rank, is first in power.

The House of Lords may reject the bill of the Commons for taxation ; but it may not amend it ; the Lords must either reject it or accept it entire. When the bill is confirmed by the Lords and approved by the king, then everybody pays—not according to his quality (which is absurd), but according to his revenue. There are no poll-taxes or other arbitrary levies, but a land-tax which remains the same, even although the revenues from lands increase ; so that nobody suffers extortion. The peasant's feet are not tortured by sabots ; he eats white bread ; he dresses well ; he need not hesitate to increase his stock or tile his roof for fear that next year he will have to submit to new exactions by the tax-collectors.

IV—Commerce

Commerce, which has enriched the citizens in England, has contributed to make them free, and freedom has in its turn extended commerce. Thereby has been erected the greatness of the state. It is commerce that has gradually established the naval forces through which the English are masters of the sea.

An English merchant is quite justly proud of himself and his occupation. The younger sons of noblemen do not despise a business career. Lord Townsend, a minister of state, has a brother who is content to be a city merchant. When Lord Oxford governed England, his younger son was a commercial agent at Aleppo, whence he refused to return, and where, some years ago, he died.

This custom, which is unfortunately dying out, would seem monstrous to German grandees with quarterings on the brain. In Germany they are all princes; they cannot conceive that the son of a peer of England could lower himself to be a rich and powerful citizen.

In France anybody who likes may be a marquis, and whosoever arrives from the corner of some province, with money to spend and a name ending with 'ac' or 'ille,' may say : 'a man such as I, a man of my quality,' and may show sovereign contempt for a mere merchant. The merchant so often hears his occupation spoken of with disdain that he is fool enough to blush for it.

Yet I cannot tell which is the more valuable to the state—a lordling who knows precisely at what hour the king rises and at what hour he goes to bed, and assumes airs of loftiness when playing the slave in a minister's ante-chamber, or a merchant who enriches his country, issues from his office orders to Surat and Cairo, and contributes to the happiness of the world.

V—Tragedy and Comedy

The drama of England, like that of Spain, was fully grown when the French drama was in a state of childishness. Shakespeare, who is accounted to be the English Corneille, flourished at about the same time as Lope de Vega ; and it was Shakespeare who created the English drama. He possessed a fertile and powerful genius, that had within its scope both the normal and the sublime ; but he ignored rules entirely, and had not the smallest spark of good taste. It is a risky thing to say, but true, that he ruined the English drama.

In these monstrous farces of his, called tragedies, there are scenes so beautiful,

fragments so impressive and terrible, that the pieces have always been played with immense success. Time, which alone makes the reputation of men, ultimately condones their defects. Most of the fantastic and colossal creations of this author have, with the lapse of two centuries, established a claim to be considered sublime. Most of the modern authors have copied him; but where Shakespeare is applauded they are hissed, and you can believe that the veneration in which the old author is held increases proportionately to the contempt for the new ones. It is not considered that he should not be copied; the failure of his imitators only leads to his being thought inimitable.

You are aware that in the tragedy of the Moor of Venice, a very touching piece, a husband smothers his wife on the stage, and that when the poor woman is being smothered she cries out that she is unjustly slain. You know that in Hamlet the grave-diggers drink and sing catches while digging a grave, and joke about the skulls they come across in a manner suited to the class of men who do such work. But it will surprise you to learn that these vulgarities were imitated during the reign of Charles II—the heyday of polite manners, the golden age of the fine arts.

The first Englishman to write a really sane tragic piece, elegant from beginning to end, was the illustrious Mr. Addison. His Cato of Utica is a masterpiece in diction and in beauty of verse. Cato himself seems to me the finest character in any drama; but the others are far inferior to him, and the piece is disfigured by a most unconvincing love intrigue which inflicts a weariness that kills the play. The custom of dragging in a superfluous love affair came from Paris to London, along with our ribbons and our wigs, about 1660. The ladies who adorn the theatres with their presence insist upon hearing nothing but love. Addison was weak enough to bend the severity of his nature in compliance with the manners of his time; he spoilt a masterpiece through simple desire to please.

Since Cato, dramas have become more regular, audiences more exacting, authors more correct and less daring. I have seen some new plays that are judicious, but uninspiring. It would seem that the English, so far, have only been meant to produce irregular beauties. The brilliant monstrosities of Shakespeare please a thousand times more than discreet modern productions. The poetic genius of the English up to now resembles a gnarled tree planted by nature, casting out branches right and left, growing unequally and forcefully; seek to shape it into the trim likeness of the trees of the garden at Marly, and it perishes.

The man who has carried farthest the glory of the English comic stage is the late Mr. Congreve. He has written few pieces, but all excellent of their kind. The rules are carefully observed, and the plays are full of characters shaded with extreme delicacy. Mr. Congreve was infirm and almost dying when I met him. He had one fault—that of looking down upon the profession which had brought him fame and fortune. He spoke of his works to me as trifles beneath his notice, and asked me to regard him simply as a private gentleman who lived very plainly. I replied that if he had had the misfortune to be merely a private gentleman like anybody else, I should never have come to see him. His ill-placed vanity disgusted me.

His comedies, however, are the neatest and choicest on the English stage. Vanbrugh's are the liveliest and Wycherley's the most vigorous.

Do not ask me to give details of these English comedies that I admire so keenly; laughter cannot be communicated in a translation. If you wish to know English comedy, there is nothing for it but to go to London for three years, learn English thoroughly, and see a comedy every day.

It is otherwise with tragedy; tragedy is concerned with great passions and heroic follies consecrated by ancient errors in fable and history. Electra belongs to the Spaniards, the English and ourselves as much as to the Greeks; but comedy is the living portraiture of a nation's absurdities, and unless you know the nation through and through, it is not for you to judge the portraits.

PINDAR

ODES OF VICTORY

Translated by J. D. Symon from the Greek

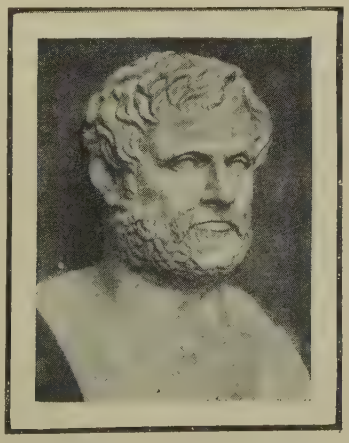
THE great national lyric poet of ancient Greece, Pindar wrote lyrics of many forms, including hymns to the gods, dancing songs, carnival songs and dirges; but, except for fragments, all that have survived are his *epinikia*, or odes written in celebration of victories at the great national games of Greece. These are divided into four books celebrating the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian games. Pindar loved all bright and glorious things, and his lines are jewelled with allusions to water, fire and gold; he loved, too, the sea, and seafaring, from which he drew many metaphors. But the wealth of mythology in which he clothed the praise of his victors makes him difficult for the general reader. The original strophic structure has been preserved in the first two odes presented here. An excellent translation by Sir J. E. Sandys is published in the Loeb Classical Library.

The First Olympian Ode

For Hiero of Syracuse, Winner in the Horse-Race

WATER is best! And gold,
Most excellently bright,
Amid the treasure in some lordly hold,
Burns, as a fire by night.
But, dear my heart,
If thou dost crave a part
Of glory in the games—
Even as the sun-orb flames
In the wide aether, star pre-eminent
Of day, and quickening spring;
So surely, voice of man
No higher theme may sing
Than that high strife, the strife Olympian;
Whence harmonies are blent
With multitudinous utterance in the mind
Of mortals skilled to raise
For Chronos' son the song of praise;
When to the happy hearth,
That knows no dearth,
They come, the hearth of Hiero, who wields
The rod of Justice o'er Sicilian fields,
Where many flocks their pastures find.
Their choicest fruits he culls of excellence,
And music's eloquence
With glory wreathes the fame
Of that high lord.
Such be the lays we frame,
Banqueting blithely round a friendly board.
Come, take the Dorian lute
Down from the peg, if aught
Thou'rt touched with gladdest thought
Of that swift steed
Pherenikos, whose foot
Was first at Pisa, where his speed
Outran Alpheos' waves, when he,
Ungoaded, bent him to the course
And crowned with victory
His lord of Syracuse, who glories in the horse,
Bright his fame
In Lydian Pelops' colony, the place
Where men of goodly race
Were set by him who caught in love's allure
Mighty Poseidon, the earth-shaking one;
Who looked, and was undone
When Clotho from the vessel pure grace.
Drew Pelops, bright with ivory-shouldered

Marvels be many, aye, with cunning plan
The tale adorned may overpass the truth;
And thus, ah ruth!
To falsehood turns the speech of man.
Charis, that fashioneth thing,
For mortals every pleasant
To these such honour rendereth, true,
Making the false appear the
But days that shall hereafter rise
Are of the issue witnesses most wise.
Seemly it is for man
To speak immortals fair:
Of old a story ran
How Tantalus devised to share guests.
His Pelops' flesh among his
Not so I read the tale:
'twas Love's behests
That moved the Trident-bearer glorious
To steal thee, Pelops, and with golden speed
Of steeds to bear thee to thy father's house;



PINDAR (c. 522–443 B.C.) was born at Cynoscephalae, near Thebes, in Boeotia, of a noble Dorian family with musical traditions which he inherited and cultivated. His first choral ode was written at the age of twenty, and he rose rapidly to fame, receiving commissions to write choral songs from all parts of the Greek world. He is said to have died at Argos.

Where, on the self-same need,
In aftertime came ravished Ganymede.
Far be it from my mind
To call a blessed god devourer of his kind.
From this I will refrain
Since evil-speakers win but scanty gain.
If ever mortal wight
Had honour in Olympus' sight,
That man was Tantalus, but he
Swelled with crude pride, and now must ever dread
The threatening rock that swings above his head.

But back the immortals sent his son,
With mortal men again to share
Their fleeting lot; and ere he won
The bloom of early manhood fair,
His thoughts to wedlock turned,
And to Poseidon rose his prayer,
If ere for Cypris' gifts the god had burned,
To grant the maid of glory rare,
Hippodameia, for his bride.
"Hard is the task," he cried,
"Since many a suitor for her sake has died
Beneath her father Oenomaus' spear:
But death awaits us all;
Why then deny the call
To strife, and sit inactive here,
But to endure
Eld nameless and obscure?"
Whereat the god, right joyfully,
To Pelops lent a golden-winged car
Whose steeds untiring bore him far
To Oenomaus, whom he overcame,
Winning the maid and sons of doughty fame.
And now beside Alpheos' wave
He rests, and there his honoured grave
Is drenched by strangers with blood-offerings;
And from afar his vision wings
To catch the glory of Olympian strife,
Those courses Pelops names;
But he that conquers in the games
Leads evermore a tranquil life,
The blessing of to-day
Man ever counts supreme.
For Hiero must I wreathe my lay;
Aeolian be the mode, and steeds the theme.
A host more wise, a host more strong
The glorious mazes of my song
Shall never find to celebrate;
But loftier hymns await
Thy prowess, noble Hiero,
If but the god, thy guardian, show
Himself propitious to thy hope,
I'll raise for thee a sweeter strain,
When, guided by the god, I gain
Kronion's bright far-shining slope.
My keenest dart of song is still in store.
Mortal renown is manifold
But kings the loftiest portion hold;
Thou, therefore, king, look not for more;
But be it thine the highest path to tread,
And mine with victors to commune, and shed
New honours on my art where'er the race
Of Greeks hath found a dwelling-place.

The First Pythian Ode

For Hiero of Aetna, Winner of the Chariot Race

O golden lyre, Apollo's treasure,
His, and the Muses', violet-tressed,
That rul'st the dancers' festal pleasure,
In quivering preludes to the choir addressed;
How do thy tones allay the furious levin,
And quench its darting will,
And shed soft spells upon the bird of Heaven,
Throned on Jove's sceptre, to distil,
Darkling, a mist upon its archèd crest,
Till, gently heaving to thy throbbing measure,
He sinks to rest.
And Ares also lets the spear lie idle
For joy of thee, sith Phoebus' skill
And the deep bosomed Muses bridle
The rage of godhead at their will.
But whatsoever thing Zeus hateth
Flees, nerveless, from the voice Pierian,
Whether by land or raging sea it waiteth—
As he that erst in den Cilician [bound
Bred many names, but now lies helpless
'Neath Aetna's skyward pillar, snowy crowned:
Whence from the depths well purest founts of fire,
By daytime smoking lurid, while by night
Red rolling flames and molten rocks conspire
To whelm the sea with uproar and affright.
'Tis dragon Typho makes the flood to flow
Twixt Aetna's brow, dark-wooded, and the plain [know,
Fast bound; that monster trembling travellers
All racked and furrowed by his bed of pain.
O Zeus, the warden of this mount, whose name
That neighbour city wears, which Hiero
Hath late ennobled, aid me to proclaim
His prowess where the Pythian chariots go!
Sweet to the sailor is the prosperous gale
That speeds him seaward, whispering augury
Of fortunate return: and thus we hail
By conquest past, new conquests yet to be
For Aetna's steeds proclaimed in festal melody.
Phoebus, of Lycia and of Delos lord,
That on Parnassus lov'st Castalia's spring,
Be this thy purpose, to afford
This land fair sons, and him whose praise I sing
Good luck for evermore, and let my lay
Surpass all rival minstrelsy, nor stray,
Like spear undeftly hurled, beyond the ring.

Like Philoctetes, late to war he sped
And proud hearts sought of him a boon;
May Heaven accomplish soon
All Hiero's desire, and shed
Guidance upon him for the days to be;
And may the Muse grant grace to me
Beneath thy roof, Deinomenes, to hymn
Thy father's victory with the four-horsed car;
Sith his renown can never dim
Thy joy, nor cross it with an alien star.
O son of Chronos, be it thine,
To lull the Tuscan and Phoenician roar
Of war at home, since they have seen their line

Of insolent ships on the Cumaean shore
Shattered the Syracusan chief before,
When overboard he hurled into the sea
The foeman's youthful flower, to set our Hellas free.
Thanks shall I win from Athens when I tell
In song of Salamis; and from Sparta's town
For singing of the battle that befell [down,
Before Cithaeron, where the Medes went
For all their might of bended bows;
But here, where Himera's fair-banked water flows
Deinomenes' sons shall thank me for the lay
I pour, in honour of the stubborn blows
Their valour dealt, the foe to disarray.

If thou the word in season briefly frame,
Thou hast the less reproach; yet, Hiero,
Slip not the fair occasion, for thy name
Is meet for envy, not for pity; so
With Justice' rudder guide
Thy people; and thy sword
Of speech on guileless anvil smite.
For potent is the word
That falls from thee, however light.
Steward art thou of much: on either side
By many witnesses thy deeds are tried.
In good report abide;
Yet not too careful of the cost
Fling free thy sails and wide— [tide.
A seaman skilled to note the wind and
Nor be thy judgement lost
Amid time-serving words of guile;
For what will aye endure
Inspiring history and song,
Is that a man was pure
Or evil. Ah, the wrong
Wrought by the brazen bull, that fiery wile
Of cruel Phalaris, with hate is told.
His praise nor lutes nor young-voiced choirs unfold
In hall for gentle fellowship arrayed;
But Croesus' loving kindness shall not fade.
Joy is the chiefest prize
Of life; the next, renown.
But whoso grasps the twain allies,
Hath won the highest crown.

The Ninth Pythian Ode

For Telesicrates of Cyrene, Winner of the Foot-Race in Full Armour

By the deep-vested Graces' aid
I seek to sing a victor's fame;
How Telesicrates, arrayed
With brazen shield, to Pytho came,
And there with victory crowned
Cyrene's city, for the car renowned.

Once on a day from Pelion's windy dells
Apollo stole the huntress maid,
Cyrene, and the gentle spells
Of Aphrodite on her laid;
For when he spied her struggling sore
With a dread lion, unafraid;
Amazed, he asked of Cheiron hoar—
"What man begat, what country bore
This girl by terrors undismayed?
And were it meet," he asked, "in bridal bower
To pluck so fresh, so sweet a flower?"

To him replied the Centaur mild,
And frankly as he spoke he smiled,
"Ah, secret are the keys
Persuasion holds of love's own sanctities.
Even gods account it shame
With freedom to proclaim
The earliest marriage joy.
But, Phoebus, why employ
Dissembled speech, and ask
Of me the maiden's line?
For thee 'twere easy task,
Since thou, a god divine,
Hast perfect skill of all
That's past or may befall;
The sands thou numberest,
The winds' and waves' unrest
Alike to thee is known:
I cannot match thy might,
Yet hear my word forthright.
To wed this maid you came.
From her a city's fame
Shall spring in days to be
When she shall dwell with thee
In Libya, and bear
A son, whom for a care
The Hours and Earth shall take
From Hermes' hand and make
Him god-like with the meat
Of gods, ambrosia sweet.
As Zeus or Phoebus fair,
A triple name he'll wear:
As Agreus, Nomios,
Or Aristaeus, loss
From shepherds shall he ward,
The flocks' especial guard."

On this, Apollo sped
To grace the bridal bed,
And in a golden dome
They set their Libyan home;
Where now Cyrene dwells,
And her own city names.
For beauty it excels
And glories in the games.
And now at Pytho's shrine
The Delphic honours shine
On Telesicrates,
Carneadas' own son,
Whose victories
But lately won
Have published broad the fame
Of blest Cyrene's name.
Full many a maiden's eyes
At Pallas' feast have seen
Thee winner of the prize;
And oft the damsels prayed, I ween,
That theirs a son might be,
Or husband like to thee.
Olympia, too, is bright,
And Delphi, with thy might.

But thy forefathers' fame
Again I must proclaim;

How, when the suitors came
For Libya's maid aflame,
To woo Antaios' child, the lovely haired,
Her father straight prepared,
Like Danaos, a race,
And bade the wooers pace
Towards the goal at speed,
The goal that was indeed
The maid herself, who stayed
In glorious robes arrayed,
Her coming lord to greet.

Alexidamos then
With footsteps fleet
Outpaced the rest, and when
His course was run complete,
He took the maiden's hand
And led her through the band
Of Nomad horsemen, who upon his head
The wreaths and plumes of all his victories shed.

The Fifth Nemean Ode

For Pytheas of Aegina, Winner in the Boys' Pancratium

STROPHE : No image-maker I,
Well-skilled to plan
Forms on their pedestals immutably
Established. But on every merchantman
And passage-shallop from Aegina's town,
O sweet my song, beat forth and spread the news
How Pytheas, Lampon's son, of sturdy thews,
Won at Nemea the pancratiast's crown
Ere on his cheek midsummer taught to spring
The vine-flower mother's tender blossoming.
Such honour hath he brought
To them of Chronos and of Zeus begot,
The spear-armed heroes, and the seed
Whom Nereus' golden daughters bore,
He honoureth, and evermore
His honours honours yield
Unto the mother city, friendly field
To strangers. Aye, they prayed, the men of yore,
That she might ever breed
A goodly race, on ship-board famed ; [named
And stretching heavenward serried hands, they
Hellenian Zeus, whose altar flamed
Beside the glorious sons of Endaïs there,
And Phokos' royal might,
Whom Psamatheia bright
Upon the sea-beach whilom bare.
I count it shame
Their dreadful act to name,
The deed defying justice which they dared,
How they forsook the isle of goodly fame,
What fate constrained the heroes when they fared
Forth from Oenone. Here I pause, mid-song,
Nor will the tale prolong.
Not every truth its perfect face may show,
And wisest counsels oft in silence go.

Antistrophe : But if it be my will
Good luck to praise,
Or steel-clad war, or dext'rous skill
Of hand, let one be swift to trace
A line for me, to mark my forward spring ;
Nimble my knees, and e'en the farthest place
O'er seas is won by beat of eagle's wing.
With like good will the Muses' lovely choir
To the Aeacides in Pelion sang ;
While in the midst Apollo's seven-tongued lyre
Beneath his golden plectrum rang,
Leading the ever-changing strain.
And first to Zeus the hymn he raised,
Then Thetis, daughter of the main,
And Peleus next in song he praised,
Whom soft Hippolyté
Was fain to tangle in her wile
And taught her lord with words of guile
How Peleus would betray
His wife ; but Peleus said her nay,
For that he feared the wrath of the high lord
Who guards the stranger at the board.
When this from his high seat the heavenly king,
The cloud-compeller, saw,
Even Zeus, who gives the law
To host and guest, he swore to bring
A Nereid bright,
With golden distaff dight,
Up from the ocean, Peleus' bride to be.
What his nod promised straightway Zeus fulfilled ;
For thereto he persuaded, as he willed,
Poseidon, kin to him by marriage ties,
Him that from Aegae hies
Oft to the Dorian isthmus, where the reed
Flutes welcome, and lithe limbs the contest speed.

Epode : Man's fate, his twin,
His every act ordains,
And goddess Victory within
Her soft embrace constrains
Euthymenes, who at Aegina won
His meed in subtle hymns of praise ;
And thou, O Pytheas, son
Of the same stock, hast run
Thy kinsman close in honour's ways.
Nemea yields him fame,
Likewise the month his fatherland
Calls by Apollo's Delphian name.
The youthful hero band
Who sought his prowess to withstand
At home he overcame, and proved his skill
No less at Nisos' pleasant-gladed hill.
Glad am I
That all the citizens in prowess vie.
Know thou, it was Menander's aid
That won for thee requital sweet
Of labour, and I count it meet
That one who hath such athletes made,
Thy trainer, should from Athens hail.
But hearken, wouldst thou sing
Themistios' fame, let not thy spring
Of song be frozen ; bid it flow
Loud-sounding ; hoist the sail
Up to the high top-gallant, for the tale
Of his twofold renown,
The boxer's and pancratiast's crown
At Epidauros, when with fair
Fresh wreaths to Aeacus' gates they brought him down,
The Graces, glorious with their yellow hair

The Second Isthmian Ode

For Xenocrates of Agrigentum, Winner in the Chariot Race

STROPHE : O Thrasybulus, they of old
Who yoked the Muses' car of gold,
Speeding the glorious lyre to greet,
Lightly shot forth their arrowy song
That moved with dulcet voice along
In praise of boys, whose loveliness
Of early bloom, as summer sweet,
Woke fair-throned Aphrodite's dear distress
In wooers' heart. Ah, then no hireling Muse
Was honey-voiced Terpsichore, to sell
Her tender songs with silvered face ;
But now she will not aught refuse
Of heed to him of Argive race,
Who, reft of goods and friends as well,
Spake thus (and scarce from truth his utterance strayed) :
' By money, money man is made.'
Wise art thou. Therefore, 'tis no unknown thing
The Isthmian victory I sing,
Which to Xenocrates Poseidon gave
By might of coursers brave,
And sent to him, to bind his hair withal,
A parsley wreath, the Dorian coronal.

Antistrophe : A goodly charioteer was he,
Of Agrigentine folk the light,
Precious in the far-darter's sight ;
For eke at Krisa gloriously
Apollo favoured him, what time he won
The crowns in Athens, bright of name,
The Erechtheides' gift ; nor did he blame
Nicomachus, whose chariot-saving hand,
Well-skilled to guide the steed,
Bare full on all the reins at need.
Him, too, the Elean heralds who proclaimed
The seasonable truce of Kronos' son,
Acknowledged, and with dulcet breath they framed
Fair greeting to their whilom host, who fell
At golden Victory's knees within their land,
The holy grove, as mortals tell,
Of Zeus Olympian, whence eternal shine
The honours which Aenesidamos' line
Won there. . . . . .

Epode : No uphill path, no sloping steep
Opposes him who seeks to lead
The Heliconian maidens' meed
Of honour, company to keep
With famous men. Ah, let me throw
My quoit as far as he did go
Beyond all men, Xenocrates, I trow,
In sweet yet fiery temper. Reverence
Attended him in holding conference
With citizens. True Greek, he bred the steed
After the Grecian wont, and paid due heed
To holy feats ; nor ever did the gale
That breathed around his hospitable board
Give cause to shorten sail ;
His bark to Phasis summer winds would bring,
And Nilewards lay his winter voyaging.
Now let not Thrasybulus grudge to sing
His father's prowess, as my hymns record.
Let him not spurn my songs, through jealous thought [wrought
That haunts mankind. These lays were never
For idleness. Such message give my friend
When, Nicesippos, next thou shalt on him attend.

A Genial Essayist's Most Delightful Work

JOHN BROWN

HORAE SUBSECIVAE

REMEMBERED now as a writer rather than as a physician, Dr. John Brown was devoted to his profession, and in spite of his love for literature, it was on medical grounds that he originally diverged into authorship. The first volume of his Horae Subsecivae (Leisure Hours), which appeared in 1858, deals almost exclusively with subjects bearing on the practice of medicine. In the two later volumes, published in 1861 and 1882, Brown took a wider range. The sympathy with which he writes about dogs is nowhere evidenced more strongly than in Rab and His Friends, which, like others of the papers, first appeared as a separate publication in 1859. The picture of Pet Marjorie reveals a child of native sweetness, tinctured with the austerities of Calvinism.

Various inexpensive editions of Horae Subsecivae are published.

Rab and His Friends

THE story opens with a dog-fight in an Edinburgh street. It was during the author's school-days, when ' Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how or why. " A dog-fight ! " shouted Bob, and was off ; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up ! Dogs like fighting ; old Isaac Watts says they " delight " in it, and for the best of all reasons ; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. This is a very

different thing from a love of making dogs fight.'

Arriving on the scene, the youths found that the combat was between a white bull-terrier and a big shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with.

They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took a grip of poor Yarrow's throat—and he lay gasping and done for.

The Chicken's blood was up, and his soul unsatisfied.

Down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow, Bob and I panting behind. There, under the large arch of the South Bridge is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets. He is old, grey, brindled; as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespearian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? *He is muzzled!* "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise, and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. The mastiff had taken him by the small of the back, like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him and, taking a sudden thought, turned and trotted off.

THIS was the immortal Rab. Brown followed the victor, and found that he belonged to James Noble, the Howgate carrier, who had been angrily waiting for him at the Harrow Inn, in the Candlemaker Row.

The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say "Rab, ma man, puir Rabbie"—whereupon the stump of the tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Six years passed, and Dr. Brown was a medical student at the once famous Minto House Hospital, Edinburgh. He had meanwhile seen Rab almost every week when the carrier came to town. One October afternoon, when he was leaving the hospital, the large gate opened, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his.

AFTER him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque 'boo,' and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large, white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-grey eyes.

Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends. We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully, she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? There it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, 'so full of all blessed conditions'—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its grey, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet, resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome.

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that doctor;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now; he belonged to a lost tribe. Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words.

The operation was performed, and it was in the days before chloroform. Rab was there, looking perplexed and dangerous, for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast. His 'soul was work-

ing within him; he saw that something strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to do something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick.'

For some days Ailie's progress was satisfactory. Her husband was her nurse, and 'Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary.' Then Ailie got worse, and delirium set in strong.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her nightgown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth

And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to the bewildered, ruined brain; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again, once more, they were together, and she had her ain Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly, and passed away so gently that 'when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face.'

Rab, all this time, had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us. Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time—saying nothing. He started up abruptly. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared.

In three hours he was back from Howgate, full nine miles off. He had posted out, yoked Jess, and driven her, astonished, into town. He motioned Rab from the bed, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets he had brought. He carried her down to the cart; they moved away, and Rab presided alone behind.

James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black, ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling, spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off and said, rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid."

"Dead! what did he die of?"

"Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear [mare], and wadna come oot. I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup, gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill—but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else."

I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

He was buried in the braeface, near the burn, the children of the village—who used to make very free with him and sit on his ample stomach as he lay half asleep at the door in the sun—watching the solemnity.

Marjorie Fleming

Among Dr. Brown's sketches of children, Marjorie Fleming holds the same place as Rab holds among his contributions to the study of dogs. This wonderful, fairy-like little girl was a real phenomenon. She kept her inimitable journals at six, and died at eight, passionately regretted. Sir Walter Scott 'hung over her enamoured.' He used to say that he was amazed at her power over

him. 'She is the most extraordinary creature I ever met, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does.' The year before she died she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street, Edinburgh. 'It is melancholy to think that I have so many talents,' she wrote. What these talents were Dr. Brown has sympathetically shown in his sketch of the tiny creature whom Scott called 'Maidie,' and others, 'Pet Marjorie.'

The sketch is founded chiefly on Marjorie's letters and journals, which, as Dr. Brown insists, were as really Marjorie's as was her light brown hair. Here is her first letter, written to her cousin, Isabella Keith, before she was six:

MARJORIE FLEMING (1803-1811)
From a water-colour by I. Keith

My Dear Isa,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you were so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my life. There are a great many Girls in the Square and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to Death. Miss Potune a Lady of my acquaintance praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift and she said I was fit for the stage and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride but upon my word I felt myselfe turn a little birsay—birsay is a word which is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. This horrid fat simpliton says that my Aunt is beautifull which is intirely impossible for that is not her nature.

Another time she makes a confession:

I confess I have been very more like a little young divil than a creature for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was dreadfully passionate; but she never whiped me. She never never never whips me so that I think I would be the better for it and the next time that I behave ill I think she should do it.

Marjorie had no doubts on the personality of the devil:

Yesterday I behave extremely ill in God's most holy church for I would never attend myself nor let Isabella attend which was a great crime for she often, often tells me that when to or three are gathered together God is in the midst of them, and it was the very same Devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell you the horrible and wretched plaege [plague] that my multiplication gives me you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure.

This is rather strong. 'The Divil is curced and all his works. . . . The Divil always girns at the sight of the Bible.' And this is shocking: 'Yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man was espused, and his wife was present and said he must ask her permission; but he did not. I think he was ashamed.' Again: 'A sailor called here to say farewell; it must be dreadful to leave his native country when he might get a wife; or perhaps me, for I love him very much.'

In Marjorie's view, 'Love is very papithatick [pathetic] thing as well as

troublesome and tiresome, but O,' she repeats, 'Isabella forbid me to speak of it.' Isabella is teaching her to 'make simmecolings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc.'

Her ideas of Church government are Latitudinarian: 'An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of—I am a Pisplekan [Episcopalian] just now, and a Pisbeteran at Kirkcaldy.'

She indulges occasionally in the meditation physiological, and when she hears of puppies and kittens being drowned: 'I think it is shocking to think that the dog and cat should bear them and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog, because they do not bear like women-dogs.'

She seems now, when still almost six, to have broken out into rhyme:

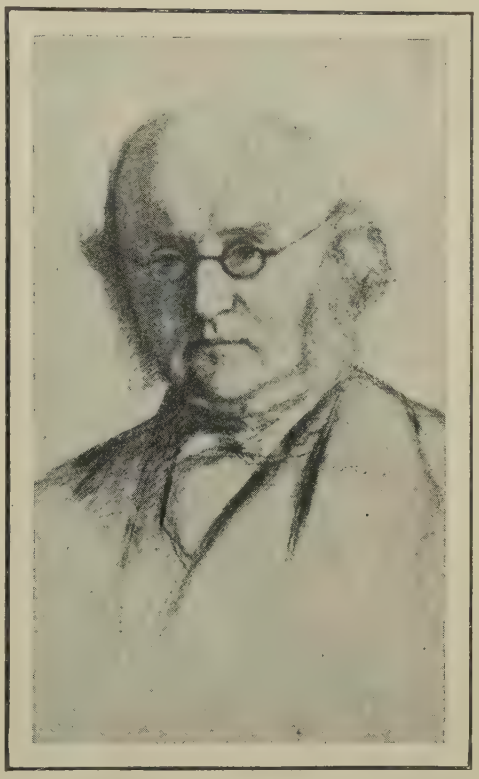
Three turkeys fair their last have breathed,
And now this world for ever leaved;
Their father, and their mother too,
They sigh and weep as well as you;
Indeed, the rats their bones have crunched,
Into eternity theire laanched.
A direful death indeed they had,
As wad put any parent mad;
But she was more than usual calm,
She did not give a single dam.

Marjorie goes the length of Shakespearian criticism, as when she says that Macbeth is 'a pretty composition, but awful one.' She confesses that she never reads sermons, 'but I read novellettes and my Bible.' Tom Jones and Gray's Elegy, she concludes, are 'both excellent and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men.'

Her Calvinistic belief in 'unquestionable [? unquenchable] fire' is unhesitating, and she is decided on the point that 'fighting is what ladies is not qualified for, they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. We females are of little use to our country.'

Here is one of her last letters:

My dear little Mama,—I was truly happy to hear that you were all well. We are surrounded with measles at present on every side, for the Herons got it, and Isabella Heron was near Death's Door, and one night her father lifted her out of bed, and she fell down as they thought lifeless. Mr. Heron said, "That lassie's deed noo"—"I'm no deed yet." She then threw up a big worm nine inches and a half long.



JOHN BROWN was born at Biggar, Lanarkshire, September 22, 1810. His father was the third in a line of notable Seceder ministers, and his great-grandfather was the author of the once famous 'Self Interpreting Bible.' Educated at Edinburgh High School and University, John Brown graduated M.D. in 1833 and after a year at Chatham settled down in Edinburgh. There he spent all his remaining years, 'busy partly with his art of healing, partly with literature.' He had an unusual power of attracting both men and animals, and among his many friends were such notable figures as Thackeray, Ruskin and Lord Jeffrey. Dr. Brown died May 11, 1882.

From a drawing by J. R. Swinton

But the dainty, bright thing is about to flee—to come 'quick to confusion.' The measles she writes of seized her, and she died on December 19, 1811. Do we make too much of this little child? We may of her cleverness—not of her affectionateness, her nature. What a picture the *animosa infans* gives us of herself, her vivacity, her passionateness, her precocious love-making, her passion for nature, for swine, for all living things, her reading, her turn for expression, her satire, her frankness, her little sins and rages, her great repentances!

RICHARD WAGNER

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS

II—The Valkyrie

THE first two of Wagner's Nibelung dramas, Rhine Gold (see page 3519) and The Valkyrie, were composed in 1853-56, but were not performed for many years. In 1863 Wagner published at Vienna the libretti of The Ring of the Nibelungs, in the hope that some wealthy patron of music would help him to complete the work, and as a result King Ludwig of Bavaria invited him to settle at Munich. There The Valkyrie was first produced, on June 26, 1870. Between the close of Rhine Gold and the opening of The Valkyrie, in order to avert the effects of Alberic's curse, Wotan, under the name of Wälse, has begotten twin children, Siegmund and Sieglinde. These have been left on earth to suffer adversity, in the hope that Siegmund will slay Fafner and return the gold to the Rhine Maidens. In Norse mythology the nine Valkyrie, whose name means 'choosers of the slain,' were charged with the duty of bringing to Valhalla the souls of heroes slain in battle.

——PERSONS IN THE PLAY——

Siegmund	Sieglinde	Wotan
Brunnhilde	Hunding	Fricka
	Valkyrie	

First Act

The interior of a dwelling-place: in the centre stands the stem of a mighty ash tree. Enter Siegmund, *exhausted.*

SIEGMUND: Whoe'er owns this hearth,
Here I must rest me.

Sieglinde (*enters*): Who lies on the hearth?
Valiant he is, methinks,
Though there he lies so worn.

Siegm.: Mine eyes are gladdened
By blissful rapture of sight:
Who is't that gladdens them so?

Siegl.: Sieglinde.
This house and wife
Call Hunding owner.

Siegm.: Weaponless am I:
A wounded guest
Will thy husband make welcome?
Ne'er from foe had I fled
But in splinters were spear and shield.

[*Enter* **Hunding.**

Siegl.: Faint on the hearth
Found I this man.

Hunding: Sacred is my hearth!
Guest, now grant me a grace,
And make known thy name to me.

Siegm.: 'Friedmund' may I not call me:
'Frohwalt' would that I were:
'Wehwalt,' so I must name me.
'Wolfe' I called my father;
Alone I was not born,
For a sister twinned with me.
Her who with me was born
Scarce have I ever beheld.
To ashes was burnt
Our goodly abode,
Struck dead was the mother's
Valorous form,
And lost in the ruins
The sister's trace.
The Neidings' cruel host
Dealt us this deadly blow.
Unfriended fled
My father with me;
The stripling lived on
With Wolfe in woodland wild.
A fiery onset on us
Did the Neidings' host begin.
Like chaff we scattered the foes,
Yet torn from my father was I.

Hund.: I know a riotous race,
Not holy it holds
What men revere;
'Tis hated by all, and by me.
For vengeance forth I was summoned,
Payment to win me
For kinsmen's blood:
Too late came I,
And now return home,
The flying outcast's trace
To find again in my house.
My house holds thee,
Wölfing, to-day;
For the night, safe be thy rest:
With trusty weapon
Defend thee to-morrow.
As death-debt pay'st thou thy life.
(*To* Sieglinde) My night draught set me within,
And wait thou there for me.

[*Goes into bedchamber, and bolts door within.*

Siegm.: A sword my father foretold me
Should serve me in sorest need.
Wälse! Wälse!
Where is thy sword
That in fight shall serve me?

[*Enter* **Sieglinde,** *in a white garment.*

Siegl: In deepest sleep lies Hunding.

O'ercome by a slumb'rous draught:
Now in the night save thy life.
Siegm.: Thy coming is life!

Siegl.: Oh, heed thou well what I tell thee:
The kinsmen gathered here
To honour the wedding of Hunding:
The woman he chose,
By him unwooed,
Miscreants gave him to wife.
A stranger entered the hall:
On me glancing,
He glared at the others.
As a sword he swung in his hands,
Which then he struck
In the ash-tree stem;
To the hilt buried it lies.
But one man might win the weapon,
He who could draw it forth:
Of all the heroes,
Though bravely they laboured,
Not one the weapon could win.
Then I knew who he was
Who in sorrow greeted me;
I know, too, who only
Shall draw the sword from the stem.
Regained were then
All I had lost,
Found the delivering friend,
My hero, held in my arms.
Siegm. (*ardently embracing her*):
Thee, woman most blest,
Holds now the friend
For weapon and wife decreed:
Hot in my breast
Burns now the oath
That weds me ever to thee.
Siegl.: A marvel wakes my remembrance;
My eyes beheld thee of old
Whom first I saw to-day.
(*Pausing*) Wehwalt art thou in truth?
Siegm.: Ne'er call me so,
Since thou art mine!
Call me thyself
As thou wouldst I were called.
Siegl.: Yet calledst thou Wolfe thy father!
Siegm.: Wolfe was he to fearful foes;
But he of old
Wälse was named.
Siegl.: Was Wälse thy father,
And art thou a Wälsung?
Struck was for thee
The sword in the tree.
So let me name thee
As I have loved thee:
'Siegmund'—so name I thee!
Siegm.: Siegmund call me,
For Siegmund am I!
Be witness this sword
I hold now undaunted!
Nothung! Nothung!
So name I thee, sword!
Nothung! Nothung!
Conquering steel!
[*With a tremendous effort, he pulls from the ash-tree the sword which was sticking in the trunk.*
Far from here follow me now.
Forth to the laughing
House of the spring.
Bride and sister
Be to thy brother
Then flourish the Wälsungs for aye!
[*He clasps her passionately. Curtain falls quickly.*

Second Act

A wild, rocky place. **Wotan** *and* **Brunnhilde**, *both fully armed.*

Wotan: Brünnhilde, haste to the fray
To shield the Wälsung in fight!
Then let Hunding go
Where he belongs:
In Walhall I want him not.
[*Enter* **Fricka**, *in a car drawn by two rams.*
Wot. (*seeing her*): What troubles Fricka?
Fricka: I have heard Hunding's cry.
For vengeance called he on me.
And wedlock's guardian
Gave ear to him.
I made oath to punish the deed
Of this infamous pair.
Wot.: What so evil wrought the pair?
I rule not where love doth reign!
Fricka: Deemest thou praiseworthy
Wedlock's breach?
Was it e'er known
That brother and sister were lovers?
Wot.: What demand'st thou?
Fricka: Shield not the Wälsung!
The Valkyrie, too, turn from him!
Wot.: The Valkyrie free shall choose.
Fricka: Not so, for alone
Thy command they obey.
Give orders that Siegmund may fall.
Wot.: I cannot o'erthrow him—
He found my sword.
Fricka: Destroy, then, its magic,
Be shattered the steel!
The Wälsung now falls for my honour:
Doth Wotan now pledge me his oath?
Wot. (*in deep dejection*): Take my oath!
[**Fricka** *drives away quickly*
Brunnhilde: Tell me what task must be mine.
Wot.: Fight truly for Fricka,
Ward for her wedlock's oath.
Brunn.: Ah, repent; take back thy word.
Wot.: Siegmund shalt thou vanquish,
And Hunding as victor shall strike.
Brunn.: He whom thou still
Hast taught me to love,
For his sake now thy wavering
Word I defy!
Wot.: Darest thou! Floutest thou me?
I warn thee, then,
Wake not my wrath!
[*Exit* **Wotan.** **Siegmund** *and* **Sieglinde** *appear on the pass.* **Brunnhilde** *conceals herself.*
Sieglinde: Hark, the horn calls!
Hunding has wakened.
Kinsmen and bloodhounds
Calls he together
'Gainst breaking of wedlock's oath.
[*She sinks senseless into* **Siegmund's** *arms.*
Brunn. (*advancing*): Siegmund,
Look on me.
I come to call thee hence;

A VALKYRIE BEARING A HERO TO VALHALLA
From the painting by K. Dielitz

Death doomed is he who looks on me.
To Walhall follow thou me;
His father there will the Wälsung find.
Siegmund: Yet one thing, tell me, immortal!
Shall there Siegmund Sieglinde find?
Brunn.: Here on earth
Must she still linger.
Siegm.: Then greet for me Walhall,
Greet for me Wälse;
To them I follow thee not.
Where Sieglinde lives, in weal or woe,
There, too, will Siegmund linger.
Brunn.: While life is thine
Force were in vain;
But death shall vanquish thee, fool.
He who bestowed the sword
Sends thee now death,
For the spell he takes from the sword.
Siegm.: If death be my doom,
I will slay the slumberer here.
Two lives now
Laugh to thee, Nothung!
Brunn.: Forbear, Wälsung! hearken to me:
Sieglinde shall live, then,
And, Siegmund, live thou with her.
Trust to the sword,
And strike without fear. [*Exit.*

[*Enter* **Hunding**. *They fight. A light breaks through the clouds, in which* **Wotan** *appears, holding his spear.*
Wot.: Go back from the spear
In splinters, thou sword!
[Siegmund's *sword breaks in fragments.* **Hunding** *pierces him to the heart.*
Wot. (*to* **Hunding**): Go hence, slave!
Kneel before Fricka:
Tell her that Wotan's spear
Avenged what wrought her wrong.
[**Hunding** *sinks dead on the ground.*
Brunnhilde *seizes* **Sieglinde**'s *senseless form, and flies off on her horse.*]

Third Act

The summit of a rocky mountain. Eight Valkyrie are assembled. **Brunnhilde** *comes, bearing* **Sieglinde.**

BRUNNHILDE: Shield me and help
In direst need!
All-father follows close.
The Valkyrie (*terrified*): Hast lost thy senses?
Doth Wotan pursue *thee?*
Brunn.: Shield me, sisters!
Woe to this wife
If the god find her here!
For all of the Wälsungs
Dooms he to downfall.
Sieglinde: Let sorrow not vex thee for me:
Only death is my due!
Now hearken, maid, to my prayer:
Thrust thy sword into my heart!
Brunn.: Live still, O woman,
For love doth call thee.
Redeem the pledge
That from him thou'st won:
A Wälsung's life thou dost bear.
Siegl.: Rescue me, brave ones!
Rescue my child!
Brunn.: Away thee; fly swiftly!
And fly thou alone!
I—stay in thy stead,
While thou from his vengeance escap'st.
Siegl.: A forest wild spreads
Far to the east:
The Nibelungs' hoard
By Fafner thither was borne.

Brunn. : From Wotan's wrath
Shelter safe were the wood.
Our father feareth
And shunneth the place.
Fly, then, swiftly !
The world's most glorious hero
Thou bearest, O woman.

[*She hands her the fragments of the sword.*

For him guard well
The mighty splinters ;
His name from me let him take,
' Siegfried ' in triumph shall live.

[Sieglinde *hastens off. Enter, raging* Wotan.

Wotan : Where is Brünnhilde ?
Where the rebellious one ?
Brunn. : Here I am, father :
Pronounce now my sentence.
Wotan : Valkyrie once thou wert called—
What now thou art
Henceforth shalt thou be !
The heavenly host
No more shall know thee ;
Outcast art thou
From the clan of the gods :
He who wins robs thee of all,
For here on the rock
Bound shalt thou be ;
Defenceless in sleep
Locked shalt thou lie :
The man shall master the maid,
Who shall find her, and wake her from sleep.
Brunn. : If fetters of sleep
Fast shall bind me,
For basest craven an easy booty,
This one thing must thou grant me :
That but the first, most fearless
Of heroes e'er shall find me.
By thy command
Kindle a fire,
With flaming guardians engird the fell !
Wot. : Farewell, thou valiant,
Glorious child !
Thou laughing delight of my eyes !
Such a bridal fire
For thee shall be kindled
As ne'er yet has burned for a bride.

[Brunnhilde *sinks into sleep.* Wotan *waves his spear, five springs up, and encircles the rock.*

Wot. : He who my spear-point's
Sharpness feareth,
Shall cross not the flaming fire.

Fine Product of a Wonderful Collaboration

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

THE CONSCRIPT

MEETING as fellow-students at the gymnasium of Phalsbourg, Lorraine, Emile Erckmann and Alexandre Chatrian decided to join forces in authorship. The Erckmann-Chatrian partnership lasted from 1848 to 1885, and resulted in a remarkable series of novels, short stories, plays and operas. The early efforts of the two were unsuccessful, but the publication of Doctor Matheus in 1859 brought them recognition. In 1862 they began with L'Invasion, a series of novels including Histoire d'un Conscrit, which remain the best war stories ever written. Though not distinguished by any great literary charm, they may lay claim to genuine descriptive power and are marked by real patriotism. Madame Thérèse, L'Ami Fritz, and The Blockade are the best of the remaining stories, and the drama of Le Juif Polonais is well-known in English as The Bells. The collaboration was terminated by a difference of opinion on money matters which resulted in a law suit in 1889. An inexpensive translation of The Conscript is published by Collins, and the novel is included in Everyman's Library.

I—The Glory of Napoleon

ONE must have seen the glory of the Emperor Napoleon in the years 1810, 1811, 1812 to understand the heights of power a single man can attain.

When he passed through the country people would run miles to meet him, and shout ' Vive l'Empereur ! Vive l'Empereur ! ' Anyone who thought that the emperor might fall was considered a madman.

I was then an apprentice to Melchior Goulden, the old clockmaker at Phalsbourg. My mother had sent me to him in 1804 because I seemed a weakling, and had a slight lameness, and the trades in my native village of Dagsberg were chiefly wood-cutting and sledge-making. No one could have had a better and kinder master than I had.

Those were stirring times in Phalsbourg. Princes, ambassadors and generals were always stopping at the big hotel—the Red Bull. Endless processions of guns, waggons, cavalry and infantry passed through the town. Almost every month Te Deums were sung in church for some

great victory, and the arsenal cannon fired salutes.

Only, M. Goulden would shake his head sometimes, and ask me how many of the thousands of soldiers we had seen march away we had seen return? And this made me anxious, for though everybody knew I was a little lame in the left leg, others who also had infirmities had been drafted off to the war.

I did not like war, and I wanted to marry my cousin, Catherine, who lived with her widowed mother, Aunt Grédel, at Quatre Vents. Catherine was eighteen, and I was nineteen. We had played together since we were children, and everybody knew that we were to be married some day. If I had to go away as a conscript, it would be all over with us. Often I wished I was much lamer, for in 1812, at the beginning of the war with Russia, the stream of soldiers poured through our town without ceasing, and married men with only one child were already being compelled to enlist.

Then came the news of the entrance of our armies into Moscow, and shortly afterwards of the terrible retreat. Winter set in early with hard frosts at the beginning of November, the coldest winter, M. Goulden said, for forty years.

In spite of the cold, I set out to Quatre Vents on December 18, for it was Catherine's birthday, and I had saved up thirty-five francs and bought her a beautiful little silver watch. M. Goulden would have given me the watch, but I had made up my mind to pay for it out of what I earned. How happy we were that day as we sat by the fire and ate Aunt Grédel's spice cakes.

But when it began to get dark I was obliged to set off back for Phalsbourg, and on the road Pinacle, the hawker, a dishonest rascal who hated me because Catherine would never dance with him, ran after me and shouted out, "Never mind, cripple. The great conscription of the blind, the lame and the humpbacked is coming, and that will settle you!"

Sure enough the time came when, in spite of my lameness, I had to march.

The destruction of 300,000 soldiers in the retreat from Moscow left gaps in Napoleon's army that had to be filled, and suddenly, on January 8, a great placard was posted up in the market-place declaring that a levy of 150,000 conscripts of 1813, 100 cohorts of 1812, and 100,000 conscripts of 1809 to 1812 was to be made, so that the army would be larger than it was before the journey to Russia.

M. Goulden, who had fought for France in 1792 with the Republican troops, would say to me in those days, "Ah, Joseph, it is only when our liberties are attacked that it is right to fight! All other wars are savage and shameful."

A week later came the fatal drawing at the town hall. M. Goulden did his best to reassure me, saying that all the town knew of my lameness.

In the great market-place I saw the hawker Pinacle selling ribbons to the conscripts. He shouted out that he had a special conqueror's ribbon for me—a great black ribbon—but Klipfel, the smith, who had just drawn No. 8, insisted on buying this ribbon for himself, saying, as Pinacle fastened it to his hat, "We are all dead now; we must wear mourning for ourselves."

My number was 17, and though M. Goulden seemed uneasy, he comforted us by promising that it would be all right when the council of revision met.

On the morning when I had to go before the council I swallowed all the vinegar in the cruet, hoping it would make me appear very ill. Unfortunately, when I looked in the glass I saw that my face was red instead of pale.

The deputy prefect at the council said, "There's a healthy fellow for you," when I came into the room.

The mayor and the surgeons referred to my lameness. But the deputy prefect pulled a letter out of his portfolio and read aloud that six months before I had made a bet that I would go to Saverne and back quicker than Pinacle, and that I had won.

Alas! the letter was true. All Phalsbourg knew of my anger with Pinacle for his calling me cripple, and of this wager.

"That settles the question," said the surgeons, and I, Joseph Bertha, was inscribed on the roll as fit for service.

II—The Baptism of Fire

For a week I went daily to Quatre Vents. Aunt Grédel still proposed that I should flee to Switzerland, but Catherine would not have me called a deserter, and M. Goulden said that now peace was really desired by Napoleon, and that the new levies were to keep the enemies of France from advancing.

Then on the morning of January 25 I learnt that I had been incorporated in the 6th Regiment of the line and was to join my corps at Mayence on the 29th. Aunt Grédel and Catherine came to bid me farewell. I heard the drums in the market-place.

"Courage, my child!" said M. Goulden.

For the last time I embraced Catherine, and then, without looking back, went out and took my place in the ranks between Klipfel and Fürst. The sergeants called the roll, each one answered to his name, the captain cried 'March!' and we set off. An old woman cried out to her grandson Zébédé as we went through the gate, many parents were weeping, and children ran after us, calling, "There they go! There's Klipfel, there's Joseph!"

We passed through several towns and villages those first four days, and never had I felt so fatigued. Then on the fifth day we reached Mayence. Next day we received our muskets and cartridges, and were off early to Frankfort, where uniforms were given to us. The captain of our company was named Florentin, the adjutant-major Vidal. Our sergeant was a friendly soul named Pinto.

We were soon on the march again and, after stopping at Seligenstad to learn musketry, we reached Aschaffenbourg, where we were reviewed by Marshal Ney.

It was now the middle of March, the snow was melting, and it rained incessantly. Zébédé found consolation in the thought of seeing 'the bravest of the brave,' as the Marshal was called, but for my part I should have liked it better if I had been by the fireside. After the review we halted at Schweinheim, and here I found out that the Germans regarded us with no friendly eyes.

At Erfurt, on April 8, we came up with large bodies of troops, and the sergeants talked about 'getting near' and the 'hot work' before us. I had a letter that day from Catherine, and I felt that it was a sort of farewell before the fighting started. We quitted Erfurt the following evening, and at sunrise were at Weimar. While we were cooking our soup the crack of musket-shot was heard; our hussars had fallen in with Prussian hussars in the streets, and the campaign had begun.

Five days we remained at Weimar, waiting for the rest of the 3rd Army Corps—to which our regiment had been attached—to come up. We were the vanguard, and now it was that we first saw the enemy, the Cossacks, who were always retreating beyond reach of our fire.

At last the Cossacks came to a stand on the opposite side of a broad and deep river. We saw them quite plainly, but again they got beyond range when we tried to fire at them. Had we attempted to cross the river we should have been cut to pieces.

We lay awake that night; nobody cared to sleep for thinking of the hot work before us if the river was to be crossed. But in the morning the whole army crossed the river on pontoon bridges without encountering the enemy, and the old city of Weissenfels was before us; only a deep hollow intervened.

Marshal Ney suspected this hollow, and we all mistrusted it; skirmishers were sent out, and a general advance in line was made, with muskets loaded and colours in front. I was in the second rank, just behind Zébédé, and I was sure I could see lances gleaming in the brushwood in front.

At that moment our skirmishers got near the enemy, firing began in several places, and then a flash, like lightning, came right in our faces.

I heard Captain Florentin say quietly, "Close up your ranks!"

And it was done so quickly I had no time to think what it meant.

Fifty paces farther on there was another flash, and again the quiet command was repeated and obeyed.

The cry of 'Halt!' rang out, and we saw that the Russians were coming on in full force.

The first rank knelt and fixed bayonets.

'Ready—present—fire!'

When the smoke cleared off the Russians were flying at full gallop.

For a full minute we were in hot pursuit, and again we halted and fixed bayonets and waited for the Russian charge.

'Cease firing!' was called, and this time we could see the Russians retreating as fast as they could. We pursued them into the city, the battle was won, and I rejoiced to have come out of it so well

We were off in the rain next morning, and now came such a battle that the previous experience seemed as nothing to it. Sometimes we advanced, sometimes we retreated. It was the Prussians we were fighting now. The noise was awful. The villages of Gorschen were the scene of this terrible struggle, and we fought in lanes and gardens. I remember standing in front of a barn with some twenty or thirty others, firing on a body of Prussians who were trying to scale a wall. Hundreds of balls whistled in our ears, and were flattened against the stones, and as I was loading for the tenth time, a bullet struck me in the left shoulder. I fell into a little ditch and must have fainted, for it was nightfall when I opened my eyes.

An old sergeant, who had been shot through the back, was beside me. I felt cold and benumbed, when the rumbling of cannon and the cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' woke me up.

The old sergeant, pale with excitement, exclaimed, 'There he is—Vive l'Empereur!' then he fell on his face and never stirred more.

I caught sight of Napoleon riding amidst the fire. Then I lost consciousness, and lay like one dead.

III—The Miseries of a Conscript

All was silence when I again woke up in the night. The moon shone down on the ruined village, the overthrown cannons and the heaps of dead. I managed to raise myself on my right elbow, and tried to call for help, and my feeble cry made others dying and wounded around me cry out too—thinking help was at hand.

I thought of my old life at Phalsbourg, of Catherine, Aunt Grédel and M. Goulden, and how they would receive the news of the great battle and of my death.

Then, towards morning, I heard the sound of voices, and could see a lantern moving about in the garden. And now all I thought about was life, and again I called out for help. But the lantern seemed to disappear, and in despair I fell back and lost consciousness.

When I returned to my senses I was in a great shed, and an old soldier brought me wine and water to drink. The wounded were all round me on mattresses and heaps of straw, and in the middle, at a great kitchen table, the surgeons were at work.

I was only kept here an hour, for an order came to send twelve carriages of wounded to Lützen, and I was placed in the third carriage. There was no room at Lützen, and on we went to Leipzig. It was a dreadful journey. I saw a heap of ruins that a few days before had been a happy village, and the poor people, women, children and old men, were wandering in despair round their ruined homes. In the carriages the wounded were groaning or shrieking in the delirium of fever. At last we reached the hospital at Leipzig, and there the surgeons found the ball in my left shoulder. I felt much better after my wound had been dressed.

In the next bed to me was an old artilleryman, Christian Zimmer, who also came from Alsace. He had been wounded previously at Jena, Austerlitz and Smolensk, and we soon became friends.

At the end of three weeks our wounds were healing, and we were soon able to walk about in the city. I wrote as soon as I could to M. Goulden, telling him I had been slightly wounded and was now convalescent, and in reply came a letter from Catherine and a money order for a hundred francs from M. Goulden. By the same post Zimmer received the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Zimmer had been in Leipzig in 1807, when the inhabitants welcomed the French as deliverers, and he expected to find the same good will now. But things were very different in 1813; the good will had turned to positive hatred, and wherever we went the people cold-shouldered us.

For many weeks we remained in Leipzig, and only the knowledge that Napoleon's army was nearer than Blücher's saved us from the open abuse of the citizens of Leipzig. We got news of an armistice, of a great victory at Dresden, and then that the Austrians had declared against France. It was a depressing time for the 1,200 wounded, most of whom were quite penniless, that summer at Leipzig.

Once when Zimmer and I were wandering by the river, we went to bathe in the Elster. A peasant told us there was no danger, and Zimmer went in boldly. He sank fifteen feet at once, and so strong was the current that he would certainly have been drowned if he had not been a good swimmer. As it was he reached a sort of ford, where the river was shallower. Of course, the peasant ran away.

No wonder we felt the hostility of the people among whom it was our lot to live. However, after Austria declared against us (we did not know at the time that this meant we were only 300,000 men to the enemies' 520,000, and that two French generals, Moreau and Bernadotte, had gone over to the enemy), orders came for all the wounded in Lützen and Leipzig who were fit to march to rejoin their regiments.

Zimmer at once asked leave to go, and I said good-bye to him at the city gates. My own turn came on the first of October, and fifteen of us altogether set out for Gauernitz on the Elbe.

We trudged on through rain and mud, and at last came to the camp—near a wood.

I found a battalion of infantry boiling soup, but it was a long time before I could recognize my former comrades. I saw nothing but gaunt men, clad in rags, whose great coats were four times too big for them.

Nobody seemed to want me, but at last a bony veteran, looking at me closely, said, "Why, here's Joseph! I thought you were buried four months ago!"

It was Zébédé, but so starved and haggard was he it was hard to know him. Klipfel was there, too, and Sergeant Pinto, but misery had made my comrades so utterly indifferent to the fortunes of others that they received me quite unconcernedly.

Zébédé told me of what had passed in my absence, of battles won and lost; and of how, after the armistice, the world was set against us. It seemed we were now between three armies, commanded by Bernadotte, Blücher and Schwartzenberg, and that these armies were all close at hand. Our soldiers were only anxious to fight and get it over. Existence was too horrible; marching and sleeping in mud, half-rations, and being devoured by vermin made us all sick of life.

IV—At the Battle of Leipzig

The fighting began on the hill in front of Leipzig. Once in the wood a bullet carried off my cap, and then, when the hussars charged us, and we fell into a deep clay ditch, a hussar struck at me with his sabre and at the same moment had his brains blown out.

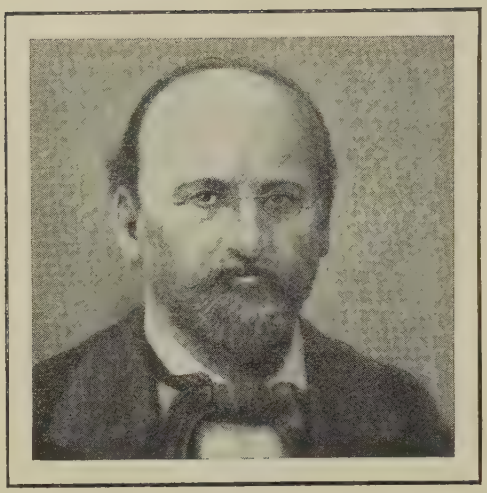
Poor Klipfel was cut to pieces by these hussars; Fürst had been slain earlier, and now Zébédé and I were the only Phalsbourgians left.

For days the battle raged round Leipzig; Prussians, Swedes and Russians were all against us, and in our extremity the Saxon and Württemberg cavalry went over to the enemy. We were but 130,000 men, but we held our ground against 360,000 all that day. That night, however, the retreat began, and at daybreak we could see our troops crossing the river. All the time our army was crossing the Elster, Austrians, Prussians and Russians were attacking us in Leipzig. It was dreadful to have to wait while others were crossing the bridge. It seemed as if our turn would never come. Suddenly an awful shout went up—the bridge had been blown up!

Captain Vidal, who had kept us from any panic, sheathed his sword at this, and said "Well, it's all over with us."

Then I recollected the ford where I had bathed with Zimmer, and on my mentioning this to the captain he at once drew his sabre again, bade me show the way, and called on the battalion (which now was reduced to 200 men) to follow him.

The water reached to our shoulders, but we crossed two and two, and no one was



EMILE ERCKMANN (1822-1899)

ALEXANDRE CHATRIAN (1826-1890)

drowned. Behind us the battle still raged in Leipzig, but there was no more fighting for us; only the miseries of the retreat. Hunger, misery and sickness attacked us all the way. The peasants would do nothing for us, and made no attempt to conceal their dislike and contempt. It never left off raining, and the winds froze us. Thousands of our poor, wasted conscripts perished on the road. Fever, that terrible disease called typhus, beset us, and I could feel it in my bones. I shivered day and night, and was so weak I could hardly walk.

At last I was too feeble to march. Zébédé tried to carry me, but was too weak to do so.

Captain Vidal said sadly, "The ambulances will pick you up," and I knew too well what that meant.

Zébédé placed me on the ground, the column moved on, and I felt that the last hope of life had gone.

Bodies of troops passed me, cavalry, infantry and artillery. Sometimes there were wounded men on the waggons, and I called out to them to take me, but nobody stopped or took any notice.

At the end of the last corps came some more waggons, and riding by one of these I just recognized my old Leipzig comrade, Zimmer. I managed to cry out, "Christian, Christian, have pity!" and he heard me, and stopped.

That is all I remember until I awoke more than two months later, and found myself in a comfortable bedroom with Catherine sitting beside my bed.

How had I come back to my own country? Was it a dream? What was the noise of the cannon I still heard?

I called quite softly, "Catherine." She turned her head, and said, "Joseph." We embraced, and sobbed together.

The noise of the cannon, she told me, came from the guns of Phalsbourg; the town was besieged.

Later, Catherine told me how she and Aunt Grédel, watching the carts of wounded, had recognized me and brought me in. For a long time my life had been despaired of, but the air of my native place, and the sight of those I loved, brought me health and life.

Catherine and I were married in July 1814, and M. Goulden, who loved us as if we were his children, made me his partner, and we all three lived together.

The wars were over. The Allies had returned to their own countries. The emperor had gone to the Isle of Elba, and Louis XVIII was King of France.

M. Goulden was not particularly pleased at seeing the old king and the old nobles come back, but he thought they had probably suffered enough to understand that other people's rights must be respected. He thought, also, Napoleon would remain quiet. Unfortunately, in this he was mistaken. The Bourbons had still their old notions, and the emperor was only waiting for an opportunity of revenge.

HENRY MORTON STANLEY

IN DARKEST AFRICA

Outlined by Harold van Tromp

PURPORTING to be the official report of the mission dispatched for the relief, but altered by circumstances for the rescue, of Emin, Sir Henry Morton Stanley's In Darkest Africa is as thrilling a story of adventure, courage and endurance as has ever been penned by any explorer. The mere production of the work constituted a record in the history of book publication. The expedition came to an end at Zanzibar on December 6, 1889, and on January 25, 1890, Stanley sat down in a hotel at Cairo to begin the writing of the book. He worked continuously for fifty days, and the book was published in June. The interest it excited was enormous and editions were issued in no fewer than six languages. The English publishers were Sampson Low & Company, and with their permission the illustrations at pages 3665 and 3667 are reproduced from the first edition. Later books published by Stanley were My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia (1895) and Through South Africa (1898).

I—Purpose and Persons of the Expedition

NOTWITHSTANDING the amount of justification in fact for describing Africa, or, more strictly, certain regions of it, as 'the white man's grave,' the great explorers have, for the most part, managed to leave that continent with whole skins. Bruce, who has been called the poet of exploration, died peacefully in his native town in Scotland; Barth died in Germany; Speke and Baker in England. It is true that Mungo Park's body was engulfed by an African stream and like that of Lycidas is 'visiting the bottom of the monstrous world'; and Livingstone laid down his life in the dark continent in which he did so much to spread light. But still, upon the whole, the phrase 'white man's grave' has sinister application less to explorers than to the merchant adventurers who sought to establish commerce along the mosquito-infested lagoons on the west coast. The name of Livingstone brings us in touch with Henry Morton Stanley, for it was on October 24, 1871, that the great missionary's servant, Susi, came running into the camp at Ujiji gasping out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' It was, of course, Stanley. Then it was that the younger man produced two things welcome to the elder, news of Europe (including the astonishing item of the Franco-Prussian war) and a bottle of Sillery champagne. Another two years, and Livingstone was dead of dysentery with his heart buried under an African tree and his body on its last journey to England—and Westminster Abbey. On its way, it was met by Verney Cameron, who was the first white man to cross Central Africa from East to West.

The expression 'Fatal Africa' once sprang to the lips of Stanley. 'One after another travellers drop away,' are his words; then must we remember how he lost nearly two hundred men by death or desertion during his four months' struggle with the terrors of the Equatorial Forest while seeking that enigmatical man, Emin Pasha.

On January 26, 1885, Khartoum fell and Gordon was killed—Chinese Gordon. He was 'African Gordon' as well, for he was Governor of Equatorial Africa under the Khedive from 1874 to 1876. The only Egyptian force to escape disaster was that led by Emin Pasha, which had sought refuge among savage tribes in the neighbourhood of Wadelai, on the left bank of the Nile, 25° N. of the Albert Nyanza.

It will be as well to recall some impressions of this rather mysterious man Emin. If we turn to any short biographical account of him, we find something like this: A German, born of Jewish parents; became a Protestant, and on entering the service of the Ottoman Government became a Mahomedan. At the age of 25

Ellis

Henry Morton Stanley was born at Denbigh, Wales, June 29, 1841, son of John Rowlands, a grazier. After a boyhood of extreme poverty he went in 1859 to New Orleans where he was adopted by a merchant named Stanley, whose name he assumed. He saw service in the American Civil War, and some years of adventure followed. In 1868 he accompanied Napier's expedition to Magdala as representative of the New York Herald, in the employment of which paper he carried out his famous expedition to find Livingstone, and accompanied Wolseley's expedition to Ashanti. In 1874 he was given command of an Anglo-American expedition described in Through the Dark Continent (1878), perhaps the most fruitful journey of exploration ever undertaken. Between 1879 and 1884 he spent five years in further exploration of the Congo, one result of which was the establishment of the Congo Free State under the sovereignty of King Leopold. On the conclusion of the Emin relief expedition Stanley was re-nationalised as a British subject, and from 1895 to 1900 was M.P. for North Lambeth. Stanley was created G.C.B. in 1899. He died in London, May 10, 1904, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

—in 1865—he was in Turkey as secretary to a high German official, and in 1876 he joined Gordon, then Governor of the Sudan; explored the Nile up to Lake Albert; in 1878 he was made Bey and Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, raising the ruined Provinces to prosperity. In 1883 he was cut off by the Mahdi from communication with Egypt, and his position became precarious.

Such an account would serve as a prologue to Stanley's book, In Darkest Africa, so far as Emin Pasha is concerned. Without doubt, an extraordinary man, one of many parts, one displaying the primary characteristics of Joseph's coat of many colours. We shall hear something of Stanley's opinion of him a little later on. Add to this, that Emin was a learned and accomplished entomologist: 'The Pasha is in his proper element as naturalist and meteorologist. . . . His love of science borders on fanaticism. I have attempted to discover, during our daily chats, whether he was Christian, or Jew, or Moslem, or even Pagan, and I rather suspect that he is nothing more than a Materialist.' So says Stanley, towards the end of his narrative. We may remember the odd and fanatical entomologist drawn by Jules Verne in one of his wonderful tales of the Amazon, and mentally put the query, Is this our friend Emin?

So the stage was set. Here was a European explorer, a man of distinguished parts, in dangerous isolation in the Dark Continent. A cry for 'Relief' was at once raised, and indeed the cry came from Emin himself. Only a couple of months before the Khartoum disaster Emin had informed a missionary in Uganda that 'the Sudan has become the theatre of an insurrection; for nineteen months there has been no news from Khartoum.' Hence Emin was led to believe that the town had been taken by insurgents, or that the Nile was blocked: 'Whatever it proves to be, please inform your correspondents and through them the Egyptian Government that to this day we are well, and that we propose to hold out until help may reach us or until we perish.'

STANLEY, in his Autobiography, writes in a slightly acid strain: 'It is to Dr. Felkin of Edinburgh who, as a casual traveller, had enjoyed Emin's hospitality in 1879 that I am indebted for that beautiful and inspiring picture of a Governor at bay in the far Sudan, defying the victorious Mahdists, and fighting bravely, inch by inch, for the land which he has been appointed to rule by General Gordon.' Indeed, serious and hazardous as the journey into the Dark Continent was, there emerges, nevertheless, a touch of humour to lighten the background of the Relief expedition.

The moving spirits in the 'Relief' were Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. Hutton (of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce), and subscriptions amounting to £21,500 were raised. When the call came finally to Stanley he was lecturing in America. On the Eve of Christmas, 1886, he touched homeland; on January 21, 1887, he steamed out of Charing Cross station on his long journey amid cries of 'God Speed' from many a friend. Of his companions in the adventure it is enough to mention the well-known names of Barttelot (who was fated to be assassinated by a Sudanese in July, 1888), Jameson, the naturalist (who died at Bangala), Captain Nelson, of Methuen's Horse; Dr. Parke and A. J. M. Jephson.

II—From Zanzibar to the Congo Valley

ALTHOUGH the route first planned was to be from Zanzibar westward, it was ultimately decided to travel via the Congo Valley. For one thing, 500 miles would thus be saved; and there would be less risk of the native porters giving the party the slip. In addition, certain fears which might have disquieted the French and Germans were avoided; and lastly, the King of the Belgians promised to aid the Expedition, so far as its route lay through the Congo State. 'I am impressed with the greater security of that route,' wrote Stanley to Emin. 'There are no powerful chiefs in the Congo Basin capable of interrupting our march. By the 18th June next we hope to be at the head of navigation on the Upper Congo. From the point where we debark to the southern end of Lake Albert is 320 miles in a

straight line (say 550 by road), which will probably occupy us fifty days to march to Karalli. If your steamers are in that neighbourhood, you will perhaps be able to leave us word at Karalli informing me of your whereabouts . . .' This letter was sent (Feb. 23, 1887) by couriers who travelled secretly overland through Uganda into Unyoro.

At Zanzibar the steamer *Madura* was ready, provisioned and watered for the voyage, together with transport animals and goods for barter. But there were two possible dangers confronting Stanley. One was Tippu-Tib, 'King' of the Congo Basin; what would be his attitude? The other was Mwanga, King of Uganda. 'Mwanga is a formidable opponent to the south and south-east' wrote Stanley to Emin.

As to Tippu, Stanley sought an interview with him immediately on arriving at Zanzibar, and found him fully prepared for any eventuality—to fight, or to be employed. His aid was not required, as a matter of fact, in order to reach Emin, or to show the road. To Wadelai there were four good roads; one was in Tippu's power, the remaining three were clear of his myriads. But there would be much advantage gained, financially, if an arrangement could be made whereby £60,000 worth of ivory (which was in Emin's possession) could be conveyed to the Congo. This would afford a means of recouping the depressed finances of the Egyptian Treasury. In the end Tippu bargained to supply 600 carriers.

Then Stanley broached another subject —the appointment of Tippu as Governor of Stanley Falls—the station had been established by the explorer in 1863—and after an interchange of cables with Brussels the matter was settled. The Sultan of Zanzibar presented Stanley with a sword richly mounted with gold, and a magnificent diamond ring—which made Tippu's eyes water. Sixty-one Sudanese soldiers accompanied Stanley, and the voyage south had scarcely started before they were fighting with the Zanzibaris for accommodation on the ship. 'As I looked down the hatchway the sight was fearful; blood flowed freely from a score of faces.' However, the blood and perspiration were wiped away, the Sudanese were sent aft and the Zanzibaris to the fore, and all was well—a little picture of life on the swarthy fringe of the Dark Continent.

On March 18 the *Madura* entered the Congo River. Three steamers were chartered, and on the 19th off went the expedition bound for Mataddi, the landing place up the river, whence the land march was to begin. On March 21 they debarked there, 108 miles from the Atlantic, the total party being about 680 men with 160 tons cargo; on the 25th the overland march began. And now began the series of ills that explorers in Africa must think of light-heartedly or not at all, or they would never survive to write books like this one. A few vivid sentences will indicate some of the daily trials and worries. 'The heat was terrible, the men dropped on all sides . . . chiefs and men succumbed. On Easter Monday the Sudanese Company was stricken down by fever . . . all but two of the Somalis were prostrated. . . .' Again, 'The Zanzibaris had no sooner pitched the tents of their respective officers than they rushed like madmen among the native villages and began to loot the property . . One of my most serious duties during a march or after camping was to listen to all sorts of complaints—a native robbed by a hungry Zanzibari; a goat-herd insulted because he cannot partake in the delicacy of goat-tripe; or Tippu-Tib's brother-in-law (who had once served on a British cruiser) would complain that "they should remember that he no Queen-man now, he Tippu-Tib's brudder-in-law."' But these were trifles compared with what was to come.

On April 22 the sea was 345 miles away; facing the expedition stretched about 1,100 miles of navigable water to Yambuya, on the Arawimi. From there the land journey was to be resumed until Lake Albert was sighted. All the time there was this terrible drain on the men. On April 24 a muster was taken with the result, 'We are short of 57 men and 38 Remington rifles.' The actual number was now 737 and 496 rifles.

In these vivid chapters Stanley gives us some wonderful pictures of glorious

panoramas of forest land and myriads of forest-like islands, of broad channels of dead calm water shining like quicksilver in the sun, huge green forests with every leaf and sprig as still as death, a front line of thick leafy bush sprinkled with butterflies, moths, insects of every gorgeous hue; then fresh views of wide rivers of shining water; a stretch of more than a thousand miles of changing colour and forms of animal and vegetable life; a wealth of scent and flower such as the world cannot equal. Such is a brief and all too faint description of the Upper Congo.

The procession of steamers was made up of the *Henry Reed*, with two barges, conveying Tippu-Tib and 120 men, the *Stanley*, with her consort the *Florida* with 336 people and cargoes, and the *Peace*—an ill-christened boat, for she gave none—and other small craft. At Bolobo, one of the best river-ports for supplies—it was decided that the force could not be successfully transported in one voyage; so, Major Barttelot was deputed to stay there and form a rear-guard to follow the main expedition. The main body then advanced with 511 men, besides Tippu-Tib and ninety of his followers. On June 15 Yambuya was reached, 96 miles above the confluence of the Aruwimi and the Congo. They were now 1,300 miles from the sea, and between Stanley and those whose eager eyes were casting glances to every cardinal point for relief was a white blank on every map not drawn to the scale of imagination; and from the far north came, in fancy, the wild cries of Mahdist hordes advancing with frantic yells 'Yallah! Yallah!' and on the south savage tribes were biding their time; and then, actually, between the derelicts and the relieving force lay this huge and unexplored area of the unknown.

MEANWHILE Barttelot was late; he should have been at Yambuya on the 16th, and by the 21st he had not arrived. Had Tippu turned traitor? On the 22nd, Stairs was ordered to conduct a search-party down stream; but at five o'clock the Zanzibaris were ringing out cries of 'Sail-Ho!' No accident had happened, Barttelot was safe, Tippu-Tib had not captured the vessel, the Sudanese had not mutinied, natives had not murdered the rear guard. There had been fighting, and so delay, that was all. So it was 'Forward' into the forest. Two days later the steamers *Henry Reed* and *Peace* were laden with fuel and despatched down river; and, leaving Barttelot with certain instructions, Stanley and the advance column entered the great forest.

"But tell me, Mr. Stanley," asked Barttelot, "how long do you suppose it will be before we meet?"

"God knows. None can inform me what lies ahead here, or how far the forest extends inland, whether there are any roads, the kind of natives, dwarfs, cannibals or gorillas. The distance from here to the Albert Nyanza is about 330 geographical miles in a straight line. . . . Is it all forest? then it will be awful work; say three months there and back, with a fortnight thrown in, I shall meet you coming towards me in late October or November. We will blaze the 'trail' and the trees, leaving marks for you. For us, the word is 'Onward,' for you it is Patience and Forbearance."

III—Through the Primeval Forest

THE advance-guard now consisted of 389 men and 357 rifles. Barttelot had 129 men and 87 rifles.

This was on June 28. Until December 5, for 160 days, the advance guard marched through the forest, jungle and bush, without seeing a patch of greensward as big as a cottage garden. Stanley was treading a region absolutely unknown to civilized man. It was a region of horrors. The shade temperature was 86; practically every yard of the ground had to be bill-hooked. Occasionally a hundred yards or so of the ground would be fair going. Nor was it long before a fight came about with the natives of the little town of Yanconda, who were cunning enough to plant hundreds of sharp-pointed skewers in a 'trap-road.' The Yambunas, neighbours of the Yancondis, must have inflamed their friends with some strange fables which emboldened them to face 400 rifles. Many paid the penalty for their foolishness. Huge trees

EMIN PASHA (1840-1892)
German traveller, naturalist and administrator

lay across the trail—such as it was—for, once the little fringing villages were left behind, the forest was as trackless as the wide ocean.

The order of the daily march was thus: 6.30 to 11 a.m., a rest, and then on again from 12.30 until 3 or 4 p.m. In some places the ground gained would be no more than 400 yards in an hour; on any day the march of six or seven hours never exceeded five miles. Then came frightful thunderstorms, with rain as cold as ice—so heavy that the camp fires could not be lit—here and there deserted villages close to the river bank, one large village with as many as 210 conical-shaped huts round which the defensive stockades still standing told a tale of internecine war; the villagers had fled. The dense foliage towered from 40 to 100 feet above their heads. Through this primeval forest the long-drawn trail of men wound their sinuous way.

Strangely enough, the intrepid explorer's worst anxiety came from the frailty of his native gang of men. They capsized canoes, they got lost in the forest, they exposed themselves to the showering arrows of hostile tribes. Eight men and seventeen rifles had been lost by August 8. The Zanzibaris possessed neither instinct nor reason in avoiding danger; no amount of warning could induce in them a fear of the ambushed foe. Out of 370 men 250 were of this description. Thus wounds and illness added to the horror of the tropical storms; then would come the heart-breaking anxiety for a lost caravan. Forty-four days saw only a third of the journey accomplished; by August 31 163 miles had yet to be conquered, but it could not be done in 64 days; and how was Barttelot, with fewer men, to follow on in the face of such difficulties? A sentence or two from Stanley's Journal throw a vivid light on the state of affairs:

> On September 12, as we resumed our journey, we were compelled to leave behind us five men who were in an unconscious state and dying. Achmet, the Somali, whom we had borne all the way from Ambuya, was one of them. At Memberri we made a muster:
>
> August 23 .. .. 373 men.
> September 12 .. 343 men.
>
> 14 deserted, 16 deaths; sick, 58.

And again, as a general picture of the forest and swamp:

> It is useless to search in the forest for a lost man, donkey or article. For, as waves divided by a ship's prow unite at the stern and leave no trace behind, so the trackless forest enfolds past finding within its deep shades whatsoever enters into it, and reveals nothing.

In the district of Bunda a roll of drums was heard, the booming of many muskets, and a flotilla of canoes announced the arrival of the Arab leader. Fifty strong men, women, and even singers accompanied him, every one of whom was in prime condition of body. His caravan was 600 strong. Stanley was hospitably entertained by this chief, whose fortlet of baked clay suggested something quite baronial—a multitude of servants, amplitude of space, and plenty. It is here that we get our first glimpse of a tribe of Dwarfs.

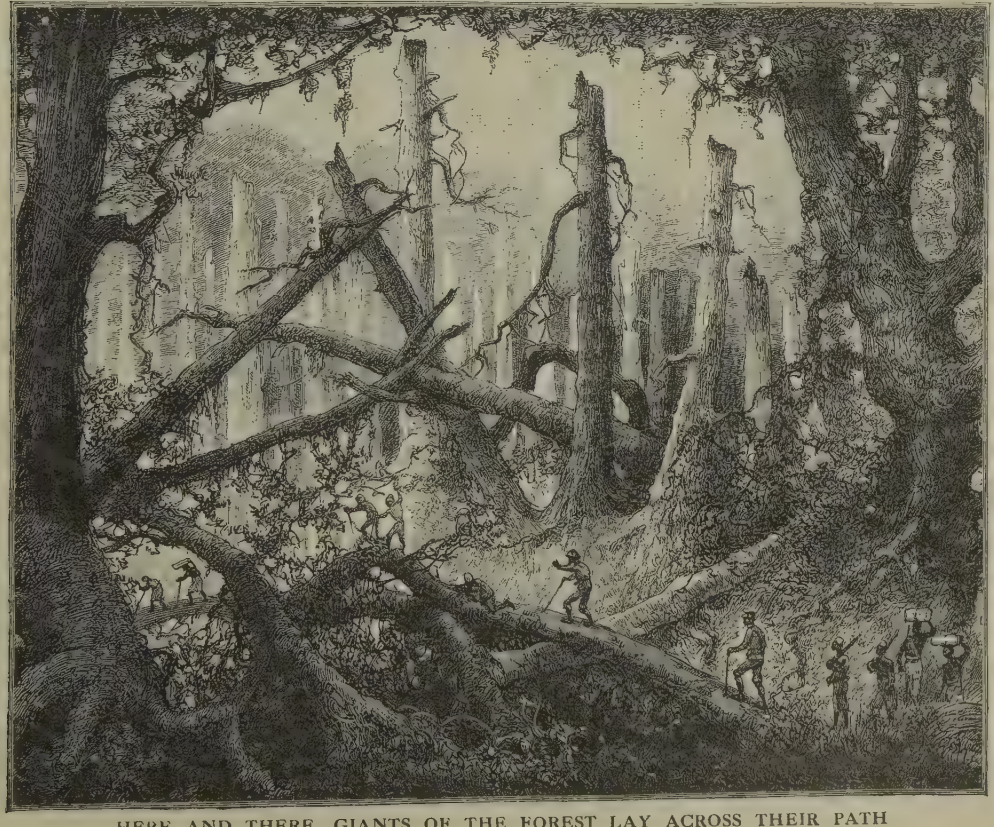
> She (we will take a description of one of the ladies) measured 33 inches in height, a perfectly formed miniature coloured lady with a prepossessing face and magnificent—but absurdly large—eyes. Absolutely self-possessed too, although perfectly nude, as though the little demoiselle was quite used to admiration.

To balance these and the like diversions there was now a loss of 62 men and a sick

list of 56. On October 6, 263 men remained, and of this number 52 were reduced to skeletons. Attacked by ulcers, they had been unable to feed or even forage for themselves. From time to time a band of wanderers would find plantains sufficient to save the Europeans from despair and actual starvation. Fortunately, a community of ivory-traders afforded some relief when Ipoto was reached. Still, a picture of savagery for the most part haunts the mind of the reader of this vivid description of the Upper Congo in 1887.

On a modest estimate, Stanley reckoned that with a pair of compasses he could 'park off' areas of 40,000 miles into which half-a-dozen resolute men, aided by their swarm of bandits, had divided the Upper Congo for the sole purpose of murder and of possessing themselves of the natives' ivory. In strong terms did Stanley condemn the foolhardiness of attacking the Arabs and their followers of Central Africa by small, brave, but utterly Quixotic bands of English, French or Swedes. The only cure lay in two methods, which should be combined; first, a hegemony of the powers, and secondly by forbidding the sale of gunpowder to the natives; for every tusk of ivory seized by an Arab was marked with human blood. But let the sufferings of Captain Nelson and his intrepid companions at 'Starvation Camp' as narrated in this volume bear witness to what the white man must endure who attempts to bring the blessings of civilization to the black shades of Central Africa.

On through the great forest the intrepid band pushed its way. The days which led to the final conquest of the gloomy and seemingly endless cavern of trees make painful reading. Here and there, giants of the forest lay across their path, half concealing the swamp and undergrowth. Painfully surmounting these obstacles, hauling caravans with heavy burdens over the timber-clearings, on they went. 'A



HERE AND THERE, GIANTS OF THE FOREST LAY ACROSS THEIR PATH
Courtesy of Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

frightful gymnastic exercise,' says Stanley; but the phrase is hopelessly inadequate. We read of men 'who died where they fell, the horrors of disease punctuated by showers of arrows from natives. It is the phantasmagoria of a world of bad dreams and quaint nightmares.

Yet more tribes of Dwarfs dance across the scene, then, at Ibwiri, the whizz of the arrows again. Here a camp-follower named Simba goes out on the forage, and an arrow hurtles through the air, to bury itself in his stomach. Reading his almost certain fate on the faces of his companions, what must the poor wretch do but commit suicide, in approved civilized fashion—by blowing his brains out. This incident is a trifle among a hundred adventures, but is worth recording on account of its strange sequel; for Sali, the tent-boy, has nothing but contempt to offer as a commentary on such a mean-spirited act. Had he been a chief—well, perhaps a funeral of a sort might have been allowable, but—'A suicide! Faugh! pitch him into the wilderness and let him rot!'

But, at last, on November 29, open country was sighted, well watered; and once more the blue sky. The Great Forest itself, dank and stifling, gloomed away to the north; in front was the breath of the heavens once more. But was it true, or was it a hoax? 'Aye, friends, it is true. By the mercy of God we are well-nigh near the end of our prison and our dungeon.'

The River Ituri was forded early in December, and the party emerged on to a rolling plain, green as an English lawn. On December 13 the Albert Nyanza was in view, sleeping in a hazy hollow, deep down in its valley, with the great plateau of Unyoro in the dim distance touched with marvellous blues and greys.

IV—The Meeting with Emin Pasha

But no news of Emin. "You seek White man? Many years ago White man came from the North in smoke-boat, but he went away!" Such is the tale. Either Emin would not leave Wadelai—thought Stanley—or he knew nothing of their coming. It came to light, however—later on—that in November Emin had written to Dr. Felkin—'Have sent party to look for Stanley. Stanley expected about December 15.' There was one thing certain now, starvation stared Stanley in the face, for the country was foodless—a few fish, no doubt, but that was all. The only thing was to return to Ibwiri, build a fort, seek the rearguard, and return to the lake with a boat. Then the mission could be accomplished without anxiety—and conscience—gnawing at their hearts.

But on reaching Ibwiri they found the village burnt. On the way they passed the spot where a Zanzibari had fallen from a log and broken his neck—and now the red ants had picked his skull as clean as an ostrich egg!

So Fort Bodo was constructed—'Peaceful Fort'—and Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson arrived in due course, safe and sound, but not without many a tale of dire adventure and hardship. And then came the march back to the Nyanza, and, at last, some news of Emin. "About two moons ago, after you passed us"—ran a native chief's report—"came from the Nyanza White man—bearded—in big canoe all of iron." The truth was that, had Emin taken the trouble to send his steamer a nine hours' journey, Stanley would have been met with on December 14. More—much more—than that, Barttelot would have been saved from assassination, Jameson from a fatal fever, Troupe from being invalided home, Bonny from days of distress in the wilds.

As it turned out, it was April 29, 1888, when the Pasha walked quite unconcernedly into Stanley's camp just a quarter of a mile from the side of the lake.

> A slight figure, wearing glasses, arrested my attention by saying, "I owe you a thousand thanks, Mr. Stanley; I really do not know how to express my thanks to you"—spoken in excellent English. "Ah! you are Emin Pasha."

Strange enigma of a man! Two sentences will show *how* enigmatical. On March 25 Emin had written (to a German scientific journal): 'If Stanley does not come soon we are lost.' But look at Stanley's account under date April 30:

> When I asked him about his plans, the Pasha's manner was ominous. When I proposed

STANLEY'S MEETING WITH THE REAR COLUMN OF HIS EXPEDITION
Courtesy of Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

a return to the sea, he tapped his knees and smiled in a kind of ' We shall see ' manner. And a day later it was, ' If my people are willing, I will leave Africa ; if not, I will stay with them.'

Volumes could not say more. No wonder we find in Stanley's account : ' There is something about Emin that I cannot fathom.'

But the search for the rear column was an absolutely vital necessity. So, turning back once more, Stanley headed the column. On June 16 they were clear of Fort Bodo and on the road to Yambuya ; on August 17 Bonny was met.

" Well, Bonny, and how are you ? Where is the Major ? Sick, I suppose ? "
" The Major is dead, sir."
" How ? Fever ? "
" No, sir ; he was shot."
" By whom ? "
" By the Manyuema—Tippu-Tib's people."

The tragic story of the rear column would make a book in itself. The truth was that Barttelot had been shot, while attempting to quell a quarrel, at Banalya ; shot through the heart by a Sudanese.

And as this tragic news was reaching Stanley's ears Emin was, to all intents and purposes, being made a prisoner, and by his ' own people,' although still moving from place to place as their nominal leader. On February 17 he was once more with Stanley in camp, at Kavali. And here we get a taste of this extraordinary man's fanaticism for ' science.'

Schweinfurth (a noted German scientist) boiled the heads of the slain natives once, to prepare the skulls for presentation to a Berlin museum. Emin proposes to do the same if we get a brush with the Wanyoro. I suggest to him that it sounds rather a shocking thing to do, but he only smiles. It is all ' for Science.'

And so, the Pasha measures the outside dimensions of the skulls of little Dwarfs, while Stanley is content to study their mentality by marking their facial expression, or noting their queer habits.

Then on April 10 the march to Zanzibar was begun. The company was 1,510 all told, including 600 of the Pasha's people; and at this point Stanley breaks his narrative to make a lengthy study of his weird companion, the forlorn, derelict Emin.

This chapter is one of the most fascinating in a book crowded with detail of the highest interest; only a short summary can be attempted here. Stanley opens with the confession that he had had his doubts about the great Livingstone; the papers had called him a hero; and Stanley had discovered that the papers had spoken the truth. Emin had been described in rather the same high strain; Emin was a hero of the Gordon type, and a tall military figure to boot. He was not, Stanley found, a tall military man; and he was not a Gordon, by any count. He was a man placed in a very difficult position; he was a man possessing many virtues of his own. He was prim, precise, courteous and kind. He was an accomplished scientist, a literary man and a most interesting conversationalist; a man to admire. That was, generally speaking, a fair estimate of first impressions. But there was something inexplicable about the man. Some of his staff, to Stanley's amazement, roundly abused him. It was a painful shock to the intrepid Stanley to find, on his third journey to the Lake, that Emin was really a prisoner.

The fact was, shortly, and expressed mildly, that Emin could not rely upon his own troops, Egyptian or otherwise. Hence every proposal to Emin to settle here or there, even on the basis of some subsidy to be arranged, was always met with objection or at least a vacillating hesitation. Then, through all this trouble, the Pasha seemed perfectly serene and composed. A little flattery of the fawning type, and all was well. His men looked on him with contempt as a mere 'bird-collector'; he was more interested in beetles than in men; hence they kept him in good humour by showing him the externals of homage. In the fervour of his trust in his subordinates there was a certain nobility; so the moment that his troops were relieved from any fear of trouble from the North by the news of the fall of Khartoum they revolted against their Governor's authority. The Pasha's reputation for good nature really saved him from the consequences of excesses on the part of the more violent men surrounding him.

It need only be added here that there was a subtle plot brewing, at one period of the adventures detailed in this remarkable book, to betray, not only Emin, but Stanley as well.

V—The End of the Journey

THE end of this tremendous romance is not, therefore, very surprising. In the result, Stanley did persuade the Pasha to accompany him to Zanzibar. But while things were hanging in the balance Stanley took the opportunity to bring the famous Mountains of the Moon out of the shades of mere historical romance into the light of reality. And once again it must be said that these amazing interludes of geographical adventure are enough to provide entertainment for many an hour's delightful recreation.

The temptation to quote must be resisted. The great journey of 6,032 miles ended at Zanzibar on December 4, 1889; the Dark Continent had been crossed from the Western Ocean to the Indian Ocean. In addition to the Mountains of the Moon, Stanley discovered a further extension of Victoria Nyanza of not less than six thousand miles.

It was during the celebrations at Zanzibar that Emin fell from the balcony of the bungalow. Only a few moments before the accident happened the Pasha had been making a speech in eloquent terms regarding the bravery and kindness of his English friends. Yet that accident—it was thought that the base of his skull was fractured—by some occult means put an end to all intercourse between Stanley and Emin. No persuasion could move Emin. Speaking, almost for the last time to Emin, Stanley said, 'Up to date we have lost Major Barttelot and three hundred lives. We are here to lose our own lives, if required; what more can we do for you? Write out your wishes in plain words, and test our

sincerity." But no; the Pasha would brood for days, but until Stanley finally bade him farewell at the hospital nothing occurred to mar the even tenor of the casual intercourse between the men.

On December 6 the Expedition embarked for the homeland. Stanley travelled on to Cairo. There he made further efforts to serve Emin, but all to no avail.

The end of Emin was that he took service under the German government; but, as they tired of his pranks, he made his way back to the Great Forest. On his way he must needs loot a caravan and murder the natives in charge of it. Vengeance overtook him when, just above Stanley Falls, he fell in with a relative of one of the murdered men. There was a short shrift; Emin's head soon rolled on the ground, for the red ants to gnaw. And so the curtain falls on an astonishing drama of the comedy and tragedy of exploration.

Just a word about this wonderful book. Stanley sat down to write it at Cairo.

> But I knew not how to begin. Like Elihu, my head was full of matter, and I desired to write that I might be refreshed; but there was no vent. My right hand had forgotten its cunning. . . Finally, after fifty days' close labour, in obedience to an irresistible impulse, I have succeeded in reaching this page 903 of foolscap manuscript, besides writing 400 letters and about 100 telegrams, and am now compelled to beg the reader's permission to conclude through over-weariness.
>
> But the memory of all the horrors still haunts him. Spectres of men shivering in the rainy gloom, sad-eyed through hunger, despairing in the midst of the Unknown. . . .

The tale may be dropped at that point; there is no need to explore the controversies that rose from time to time to add to Stanley's unhappy memories. Sufficient to say of this work, here is one of the most absorbing stories of brave adventure ever written; and of the Dark Continent, 'E tenebris oritur lux.'

A Master Singer's Words for His Own Music

RICHARD WAGNER

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS

III—Siegfried

FOLLOWING the composition of Rhine Gold and The Valkyrie, by 1857 Wagner had worked on Siegfried as far as the second act, but his financial difficulties and other circumstances then caused him to lay the opera aside for eleven years. While under the patronage of Ludwig of Bavaria he resumed work on Siegfried in 1868, completing it in 1871. In 1876 the building of the wonderful opera-house at Baireuth rendered possible the production of The Ring of the Nibelungs, and on August 15 Siegfried took its place in the great tetralogy. In Siegfried, the son of Siegmund and Sieglinde, Wagner 'was chiefly attracted by the charm of a character developed in immediate contact with Nature. . . . and therefore, like Nature, fresh and ever new in its impulsive naïveté.'

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Siegfried	Brunnhilde
Wotan, as a wanderer	Fafner, a dragon
Mime, a Nibelung	A Wood Bird

First Act

Mime's *cave in a forest, an anvil and forge* Mime, *a Nibelung, forging a sword.*

MIME: The stoutest sword
That ever I shaped!
In a giant's fingers
Firm it were found;
But he whom 'tis forged for
Will strain and twist it in two
As 'twere a straw or a toy.
'Nothung's' fragments
He'd fracture me never
Could I but mend
The mighty metal;
But all my craft
Cannot compass that.

[*To* Siegfried, *who has just entered.*

I've shaped the weapon sharp,
With its sheen thou wilt be well pleased.

Siegfried : Hey, what an idle
Toy is this !
[*He beats it to pieces on the anvil.*
Would I had smashed it
Over your skull !
Mime : What gross ingratitude !
This overbearing boy,
If he gets not *all* the best,
The good things I have given
Are each and all forgot.
A querulous brat
Kindly I reared ;
Wrapped in warm linen
The little wretch ;
Water and food
For thee I found.
Siegf. : How came you, then,
By this clamouring wretch ?
Mime : Only trust
Whatever I tell thee :
I am thy father and mother in one.
Siegf. : You lie, perfidious fool !
A fish ne'er had toad for father !
Now shall I make you inform me
What father and mother are mine.
[*In his excitement he seizes him by the throat.*

MIME : Let loose ! What thou wishest to learn
I'll tell thee, as far as I know.
A poor woman lay wailing
Once in yon woodland wild ;
I helped her home to this hole,
And gave my hearth for a haven.
Sad was her lot : she died,
But Siegfried saw the light.
Siegf. : And how was my father named ?
Mime : That someone slew him,
She said, and no more.
Siegf. : Shall I believe your tidings ?
Then let me see a sign.
[Mime *produces the fragments of* ' *Nothung.*'
Mime : 'Twas this your mother gave me
For food and cost and toil ;
See here ; a broken sword !
She said thy father bore it
In the fight when he was slain.
Siegf. : And these same fragments
You now shall forge for me.
[*He rushes into the woods. Enter* Wanderer (Wotan).
Wanderer : Hail ! Wisest smith !
Mime : By whom in this woodland
Wild am I sought ?
Wand. : ' Wanderer ' calls me the world :
All the earth round
I roam at my will.
Mime : Then roam on thy way,
And rest thee not here.
Wand. (*seating himself at the hearth*) :
Here gaining thy hearth
I gage thee my head
As stake in a struggle of wits.
Mime : Thy head staking 'gainst my hearth !
Three the questions that I require :
Now tell me aright
What is the race
Born in the bowels of earth ?
Wand. : In the bowels of earth
Burrow the Nibelungs :
Nibelheim is their land.
Mime : Now say to me, sooth,
What is the race
That lives on earth's back ?
Wand. : The back of the earth
The giants inhabit :
Riesenheim is their land.
Mime : Now tell me as well
What is the race
Guards the welkin above ?
Wand. : The welkin above
The gods inhabit :
Walhalla their dwelling.
Since thou hast not asked
To thy profit
I will have thy head also as gage.
What is that noble race
That Wotan so ruthlessly treated,
And that yet he holds most dear ?
Mime : The Wälsung are they,
The race Wotan fathered :
Siegfried is their son.
Wand. : Now, a wily Nibelung
Wardeth Siegfried,
Fated slayer of Fafner ;
But what sword
Must Siegfried wield
Accomplishing Fafner's death ?
Mime : ' Nothung ' the name
Of the needful sword.
Wand. : Who will, from the stubborn splinters,
' Nothung ' the sword remake ?
Mime : Alas ! it escapes me.
'Tis far too hard
To yield to my hammer.
Who shapeth the sword
Since I cannot ?
Wand. : None but who fear
Hath never felt
Makes ' Nothung ' new. (*Rising*)
Thy head so wise
Henceforth guard well ;
I leave it forfeit to him
Who hath not yet learnt to fear.
[*Turns away laughing and disappears.*

SIEGF. (*calls from without*) :
Ho, lazy fellow !
Quick ! How goes't with the sword ?
Mime : The sword ! the sword !
How can I shape it ?
How can I awake in him fear ?
Siegf. (*entering*) : What mean you by ' fear ' ?
Mime : What profits the mightiest sword
When fear stays far from thee ?
Siegf. : If 'tis an art,
Why was I not taught ?
Say then, what is this ' fear ' ?
Mime : I wot of a monstrous worm,
Who's slain full many a man ;
Fafner will teach thee fear ;
Follow thou me to his lair.
Siegf. : Thither, then, thou shalt lead me
To learn about fear.
Now swift shape me the sword !

AFTER KILLING THE DRAGON, SIEGFRIED LISTENS TO THE WOOD BIRD

From the painting by E. Neilsen

Mime : Accursèd steel !
I cannot restore it again.
Siegf. : Bring me the fragments !
My father's sword
Fails not with me.
Myself I'll forge the sword.
[*He grinds the fragments to powder and places them in a crucible on the forge.*

Ho ! Mime, now say,
How named they the sword ?
Mime : ' Nothung ' named
Is the notable sword.
Siegf. : Nothung ! Nothung !
Notable sword !
Why wert thou thus dissevered ?
To shreds I've shattered
Thy shining blade.
I've smelted the steely shreds,
I soon shall hail thee ' *My sword.*'
Mime (*aside*) : Wearied in fight with the worm,
In his faintness, fain he will drink.
From potent simples
I'll brew a draught :
Senseless he'll sink to sleep.
With the very weapon
He there is welding
He shall be razed from my way.
The Ring and the hoard I will own.

Second Act

A deep forest ; the opening of a cave. Enter Mime *and* Siegfried.

SIEGFRIED : Here shall I in fear take lesson ?
Mime : Seest thou yonder cavern's shade ?
Therein dwells
A gruesome, savage worm.
Siegf. : ' Nothung ' straightway
I'll strike to his heart ;
Will that be called fear, belike ?

[*Exit* Mime. Siegfried *blows a call on his horn.* Fafner *enters, in the form of a huge dragon.* Siegfried *attacks him, and, after a prolonged struggle, pierces him through the heart. As* Siegfried *withdraws the sword, his hand becomes smeared with blood. Putting his fingers to his mouth to suck off the blood, he becomes at once able to understand the voices of the birds.*

Voice of Wood Bird : Hey, Siegfried doth hold
Now the Nibelungs' hoard.
Oh, deep in the hole
The hoard is hidden
[Siegfried *goes into the cavern, reappearing with the Ring and the Tarnhelm.*

Hey ! Siegfried doth hold
Now the helm and the Ring !
Oh, trust not Mime,
The treacherous elf.
[*Re-enter* Mime, *who through* Siegfried's *power is unable to conceal his thoughts.* Siegfried *compels him to confess his designs on his life.*

Siegf. : Taste, then, my sword,
Infamous serpent !
[*With a single blow he lays* Mime *dead.*

Wood Bird : Hey ! Siegfried hath slain
Now the infamous dwarf,
I know for him now
A glorious wife,
In guarded fastness she sleeps :
A fire burns round her room,
O'erstepped he the blaze,
Waked he the bride,
Brunnhilde would then be his.
Siegf. : Forth I'll hasten exulting ;
Forth from the wood to the fell.

Third Act

At the foot of the Valkyries' rock stands the Wanderer. *He knows that his end, ' the dusk of the gods,' draws near, and willingly resigns his kingdom to the new race. Yet when* Siegfried *enters,* Wotan *refuses to let him pass.*

SIEGFRIED : Oho ! my withholder, and who are you
Who thus arrests my road ?
Wanderer : My spear shall spare thee no path.
The sword that thou sway'st
Was shivered on this shaft ;
So, too, again
'Twill snap on the eternal spear.
Siegf. : Then my father's foe faces me here.
How that will serve me
For sweet revenge.

[*He attacks the* Wanderer, *and hews his spear in pieces.*
Wand. : Advance ! I cannot hinder thee.

[*The stage becomes filled with a sea of fire.* Siegfried *plunges into the flames, and at the top of the rocks finds* Brunnhilde *sleeping. He removes her armour, and wakens her with a kiss.*

Brunnhilde : Who is he who arouses me ?
Siegf. : Siegfried I
By whom thou'rt waked.
Brunn. : O Siegfried ! Siegfried !
Sanctified hero !
O know'st thou, lord of the world,
How long thou hast had my love ?
I loved thee always,
For I alone
Distinguished Wotan's intention :
Truly that intention
Was but that my love should be thine !
Siegf. : With timid fear thou fillest me,
For thou alone
Hast fear aroused in me !
Laugh that thou livest,
Sweetest delight !
Be mine ! Be mine ! Be mine !
Brunn. : Oh, Siegfried, thine
Ever I've been !
Gladly love do I glow with !
Gladly yield to thee blindly !
Gladly glide to destruction !
Gladly go to the grave !
Thou art for ever
My own and my only !
Love that illumines,
Laughing at death !

BERTHOLD AUERBACH

ON THE HEIGHT

IN 1836 Auerbach published a work on Judaism and Recent Literature, and intended to follow this by a series of novels taken from Jewish history. Of these he actually published, with considerable success, Spinoza (1837) and Poet and Merchant (1839). But real fame and popularity came to him when he began to occupy himself with the life of the South German peasants. His Schwarzwälderdorfgeschichten (Village Tales of the Black Forest) appeared in 1843 and was widely translated. These delightful stories, like Barfüssele (1856) and Edelweiss (1861) depict the memories and scenes of his youth. Auerbach then returned to the philosophical and didactic novel, and produced in 1865 Auf der Höhe (On the Height) which blends peasant life and character with scenes at a small German court. Das Landhaus am Rhein (1869) is similar in style. These larger works are somewhat overweighted by philosophy, but the inherent truth and charm of On the Height triumph over its faults. The best of Auerbach's latest novels are Waldfried (1874), The Ranger (1879) and Brigitta (1880).

I—A Peasant Nurse in a Royal Palace

WALPURGA was as in a dream. It had all happened so quickly! Only a fortnight ago, on the walk home from Sunday mass at the village church, her Hanseï had to make a hay bed for her on the stone-heap by the roadside. She had thought she could not get back to the cottage in time, but she recovered after a while and bravely walked home. Her mother was with her in the hour of suffering, as she had been with her through all the joys and sorrows of her simple life. Then came the supreme joy of the awakening, with a new life by her side, a baby-girl groping helplessly for the mother's breast. Then—was it only yesterday?—when she was waiting for the return of the christening party, a carriage drove up with the village doctor and an elegant stranger. There was much beating about the bush, and then it came out like a thunderbolt. The stranger was a great doctor from the capital, entrusted with the mission to find in the mountains an honest, comely peasant woman, and married she must be, to act as wet-nurse for the expected crown prince or princess.

Then Hanseï came home with the merry party—there was much storming and angry refusal; but finally the practical sense of the peasant folk prevailed. It was, after all, only for a year, and it would mean comfort and wealth, instead of hunger and grinding poverty. And scarcely had their consent been wrung from them, when shouting and cheering announced the great event of the crown prince's birth. Then came that long drive over hill and dale, through the dark night; and now, in the royal palace, she tried to collect herself, to grasp the meaning of all that splendour, the unintelligible ceremonious talk and bearing of those about her. She was to be taken at once to see the queen and her precious charge.

Walpurga was full of happiness when she left the queen's bedroom. Touched by the comely young peasant woman's naïve and familiar kindliness, the queen, who seemed to her beautiful as an angel, had kissed her and, on noticing a tear, had said: "Don't cry, Walpurga! You are a mother, too, like myself!" The little prince took to his nurse without much trouble, and she soon became accustomed to her new life, although her thoughts often dwelt longingly on her native mountains, her own child and mother and husband. How they would miss her! She knew her Hanseï was a good man at heart, but not particularly shrewd, and easily gulled or led astray.

Meanwhile, her high spirits, her artless bluntness, the quaint superstition of the mountain child, gained her the good will and approval of the king and queen, of Dr. Gunther, the court physician, of the whole royal house, and above all, of the lady-in-waiting, Countess Irma Wildenort.

II—The Love Affairs of a King

Countess Irma's letters to Emmy, her only convent friend, contained little of idle gossip and of things that had happened. They had no continuity. They were introspective, and took the form of a diary taken up at odd moments and left again to be continued, sometimes the following day, sometimes after a week. They revealed intellectual development far in advance of her years, and clear perception of character.

'The queen lives in an exclusive world of sentiment and would like to raise everybody to her exalted mood—liana-like, in the morning-glow and evening-glow of sentiment, never in white daylight. She is most gracious towards me, but we feel it instinctively—there is something in her and in me that does not harmonise . . . .

'Here all of them think me boundlessly naïve, because I have the courage to think for myself . . . .

'The king loves reserve, but also gay freeness. The queen is too serious—eternal organ sound; but you cannot dance to an organ, and we are young and love to dance.

'A peasant woman from the mountains is nurse to the crown prince. I was with her at the king's request. I stood by the cot when the king arrived. He said to me gently: "It is true, an angel stands by the child's cradle." He laid his hand upon mine, which rested on the rail of the cot. The king went. And just imagine what occurred. The nurse, a fresh, merry person with blue eyes, buxom and massive, a perfect peasant beauty, to whom I showed friendliness, so as to cheer her up and save her from feeling homesick, the nurse tells me in bald words: "You are an adulteress! You have exchanged loving glances with the king!"

'Emmy! How right you were in telling me that I idealise the people, and that they are as corrupt as the great world and, moreover, without the curb of culture.

'No! she is a good, intelligent woman. She begged my pardon for her impertinence; I remain friendly towards her. Yes, I will.'

Irma's devotion to her king had something of hero-worship. And the king, who loved his wife sincerely; but was, and wanted to be, of a heroic nature, and who was averse to all that savoured of self-torment and sentimentality, was attracted by Countess Irma's intellectual freedom and *esprit*. He felt in her a kindred spirit. Her company was stimulating; it could not affect the even tenor of his conjugal love.

But the queen, in her sentimental exaltation, sought ever for new 'documents' to demonstrate the depth of her affection. And now she wanted to give the supreme proof by renouncing her Lutheran faith to enter into a yet closer union with her Catholic husband. To the king this sacrifice seemed not only sentimentally weak, but politically unwise. He received the confidence coldly, and begged her to reconsider the matter. He sent Dr. Gunther, who, in spite of his democratic tendencies, was held in high esteem by the king and had great influence over the queen, to exercise his persuasive powers—with no result.

Where wisdom and experience had failed, the voice of nature, speaking out of Walpurga's childish chatter, succeeded. Walpurga told the queen of her father—how one day on the lake, on hearing the choral singing of the peasants, he had said: "Now I know how the Almighty feels up there in Heaven! All the Churches, ours, and the Lutheran, and the Jewish, and the Turkish, they are all voices in the song. Each sings as he knows, and yet it sounds well together up there."

The queen was radiant next day, when she informed her spouse that she had the courage of her own inconsistency and that she had resolved to do his will. The sacrifice was received with coolness. Was it that her noble act was construed as further evidence of weakness?

The king had left town for some distant watering-place, and had requested Irma to write to him at times. Knowing her love of flowers, he had given orders for a fresh bouquet to be placed every day in her room and, perhaps to conceal the favour, in the rooms of two other ladies of the court. Irma considered both the thought

and the expedient unworthy of her hero, and resolved not to write to him.

She spent much of her time at the studio of a professor of the academy, who not only modelled a bust of her for a figure of Victory to be placed on the new arsenal, but gave her instruction in his art. In spite of this new occupation, she found herself in a state of feverish excitement, which became almost unbearable when the queen showed her a passage in a letter just received from the king. 'Please make Countess Irma send me regular reports about our son. Remember me to the dear fourth leaf of our clover-leaf.'

She was indignant at this unworthy attempt at forcing her to write. Was Walpurga right after all? Were lovers' glances to be exchanged over the child's cradle? She longed for solitude and peace. On the way to her room she had to stop to think where she was. A gallop might cool her feverish head. She ordered her horse to be saddled, but had scarcely changed into her riding habit when a letter was handed to her, which she unsealed with trembling fingers. It was a simply worded invitation from her father, who wished to see her again after her long absence at court. Here was salvation, balm for her aching heart! She gave a few orders, then hurried to the queen's apartments to obtain leave of absence; and, accompanied by her maid, sped to her paternal home the same evening as fast as the horses would carry her.

The days passed quickly at the manor house, where Irma, for the first time, gained an insight into the noble mind and firm character of her father. In his many soothing talks Count Eberhard told her of his regrets at having been forced by circumstances—her mother's death before Irma had reached the age of three, and his inability to give her a proper education in his mountain retreat—to send her first to her aunt, then to the convent, and thus neglecting his duties as father. A word from him would have decided her to remain under his roof, but the old philosopher held that each intelligent being must work out its own destiny, and would not influence her decision.

His slighting remarks about the monarchic system, about the impossibility of the king, with all his noble intentions, being able to see the world as it is, since everybody approaches him in pleasing costume, struck the final jarring note and destroyed the complete understanding between father and daughter. A half jocular joint letter from the king and his entourage, in which the signatories expressed in exaggerated terms their longing for her presence at court, decided her to return.

The carriage having been sent to the valley in advance, Count Eberhard walked down with Irma, until they came to the apple tree which he had planted on the day of his daughter's birth. He stopped and picked up a fallen apple.

"Let us part here," he said. "Take this fruit from your native soil. The apple has left the tree because it has ripened; because the tree cannot give any more to it. So man leaves home and family. But man is more than the fruit of a tree. Come, my child, I hold your dear hand; don't weep—or weep! May you never weep for yourself, and only for others! Remain faithful to yourself! I would give you all my thoughts; remember but the one: Yield only to such pleasures as will be pleasure in recollection. Take this kiss. You kiss passionately. May you never give a kiss that does not leave your soul as pure and full as it is now. Farewell!"

III—Walpurga Returns Home

Twelve months had passed since Walpurga's arrival at court. Her trunks were now packed; she had given a last kiss to the boy prince; and now she asked her Hanseï, who had brought a carriage from the village to take her home, to wait in the corridor whilst she took leave of Countess Irma. She found Irma still in her bed, very pale, with her hair in loose strands on the pillow.

"I wanted to give you a souvenir," said Irma; "but I think money will be best for you. Look on the table, and take it all. I don't want any of it. Take it, and don't be afraid; it is real money, won honestly at the tables. I always win.

always! . . . Take your kerchief and wrap it up."

The room was so dusky that Walpurga looked round in superstitious fear. The money might be evil; she quickly made the sign of the Cross over it, and put it into her ample pocket.

"And now, farewell," said Irma. "Be happy. You are happier than any of us. If ever I don't know where to go, I shall come to you. You'll have me, won't you? Now go—go! I must sleep. And don't forget me, Walpurga. Don't thank me, don't speak!"

"Oh, please let me speak, just one word! We both can't know which of us will die, and then it would be too late. I don't know what's the matter with you. You are not well, and you may get worse. You often have cold hands and hot cheeks. I wronged you that day, soon after I arrived. I'll never think bad of you again, no one shall say evil of you; but, please, get away from the castle! Go home, to——"

"Enough," exclaimed Irma, thrusting forth her hands as though Walpurga's words were stones thrown at her. "Farewell; and don't forget me." She held out her hand for Walpurga to kiss; it was hot and feverish. Walpurga went. The parrot in the ante-room screamed: "Goodbye, Irma." Walpurga was frightened, and ran away as though she were chased.

WALPURGA'S homecoming was not pleasure unalloyed. She did not miss the luxuries to which she had become accustomed. She rather relished the hard, manual labour, to which she applied herself with full energy. But her baby was a stranger to her, cried when she wished to take her up, and became only gradually accustomed to her. Her faculties had been sharpened, too; she felt a certain shyness in her husband, noticed his weaknesses, and was deeply hurt when, on the second evening after her return, he went to the inn, 'so that people should not say he was under her thumb.'

Then Hanseï, coaxed by the shrewd innkeeper, had set his heart upon acquiring the inn, now that they had 'wealth,' and upon thus becoming the most important man in the village. But with much tact and cleverness Walpurga made him give up the plan, thereby arousing the innkeeper's hostility, which became rampant when the reunited couple did not appear at a kind of fête which he gave, ostensibly in their honour, but really to benefit by the proceeds. By this slight the esteem and admiration of the whole village were turned to ill will and spite.

HANSEÏ and Walpurga were almost boycotted; but their isolation made them draw closer together, work harder and enjoy to the fullest the harmony of their domestic life. Moreover, the freehold farmer, Grubersepp, who was a personage in the district, and had never before deigned to take much notice of Hanseï, now called at the cottage and offered his advice on many questions. When on a Sunday the village doctor and the priest were seen to visit the cottage, opinion began to veer round once more in the good people's favour.

It was Walpurga's old uncle Peter, a poor pitch-burner, who was known in the district as the 'pitch-mannikin,' who brought the first news that the freehold farm, where Walpurga's mother had in her young days served as a maid, was for sale at a very low price for ready money. It was six hours from the lake, in the mountains—splendid soil, fine forest, everything perfect. Hanseï decided to have a look at it, and Grubersepp went with him to value it. The uncle's description was found to be highly coloured; but after some bargaining the purchase was effected, and soon the news was bruited about the village that Hanseï had paid 'in clinking golden coin.'

The whole village, with a brass band, was assembled on the shore when Hanseï and Walpurga, with their family and worldly possessions, embarked to cross the lake on the first stage of their 'flitting.' All vexations were forgotten in the hearty send-off, and as the boat glided across the lake it was followed by music, cheering, jödling, and the booming of mortars.

They approached the opposite shore and Hanseï pointed out the figure of Uncle Peter waiting for them with the cart and the furniture, when Walpurga suddenly ceased rowing, and gave a startled cry.

"Heavens! What's that? I could swear, when I was singing I thought if only my good Countess Irma could see us here together, how happy she would be. And just now it seemed to me as though——"

"Come on, let's land," said Hanseï.

On the shore a figure in a fluttering garment was running up and down. It suddenly collapsed when the wind carried a full sound of music across the lake. Then it rose again, and vanished in the reeds.

"Have you seen nothing?" asked Walpurga.

"Rather! If it were not broad daylight, and if it were not superstition, I should think it was the mermaid herself."

The boat at last touched the shore. Walpurga was the first to jump out. She hurried to the reed-bank, away from her people, and there, behind the willows, the apparition fell on her neck and broke down.

IV—The Countess Irma's Atonement

Dr. Gunther received the first telegraphic news of his friend, Count Eberhard, having lost the power of speech through a stroke of paralysis. He was to break the news to Irma. For some time she had felt, through the physician's reserve and sympathetic kindness, that he could read her secret. And now she realized that sudden knowledge of her disgrace alone could have struck down her father, whose vigorous constitution had always kept illness at arm's length.

They arrived at the manor house before midnight, and were shown into the sufferer's room. Count Eberhard's eyelids moved quickly when he recognized Dr. Gunther's voice, and he tried to extend his hand towards his friend, but it fell heavily on the coverlet. Dr. Gunther seized it and held it in a firm grasp. Irma knelt down before the bed, and her father's trembling hand felt over her face, and was wetted by her tears. Then he quickly withdrew it, as though he had touched a poisonous animal; he turned away his face and pressed his forehead against the wall. Now he turned round again, and with a gentle movement indicated that he wished her to leave the room.

She was with him again next day. He tried painfully to say something to her, to make her understand by signs—she could not understand. He bit upon his lips and tried to sit up. His face was changed—it assumed a strange colour, a strange expression. Irma saw with a shudder what was happening. She knelt down and laid her cheek upon his hand. He withdrew the hand. With supreme effort he wrote a word, a short word, with his finger upon her forehead. She saw, she heard, she read it—in the air, on her forehead, on her brain, in her soul—she gave a scream, and fell senseless to the ground. Dr. Gunther entered quickly, stepped over Irma, closed his friend's eyes, and all was silence.

For many hours Irma was in her room, shut in with her despair, her remorse. No one could gain admission. She thought furiously, she raved, and then fell into a troubled sleep. When she awoke her resolution was made. She asked for light and writing materials, and wrote:

'My queen,—With death I atone for my guilt. Forgive and forget! Irma.'

On the envelope she wrote: 'To be handed to the queen herself by Dr. Gunther.' Then she took another sheet, and wrote:

'My friend,—For the last time I speak to you. We have gone astray—terribly. The atonement is mine. You belong to her and to the people. Your atonement is in life; mine in death. Be calm, be one with the law that ties you to her and to the people. You have denied both, and I have aided you. Be true again to yourself! This is my dying word, and I die willingly, if you but listen. Listen to this voice, and do not forget it! But forget her who speaks to you. I will not be remembered.'

She sealed the letters, left them in her writing-case, and asked for her horse to be saddled. She rode out, followed by a groom, whom, some distance from home, she sent back on some pretext. When he was out of sight, she galloped off at full speed, dismounted, struck her horse with the whip to make it run away, and lost herself in the wood in the direction of the lake.

V—A Court Scandal

IRMA'S torn boots were found on a rock by the lake, her hat floating on the waters. Although her body could not be recovered, there was no doubt that she had committed suicide. Her father's death must have bereft her of reason.

When the news was first brought to the king he trembled violently and had to seize the back of a chair for support. Then he requested to be left alone, and with dim eyes he read Irma's farewell message. On the impulse of the moment, he wanted to send the queen the last words of his friend; he wanted to write under them, to pour out his whole heart, his whole repentance. He decided not to act hastily. Even the heaviest task must be fulfilled without loss of dignity. A chase had been arranged for the morning. The hunting-party were waiting in the courtyard. With an effort he pulled himself together, descended with firm step, and entered his carriage returning smilingly the salutations of his guests.

The queen was scarcely less shaken by the terrible news, which was gently broken to her by Dr. Gunther. Her heart was filled with profound pity for the unfortunate child, and she gave vent to her grief in sobs and touching lamentations. Dr. Gunther tried to comfort her. "She is not gone without farewell. She has left this letter for your majesty—surely a letter that will bring balm in this terrible hour. Even to the last she proved her loving nature."

The queen seized the letter, read it, and turned deadly pale, then burning red. When she found words, she exclaimed: "And she has kissed my child, and he has kissed his child! They talk of the sublime, and their words do not cut their tongues! Everything is soiled! And he dared say to me: A prince has no private actions. His doings and his neglects set the example! Fie! Everything is soiled, everything filthy! Everything!"

She became unconscious. Dr. Gunther sat by the bedside for some time, until she opened her eyes, thanked him and expressed her desire to sleep. He spoke some soothing words and retired, leaving instructions with the lady of the bedchamber in the ante-room.

Some days passed before the king sought his wife's forgiveness. The interview was brief and decisive. The king spoke nobly, manly and sincerely; the queen was bitter, sharp and irreconcilable. Her duty as a queen demanded that the rift should not appear in public; her injured pride as a woman refused to admit more. He demanded to know whether her friend and adviser, Dr. Gunther, knew of her decision. She replied he was too noble to let thoughts of anger or revenge enter his great heart.

"This great being can be made small!"

"You will not rob me of my only friend?"

"Your only friend? I do not know that title. To my knowledge there is no such office at court. Be what you will! Be alone and seek for support in yourself."

HE stripped the wedding-ring from his hand, placed it on the table and moved towards the door. He hesitated a moment—will she call him back? She looked after him—will he turn round? The moment passed. The door closed.

In the evening a court was held, and the queen appeared, pale, but smiling, on her husband's arm. They spoke confidentially, and nobody noticed the missing ring.

Next day the journals announced that the king's physician had tendered his resignation. And court gossip had it that Walpurga had bought a farm with the gold she had earned as intermediary between the king and Countess Wildenort.

VI—Forgiving and Forgiven

IRMA had passed four years at Hanseï's mountain farm. Her secret had been well kept. Even Hanseï, who had promised his wife never to ask any questions about their permanent guest, was in complete ignorance about her identity. Irma, who, after having tried her hand at various domestic occupations, had taken up wood-carving with considerable success, enabling her to discharge at least the material part of her debt of gratitude, was generally

held to be a half-witted relation of Walpurga's.

Her despair and remorse had gradually given way to resigned sadness. Self-communion had to make up for lack of intellectual intercourse, and sharpened her perception. In her diary she entered the profound thoughts suggested to her active intelligence by her observation of events in themselves insignificant, and analysed with cool aloofness the working of her mind. She never entertained the thought of finding a refuge in the convent—her atonement was to be wrought, not by compulsion, but by free will. And so the weeks passed, and the months, and the years.

They had all helped in the building of a cowherd's wooden hut on the height of the mountain, a few hours' climb from the farm. Now, Irma felt the need for more complete solitude, away even from her simple friends. Up there, on the height, she would find peace and complete her atonement, and so it was decided to let her have her way, and to let her stay in the hut, with Peter and his daughter.

The first two days and nights a cloud lingered around them, forming a veil of dense fog ; but on the third day Irma was awakened by the sun and stepped out to see the awakening of nature. The grandeur and immensity of it all, the pure-scented air, the voices of the birds, filled her with gladness. A sun ray struck her forehead—the forehead was pure, she felt it.

IRMA now gave up her wood-carving ; she had to be urged to eat, and only took her food to please the kind old 'pitchmannikin.' Immovably she would lie for hours in her favourite meadow, and think and breathe the pure air. Her life was slowly ebbing from her.

A sudden vision of the king with his companions of the chase galloping past her in pursuit of a stag gave her the final shock. She cowered on the ground. She bit into the moss, scraped the earth with her hands—she feared to scream aloud. She staggered back to the hut, shaken by fever, and threw herself upon her bed.

Then she asked Peter for some paper. She had heard that Dr. Gunther was living with his family at the summer resort at the foot of the mountain. She wrote with shaking hand : 'Eberhard's daughter calls Dr. Gunther,' and sent Peter to speed down with the message.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH was born of Jewish parentage at Nordstetten in the Black Forest, February 28, 1812, and educated at Tübingen, Munich and Heidelberg. While at the university he was imprisoned for supporting the Revolution of 1830. He was intended for the ministry, but his philosophical studies estranged him from Jewish orthodoxy, and he devoted himself to literature. Besides his many novels, he translated the works of Spinoza (1841), and wrote two dramas, Andree Hofer (1850) and Der Wahrspruch (1860). From 1845 to 1848 he edited the journal Der Gewattersmann, and from 1858 to 1859 the Volkskalender. Auerbach died at Cannes, February 8, 1882.

In the little town all was excitement and commotion owing to the sojourn of the royal court. Dr. Gunther, now in favour again, was with the king when the message arrived. He read the note and was left speechless with amazement. Then he collected his wits and hurried with Peter to the dying penitent's bedside. Irma was sleeping, and he sat by her side until she awoke. She saw Gunther—pleasure illumined her face and she held out both hands towards him. He took them, and she pressed her feverish lips upon his hands.

Walpurga, to whom the news of Irma's impending end had been brought, took a quick resolution. She hurried to the little town to seek her queen. The matter was not easy, for suspicion rested heavily upon her ; but her determination removed all obstacles and the queen, profoundly moved by Walpurga's jerky explanation and passionate appeal, and stirred to the very depths of her soul by Irma's heroism, demanded to be led at once

to her. She was followed in a short while by the king, to whom the whole incident had been reported.

Gunther sat for hours by Irma's bedside, listening to her heavy breathing. The door flew open and the queen appeared.

"At last, you have come!" breathed Irma. Then, with a heart-breaking voice, she exclaimed: "Forgive, forgive!"

"Forgive me, Irma, my sister!" sobbed the queen, and took her in her arms and kissed her. A smile spread over Irma's face; then she fell back dead.

When the king arrived he found his wife kneeling beside the bed. He quietly knelt down by her side. The queen arose, placed her hand upon his head. "Kurt," she said, "forgive me, as I have forgiven you." Then she spread a white kerchief over the dead and they left the hut. They walked hand in hand through the wood, until they reached the road, where the carriages were waiting.

During the night the 'pitch-mannikin' dug a grave on the spot where Irma had loved to lie in the sun. She was buried there early next morning. Hanseï and Peter and Dr. Gunther carried the corpse, and Walpurga with her child formed the procession.

Thrilling Romance of Real Life

JOSEPHUS
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

SCALIGER, that acute medieval critic, declared that in his writings on the affairs of the Jews, and even on those of foreign nations, Josephus deserves more credit than all the Greek and Roman writers put together. His fidelity and general veracity are universally admitted as his straightforward, lucid style is admired. His Autobiography is written with a delightful blend of modesty and ingenuousness. If in many passages he assumes great credit for his own courage, integrity and skill, the justification is almost always manifest in his constant references to the tortuous and treacherous machinations of his virulent enemies. The whole story is indeed unique, the hairbreadth escapes of this extraordinary man providing as singular a story as any in the whole world of adventure. Outlines of Josephus's Wars of the Jews and of the Antiquities of the Jews appear at pages 2605 and 2203 respectively.

I—Priest of the Blood-Royal

THE family from which I, Flavius Josephus, am derived is not an ignoble one, but hath descended all along from the priests. I am not only sprung from a sacerdotal family in general, but from the first of the twenty-four courses of the Jewish priests, and I am of the chief family of that course also. With us, to be of the sacerdotal dignity is an indication of the splendour of a family. But, further, by my mother, I am of the royal blood; for the children of Asmonaeus, from whom that family was derived, had both the office of the high-priesthood and the dignity of a king for a long time together.

My father Matthias, to whom I was born in the first year of the reign of Gaius Caesar, was not only eminent in Jerusalem, our greatest city, on account of his nobility, but had a higher commendation on account of his righteousness. I was brought up with my brother Matthias. As a child I gained a great reputation through my love for learning and, when I was about fourteen years of age, was frequently asked by the high priests and chief men of the city my opinion about the accurate understanding of points of the law.

In my twenty-sixth year I took a voyage to Rome. My object was to plead before Caesar the cause of certain excellent priests whom Felix, then procurator of Judea, had put in bonds on a trivial pretext. I was desirous to procure deliverance for them, not only because they were of my own friends, but because I heard that they

sustained their piety towards God under their afflictions, and that they simply subsisted on figs and nuts.

Our voyage was an adventurous one, for the ship was wrecked in the Adriatic Sea, and we that were in it, being about six hundred in number, swam all night for our lives. I and about eighty others were saved by a ship of Cyrene. When I had thus escaped, and was come to Puteoli, I became acquainted with an actor named Alityrus, much beloved by Nero, but a Jew by birth. Through his interest I became known to Poppaea, Caesar's wife, and having, through her, procured the liberty of the priests, I returned to Jerusalem.

Now I perceived that many innovations were begun and that many were cherishing hopes of a revolt from the Romans.

II—The Prelude to the Great Crisis

So I retired to the inner court of the Temple. Yet I went out of the Temple again, after Menahem and the chief members of the band of robbers were put to death, and abode among the high priests and the chief of the Pharisees. But no small fear seized upon us when we saw the people in arms, while we were not able to restrain the seditious. We hoped that Gessius Florus would speedily arrive with great forces. But on his arrival he was heavily defeated.

The disgrace that fell upon him became the calamity of our whole nation, for it elevated the hopes of conquering the Romans on the part of those who desired war. But another cause of the revolt arose in Syria from the cruel treatment of the Jews in many cities, where they showed not the least disposition towards rebellion. About 13,000 were treacherously slain in Scythopolis, and the Jews in Damascus underwent many miseries; but of these events accounts are given in the books of the Jewish wars.

I was now sent, together with two other priests, Joazar and Judas, by the principal men of Jerusalem, to Galilee, to persuade the ill men there to lay down their arms, and to teach them that it were better for us all to wait to see what the Romans would do. I came into Galilee, and found the people of Sepphoris in no small agony about their country, by reason that the Galileans had resolved to plunder it, because of their friendship with the Romans, and because they had made a league with Sestius Gallus, the president of Syria. But I quieted their fears. Yet I found the people of Tiberias ready to take arms, for there were three factions in that city.

The first faction, with Julius Capellus for the head, was composed of men of worth and gravity, and advised the city to continue in allegiance to the Romans; the second faction, consisting of the most ignoble persons, was determined for war. But as for Justus, the head of the third faction, though he pretended to be doubtful about war, yet he was really desirous of innovation, as supposing that he should gain power by the change of affairs.

By his harangues Justus inflamed the minds of many of the people, persuading them to take arms, and then he went out and set fire to the villages that belonged to Gadara and Hippos, on the border of Tiberias, and of the region of Scythopolis.

Gamala persevered in its allegiance to the Romans, under the persuasion of Philip, the son of Jacimus, who was governor of the city under King Agrippa.

Now, as soon as I was come into Galilee, and had ascertained the state of affairs, I wrote to the Sanhedrin at Jerusalem asking for their direction. They replied that I should remain there; and that, if my fellow-delegates were willing, I should join with them in the care of Galilee. But these my colleagues, having gotten great riches from those tithes which as priests were their dues, and were given to them, determined to return to their own country. Yet when I desired them to stay to settle public affairs, they complied, and we removed from Sepphoris to Bethmanus, a village four furlongs from Tiberias, whence I sent messengers to the senate of that city, asking that the principal men should come to me.

III—Governor of Galilee

WHEN the chief men of Tiberias were come, I told them I was sent as a legate from the people at Jerusalem, in order to persuade them to destroy that house which Herod the tetrarch had built in Tiberias, and which, contrary to our laws, contained the figures of living creatures. I desired that they would give us leave to do so; but for a good while they were unwilling, only being overcome by long persuasion. Then Jesus, son of Sapphias, one of the leaders of sedition, anticipated us and set the palace on fire, thinking that as some of the roofs were covered with gold, he should gain much money thereby. These incendiaries also plundered much furniture; then they slew all the Greeks who dwelt in Tiberias, and as many others as were their enemies.

When I understood this state of things, I was greatly provoked, and went down to Tiberias and took care of all the royal furniture that could be recovered from such as had plundered it. Next I committed it to ten of the chief senators. From thence I and my fellow-delegates went to Gischala to John, to learn his designs, and soon discovered that he was for innovations, for he wished me to give him authority to carry off the corn that belonged to Caesar, and to lay it in the villages of Upper Galilee. Though I refused, he corrupted my colleagues with money, and so I, being out-voted, held my tongue. By various other cunning contrivances which I could not prevent, John gained vast sums of money. But when I had dismissed my fellow-delegates I took care to have arms provided and the cities fortified. My first care was to keep Galilee in peace, so I made friends of seventy of the principal men, and took them on my journeys as companions and set them to judge causes.

I was now about thirty years of age, in which time of life it is difficult to escape from the calumnies of the envious. Yet did I preserve every woman free from injury; I despised and refused presents; nor would I take the tithes due to me as a priest. When I twice took Sepphoris by force, and Tiberias four times, and Gadara once, and when I had subdued and captured John, who had laid treacherous snares for me, I did not punish with death either him or others. And on this account I suppose it was that God, Who is never unacquainted with those that do as they ought to do, delivered me still out of the hands of my enemies, and afterwards preserved me when I fell into many perils.

At this time, when my abode was at Cana, a village of Galilee, John came to Tiberias and stirred a revolt against me, so that my life was in danger. I escaped only by fleeing down the lake in a ship to Taricheae, whence I proceeded to Sepphoris. John returned to Gischala, where he continued to cultivate bitter hatred against me. Through the machinations of himself and Simon, a chief man in Gadara, all Galilee was filled with rumours that their country was about to be betrayed by me to the Romans.

Hereby I again incurred extreme peril, but I took a bold course. Dressed in a black garment, with my sword hung at my neck, I went to face, in the hippodrome, a multitude of the citizens of Taricheae, and addressed them in such terms that, though some wished to kill me, these were overcome by the rest.

ALTHOUGH the multitude returned to their homes, yet the robbers and other authors of the tumult, afraid lest I might punish them, took six hundred armed men and came to burn the house where I abode. Thinking it ignoble to run away, I resolved to expose myself to danger; I shut myself up in an upper room, and asked that one of them should be sent up to me, by whom I would send out to them money from the spoils I had taken.

When they had sent in one of the boldest, I had him whipped severely, and commanded one of his hands to be cut off and hung about his neck. In this case he was put out, and those who had sent him, affrighted at the supposition that I had more armed men about me than they had, immediately fled.

I dealt in like manner with Clitus, a young man of Tiberias, who was the author of

a fresh sedition in that city. Since I thought it not agreeable to piety to put one of my own people to death, I called to Clitus himself, and said to him, "Since thou deservest to lose both thine hands for thine ingratitude to me, be thou thine own executioner, lest by refusal to do so thou undergo a worse punishment." When he earnestly begged me to spare one of his hands, it was with difficulty that I granted it. So, in order to prevent the loss of both his hands, he willingly took his sword and cut off his own left hand; and this put an end to the sedition.

IV—The Failure of His Foes

THE people of Gamala wrote to me, asking that I would send them an armed force, and also workmen to raise up the walls of their city, and I acceded to each of their requests. I also built walls about many villages and cities in Upper and Lower Galilee, besides laying up in them much corn.

But the hatred of John of Gischala grew more violent by reason of my prosperity. He sent his brother Simon to Jerusalem with a hundred armed men to induce the Sanhedrin to deprive me of my commission; but this was not an easy thing to do, for Ananus, one of the chief priests, demonstrated that I had acted like an excellent general.

Yet Ananus and some of his friends, corrupted by bribes, secretly agreed to expel me out of Galilee, without making the rest of the citizens acquainted with what they were doing. Accordingly they sent four men of distinction down to Galilee to seek to supersede me in ruling the province.

To Jonathan and his companions were given 40,000 drachmae out of the public money, and a large band of men were equipped with arms and money to accompany them.

But wonderful was what I saw in a dream that very night. It seemed to me that a certain person stood by me, and said, "O Josephus, put away all fear, for what now afflicts thee will render thee most happy, and thou shalt overcome all difficulties! Be not cast down, but remember that thou art to fight the Romans."

When I had seen this vision I arose, intending to go down to the plain to meet a great multitude who, I knew, would be assembled, for my friends, on my refusal, had dispatched messengers all around to inform the people of Galilee of my purpose to depart. And when the assembly of men saw me, they besought me not to leave them exposed to their enemies.

When I heard this, and saw what sorrow affected the people, I was moved with compassion, and promised that I would stay with them, thinking it became me to undergo manifold hazards for the sake of so great a multitude. So I ordered that five thousand of them should come to me armed and that the rest should depart to their own homes.

It was not long before Vespasian landed at Tyre, and King Agrippa with him. How he then came into Galilee, and how he fought his first battle with me near Taricheae, and how, after the capture of Jotapata, I was taken alive and bound, and how I was afterward loosed, with all that was done by me in the Jewish war, and during the siege of Jerusalem, I have accurately related in the books concerning the Wars of the Jews.

When the siege of Jotapata was over, and I was among the Romans, I was kept with much care, by means of the great respect that Vespasian showed me. After being freed from my bonds I went to Alexandria, where I married. From thence I was sent, together with Titus, to the siege of Jerusalem, and was frequently in danger of being put to death. For the Jews desired to get me into their power to have me punished, and the Romans, whenever they were beaten, thought it was through my treachery. But Titus Caesar was well acquainted with the uncertain fortune of war, and returned no answer to the soldiers' solicitation against me.

When Titus was going away to Rome he made choice of me to sail along with him. And when we were come to Rome Vespasian gave me an apartment in his own house.

When Vespasian was dead, Titus kept up the same kindness which his father had shown me, and Domitian, who succeeded, still augmented his respects to me.

A Note on Rider Haggard

HENRY RIDER HAGGARD was born at Bradenham, Norfolk, June 22, 1856, sixth son of W. M. Rider Haggard of Bradenham Hall. He was educated at Ipswich Grammar School and privately, but as a boy gave so little indication of his abilities that his father, angered by an unsatisfactory school report, once declared that he was 'only fit to be a greengrocer.'

E. H. Mills
Rider Haggard in the late nineties

He was ploughed for the army and then, at the age of nineteen, while cramming for the Foreign Office, was unexpectedly offered an appointment on the secretarial staff of Sir Henry Bulwer, Governor of Natal. To South Africa he accordingly went in 1875 and in the next few years did much useful work as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, on the staff of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, as secretary to the Secocoeni commission, and as Master of the High Court of Pretoria, meanwhile accumulating a store of experiences that were to prove of immense value to him in his working life as a novelist. On his return to England he entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn and was called to the bar in 1884, but he soon discovered the impracticability of combining a useful legal career with the literary career on which he was already embarking. In 1882 he had published Cetywayo and his White Neighbours, and in 1884 his first novel, Dawn, appeared. Of this book he told an interesting anecdote in The Days of My Life, his posthumously published autobiography.

'WHILE we were at Norwood a little incident occurred which resulted in my becoming a writer of fiction. At the church which my wife and I attended we saw, sitting near to us, one Sunday, a singularly beautiful and pure-faced young lady. Afterwards we agreed that this semi-divine creature—on whom to the best of my knowledge I have never set eyes again from that day to this—ought to become the heroine of a novel. So then and there we took paper, and each of us began to write the said novel. I think that after she had completed two or three folio sheets my wife ceased from her fictional labours. But growing interested I continued mine, which resulted in the story called Dawn.'

In 1886 Rider Haggard captured the great public that is ever avid of romance with King Solomon's Mines, following this up with a long sequence of brilliant popular successes that included She, Alan Quatermain, Eric Brighteyes, Nada the Lily, and Montezuma's Daughter, all published by Longmans Green & Co., by whose permission the extracts from She in the following pages are given. It was as a novelist that he won fame and fortune, but it was not by the novels contributed to its literature that Rider Haggard himself deemed he had rendered his best service to his country.

A TYPICAL Englishman, almost passionately a lover of his native land, a practical farmer and a well informed agricultural economist, Rider Haggard believed that the surest chance for the prosperity and happiness of his countrymen was to be found in a return to the soil. In Rural England (1902) he recorded the conditions of agriculture and of the rural population in England as ascertained by himself in a journey throughout the country undertaken for the specific purpose of that investigation, and for the sake of the historical evidence therein contained it was by that work he most desired to be remembered. Other agricultural treatises from his pen included Reports on Salvation Colonies, with A Scheme of National Land Settlement (1905), The Poor and the Land (1905), and Rural Denmark (1911). After the Great War Sir Henry Rider Haggard—he was knighted in 1912—visited every part of the British Empire in connexion with the settlement of ex-Service men.

INSISTENCE on the permanent value of his agricultural treatises does not imply disparagement of his works of fiction. Haggard himself, as sane an Englishman as any of his time, did not over-rate their literary quality, but he was as conscientious as he was level-headed and never wrote a line perfunctorily. Something of a mystic—witness Stella Fregelius—and endowed with an imagination of seemingly inexhaustible fertility, he also had an exceptional power of imparting verisimilitude to the most improbable, even impossible, situations and incidents. In large measure this was achieved by the straightforwardness and freedom from pretension that distinguish the style of the narrative as they distinguished the man. The total effect was convincing and fully accounts for the immense popularity of many of his romances. When Sir Henry Rider Haggard died, on May 15, 1925, the world was the poorer by a deservedly popular novelist, a dignified English gentleman and a truly Christian man.

Elliott & Fry

H. Rider Haggard

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Sir Henry Rider Haggard

S H E

Outlined by Harold van Tromp

I—The Dim Past

Far, far back, two thousand years and more ago, dwelt a great White Queen, the 'She' of the story, in the mighty city of Kôr which lay hidden in a crater-like valley of the feverish hinterlands of the coast of old Africa near to what we now call Zanzibar. Two hundred miles from the wild country where the city of Kôr stood rolled, as it still rolls, the Zambezi river. Sacred and solitary stood the city with its vast white Palace of Truth. 'She,' the Queen Ayesha, was a descendant of the pure Arabs who traced their line from Yarab, son of Katan, who lived long centuries before Abraham was; for the blood of the alien family of Ishmael ran not in her veins.

Of this strange country the Great White Queen Ayesha was at once the Circe and the Cleopatra. For countless years she had ruled over this wild and precipitous land. Beautiful and fascinating beyond the power of words to describe, she combined in her person the more than earthly beauty of Helen of Troy with a wisdom more subtle than that of Solomon. Earth held from her no secret, the hidden forces of nature lay at her command; she was all but immortal, for she had all but conquered that change which we human mortals call death. These secrets she had wrung by her beauty and her cunning from an aged hermitical philosopher who passed his gray days in lonely contemplation among the rocky caverns of this gloomy land of shadows. There also, remote from the city of Kôr, in a cave far removed from the haunts of man, Ayesha had fathomed the secrets of the Fire of Life, the fire that burns and turns as it roars like a giant's pulse from the very heart of the great globe itself. And wonderful in its colossal architecture was Kôr, haunt of a busy race of men, Seekers of Truth through the long ages, until at last came fell pestilence to sweep them into the limbo of the things that are forgotten, leaving myriads of their bones as bleached witnesses of the day that was gone for ever, mute memories of faint threnodies silently passing into eternity. Ayesha still lived; lived to rule over fresh waves of humanity that came with the never-ending ebb and flow of time.

Then one day, twice two hundred years before the time of Christ, came strange visitors, storm-cast on the coast: a priest of Isis, Kallikrates—The Beautiful in Strength—and his lovely wife Amenartas. A fair daughter of the Pharaohs was this Amenartas, and for her beauty and her love had Kallikrates broken his vows of celibacy. It was hurried flight, or death. So it had been flight; a flight, as it proved, from the wrath of an offended goddess to the hideous vengeance of a jealous woman.

Let Amenartas tell the tale:

I, Amenartas, of the Royal House of the Pharaohs, wife of Kallikrates (The Beautiful in Strength) a Priest of Isis, to my little son Tisisthenes (The Mighty Avenger).

I fled with thy father from Egypt in the days of the last Pharaoh of my native land, causing him through love to break the vows he had vowed. We fled southward across the waters and we wandered for twice twelve moons on the coast of Libya that looks towards the rising sun. Cast on a coast where wild fowl hid the sky, wild men took us a ten-day journey till we came to a hollow mountain, where a great city had been and fallen, and where there are caves of which no man hath seen the end; and they

brought us to the Queen of the people who place pots upon the heads of strangers, who is a magician having a knowledge of all things, and life and loveliness that does not die.

And she cast eyes of love upon thy father, Kallikrates, and would have slain me and taken him to husband, but he loved me and feared her, and would not. Then did she take us by terrible ways by means of dark magic, to where the great pit is, and showed to us the Pillar of Life which is of Flame, and she did stand in the flame and came more beautiful yet. Then did she swear to make thy father undying even as she is, if he would but slay me, and give himself to her, for me she could not slay because of the magic of my people that I have. And he held his hand before his eyes to hide her beauty, and would not.

Then in her rage did she smite him by her magic, and he died. But she wept over him and bore him thence with lamentations; and being afraid, she sent me to the mouth of a river, where ships come, and I was carried far away to where I gave thee birth, and hither to Athens I came at last.

Now I say to thee, my son Tisisthenes, seek out the woman, learn the secret of life, and if thou mayest find a way, slay her, because of thy father Kallikrates; and if thou dost fail, this I say to all thy seed who come after thee, till at last a brave man be found among them, who shall bathe in the fire and sit in the place of the Pharaohs. These things I speak of be past belief, yet I lie not.

And at long last a brave man, two brave men, came, and they saw She-who-must-be-Obeyed, and listened to her wisdom, that was deeper than the wisdom of Solomon, and worshipped her beauty that was more precious than that of the Helen of the fair face 'That launched a thousand ships, And burnt the topless towers of Ilium!' and they saw a wonder that no mortal eyes had ever seen before, nor would ever gaze upon again.

II—The Ages Pass

It was rather more than less by chance (Rider Haggard declares) that the manuscript of this narrative fell into his hands. The interest aroused by reading one of Rider Haggard's own books of travel and adventure, induced its author, Ludwig Horace Holly, to make Rider Haggard his confidant, and afford him the opportunity of giving these remarkable adventures to the world at large. In the letter, forwarding the manuscript, Holly expressed some regret that he did not seize the chance, while it lay within his power, of obtaining much more information regarding many recondite subjects of controversy from that remarkable woman Ayesha. But the regret was futile, and it must be acknowledged that in the trying circumstances in which he was placed, and the almost inhuman tension to which his nerves were subjected Holly did very well indeed. He also expressed his expectation that his story might be disbelieved. Rider Haggard admits that he was, himself, somewhat sceptical. But as he says in his introduction to the story, he came to the conclusion that, on the whole, it seemed to bear the stamp of truth on the face of it. Certainly Holly's narrative is singularly free from any trace of the least ambiguity. A man of high intellectual attainments, an accomplished scholar, a master of languages, living and dead, including Arabic, a man possessing a mind singularly free from any narrow prejudices and keenly sensitive to logical deduction, he is a narrator singularly trustworthy and obviously sincere.

Twenty years earlier a strange responsibility had been thrust upon him. While sitting in his rooms at Cambridge, musing moodily before the expiring embers of his fire—he was just going up for his Fellowship—a tap had come at his door. It was his only college friend, Vincey. Holly knew him at once by his hacking cough; indeed, Vincey thought himself a dying man. Like the Kallikrates of old he had married a beautiful woman, but of Greek extraction Again like Kallikrates he was to have one child only, a son. And in giving birth to this son his wife had died. The boy, Leo, was now a lovely child of five, with glorious golden hair and a face like an Apollo. Like Kallikrates? More than that, for the beautiful Leo was the last lineal descendant of Tisisthenes, 'The Avenger,' the child whom the widowed daughter of the Pharaohs, wife of the renegade priest of Isis, had borne posthumously to Kallikrates; the last of a line of would-be Avengers, some of whom had tried and failed to carry out the behest of the injured Amenartas. Indeed, what did 'Vincey'—in Latin, Vindex—signify but Avenger?

Vincey knew the story and had vainly tried to seek the Great White Queen. Now he begs Holly, friendly, kindly, but ugly old Holly, to become guardian to the little boy Leo, to educate him, and watch over him until, when the boy shall grow to be a man of twenty-five, the contents of the strong-box which he struggles under the weight of now, shall be scrutinised by Leo himself. Then may Leo please himself whether he takes up the burden of the Quest or not. He is the last of the Avengers ; if he cares to seek the White Queen Ayesha, bathe in the Fire of Life, kill Ayesha and sit in the place of the Pharaohs, well and good. That is the trust, and admirable, but ugly old Holly is the man to guard the secret. A strange story, and Holly is at first extremely sceptical. But the terms are generous ; Holly is a bachelor, the fellowship will render him independent of the ordinary cares of the world, and so he accepts the strange trust. And when in course of time the great big iron box is at last opened, out come the mystic shards, texts in uncial and cursive Greek, a casket standing on sphinx-like legs, a scarabaeus, and other marvels. Quite conclusive is the shard, with its translation into Black letter in elegant literary English, ' I, Amenartas, of the Royal House of the Pharaohs——'

III—The Voyage

In three months' time we are on the high seas. We must assume that the narrative is our friend Holly's, but the hand of Rider Haggard is evident in the shaping of the chapters in which it is set down. Only a practised novelist could have written so vivid a description of the squall, so terrible a narration of the terrific fight between a lion and a crocodile witnessed by the adventurers after they have been cast more dead than alive on the swampy coast near Zanzibar, such convincing details of their capture by a gang of the savages of the district, and so intimate a description of old ' father ' Billali who rescues them from the grasp of these performers of the ritual of the Hot-Pot. We are indeed with weird people and in the midst of horrid customs. But good Billali —Heavens ! what would our friends have done without Billali ?—is a very present help in time of trouble :

" From whatever country thou wanderest," said Billali, stroking his beautiful white beard, " and by the way it must be from one-where somewhat of our language is known, they teach their children courtesy there, my stranger son. But wherefore comest thou into this land ? Art thou and are those with thee weary of life ? "

" We come to find new things," I answered boldly. " We are tired of the old things ; we have risen up out of the sea to know that which is unknown. We are a brave race that fear not death, my very much respected father, that is, if we can win a little more information before we die."

" Humph," said the old gentleman, " that may be true ; it is rash to contradict, otherwise I should declare that thou wast lying, my son. However, I dare to say that She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed will meet thy wishes in the matter."

" Who is She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed ? " I asked, curiously.

The old man glanced at the bearers, and then answered with a little smile that sent the blood to my heart :

" Surely, my stranger son, thou wilt learn soon enough if it be her pleasure to see thee at all in the flesh."

Indeed, Leo and Holly are lucky to live to see the wonderful ' She ' at all, for, what with Hot-Pots and other unpleasant native customs their days pass uneasily. The land seems full of catacombs and the skulls of the dead of long ago. The natives themselves are frightened to go inside the walls of old Kôr ; the ancient city is haunted, they say. This was indeed an exceptionally unpleasant land ; there were far too many preserved corpses lying everywhere to make an evening constitutional a pleasant thing. The country, too, was fever-ridden ; Leo soon fell a victim, and had it not been for a very extraordinary concatenation of circumstances we should have heard little more of the youthful genius of the art of revenge. A country of formidable precipices, too, making the presence of wild animals undesirable. Still, there were some beautiful creatures there ; the antelope roamed round, and the cry of the quagga-quagga filled the air. Great painted butterflies flitted in the sunshine, and bats screamed in the ghoul-haunted shadows. And then there was this Great White Queen, whose word was more than law, and to disobey whom was worse than death.

IV—Ayesha and the Caves of Kôr

SURELY unique in history, in romance or legend, this Queen ; a Queen of spell and the art of magic ; not lacking a pretty wit, nor a stranger to the humour that springs ever-freshly from the gloom of tragedy ; yet wise, very wise withal. Indeed, she had taught wisdom in the days that were no more. Yes, at the Gate of the Temple of those white-bearded hypocrites, the Jews ; but they had spurned her and stoned her, witness the marks on her fair body to this day ! And so they had made her look with evil eyes across the world, and had driven her to this wilderness. And in spite of her wisdom and knowledge, in spite of her magic, there were strange limitations to her vision of the things that be. For, she had known the Greeks, and loved them ; and the Egyptians, and had tasted of the cunning of their arts, had she not ? Had not that hell-cat Amenartas cozened her ? Curse her ! But what was the good of cursing her now ? It was all over. . . . But he would come again . . . She could wait.

In the meantime she would ask Holly, that intelligent stranger with a face like a baboon. . . . Was the Temple still standing that the Wise Man built ? And that Messiah, about whose coming so much had been prophesied ? Had He come ? Did He rule the world ? . . . Oh ! they had killed Him, had they ; well, that's what they would do. Herod ? No ; she had never heard of him. And there were other religions, were there ? She was not surprised. Man was ever seeking change. 'Change' . . . well, 'what men call death is but change.' A sleeping and a forgetting, that was all ; but there was always an awakening. And the Fire of Life ; that was the secret ; she had bathed in it, she had wanted her loved Kallikrates to bathe in it ; she was immortal ; if not for eternity—well, for thousands of years. And her Kallikrates, when he came, he should bathe in it, and he should be her husband for ever and ever. But curse that Egyptian crocodile !

'Curse her Shadow. Curse her Ka.' This book of She is full of shadows—mythological shadows—echoes, reminiscences of Egyptian ritual and Egyptian tenets : the worship of woman in this strange land, the Virgin Queen-Wife, the mummification of the dead, the temple to Truth, the architecture, the inscriptions, even that scarabaeus found in the iron chest ; Leo had caused it to be set in gold for a finger ring ; and when Ayesha sees it on Holly's finger, oh ! how she screams with excitement ! It is the sign of her love of the long ago. He is dying ? Quick ! She will be with him and save him.

IN this book one beautiful figure stands out supreme in its simple, faithful love. There is a touching and tender picture of the girl Ustane who falls in love with Leo, and follows him to the death ; for death it is. Must there always be another woman between him and her passion, the White Queen wonders ? So she marks Ustane with the horrid white marks of her jealous fingers, but Ustane flees the wrath, only to come again and beg her love to fly to safety—too late. She is blasted and falls, and the White Queen woos the man—her Kallikrates—across the dead body of the faithful girl—Ustane, or Amenartas, who shall say ? And in the end he yields to her more than mortal fascinations. There is a powerful scene, in which Ayesha shows Leo his dead self of twenty centuries ago, with the horrid red stab just over the heart ; just such an Apollo of beauty ; but Ayesha wants no corpses now to shed tears over ; she will destroy it for ever. It crumbles before the eyes of Leo ; 'Ashes to Ashes, the Past to the Past'—and now to bathe in the Fire of Life.

V—What They Saw

'ANTRES vast and deserts idle,' said Othello. No mountain of the Moon could be more desolate than the cliffs that bar the way to the cave of the Fire of Life. But mummies must be burnt like candles at a great garden party before the expedition is undertaken. Nero burnt live Christians. Ayesha has not even a Jew to burn ; but the horrid orgies are alight with human tallow. The old

mummies make good firewood to-day in Egypt, a land with a plentiful lack of timber. And then the journey . . . and the romance moves to its tragic close.

In the Stygian gloom of a cave that seems to be buried in the very bowels of the earth the last great scene is enacted. The unholy rites, the rushing Fire, the roar of the furnace as it spins as though it turned on the very axis of the globe itself, and 'love has conquered Death.'

But was it love? Are the ashes of that slaughtered Kallikrates, is the dead body, beautiful in silence, of the frail Ustane lying there, pleading to the Mercy of Heaven, is all that Love?

One more glory for Ayesha as she steps into the bright Flame of Life Immortal. How radiant she looks! Lovelier than ever, lovelier than ever Eve looked in Paradise. Come, my Kallikrates!

But in a moment, and her lovely hair is falling, and the eyes that outshone the stars in splendour are fading away, and oh, horrors! the Great White Queen is little more than a heap of dust, resembling nothing so much as a hideous witch of twice a thousand years old. She who lived on the dust of the world and the dust of love has gone back to dust. 'Ashes to ashes.'

So closes the book so far as the real catastrophe is concerned. But writing with the enthusiasm of a man hot in chase of his theme the author carries the action to a splendid close in a chapter or two in which he vividly describes the struggle homeward, across the horrible swamp, and past appalling dangers, to the dark, rolling Zambezi hundreds of miles away. The kindly figure of the humorous Billali, still slightly acid in speech and wise in counsel, is the last glimpse we get of this land of marvels. There is 'something lingering, but humorous' about old Billali. We love him. And no one will read the first page of this fine romance and rest with a clear conscience in bed until he has said good-bye to Billali—and the last page.

A Perfect Model of Military History

JULIUS CAESAR

COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR

BORN in Rome, July 12, 102 B.C., of patrician rank, Gaius Julius Caesar furnishes an example of greatness as orator, man of letters, soldier and statesman unexcelled in the history of the world. Allying himself with the democratic party he was quaestor in Spain in 68, praetor in 62, and consul in 59 when he formed the first triumvirate. Appointed governor of Gaul, Caesar there developed his genius for war, conquering the whole of trans-Alpine Gaul and conducting invasions of Britain in 55 and 54 B.C., but his success excited fear and hostility in Rome which resulted in the Civil War. After routing Pompey at Pharsalus in August, 48, Caesar attained supreme power, but his activity in the cause of reform was cut short by his assassination, March 15, 44 B.C. Of his literary works only his Commentaries on the Gallic War, and the Civil War have survived, both models of lucid writing. Our outline of the former has been prepared from the Latin text.

I—Subduing Celtic Gaul

GAUL is divided into three parts, one of which the Belgae inhabit; the Aquitani another; those who in their own language are called Celts, in ours Gauls, the third. All these differ from each other in language, customs and laws. Among the Gauls the Helvetii surpass the rest in valour, as they constantly contend in battle with the Germans. When Messala and Piso were consuls, Orgetorix, the most distinguished of the Helvetii, formed a conspiracy among the nobility, persuading them that, since they excelled all in valour, it would be very easy to acquire the supremacy of the whole of Gaul. They made great preparations, but suddenly Orgetorix died, and suspicion was not lacking that he committed suicide.

After his death, the Helvetii nevertheless attempted the exodus from their territories. When it was reported to Caesar that they were attempting to make their route through our province, he gathered as great a force as possible, and by forced marches arrived at Geneva.

The Helvetii now sent ambassadors to Caesar, requesting permission to pass through the province, which he refused, inasmuch as he remembered that Lucius Cassius, the consul, had been slain, and his army routed and made to pass under the yoke by the Helvetii. Disappointed in their hope, the Helvetii attempted to force a passage across the Rhône, but, being resisted by the soldiers, desisted.

After the war with the Helvetii was concluded, ambassadors from almost all parts of Gaul assembled to congratulate Caesar, and to declare that his victory had happened no less to the benefit of the land of Gaul than of the Roman people, because the Helvetii had quitted their country with the design of subduing the whole of Gaul.

When the assembly was dismissed, the chiefs of the Aedui and of the Sequani waited upon Caesar to complain that Ariovistus, the king of the Germans, had settled in their territories, had seized a third of their land, which was the best in Gaul, and was now ordering them to depart from another third part.

To ambassadors sent by Caesar, demanding an appointment of some spot for a conference, Ariovistus gave an insolent reply, which was repeated on a second overture. Hearing that the king of the Germans was threatening to seize Vesontio, the capital of the Sequani, Caesar, by a forced march, arrived there and took possession of the city. Apprised of this event, Ariovistus changed his attitude, and sent messengers intimating that he agreed to meet Caesar, as they were now nearer to each other and could meet without danger.

The conference took place, but it led to no successful result, for Ariovistus demanded that the Romans should withdraw from Gaul; and his conduct became afterwards so hostile that it led to war. A battle took place about fifty miles from the Rhine. The Germans were routed and fled to the river, across which many escaped, the rest being slain in pursuit. Caesar, having concluded two very important wars in one campaign, conducted his army into winter quarters.

II—Taming the Rebellious Belgae

While Caesar was in winter quarters in Hither Gaul, frequent reports were brought to him that all the Belgae were entering into a confederacy against the Roman people, because they feared that, after all Celtic Gaul was subdued, our army would be led against them. Caesar, alarmed, levied two new legions in Hither Gaul, and proceeded to the territory of the Belgae. As he arrived there unexpectedly, and sooner than anyone anticipated, the Remi, who are the nearest of the Belgae to Celtic Gaul, sent messages of submission and gave Caesar full information about the other Belgae.

Caesar next learnt that the Nervii, a savage and very brave people, whose territories bordered those just conquered, had upbraided the rest of the Belgae who had surrendered themselves to the Roman people, and had declared that they themselves would neither send ambassadors nor accept any condition of peace. He was informed concerning them that they allowed no access of any merchants, and that they suffered no wine and other things tending to luxury to be imported, because they thought that by their use the mind is enervated and the courage impaired.

After he had made three days' march into their territory, Caesar discovered that all the Nervii had stationed themselves on the other side of the River Sambre, not more than ten miles from his camp, and that they had persuaded the Atrebates and the Veromandui to join with them, and that the Aduatuci also were expected by them, and were on the march. The Roman army proceeded to encamp in front of the river, on a site sloping towards it. Here they were fiercely attacked by the Nervii, the assault being so sudden that Caesar had to do all things at one time. The standard as the sign to run to arms had to be displayed, the soldiers were to be called from the works on the ram-

part, the order of battle was to be formed, and a great part of these arrangements was prevented by the shortness of time and the sudden charge of the enemy.

Time was lacking even for putting on helmets and uncovering shields. In such an unfavourable state of affairs, various events of fortune followed. The soldiers of the ninth and tenth legions speedily drove back the Atrebates, who were breathless with running and fatigue. Many of them were slain. In like manner the Veromandui were routed by the eighth and eleventh legions; but as part of the camp was very exposed, the Nervii hastened in a very close body, under Boduagnatus, their leader, to rush against that quarter. Our horsemen and light-armed infantry were routed by the first assault, and the enemy, rushing into our camp in great numbers, pressed hard on the legions. But Caesar, seizing a shield and encouraging the soldiers, many of whose centurions had been slain, ordered them to extend their companies that they might more freely use their swords.

So great a change was soon effected that, though the enemy displayed great courage, the battle was ended so disastrously for them that the Nervii were almost annihilated. Scarcely five hundred were left who could bear arms. Their old men sent ambassadors to Caesar by the consent of all who remained, surrendering themselves. The Aduatuci, who were coming to the help of the Nervii, returned home when they heard of this battle.

ALL Gaul being now subdued, so high an opinion of this war was spread among the barbarians that ambassadors were sent to Caesar by those nations that dwelt beyond the Rhine, to promise that they would give hostages and execute his commands. He ordered these embassies to return to him at the beginning of the following summer, because he was hastening into Italy and Illyricum. Having led his legions into winter quarters among the Carnutes, the Andes and the Turones, which states were close to those in which he had waged war, he set out for Italy, and a public thanksgiving of fifteen days was decreed for these achievements, an honour which before that time had been conferred on none.

III—War By Land and Sea in Gaul

WHEN Caesar was setting out for Italy, he sent Servius Galba with the twelfth legion and part of the cavalry against the Nantuates, the Veragri and the Seduni, who extend from the territories of the Allobroges and the Lake of Geneva and the River Rhône to the top of the Alps. The reason for sending him was that he desired that the pass along the Alps, through which the Roman merchants had been accustomed to travel with great danger, should be opened.

Galba fought several successful battles, stormed some of their forts, and concluded a peace. He then determined to winter in a village of the Veragri, which is called Octodurus. But before the winter camp could be completed the tops of the mountains were seen to be crowded with armed men, and soon these rushed down from all parts and discharged stones and darts on the ramparts.

The fierce battle that followed lasted for more than six hours. During the fight more than a third part of the army of 30,000 men of the Seduni and the Veragri was slain, and the rest were put to flight, panic-stricken. Then Galba, unwilling to tempt fortune again, after having burnt all the buildings in that village, hastened to return into the province, urged chiefly by the want of corn and provision. As no enemy opposed his march, he brought his forces safely into the country of the Allobroges, and there wintered.

These things being achieved, Caesar, who was visiting Illyricum to gain a knowledge of that country, had every reason to suppose that Gaul was reduced to a state of tranquillity. For the Belgae had been overcome, the Germans had been expelled and the Seduni and the Veragri among the Alps defeated. But a sudden war sprang up in Gaul.

The occasion of that war was this. P. Crassus, a young man, had taken up his winter quarters with the seventh legion among the Andes, who border on the Atlantic Ocean. As corn was scarce, he sent out officers among neighbouring states

THE FIRST LANDING OF JULIUS CAESAR AND HIS LEGIONS ON THE COAST OF BRITAIN, IN THE YEAR 55 B.C.
From the painting by E. Armitage, R.A.

for the purpose of procuring supplies. The most considerable of these states was the Veneti, who have a very great number of ships with which they have been accustomed to sail into Britain, and thus they excel the rest of these states in nautical affairs. With them arose the beginning of the revolt.

The Veneti detained Silius and Velanius, who had been sent among them, for they thought they would recover by their means the hostages which they had given Crassus. The neighbouring people, the Essui and the Curiosolitae, led on by the influence of the Veneti (as the measures of the Gauls are sudden and hasty) detained other officers for the same motive. All the sea-coast being quickly brought over to the sentiments of these three states, they sent a common embassy to P. Crassus to say "If he wished to receive back his officers, let him send back to them their hostages."

Caesar, being informed of these things, since he was himself so far distant, ordered ships of war to be built on the River Loire; rowers to be raised from the province; sailors and pilots to be provided. These matters being quickly executed, he hastened to the army as soon as the season of the year admitted.

Caesar at once ordered his army, divided into several detachments, to attack the towns of the enemy in different districts. Many were stormed, yet much of the warfare was vain and much labour was lost, because the Veneti, having numerous ships specially adapted for such a purpose, their keels being flatter than those of our ships, could easily navigate the shallows and estuaries, and thus their flight hither and thither could not be prevented.

At length, in a naval fight, our fleet, being fully assembled, gained a victory so signal that, by that one battle, the war with the Veneti and the whole sea-coast was finished. Caesar thought that severe punishment should be inflicted, in order that for the future the rights of ambassadors should be respected by barbarians; he therefore put to death all their senate and sold the rest for slaves.

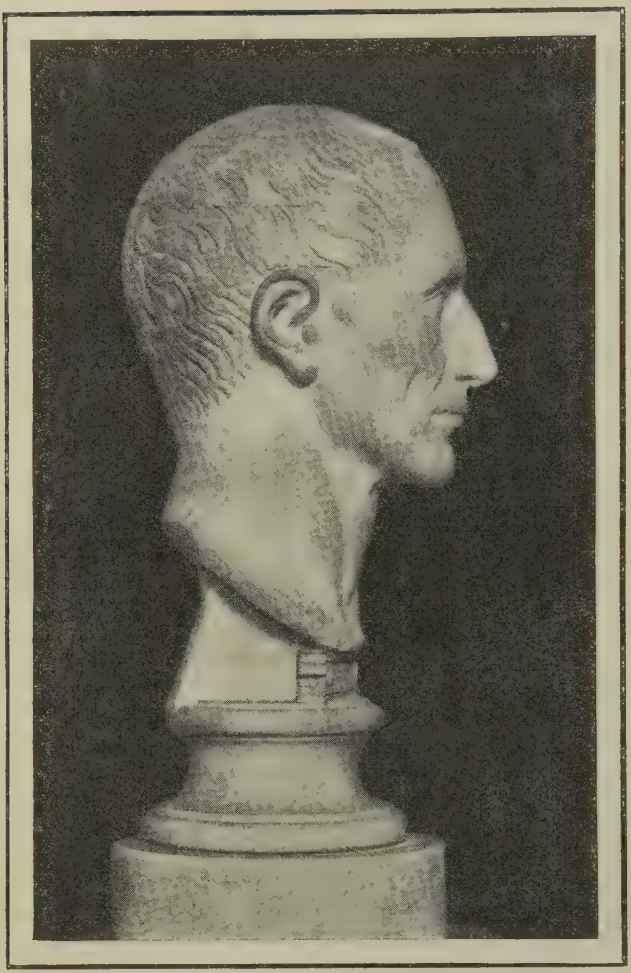
ABOUT the same time P. Crassus arrived in Aquitania, which, as was already said, is, both from its extent and its number of population, a third part of Gaul. Here, a few years before, L. Valerius Praeconius, the lieutenant, had been killed and his army routed, so that Crassus understood no ordinary care must be used. On his arrival being known, the Sotiates assembled great forces, and the battle that followed was long and vigorously contested. The Sotiates being routed, they retired to their principal stronghold, but it was stormed, and they submitted. Crassus then marched into the territories of the Vocates and the Tarusites, who raised a great host of men to carry on the war, but suffered total defeat, after which the greater part of Aquitania of its own accord surrendered to the Romans, sending hostages of their own accord from different tribes. A few only—and those remote nations—relying on the time of year, neglected to do this.

IV—The First Landing in Britain

THE following winter, this being the year in which Gn. Pompeius and M. Crassus were consuls [this was the year 699 after the building of Rome, 55 before Christ; it was the fourth year of the Gallic war] the Germans, called the Usipetes, and likewise the Tenchtheri, with a great number of men, crossed the Rhine, not far from where that river falls into the sea. The motive was to escape from the Suevi, the largest and strongest nation in Germany, by whom they had been for several years harassed and hindered from agricultural pursuits.

The Suevi are said to possess a hundred cantons, from each of which they send forth for war a thousand armed men yearly, the others remaining at home and going forth in their turn in other years.

Caesar, hearing that various messages had been sent to them by the Gauls (whose fickle disposition he knew) asking them to come forward from the Rhine, and promising them all that they needed, set forward for the army earlier in the year than usual. When he had arrived in the region he discovered that those things which he had suspected would occur had



GAIUS JULIUS CAESAR (102-44 B.C.)
From the classic bust in the British Museum

taken place, and that, allured by the hopes held out to them, the Germans were then making excursions to greater distances, and had advanced to the territories of the Eburones and the Condrusi, who are under the protection of the Treviri. After summoning the chiefs of Gaul, Caesar thought proper to pretend ignorance of the things which he had discovered and, having conciliated and confirmed their minds and ordered some cavalry to be raised, resolved to make war against the Germans.

When he had advanced some distance, the Germans sent ambassadors, begging him not to advance further, as they had come hither reluctantly, having been expelled from their country. But Caesar, knowing that they wished for delay only to make further secret preparations, refused the overtures. Marshalling his army in three lines, and marching eight miles, he took them by surprise, and the Romans rushed their camp. Many of the enemy were slain, the rest being either scattered or drowned in attempting to escape by crossing the Meuse in the flight.

The conflict with the Germans being finished, Caesar thought it expedient to cross the Rhine. Since the Germans were so easily urged to go into Gaul, he desired they should have fears for their own territories. Therefore, notwithstanding the difficulty of constructing a bridge, owing to the breadth, rapidity and depth of the river, he devised and built one of timber and of great strength, piles being first driven in on which to erect it.

The army was led over into Germany, advanced some distance and burnt some abandoned villages of the hostile Sigambri. Then Caesar, having done enough to strike fear into the Germans and to serve both honour and interest, after a stay of eighteen days across the Rhine, returned into Gaul and cut down the bridge.

During the short part of the summer which remained he resolved to proceed into Britain, because succours had been constantly furnished to the Gauls from that country. Having collected about eighty transport ships, he set sail with two legions in fair weather, and the soldiers were attacked instantly on landing by the cavalry and charioteers of the barbarians. The enemy were vanquished, but could not be pursued, because the Roman horse had not been able to maintain their course at sea and to reach the island. This alone was wanting to Caesar's accustomed success.

V—Caesar on the Thames

DURING the winter Caesar ordered as many ships as possible to be constructed, and the old repaired. About six hundred transports and twenty ships of war were built and, after settling some disputes in Gaul among the chiefs, Caesar went to Port Itius with the legions. He took with him several of the leading chiefs of the Gauls, determining to retain them as hostages and to keep them with him during his next expedition to Britain, lest a commotion should arise in Gaul during his absence.

Caesar, having crossed to the shore of Britain and disembarked his army at a convenient spot, advanced about twelve miles and repelled all attacks of the cavalry and charioteers of the enemy. Then he led his forces into the territories of Cassivellaunus to the River Thames, which river can be forded in one place only. Here an engagement took place which resulted in the flight of the Britons. But Cassivellaunus had sent messengers to the four kings who reigned over Kent and the districts by the sea, Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximaquilus and Segonax, commanding them to collect all their forces and assail the naval camp.

In the battle which ensued the Romans were victorious, and when Cassivellaunus heard of this disaster he sent ambassadors to Caesar to treat about a surrender. Caesar, since he had resolved to pass the winter on the continent, on account of sudden revolts in Gaul, demanded hostages and prescribed what tribute Britain should pay each year to the Roman people.

Caesar, expecting for many reasons greater commotion in Gaul, levied additional forces. He saw that war was being prepared on all sides, that the Nervii, Aduatuci and Menapii, with the addition of all the Germans on this side of the Rhine, were under arms; that the Senones did not assemble according to his command, and were concerting measures with the Carnutes and the neighbouring states; and that the Germans were importuned by the Treviri in frequent embassies. Therefore he thought that he ought to take prompt and effective measures for the war.

Accordingly, before the winter was ended, he marched with four legions unexpectedly into the territories of the Nervii, captured many men and much cattle, wasted their lands, and forced them to surrender and give hostages. He followed up his success by worsting the Senones, Carnutes and Menapii, while Labienus defeated the Treviri.

Gaul being tranquil, Caesar, as he had determined, set out for Italy to hold the provincial assizes. There he was informed of the decree of the senate that all the youth of Italy should take the military oath, and he determined to hold a levy throughout the entire province. The Gauls, animated by the opportunity afforded through his absence, and indignant that they were reduced beneath the dominion of Rome, began to organize their plans for war openly.

Many of the nations confederated and selected as their commander Vercingetorix, a young Avernian. On hearing what had happened, Caesar set out from Italy for Transalpine Gaul, and began the campaign by marching into the country of the Helvii, although it was the severest time of the year and the country was covered with deep snow.

THE armies met, and Vercingetorix sustained a series of losses at Vellaunodunum, Genabum and Noviodunum. The Gauls then threw a strong garrison into Avaricum, which Caesar besieged, and at length Caesar's soldiers took it by storm. All the Gauls, with few exceptions, joined in the revolt; and the united forces, under Vercingetorix, attacked the Roman army while it was marching into the country of the Sequani, but they suffered complete defeat. After struggling vainly to continue the war, Vercingetorix surrendered and the Gallic chieftains laid down their arms.

Caesar demanded a great number of hostages, sent his lieutenants with various legions to different stations in Gaul, and determined himself to winter at Bibracte. A supplication of twenty days was decreed at Rome by the senate on hearing of these successes.

THOMAS PAINE

THE AGE OF REASON

IN 1792 proceedings were taken against Thomas Paine as the author of seditious libel contained in his book The Rights of Man (see page 2667) and, being convicted, he fled to France where he was elected a member of the National Convention. In 1793 he fell foul of Robespierre and while expecting arrest he hurriedly wrote the first part of The Age of Reason, which was published in Paris and in London in 1794. During his eleven months' confinement in the Luxembourg he wrote a second part, which was published in 1795, and in 1801 he added yet a third part to the work, containing amplifications of contentions previously made at a time when he had no Bible to consult. The whole work constitutes an attack on revealed religion from the point of view of the eighteenth century deists accompanied by all the rigour and occasional brutality which characterised Paine's writings. Many of his comments on the Bible are rather crude anticipations of the modern higher criticism. Cheap editions of the work are procurable.

I—Revealed Religion

IT has been my intention, for several years past, to publish my thoughts upon religion. As several of my colleagues, and others of my fellow-citizens of France, have given me the example of making their voluntary and individual profession of faith, I also will make mine; and I do this with all that sincerity and frankness with which the mind of man communicates with itself.

I believe in one God, and no more; and I hope for happiness beyond this life.

I believe in the equality of man, and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavouring to make our fellow-creatures happy.

I do not believe in the creed professed by the Jewish Church, by the Roman Church, by the Greek Church, by the Turkish Church, by the Protestant Church, nor by any church that I know of. My own mind is my own church.

All national institutions of churches appear to me no other than human inventions set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolise power and profit.

Each of those Churches shows certain books which they call 'revelation' or the word of God. The Jews say that the word of God was given by God to Moses face to face; the Christians say that their word of God came by divine inspiration; and the Turks say their word of God (the Koran) was brought by an angel from heaven. Each of these Churches accuses the other of unbelief; and, for my own part, I disbelieve them all.

As it is necessary to affix right ideas to words, I will, before I proceed further into the subject, offer some observations on the word 'revelation.' Revelation, when applied to religion, means something communicated immediately from God to man.

No one will deny or dispute the power of the Almighty to make such a communication if He pleases. But admitting, for the sake of a case, that something has been revealed to a certain person, and not revealed to any other person, it is a revelation to that person only.

When he tells it to a second person, a second to a third, a third to a fourth, and so on, it ceases to be a revelation to all those persons. It is a revelation to the first person only, and hearsay to every other; and consequently they are not obliged to believe it, for they have only the word of the first person that it was made to him.

That which is revelation to me exists in something which no human mind can invent, no human hand can counterfeit or alter.

The word of God is the Creation we behold; and this word of God revealeth to man all that is necessary for him to know of his Creator.

Do we want to contemplate His power? We see it in the immensity of His creation.

Do we want to contemplate His wisdom ? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed.

Do we want to contemplate His munificence ? We see it in the abundance with which He fills the earth.

Do we want to contemplate His mercy ? We see it in His not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful.

Do we want to contemplate His will, so far as it respects man ? The goodness He shows to all is a lesson for our conduct to each other.

In fine, do we want to know what God is ? Search not the book called the Scripture, which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called the Creation.

II—Theology and Religion

As to the Christian system of faith, it appears to me as a compound made up chiefly of manism with but little deism, and as near to atheism as twilight is to darkness.

That which is now called natural philosophy, embracing the whole circle of sciences, of which astronomy occupies the chief place, is the study of the works of God, and of the power and wisdom of God in His works, and is the true theology.

As to the theology that is now studied in its place, it is the study of human opinions and of human fancies concerning God. It is not the study of God Himself in the works that He has made, but in the works or writings that man has made ; and it is not among the least of the mischiefs that the Christian system has done to the world that it has abandoned the original and beautiful system of theology, like a beautiful innocent, to distress and reproach, to make room for the hag of superstition.

The prejudice of unfounded belief often degenerates into the prejudice of custom, and becomes at last rank hypocrisy. When men from custom, or fashion, or any worldly motive, profess or pretend to believe what they do not believe, nor can give any reason for believing, they unship the helm of their morality and, being no longer honest in their own minds, they feel no moral difficulty in being unjust to others. It is from the influence of this vice, hypocrisy, that we see so many church and meeting-going professors and pretenders to religion so full of tricks and deceit in their dealings, and so loose in the performance of their engagements that they are not to be trusted further than the laws of the country will bind them.

One set of preachers make salvation to consist in believing. They tell their congregations that if they believe in Christ their sins shall be forgiven. This, in the first place, is an encouragement to sin ; in the next place, the doctrine these men preach cannot be true.

Another set of preachers tell their congregations that God predestined and selected from all eternity a certain number to be saved, and a certain number to be damned eternally. If this were true, the day of judgement is past ; their preaching is in vain, and they had better work at some useful calling for their livelihood.

Nothing that is here said can apply, even with the most distant disrespect, to the real character of Jesus Christ. He was a virtuous and an amiable man. The morality that He preached and practised was of the most benevolent kind, and, though similar systems of morality had been preached by Confucius and by some of the Greek philosophers many years before, by the Quakers since, and by many good men in all ages, it has not been exceeded by any.

III—The Bible

If we permit ourselves to conceive right ideas of things, we must necessarily affix the idea, not only of unchangeableness, but of the utter impossibility of any change taking place, by any means or accident whatever, in that which we would honour with the name of the word of God ; and therefore the word of God cannot exist in any written or human language.

The continually progressive change to which the meaning of words is subject, the want of a universal language, which renders translation necessary, the errors to which translations are again subject, the mistakes of copyists and printers,

together with the possibility of wilful alteration, are of themselves evidences that human language, whether in speech or in print, cannot be the vehicle of the word of God. The word of God exists in something else.

It has been the practice of all Christian commentators on the Bible, and of all Christian priests and preachers, to impose the Bible on the world as a mass of truth, and as the word of God; they have disputed and wrangled, and have anathematised each other about the supposable meaning of particular parts and passages therein; one has said and insisted that such a passage meant such a thing; another, that it meant directly the contrary; and a third, that it meant neither the one nor the other, but something different from both; and this they have called understanding the Bible.

I, therefore, pass on to an examination of the Books called the Old and the New Testament The case historically appears to be as follows.

When the Church mythologists established their system, they collected all the writings they could find and managed them as they pleased. It is a matter altogether of uncertainty to us whether such of the writings as now appear under the name of the Old and the New Testament are in the same state in which these collectors say they found them; or whether they added, altered, abridged, or dressed them up.

Be this as it may, they decided by *vote* which of the books out of the collection they had made should be the word of God, and which should not. They rejected several; they voted others to be doubtful, such as the books called the Apocrypha; and those books which had a majority of votes they voted to be the word of God. Had they voted otherwise, all the people since, calling themselves Christians, had believed otherwise; for the belief of the one comes from the vote of the other. Who the people were that did all this we know nothing of; save that they called themselves by the general name of the Church.

There are matters in the Bible, said to be done by the express command of God, that are as shocking to humanity and to every idea we have of moral justice as anything done by Robespierre, by Carrier, by Joseph le Bon, in France; by the English government in the East Indies; or by any other assassin in modern times. Are we sure that the Creator of man commissioned these things to be done? Are we sure that the books that tell us so were written by His authority? To read the Bible without horror we must undo everything that is tender, sympathising and benevolent in the heart of man. Speaking for myself, if I had no other evidence that the Bible is fabulous than the sacrifice I must make to believe it to be true, that alone would be sufficient to determine my choice.

But it can be shown by internal evidence that the Bible is not entitled to credit as the word of God. It can readily be proved that the first five books of the Bible, attributed to Moses, were not written by him nor in his time, but several hundred years afterwards. Moses could not have described his own death, nor mentioned that he was buried in a valley in the land of Moab. Similarly, the book of Joshua was not written by Joshua; it is manifest that Joshua could not write that Israel served the Lord not only in his days, but in the days of the elders that over-lived him. The book of Judges is anonymous on the face of it. The books of Samuel were not written by Samuel, for they relate many things that did not happen till after his death.

The history in the two books of Kings, which is little more than a history of assassinations, treachery and war, sometimes contradicts itself; and several of the most extraordinary matters related in Kings are not mentioned in the companion books of Chronicles. The book of Job has no internal evidence of being a Hebrew book; it appears to have been translated from another language.

I now go on to the book called the New Testament. Had it been the object of Jesus Christ to establish a new religion, He would undoubtedly have written the system Himself, or procured it to be written in His lifetime. But there is no publication extant authenticated with His

name. All the books called the New Testament were written after His death. He was a Jew by birth and profession, and He was the son of God in like manner that every other person is ; for the Creator is the Father of all.

The first four books—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—are altogether anecdotal. They relate events after they had taken place ; and in several instances they relate the same event differently. Revelation, therefore, is out of the question with respect to these books. The presumption, moreover, is that they were written by other persons than those whose names they bear.

The book of Acts of the Apostles belongs also to the anecdotal part. All the rest of the New Testament, except the book of enigmas called the Revelation, is a collection of letters under the name of epistles, and the forgery of letters under the name of epistles. One thing, however, is certain, which is that out of the matters contained in these books, together with the assistance of some old stories, the Church has set up a system of religion very contradictory to the character of the Person whose name it bears. It has set up a religion of pomp and reverence in pretended imitation of a Person whose life was humility and poverty.

IV—Mystery, Miracle and Prophecy

I PROCEED to speak of the three principal means that have been employed in all ages and perhaps in all countries to impose upon mankind.

These three means are mystery, miracle and prophecy. The two first are incompatible with religion, and the third ought always to be suspected. With respect to mystery, everything we behold is, in one sense, a mystery to us. Our own existence is a mystery, the whole vegetable world is a mystery. We know not how it is that the seed we sow unfolds and multiplies itself. The fact, however, as distinct from the operating cause, is not a mystery, because we see it ; and we know also the means we are to use, which is no other than putting the seed in the ground. We know, therefore, as much as is necessary for us to know ; and that part of the operation that we do not know, and which, if we did, we could not perform, the Creator takes upon Himself and performs it for us.

But though every created thing is in this sense a mystery, the word mystery cannot be applied to moral truth, any more than obscurity can be applied to light. The God in whom we believe is a God of moral truth, and not of mystery. Mystery is the antagonist of truth. It is a fog of human invention that obscures truth, and represents it in distortion.

Religion, therefore, being the belief of a God, and the practice of moral truth, cannot have connexion with mystery. The belief of a God, so far from having anything of mystery in it, is of all beliefs the most easy, because it arises to us out of necessity. And the practice of moral truth, or, in other words, a practical imitation of the goodness of God, is no other than our acting towards each other as He acts benignly towards all.

When men, whether from policy or pious fraud, set up systems of religion incompatible with the word or works of God in the creation, they were under the necessity of inventing or adopting a word that should serve as a bar to all inquiries and speculations. The word ' mystery ' answered this purpose, and thus religion, which in itself is without mystery, has been corrupted into a fog of mysteries.

As mystery answered all general purposes, ' miracle ' followed as an occasional auxiliary. Of all the modes of evidence that ever were invented to obtain belief for any system, or opinion to which the name of religion has been given, that of miracles is the most inconsistent. For, in the first place, whenever recourse is had to miracles, for the purpose of procuring belief, it implies a lameness or weakness in the doctrine that is preached. And, in the second place, it is degrading the Almighty into the character of a showman, playing tricks to amuse and make the people stare and wonder. It is also the most equivocal sort of evidence that can be set up ; for the belief is not to depend upon the thing called a miracle, but upon the credit of the reporter who says that he saw it ; and therefore the thing, were it

true, would have no better chance of being believed than if it were a lie.

As mystery and miracle took charge of the past and the present, prophecy took charge of the future, and rounded the tenses of faith. The original meaning of the words 'prophet' and 'prophesying' has been changed; the Old Testament prophets were simply poets and musicians. It is owing to this change in the meaning of the words that the flights and metaphors of the Jewish poets, and phrases and expressions now rendered obscure by our not being acquainted with the local circumstances to which they applied at the time they were used, have been erected into prophecies, and made to bend to explanations at the will and conceits of sectaries, expounders and commentators. Everything unintelligible was prophetical.

V—Deism

From the time I was capable of conceiving an idea, and acting upon it by reflection, I either doubted the truth of the Christian system or thought it to be a strange affair. It seems as if parents of the Christian profession were ashamed to tell their children anything about the principles of their religion. They sometimes instruct them in morals, and talk to them of the goodness of what they call Providence. But the Christian story of what they call God the Father putting His Son to death, or employing people to do it—for that is the plain language of the story—cannot be told by a parent to a child; and to tell him it was done to make mankind happier and better is making the story still worse; and to tell him that all this is a mystery is only making an excuse for its incredibility.

How different is this from the pure and simple profession of deism! The true deist has but one Deity, and his religion consists in contemplating the power, wisdom and benignity of the Deity in His works, and in endeavouring to imitate Him in everything moral, scientific and mechanical.

The religion that approaches the nearest of all others to true deism, in the moral and benign part thereof, is that professed by the Quakers; but they have contracted themselves too much by leaving the works of God out of their system. Though I reverence their philanthropy, I cannot help smiling at the conceit that, if the taste of the Quaker could have been consulted at the creation, what a silent and drab-coloured creation it would have been! Not a flower would have blossomed, not a bird been permitted to sing.

Quitting these reflections, I proceed to other matters. Our ideas, not only of the almightiness of the Creator, but of His wisdom and His beneficence, become enlarged as we contemplate the extent and structure of the universe. The solitary idea of a solitary world rolling or at rest in the immense ocean of space gives place to the cheerful idea of a society of worlds, so happily contrived as to administer, even by their own motion, instruction to man. We see our own earth filled with abundance, but we forget to consider how much of that abundance is owing to the scientific knowledge the vast machinery of the universe has unfolded.

But what are we to think of the Christian system of faith that forms itself upon the idea of only one world? Alas! what is this to the mighty ocean of space and the almighty power of the Creator? From whence, then, could arise the solitary and strange conceit that the Almighty who had millions of worlds equally dependent on His protection, should quit the care of all the rest and come to die in our world, because they say one man and one woman had eaten an apple?

It has been by rejecting the evidence that the word, or works, of God in the creation affords to our senses, and the action of our reason upon that evidence, that so many wild and whimsical systems of faith, and of religion, have been fabricated and set up. There may be many systems of religion that so far from being morally bad are in many respects morally good; but there can be but one that is true, and that one necessarily must, as it ever will, be in all things consistent with the ever-existing word of God that we behold in His works.

I shall close by giving a summary of the deistic belief.

First, that the creation we behold is the real word of God, in which we cannot be deceived. It proclaims His power, it demonstrates His wisdom, it manifests His goodness and beneficence.

Secondly, that the moral duty of man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God manifested in the creation towards all His creatures. That seeing, as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practise the same towards each other, and consequently that everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals, is a violation of moral duty.

It is certain that, in one point, all nations of the earth and all religions agree. All believe in a God. The things in which they disagree are the redundancies annexed to that belief; and, therefore, if ever a universal religion should prevail, it will not be in believing anything new, but in getting rid of redundancies and believing as man believed at first. But in the meantime let every man follow, as he has a right to do, the religion and the worship he prefers.

Scotland's Supreme National Poet

ROBERT BURNS

POEMS

A Critical Appreciation by A. MacCallum Scott

ROBERT BURNS is Scotland, and Scotland is Robert Burns, with a completeness of identification which can be claimed for few national poets. He was the mouthpiece of deep-rooted instincts and intense emotions which, though they existed long before his time, had been largely inarticulate. By one of those happy accidents of fate which produce genius like a jewel from the rock, he was the focus of these instincts and emotions, and, without any scholastic training, had the magic art of giving expression to them in glowing and living words. He held the magic mirror up to all the race of Scots. With delightful surprise they recognized themselves transformed; they could trace the lineaments not merely of the face but of the soul; they passed at a flash from the realm of blind instinct to self-conscious knowledge.

Burns was a poet in a double sense. He belonged to two worlds, the world of conscious literary art, and the world of natural folk-poetry. The standard of education in an Ayrshire peasant's cot, even in the middle of the eighteenth century, was not to be despised, and as a boy he was acquainted with good literary models. He wrote the English language, as well as his own dialect, with the joyful skill of an artist in words. But if he had never been able to read or write he would have been a poet, and his songs would have passed from lip to lip as did the lays of a certain blind bard called Homer before they were collected by the nameless compiler of the Iliad. His appeal to the rude and unlettered child of nature was as great as his appeal to the polished literary clique of Edinburgh. The Kilmarnock and the Edinburgh editions of the poems were rapidly disposed of by the booksellers, but quite independent of them his verses had a far wider circulation in oral tradition. Long poems could be repeated by people who had never read a book in their lives. And this is still true to-day. If every printed copy of his works were destroyed the greater part of his best poems could be recovered from the treasure house of a people's memory.

This fervent, spontaneous, natural genius is the chief characteristic of Burns's work. It is free from that artificial literary convention which 'dates' so much literature. It has the pungent sweetness and fragrance of wild nature. It is beautiful

with that unstudied art with which a tree or a flower is beautiful.

Among the more purely literary compositions of Burns are the series of carefully studied and wrought pictures of Scottish rural life which are to be found in The Cotter's Saturday Night, The Twa Dogs, Halloween, Tam o' Shanter, and The Jolly Beggars. For strength in character drawing, for dramatic vigour, for humour and for pathos, they are unsurpassed.

THE Cotter's Saturday Night is a noble picture of an Ayrshire peasant's household. One hardly knows what to admire most, the classic perfection of the style, the tenderness of sentiment which never becomes maudlin, the truth to nature, or the high sense of human values. The scene was the familiar one of the home in which he was brought up. He describes the end of the week's labours, and the assembly of the family on the eve of the day of rest.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The shortening winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend ;
And weary, o'er the moor his course does
hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ; [through
The expectant wee-things, toddlin' stacher
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile, [toil.
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his

Belyve[1] the elder bairns come drapping in,
In service out, amang the farmers roun',
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebour town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

The reunited family exchange the gossip of the countryside, while the mother sits mending the children's clothes.

But hark ! A rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebour lad cam' o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
With heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[2] is afraid to speak.
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
worthless rake.

The bashful suitor is welcomed to the family circle, and made to feel at home, and after a talk with the goodman about horses, ploughs and cattle, they all sit down to a supper of porridge and milk. The goodwife sets forth, to grace the board, a cheese which she had stored away to mature, and she garrulously relates 'how 'twas a towmond (twelvemonth) auld sin' lint was i' the bell.'

After supper comes family worship. They gather round the fire in a wide circle, and the patriarchal father, taking down 'the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,' judiciously selects a portion, 'and "let us worship God !" he says, with solemn air.' Then follows an often-quoted passage in which the characteristics of several of the old Scots psalm tunes are enumerated.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild, warbling measures
rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name :
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

'THE priest-like father reads the sacred page,' then, kneeling down offers up a simple prayer. Finally, 'homeward all take off their several way.'

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride !
. . . . .
From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp ? A cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !
. . . . .
O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide [heart ;
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

[1] By and by.

[2] Half.

(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

The greatest power of the poet is that of the vision which transforms the trivial and the commonplace into an image of the eternal. It is the gift of the seer, the interpreter of life. Burns had this power in a supreme degree, as testify many passages which now, apart from printed books, have become part of the common inheritance of the English-speaking race. On such an unpromising subject as On Seeing a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet at Church, he gives us this :

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us !
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion :
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en Devotion !

The verses To a Mouse, whose nest he had broken up with the plough, are partly written in a dialect so obscure that it is now understood only by a few antiquarian Scots. How many, for instance, can translate 'a daimen icker in a thrave,' which means 'a single ear of corn in twenty four sheaves' ? Yet there are other lines which are quoted by thousands who do not know where they come from. 'The best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley.' And the poem ends with a poignant expression of the eternal tragedy of that self-consciousness which distinguishes man from the beasts :

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear.

For riotous humour and rich colouring read Tam o' Shanter. It is a tale of the midnight ride home of the honest guidman of Shanter farm after a festive evening spent at an inn at Ayr with his cronie, Souter Johnny. As he passed the old kirk of Alloway he was surprised to see the ruin brilliantly lit up, and to hear sounds of mirth and dancing. Boldly spurring his shuddering horse forward to the door, he found himself looking in upon a dance of witches, with Auld Nick himself acting as piper. Conspicuous among them was a young witch whose cutty sark was even shorter than the modern skirt. Overcome by admiration, and oblivious to his danger, he suddenly called out : "Weel done, Cutty-Sark !" Instantly all the lights went out, and like bees out of a disturbed hive the 'hellish legion' sallied forth. Tam galloped homeward in desperate straits, with the whole swarm after him. His poor mare was almost foundered by the pace. But witches, as is well known, cannot cross a running stream, and in the nick of time they came to the bridge. The mare sprang across the keystone, but alas ! she left her tail behind her, for the foremost witch had succeeded in getting a grip of it.

But even in this setting of uproarious fun we come across lines like :

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit e'er you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

Burns's power of scathing satire was a terrible gift to be in the hands of a man in his position, for it made him enemies where he needed friends. His lashing of the religious hypocrisy of his time, in The Holy Fair and in Holy Willie's Prayer, was like the cauterisation of a poisoned wound, and many who felt the smart had not the sense to discriminate. For them he was classed among the profane scoffers. How tender was the charity behind the satire may be seen in these lines from the Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous :

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman ;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
. . . . . .
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

It is the songs, however, which were his greatest achievement, and which have become the birthright of a nation. So

little of artifice is there apparent in these lyrics that they seem to have sprung direct from the heart of nature, like a spring of water or a flower. They are as ingenuous, as inevitable, and as universal in their appeal as folklore. They express emotions which all of us have experienced in blessed moments of exaltation, in words which have the magic power to recall them again. The words are so inevitable that they seem less an invention than something dragged back in the net of memory from the past. And indeed, this is in a large measure true, for Burns gathered up the snatches of song from thousands of nameless singers who had preceded him, and passed them through the alembic of his own mind.

It is difficult to select from the treasures which he so prodigally scattered. Ae Fond Kiss was written to the tune, Rory Doll's Port, *port* being the Gaelic name for a catch. The vagrant air shows the material upon which he worked, and which he transmuted.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, and then, for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

It was of this last verse that Sir Walter Scott observed that it contained 'the essence of a thousand love tales.'

A Red, Red Rose was written to the tune of Graham's Strathspey, or Wishaw's Favourite. It also is a song of parting, but with the bliss of reunion in anticipation :

O, my luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June :
O, my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun.
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve !
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

These and other love songs like Highland Mary, To Mary in Heaven, Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw, John Anderson My Jo, Afton Water, and The Lea-Rig, have circled the globe, and their refrains have become part of the currency of common speech. But love was not his only theme, for he was to the full, as he has said, 'that various creature—man.' Equally familiar are his songs of humour, such as Duncan Gray, and Coming Through the Rye ; and his songs of conviviality, such as The De'il's Awa' Wi' Th' Exciseman, and Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut ; and his wonderful Auld Lang Syne which seems to be taking its place as a national anthem.

And finally, there are his songs of patriotism, of freedom and of democracy, which fanned into flame again the embers of Scottish nationalism, nearly smothered by the flood of material prosperity which had followed the Union of 1707. Even when, as a boy, he worked on his father's farm, he was conscious of the wish—

That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Amang the bearded bear,[1]
I turned the weeder clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear

That wish bore fruit in Scots Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled !

With Burns patriotism was no narrow creed, but merged into a broad, democratic enthusiasm for humanity. For a' That, And a' That would make a better marching song for Democracy than The Red Flag.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that !
. . . . . .
Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

[1] Barley.

EMILE ZOLA

THE DOWNFALL

As the greatest and foremost exponent of realism Zola exercised an immense influence on the development of French fiction by means of his twenty novels which constitute what is known as the Rougon-Macquart series, beginning in 1871 with La Fortune des Rougon and ending in 1893 with Le Docteur Pascal. The most popular of them were L'Assommoir (Drink, see page 3491) and Nana, which had an enormous circulation and made the author's fortune, but the sale even of these was exceeded by that of La Débâcle, published 1892, and this book also shows Zola at the height of his intellectual powers. Dealing with the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71, it aroused a tempest of fury among French military enthusiasts when it appeared and made the French army a lifelong enemy of the great novelist. By many people it is regarded as Zola's most vivid romance and the enthralling narrative is delivered with all the realism of which the author was capable. Our outline is made with the permission of Chatto & Windus, who publish an inexpensive English translation of the story.

I—From Rheims to Sedan

THE camp was pitched in the centre of a plain, a mile or so from Mulhausen, in the direction of the Rhine. The daylight was waning when the tattoo sounded, and Jean Macquart, corporal of the 106th Regiment of the Line, who had been securing his tent for the night, rose to his feet. Maurice Levasseur, grandson of a hero of the first Napoleon's armies, a volunteer recently enrolled, was one of his squad; he was chatting with a short-sighted civilian, an Alsatian named Weiss, who had married his dearly loved twin sister Henriette.

Maurice was a believer in war, and in his mind's eye he still beheld the scenes of that night when a thrill swept through Paris, when, the boulevards a human sea, bands of men marched and waved their torches and shouted, 'To Berlin! To Berlin!' Was all that a lie? he was asking himself already. He was confident of victory. There was to be a mere military promenade from Strasburg to Berlin.

But already they had been waiting. The Seventh Army Corps had reached Belfort, whence they had marched to Mulhausen, in fearful confusion, deficient in men and lacking everything. Each day's delay was an irreparable blunder, and they had been there a fortnight! There was the most fearful lack of foresight, and everywhere inextricable confusion. And, above all else, that creeping paralysis, originating in high quarters with the ailing emperor, who was incapable of prompt decision, which was to spread over the entire army, disorganize and annihilate it, and toss it to the most fearful disasters.

They were consumed with feverish longing for news

"Ah" said Maurice to Weiss, "they must certainly have had a good licking to-day."

But Weiss was ill at ease He knew Alsace, and he knew how the Germans were revolutionising the art of war. What could they be waiting for? For the whole of Germany to fall on them?

Maurice could not sleep that night. Everything Weiss had told him was revolving in his brain. Before dawn came the news, and the night was filled with the anguish of disaster. MacMahon was beaten at Froeschweiler Frossard at Speichern—the first division destroyed. Prodigies of valour, but everything swept away, and France open to the invader. Jean muttered to Maurice. "That gentleman, your relative, was right, after all; they are stronger than we are."

In the morning a panic seemed to seize the generals on information of the advance of an overwhelming Prussian force, and, without allowing the men time to eat, the retreat to Belfort was ordered, where they

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THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS DURING THE SIEGE OF 1870-1871: A MESSENGER BALLOON ARRIVING

From the painting by A. Binet

again arrived three days later, exhausted by lack of food and sleep, and demoralised by the disorderliness of the retreat. Then the news arrived that the report of the Prussian advance was false.

Already, at the first reverse, the army was a mere mob, ripe for every catastrophe. They had not seen a single Prussian, yet they were already beaten.

A week later they were sent off by train to Rheims, *en route* for the camp of Châlons. Then plans were changed again and again, until, at last, the empress-regent and the council of ministers at Paris, terrified at the thought of the emperor's return to Paris in the day of disaster, triumphed over the perpetual hesitation of Marshal MacMahon and ordered the army forward at any cost. They were to march on Verdun, with a view to joining Marshal Bazaine, who was now in supreme command.

Camp was raised on August 23, and three days later the army was halted near Vouziers, and kept under arms for the whole of the night and the next day in anticipation of an attack.

Then prudence gained the upper hand, and the mad plan of joining Bazaine was abandoned. Outmarched, and having the armies of the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Prince of Saxony confronting them, the emperor and MacMahon decided upon retreating by the northern strongholds, eventually falling back on Paris. But valuable time had been lost, and the men uselessly fatigued.

At Falaise, however, a passionate telegram from Paris to the emperor insisted on a forward march.

Perfect despair displayed itself among the men when the news was known. They jeered and insulted their commanders. Fine commanders they were, with no brains, who undid in the evening what they had done in the morning, dawdled when the enemy was nowhere near, and skedaddled as soon as he appeared! A final attack of demoralisation was turning this army into a mere flock to be led to the slaughter.

Over yonder, towards Vouziers, a fusillade had just broken out—the rear-guard of the Seventh Corps and the advance guard of the German troops were exchanging shots. Two whole days had the Seventh Corps waited to give them time to arrive, and now it was taking to its heels. Bitter anger mounted to their brains at the thought of the irreparable blunder that had been perpetrated, the idiotic delay at Vouziers, the trap into which they had fallen. And at this moment the enemy's forces were joining hands, thanks to the ignorance of the marshal, who as yet did not know what troops he had before him.

AGAIN the plans were changed. The Fifth Corps had been crushed by the Prussians at Beaumont, and a retreat of the entire army on Sedan was ordered.

At last, after a night of anguish and desperate fear, intoxicated with weariness, fierce hunger and cold, the Seventh Army Corps entered Sedan.

Maurice took Jean, who, in the fatigues and despairs of the marchings and re-marchings, had become his close friend, to his sister's house. Jean at once noticed her striking likeness to Maurice. She spoke but little, moved about noiselessly, and displayed such smiling gentleness that she imparted a caress, as it were, to the atmosphere in which she lived.

After they had rested, Henriette's husband, Weiss, pointed out to them from the window how the Prussians were swarming over the hills in the direction of Mézières, the only possible line of retreat for the army out of the cockpit of Sedan, a line of retreat which had been entirely neglected. A vision rose up before Maurice of the night at Mulhausen when Weiss had expressed his fears. Now that fearful prophecy was being fulfilled.

II—The Catastrophe of Sedan

EARLY next morning Weiss, who had slept in the dye-works belonging to his employer in the village of Bazeilles, was awakened by the roar of cannon. Looking from his window over the hills on the opposite side of the river, he began to think his worst fears were realized, for he seemed to be able to detect signs on every hand of an all-enveloping march of the Prussians.

He knew nothing of military science ; he had simply his commonsense to guide him, but he trembled at sight of that huge triangle, one side of which was formed by the Meuse, whilst the other two were represented by the Seventh Corps on the north and the First on the east ; the Twelfth, posted at Bazeilles on the south, occupying the extreme angle, and all three turning the back to one another and awaiting, nobody knew how or why, the foe who was now coming up on every side. And in the centre, in the depths of a pit, as it were, was the town of Sedan, armed with guns that were past service, and having neither a supply of ammunition nor a supply of food.

PRESENTLY the advance began, supported by artillery, and every moment shells came hissing through the air. The guns seemed to spring out of the soil. At each moment the circle of fire extended, and all the hills were become a gigantic fortress, ready to pulverise the futile fortifications of Sedan.

The attack on the village had been fiercely repulsed three times, when tidings came that MacMahon was wounded and that the new commander-in-chief, Ducrot, had ordered a general retreat on Mézières, Bazeilles to be abandoned. Weiss, however, would not leave his dye-works, and desperately defended the place with a handful of men, causing the Bavarians the most galling losses until their ammunition ran out and he, with three others, was taken prisoner. Immediately, they were led to execution as civilians captured with arms. Just as the platoon was drawn up to fire there arose a terrible cry. It was Henriette, who, with incredible courage and effort, had reached Bazeilles in search of her husband.

But the Germans were inflexible, and before her eyes her husband was shot.

. . . .

Lying in a cabbage-field with his company on a hillside above the Meuse, Maurice received his baptism of fire, a distasteful ceremony. While they were lying there came the news of Ducrot's appointment, followed almost immediately by that of his supersession by General de Wimpffen, who ordered the abandoned positions to be recaptured. If the Prussians held a hill called the Hill of Calvary, they could not hold out an hour. What a fearful confusion the army was falling into ! Without a commander or a plan, dragged first one way and then another, whilst the Germans went straight to their goal with the precision of machinery ! Ever pressing onward, they were raising, step by step, around Sedan their wall of men and iron.

But a little while longer and the circle would close up and surround the French with a living wall, an annihilating belt of artillery. It must have been with the desperate thought of a last effort to break through this marching wall that a division of the reserve cavalry was massed below the Calvary. But though they charged three times with heroic obstinacy against the Prussian squares, three squadrons were broken and annihilated by the hail of bullets and shells.

It was, indeed, only the fourth squadron, at the fourth onslaught, that reached the Prussian lines. Behind the first Prussian line, however, there was yet another one, then another, and then another. Heroism remained of no avail. Mow them down as you might, there were always thousands left standing. Two-thirds of those regiments of horsemen were to remain on the field, and of that famous charge there would abide but the memory of the glorious madness of having attempted it.

MAURICE and Jean, who had been watching the heroic gallop of the squadrons, gave vent to a cry of rage : " Thunder ! Bravery's not a bit of good ! "

Just after that Jean was struck on the head in skirmishing, and Maurice, with efforts heroic in a half-starved, worn-out man, dragged him towards Sedan until he recovered a little and was able to join in the general retreat.

After the struggle for the Calvary failed, two generals galloped into the town to tell the emperor the battle was lost.

He was pacing up and down his room, and each time he reached the window he muttered, " Oh, those guns, those guns ! Will they never stop ? " Since his stay at Châlons he had kept in the background, content, in his resignation, to become

nothing more than a troublesome parcel carried along among the baggage-train of the troops. And it was only in the hour of defeat that the emperor again awoke within him ; the first, the only order that he was to give, in the scared compassion of his heart, was to hoist the white flag upon the citadel to beg a truce.

But Wimpffen, when he heard of it, flew into a passion. He would sign no truce , he meant to fight. Shortly afterwards came the last onslaught, the heroic, despairing attempt to pierce through the Bavarians by marching yet once more on Bazeilles.

Some twelve hundred intrepid men were got together, and the little column dashed with glorious gallantry along the road. But what could be done against such overwhelming numbers ? This effort was but the mad temerity of a commander who refused to be beaten. No course remained but to retreat under the walls of Sedan.

And now the formidable drama was drawing to a close. Events followed rapidly—the emperor's sword tendered to and accepted by the King of Prussia, de Wimpffen gone to the Prussian headquarters to obtain the least grievous conditions for the vanquished army, and then, next morning, the acceptance perforce of the stern conditions of von Moltke—the surrender of the entire army with arms and baggage, the harshest conditions ever imposed on a beaten army.

III—Woe to the Vanquished!

IMMEDIATELY the capitulation was signed the Prussians began disarming the French troops, and drove the flock of vanquished soldiers on to the peninsula of Iges, in the Meuse, where they could easily be guarded till they could be marched to Germany.

That night, lying under the stars, all the nightmare of the two days previous was born anew to Maurice, and he sank into despair. That which now tortured him was the question of the morrow, a desire to measure the depth of that great Downfall.

Was that abominable war not over, as the emperor had surrendered his sword to King William ? But he remembered what two exulting Bavarian soldiers had said whilst conducting him and his comrades to Iges, "We all in France, we all to Paris !"

Amid his semi-somnolence there came to him a sudden vision of what was happening—the empire swept away, carried off by universal execration ; the Republic proclaimed amidst an outburst of patriotic fever ; the shadows of the legend of '92 arising, the armies of volunteers driving the invader from the soil of France. Everything was splitting to pieces—falling for evermore into the depths of limitless misfortune.

When their turn came to set out for Germany, Maurice and Jean managed to escape their convoy, but Jean was wounded in the leg. By mounting him on a riderless horse, Maurice managed to get Jean into his sister's care, hidden away in a disused farm room, where Henriette nursed him all the winter. Maurice went to Paris to take his part in defending its walls.

Disasters yet accumulated. Bazaine, shut up with his army in Metz, powerless and famine-struck, was compelled to capitulate and accept the harsh terms of the victors. France no longer had an army !

From all sides, moreover, from Northern as from Central France, the tidings were becoming more grievous. In the north Amiens had been abandoned, and Rouen, in its turn, had just fallen into the enemy's hands. In Central France the victory of Coulmiers, gained on November 3 by the army of the Loire, had given birth to ardent hopes. But these were extinguished almost as soon as they were born. For on December 5 Prince Frederick Charles recaptured Orleans, and cut the army of the Loire in two, one part withdrawing towards Vierzon and Bruges, whilst the other fell back, step by step, as far as Le Mans.

Almost every morning there resounded the distant crash of some stronghold capitulating under the shells. It seemed as though the whole of France were burning, crumbling and sinking amid the rageful cannonade.

CHARGE OF THE PRUSSIAN CAVALRY OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF METZ

From the painting by Aimée Morot

IV—Famine and Fire and Blood

Now the two German armies began rolling their waves of men towards Paris, the army of the Meuse approaching the capital on its northern side by the valley of the Marne whilst the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia directed its course towards Versailles. And one September day Paris was cut off from the world.

In December famine began to threaten the city, and the growing discontent which threatened to sweep away General Trochu and the Government of National Defence acquired such intensity that the rulers of the city were compelled to attempt a supreme and hopeless effort. But what a collapse there was when the inevitable failure became known of the torrential *sortie* that had been clamoured for since the very outset!

Another week went by. Paris was suffering uncomplainingly. Forty thousand horses had been eaten; dogs, cats and rats were fetching high prices. The few foot passengers no longer met a single vehicle in the deserted streets. At nightfall, amid the silence, you heard but the far-off, continuous crash of the bombardment, and saw but the flashes of the guns setting the wintry sky aglow.

All at once, on January 16, Paris became aware that Jules Favre had been negotiating with Bismarck for an armistice; and at the same time it learnt that there only remained sufficient bread for another ten days. Capitulation had become a brutal necessity. That same day, at midnight, the last cannon shot was fired. And, on the 29th, when the Germans had occupied the forts, Maurice came inside the ramparts.

To him that three weeks' armistice, concluded for the purpose of allowing France to elect an Assembly which was to pronounce upon the conclusion of peace or the continuance of war, seemed a delusion and a snare, a final, supreme act of treachery. The result of the elections brought his fury to a climax; it was just as he had foreseen, the cowardly provinces hankered for peace at any price.

Then, during the last days of February, Maurice deserted, and rented a little room in the Rue des Orties. On March 1 the Prussians entered Paris and occupied the Champs Elysées, and a long howl of execration went up from every heart.

Two more weeks went by, peace was definitely concluded, and then came the fatal March 18. Thiers had attempted to disarm Paris by a secret capture of the guns of Montmartre, but by midday the government had fled to Versailles, and Paris belonged to the Commune. Maurice threw himself ardently in with the Communists.

Throughout April the fighting continued, and increased in ferocity through May, till it reached its height on the 23rd with the capture of Montmartre by the Versailles troops, when the defeat of the Commune became a certainty.

For days amid the excitement of that supreme struggle behind the barricades, Maurice had not given a thought to Jean; nor had Jean, since entering Paris with his regiment, for a single moment remembered his friend Maurice. Now, at the climax of the struggle, he, usually so calm, had gradually become quite exasperated by that fratricidal war. And he, who only the day before had been grieved by the summary executions of Communists, was like a furious madman.

It was with a rush that he debouched into the Rue du Bac, followed by the few men of his squad. At first he fancied that the barricade had been altogether abandoned. Then, between two sandbags, he caught sight of a Communist who was moving. Thereupon, he ran and nailed the man to the barricade with his bayonet.

Maurice had not had time to turn. He gave a shriek and raised his head. The burning buildings, fired by the last of the maddened and desperate Communists lighted up both men with a blinding blaze.

"Oh, Jean, my old friend Jean, is it you?"

Jean looked at him, thunderstruck, abruptly sobered. Jean fell down near Maurice, sobbing, feeling him, trying to raise him up so as to ascertain whether he might not still be able to save him.

Maurice was able to tell him of his room in the Rue des Orties, and there he managed to carry him and lay him on the little iron bedstead. Jean fell upon his knees beside the bed, stunned, as the fearful thought awoke within him that he had killed his friend.

Several minutes must have elapsed, and when he looked up he hardly felt any surprise at beholding Henriette. After all, it was perfectly natural; her brother was dying, and she had come. She could not speak, her emotion was too great, but as she stepped up to him to place her hands in his, he spoke: "You know it was I who killed him—yes, on a barricade over yonder. He was fighting on one side and I on the other."

Then Henriette, quivering, gazing at him fixedly with eyes of terror, withdrew her hands. Ah, that Jean, she had been thinking of him that very evening, happy in the vague hope that she might perhaps see him again. And it was he who had done that abominable thing. She could no longer place her hands in his without a revolt of her whole being; but she raised a cry in which rang out the last hope of her warring heart, "Oh, I will cure him, I must cure him *now!*"

But Maurice only lingered a few days, and on Sunday Jean arrived to find him dead, and Henriette weeping over him.

"Ah, good Lord!" cried Jean, sobbing. "My dear little fellow, for whom I would have laid down my life, and whom I killed. Can you *ever* forgive me?"

Their eyes met and they knew now and loved openly, at the moment when they must part for ever!

With a painful effort Jean raised himself to his feet again. "Farewell!"

Henriette's face was hidden by her hands: "Farewell!"

The ravaged field was lying waste, the burnt house was level with the ground; and Jean, the humblest and the most woeful, went off marching towards the future—to the great and laborious task of building up a new France.

A Classic of the Elizabethan Drama

MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY

THE CHANGELING

ALONE or in collaboration with various authors, Thomas Middleton wrote some twenty-two plays besides numerous masques, two poems and two prose pamphlets dealing with London life, of no particular merit. His genius, however, was seen at its best in The Changeling, which he wrote in collaboration with William Rowley, of whom little is known except that he was born about 1585, was much in demand with dramatists for his experience in comedy and died about 1642. The play was probably produced in 1621–2 and printed in 1653. Middleton was a very unequal writer but at his best was excelled only by Shakespeare; he is, however, great only in single scenes, as in the third act of The Changeling. A selection of the best plays of Thomas Middleton is included in the Mermaid Series.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Alsemero, a young nobleman	Vermandero
de Flores	Beatrice, his daughter
Alonzo de Piracquo	Servants

First Act

SCENE.—*A street in Alicant.* Alsemero, *a handsome young nobleman, comes out of a church.*

ALSEMERO: 'Twas in the temple that I first beheld her.
And now again the same; what omen yet
Follows of that? None but imaginary!
The place is holy, so is my intent;
The church has first begun our interview,
And that's the place must join us into one.
Beatrice (*coming out of the church, and in an aside, as she sees* Alsemero): This was the man was meant me! That he should come
So near his time, and miss it!
Als. (*kissing her*): Beatrice,
I love you dearly.
[De Flores, *an ugly, low-browed man, hastens down the street.*
de Flores: Lady, your father comes.
Beat.: Rather had I he had come unexpected.
Than you announced him.
de Flores (*aside*): She condemns me still,
But I will please myself with sight of her

If but to spite her anger. I know she had
Rather see me dead than living; and yet
She knows no cause for't, but a peevish will.
[Vermandero *and his servants enter.*
Vermandero: Beatrice, are thy devotions ended?
Beat. (*aside*): Nay, I fear.
That I shall change my saint. (*Aloud to her father*) Pardon me, sir,
I am beholding to this gentleman, who
Left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle.
Verm.: I must know your name;
No stranger can survey our citadels.
Als.: John de Alsemero, of Valencia,
My father was.
Verm.: My best love bids you welcome!
I knew your father e'er our chins wore down.
Well, now he's gone, and a good man and friend
Went with him. Beatrice, there's news for thee.
I saw Piracquo lately.
Beat. (*aside*): That's ill news!
Verm.: He is preparing for his marriage day;
And thou must be a bride within this seven night.
Als. (*aside*): I now must part, and never meet again
With any joy on earth. (*Aloud*) Sir, your pardon;
My affairs call on me.
Verm.: How, sir? By no means!
I shall think myself unkindly used else.
Come, come, let's on, for you must see my castle,
And stay until my daughter's wedding feast.
Beat.: I shall be sorry if you do not come.
Als. (*aside*): How shall I dare to venture in his castle?
But I must on, for back I cannot go.
Beat. (*looking at* de Flores, *and dropping a glove*): He is a snake, but I must play with him.
[*As* Vermandero, Alsemero *and* Beatrice *depart,* de Flores *picks up the glove and comes forward.*
Beat.: No, keep it if you will.
[*She departs with the rest.*
de Flores: A favour! Yet I know
She hates me though I love her. Yet, no matter;
If but to vex her, I will haunt her still;
Though I get nothing else I'll have my will.

Second Act

SCENE.—*A room in the castle of Alicant. Enter* Beatrice *alone.*

BEATRICE: How noble and how good is Alsemero! [judgement,
Methinks I love now with the eyes of
And see the weight of merit, clearly see it.
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles;
In darkness you may see him that's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love;
Then is he best discerned. What's Piracquo
My father spends his breath for? Yet his blessing
Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,
Transformed into a curse. Some speedy way
Must be remembered; he's so forward, too,
So urgent that way; scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.
[*Enter* Vermandero *and* Piracquo.
Vermandero: To you, sweet Beatrice, our love presents
The addition of a son, our son Alonzo.
Piracquo: The treasury of honour cannot bring forth
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.
[Beatrice *and* Vermandero *talk apart.*
Verm.: I'll see what my son says to't. Son Alonzo,
Here is a notion made but to delay
Your marriage three days longer; the request
Is not far out of reason, for, indeed,
The bride is not yet ready.
Pir.: Though my joys.
Be set back so much time as I could wish
They had been forward; yet since she desires it,
The time is set as pleasing as before.
Verm.: May I ever
Meet it in that point still! Come with me, son.
[*He leads* Piracquo *out of the room, and* Alsemero *enters.*
Beat. (*looking at him lovingly*): I have within mine eye all my desires!
Alsemero: Oh, my life, my love! [embrace,
Beat.: How happy were this meeting, this
If it were free from envy! This poor kiss,
It has an enemy, a hateful one.
If there were no such name as Piracquo,
Or no such tie as the command of parents,
I should be but too much blessed!
Als.: One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I will do it!
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.
Beat.: How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Say you prevailed, the law would claim you from me. [course
I'm glad these thoughts come forth. This is a
That would bring sorrow on her way to death:
My tears would never dry till dust had choked them!
Blood guiltiness becomes a fouler visage.
(*Aside*) And now I think on one. I was to blame
To mar so good a market with my scorn.
De Flores well might serve. The ugliest creature
Creation framed for some use; yet to see
I could not mark so much where it should be!
Als.: Lady——
Beat. (*aside still*): Why, men of art make much of poison:
Keep one to expel another! Where was my art?
Als.: Lady, you do not hear me.
Beat.: I do especially, sir.
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em, then,
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens. [*She leads him to the door.*
Als.: You teach wisdom, lady,
My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.
[*He goes out, and* de Flores *enters.*

de Flores (*aside*) : Now do I look to be most richly railed at,
Yet I must see her.
Beat. (*aside*) : Why, put the case I loathe him
As much as youth and beauty hate the sepulchre,
Must I needs show it ? Cannot I keep that secret,
And serve my turn upon him ? See, he's here !
(*Aloud*) Oh, my de Flores !
de Flores (*aside*) : How's that ? She calls me hers !
Already *my* de Flores. (*Aloud*) You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam ?
Beat. : No, was I ?
I forgot—oh, would that I were a man,
I should not then be forced to marry one
I hate beyond all depths !
de Flores : Oh, blessed occasion !
Without change to your sex you have your wishes.
Claim so much man in me !
Beat. : In thee, de Flores ?
There's horror in my service, blood and danger.
de Flores : If you knew
How sweet it were for me to be employed
In any act of yours, you would engage me.
Beat. : Then take him to thy fury !
de Flores : I thirst for him !
Beat. : Alonzo de Piracquo !
de Flores : His end's upon him !
Beat. : When the deed's done
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight.
de Flores : We'll talk of that hereafter.
Beat. (*aside*) : I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time—
Piracquo and this dog-face. [*She departs.*
de Flores : Oh, my blood !
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed.
[Piracquo *enters.*
Pir. : De Flores, can you show me all the castle ?
de Flores (*aside*) : He's safely thrust upon me beyond all hopes.
(*Aloud*) That I can, sir. If the ways and straits
Of some of the passages be not too tedious,
You'll find it worth your time and sight, my lord.
[*They go out, and* de Flores *draws his sword and gets behind the man he is about to murder.*

Third Act

Scene I.—Beatrice's *chamber in the castle,* Vermandero *and* Alsemero *enter.*

Vermandero : Oh, it was most ignoble in Piracquo
To take his flight so unexpectedly,
His breach of faith has covered me with shame,
And mocked my daughter's joy.
Alsemero : If, sir, the bride
Would take me for her bridegroom—and I think
She does but wait for your consent to it—
The marriage can go on.
Verm. : That comforts me.
Come to my room and let us talk of it.
[Beatrice *enters.*
Beatrice : How quickly he has won my father's favour ! [de Flores *enters.*
de Flores : Piracquo is no more.
Beat. : Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins.
de Flores : Do you place me among the verminous fellows
That destroy things for wages ? Is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense ?
Beat. : I understand thee not. For my fear's sake,
I prithee make away with all possible speed.
de Flores : You must fly, too, then.
Beat. : What's your meaning ? [I'm sure,
de Flores : Why, are you not as guilty ? In,
As deep as I ; and we should stick together.
Come, your fears counsel you but ill. My absence
Would draw suspicion on you instantly,
Nor is it fit we two, engaged so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.
[*He tries to kiss her.*
Beat. : How now, sir ?
This shows not well.
de Flores : What makes your lip so strange ?
Come, kiss me with a zeal now !
Beat. : The man's mad !
I cannot see which way I can forgive you
With any modesty.
de Flores : Pish ! You forget yourself !
A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty !
Beat. : Oh, misery of sin ! Would I'd been bound
Perpetually to my living hate
In that Piracquo, than to hear these words !
de Flores : Look but into your conscience, read me there ;
'Tis a true book, you'll find me there your equal.
Fly not unto your birth, but settle you [now.
In what the act has made you ; you're no more
You are the deed's creature ; and I challenge you,
As peace and innocency has turned you out
And made you one with me !
Beat. : With thee, foul villain ?
de Flores : Yes, my fair murderess. Do you urge me ?
I'll blast thy hopes and joys of marriage !
I'll confess all ! My life I rate at nothing.
She that in life and love refuses me,
In death and shame my partner she shall be !
Beat. : Stay, hear me once for all ! I make thee master
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels. [buy
de Flores : The wealth of all Valencia shall not
My pleasure from me.
Beat. (*weeping*) : Vengeance now begins.
Murder, I see, is followed by more sins.
de Flores (*clasping her wildly*) : Oh, how the turtle pants ! You'll love anon,
Though now you fear and faint to venture on.

Fourth Act

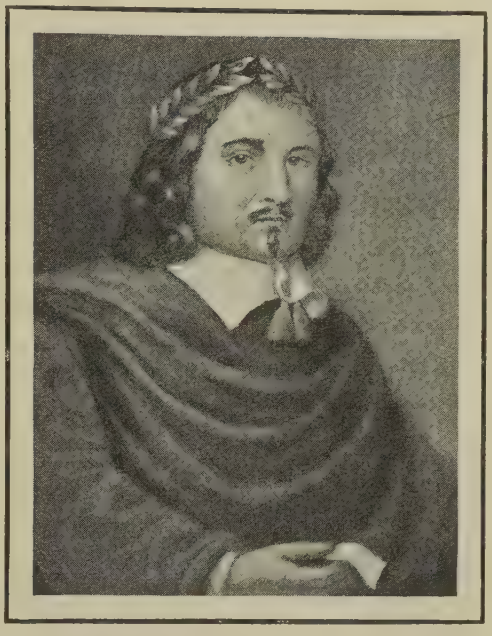
Scene.—Alsemero's *room in the castle on the bridal night.*

Alsemero : The prospect from the garden has revealed
Enough for deep suspicion. A black mask,
That so continually was worn on it,
Condemns the face for ugly ere't be seen.

Her spite to him, so seemingly bottomless,
Was a pretence. She loves the ugly villain!
[Beatrice *enters, arrayed in her wedding dress.*
Come, answer me one question.
Are you true?
Beatrice: True to you? Yes. What makes you doubt me?
Als.: Mine own eyes. I have seen into your room
And seen de Flores there, his arms around you,
Kissing you, you foul, vile, shameless thing!
Beat.: Now hear a story of not much less horror
Than this your false suspicion is beguiled with,
Which even the sight which you saw from the garden
Will stand for proof of—your love has made me
A cruel murderess!
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employed, I caused to murder
That innocent Piracquo; for I had
No better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me.

Als.: Thou shouldst have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! Here we are lost.
I must think what to do. Meantime, you shall
Be my prisoner only. Enter this closet.

[Beatrice *enters the closet.* De Flores *enters.*
What is that blood upon your hand, de Flores?
de Flores: Blood! No, sure was washed since.
Als.: Since when, man? [knock
de Flores: Since t'other day. When I got a
In a sword and dagger school. I think 'tis out.
Als.: Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceived though.
What price goes murder?
de Flores: How, sir?
Als.: I ask you, sir.
My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her sake
Upon Piracquo.
de Flores: Has she, then, confessed it?
Als.: As sure as death to both of you, you villain,
And much more than that.
de Flores: It could not be much more.
The price? She is to run away with me.
Beat. (*screaming from the closet*): He lies! The villain lies!
de Flores: Let me see her!
Als.: Nay, you shall go to her. In, dog, in!
[*Opening the closet, he pushes* de Flores *in.*
Vermandero *and his servants enter.*
Vermandero: I have suspicion near as proof itself,
For Piracquo's murder.
Als.: Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.
Beat. (*in the closet*): Oh, oh, oh!
Als.: Here is the proof.
Beat. (*still within*): Oh, oh!
Verm.: What shrieks are these?
Als. (*flinging open the closet*): Come forth, you twins of mischief



THOMAS MIDDLETON was born about 1570. He was a member of Gray's Inn and wrote some satirical tracts. About 1600 he turned his attention to the stage and became one of the regular playwrights for Philip Henslowe, partner with Edward Alleyn at the Fortune Theatre in Golden Lane, Cripplegate. He was frequently employed to celebrate civic occasions, and in 1620 was appointed city chronologer. In 1624 his political play, A Game of Chess, brought a protest from Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, and was suppressed, but Middleton escaped severe penalties on the plea that the play had been passed by Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels. Middleton died at Newington Butts, and was buried in the churchyard there, July 4, 1627.

[De Flores *enters, dragging in* Beatrice, *wounded.*
de Flores: Here we are. If you have more
To say to us, speak quickly, ere we go.
Verm.: A host of enemies within my castle
Could not amaze like this. Oh, Beatrice!
Beat.: Oh, come not near me, sir. I shall defile you!
I am that of your blood was taken from you
For your better health. Look no more on it,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly.
Beneath the stars upon yon meteor (*pointing to* de Flores)
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible,
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed;
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.
de Flores: I love this woman in spite of her heart;
Her love I earned it out of Piracquo's murder.
Verm.: Keep life in him for further tortures!
de Flores: No
It is but one thread more, and now 'tis cut.
[*Stabs himself.*
Hasten thee, Beatrice, and come with me.
Beat.: Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.
[*She dies.*

Sir Richard Steele

ESSAYS

The publication in 1701 of a somewhat pious manual entitled The Christian Hero marks the beginning of Richard Steele's literary career, but the turning-point in this came in 1707 when as gazetteer to the government he conceived the idea of publishing something on a brighter basis than the formal official Gazette. The result was The Tatler, which appeared April 12, 1709, and appeared three times a week until January 1711. In this paper Steele enjoyed the co-operation of Addison, with whom he was also associated in The Spectator (see page 2375). The Spectator came to an end in 1712, and was followed by a number of other periodicals, including The Guardian and The Englishman. Steele was also the author of four comedies, of which The Funeral and The Conscious Lovers are the best. But his claim upon posterity depends upon his essays contributed to the various periodicals with which he was associated, all characterised by ready sympathy, quick enthusiasm and kindly humour. An edition of the Essays, edited by Austin Dobson, was published in 1885.

I—On Praise with Reservation

I know of no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception; which proceeds from the common error of considering man as a perfect creature. But if we rightly examine things, we shall find that there is a sort of economy in providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more useful to each other.

The heathen world had so little notion that perfection was to be expected among men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree made a god. Hercules had strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted wit. Apollo presided over wit, and it was never asked whether he had strength. These wise heathens were glad to immortalise any one serviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the person who had it.

But with us it is far otherwise, for we reject many eminent virtues if they are accompanied with one apparent weakness. The low race of men take a secret pleasure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themselves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thousand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great person any one fault. In the consideration of human life, the satirist never falls upon persons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conspicuously commendable.

Were I to expose any vice in a good or great man, it should certainly be by correcting it in someone where that crime was the most distinguishing part of the character; as pages are chastised for the admonition of princes. When it is performed otherwise, the vicious are kept in credit by placing men of merit in the same accusation.

Dedications and panegyrics are frequently ridiculous, let them be addressed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man is saying to the persons applauded, 'My lord, or sir, I have pulled down all men that the rest of the world think great and honourable, and here is a clear stage; you may, as you please, be valiant or wise, for there is no one brave who commands, or just who has power. I have knocked out the brains of all whom mankind thought good for anything; and I doubt not but you will reward that invention which found out the only expedient to make your lordship of any consideration.'

But to avert our eyes from such objects, it is, methinks, but requisite to settle our opinion in the case of praise and blame, and, I believe, the only true way to cure that sensibility of reproach, which is a common weakness with the most virtuous of men, is to fix their regard

firmly upon only what is strictly true, in relation to their advantage as well as their diminution. For if I am pleased with commendation which I do not deserve, I shall, from the same temper, be concerned at scandal I do not deserve.

Undeserved praise can please only those who want merit, and undeserved reproach frighten only those who want sincerity.

II—On Envy

THE envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their fellow-creatures are odious.

What a wretched and apostate state is this; to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is a matter of great consolation to an envious person when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy of himself; or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in its circumstances that the fame of it is attributed to many, instead of to one.

You see an envious man clear up his countenance if, in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich, he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour is not to deserve it.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations; and if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day; being resolved, as I grew in reputation for wit, to resign my pretentions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull, in pity to them, and will, from time to time, administer consolations to them by farther discoveries of my person.

III—On Pride, as Affecting the Reason

THERE is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature, and wrought into our very constitution as pride. Everyone feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his neighbour.

Who would believe the proud person I am going to speak of is a cobbler upon Ludgate Hill? This artist being naturally a lover of respect, and considering that his circumstances are such that no man living will give it him, has contrived a figure of a *beau* in wood, who stands before him in a bending posture, with his hat under his left arm and his right hand extended in such a manner as to hold a thread, a piece of wax, or an awl, according to the particular service in which his master thinks fit to employ him. I was very well pleased with the cobbler's invention, that had so ingeniously contrived an inferior, and stood a little while contemplating this inverted idolatry, wherein the image did homage to the man.

We easily see the absurdity of pride when it enters into the heart of a cobbler; though in reality it is altogether as ridiculous and unreasonable wherever it takes possession of a human creature. The greater a man's knowledge is, the greater motive he may seem to have for pride; but in the same proportion as the one rises, the other sinks, it being the chief

office of wisdom to discover to us our weaknesses and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the natural superstructure of pride is madness. If there was an occasion for an experiment, I would not question to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks. If we consult the collegiates of Moor Fields, we shall find some of them are beholden to their pride for their introduction into that magnificent palace. There were at the time I had the curiosity to inquire five duchesses, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet.

I was very sensibly touched with compassion towards these miserable people, and was resolved to guard myself against a passion which makes such havoc in the brain; so I have endeavoured to keep down the secret swellings of resentment and self-esteem, and to over-value nothing in my own or in another's possession.

IV—On the Power of Women

It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune by interposing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know, therefore, a task so difficult in human life as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty, and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you than your reason and arguments can be with her.

It is a miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, for no other reason but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain if he has the wishes of another to gratify. Why was courage given to man if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her protector, as you were designed by nature; but, in compliance to her weaknesses, have disabled yourself.

V—Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend

There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attentions to instances of their good fortune they overlook. Married persons often want such a monitor.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend. He came to town last week with his family, and yesterday sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home in that house; the boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we thought must have forgot me.

After dinner, his lady left the room. As soon as we were alone, my friend took me by the hand.

"Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse to find out who she was for me?"

I perceived a tear on his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little.

"Ah, you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in the fever.

"I tell you sincerely I have so many obligations to her that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Thus, at the present time, methinks the love I conceived

towards her for what she was is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

" Oh, she is an estimable jewel! In her examination of her household affairs she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault which makes her servants obey her like children: and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room I consider what they will do should they lose their mother in their tender years."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us " she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was." Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance, and I saw all his fears vanish in a moment.

The lady observing something in our looks, which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, immediately guessed at what we were talking of; and, applying herself to me, she said, with a smile, " Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you. I shall still live to have you for my second, unless he takes more care of himself. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open-breasted."

My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did so with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense, and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me.

" Mr. Bickerstaff, you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box? "

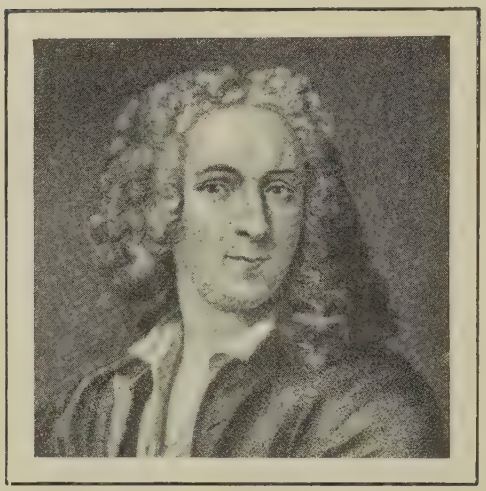
This put us into a long train of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her " I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room, but I would not part with him. I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side of eight years old.

I sat up with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that everyone of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor, and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern to reflect that whenever I go I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family—that is to say, to my maid, my dog and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

VI—On Pedantry

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for Will reckons every misfortune which he has met with among men and women as parts of his education, and fancies he would never have been the man he is had he not broke windows, knocked down constables and disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind, and terms this knowledge of the town the knowledge of the world. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kind of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.



RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin in March, 1672, and educated at the Charterhouse and at Christ Church and Magdalen College, Oxford. He left the university in 1694 and enlisted in the army, ultimately obtaining a captaincy in Lord Lucas's Fusiliers. In 1707 he was appointed gazetteer to the government, and in 1713 was elected member for Stockbridge, Hampshire, but a violent pamphlet issued by him, entitled The Crisis, resulted in his expulsion from the House. He re-entered Parliament as member for Boroughbridge in 1715 and was knighted. He died at Carmarthen, September 1, 1729.

He was lately producing at the club two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town, but very unluckily several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off, and had recourse to his old topic of showing the narrow-spiritedness, the ignorance, of pedants; which he carried so far that, upon retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon the subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But methinks we should enlarge the title and give it everyone that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a list of the reigning beauties and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court? If you take away his artillery from the military pedant, who always talks in a camp, fighting battles from one end of the year to the other, he has not a word to say for himself. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid, pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable. He has at least an exercised understanding and a head which is full, though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive hints of things that are worth knowing, and that he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of commonsense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

VII—On the Abuse of the Understanding

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding; and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason, Sir Roger was lately saying that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them,

and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While, perhaps, he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of goodwill, of friendship, of innocence.

For the loss of public and private virtue, continued he, we are beholden to your men of parts, forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance, appears in the same condition with a cheating beggar, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of.

What I am at, says he, is to represent that I am of opinion that to polish our understandings and to neglect our manners is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that you see it is often subservient to it; and, unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man.

This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true tastes.

Germany's Greatest Spiritual Epic

FRIEDRICH KLOPSTOCK

THE MESSIAH

IT was while studying theology at Jena that Friedrich Klopstock, influenced by Virgil, the Bible and Milton's Paradise Lost, planned the long and famous epic poem, The Messiah, on which his reputation rests. The first three cantos were published anonymously in the Bremer Beitrage in 1748, the remaining cantos not appearing until 1773. Although the poem perhaps lacks unity of conception and precision of style, it contains many noble passages that are admitted by critics to mark a very high order of lyrical genius. Klopstock was undoubtedly the greatest religious poet of his time, and besides his epic he wrote a number of odes, dramas, tragedies and hymns. One of his chief distinctions was that he was the real inaugurator of the emancipation of the German intellect from the superficialism of French literary ascendancy; this distinction was generously acknowledged by Goethe, who rejoiced at Klopstock's success in first striking the key-note of intellectual freedom in the Fatherland. An English translation of The Messiah in prose and verse by G. Egerstorff was published in 1821.

I—The Mount of Olives

REJOICE, ye sons of earth, in the honour bestowed on man. He who was before all worlds, by Whom all things in this visible creation were made, descended to our earth as your Redeemer. Near Jerusalem, once the city where God displayed His grace, the Divine Redeemer withdrew from the multitude and sought retirement. On the side where the sun first gilds the city with its beams rises a mountain, whose summit He had oft honoured with His presence when during the solitary night He spent the hours in fervent prayer.

Gabriel descending stands between two perfumed cedars and addresses Jesus.]

Wilt Thou, Lord, here devote the night to prayer,
Or, weary, dost Thou seek a short repose?
Permit that I for Thine immortal head
A yielding couch prepare. Behold the shrubs
And saplings of the cedar, far and near,
Their balmy foliage already show.
Among the tombs in which Thy prophets rest
The cooling earth yields unmolested moss.

[Jesus answered not, but regarded Gabriel with a look of divine complacency. He went up to the summit, where were the confines of heaven, and there prayed. Earth rejoiced at the renewal of her beauty as His voice resounded and penetrated the gates of the deep, but only He and the Eternal Father knew the whole meaning of the divine petition. As Jesus arose from prayer, in His face shone sublimity, love and resignation.

Now He and the Eternal Father entered on discourse mysterious and profound, obscure

even to immortals; discourse of things which in future ages should display to man the love of God. A seraph entered the borders of the celestial world, whose whole extent is surrounded by suns. No dark planet approaches the refulgent blaze]

There, central of the circumvolving suns,
Heaven, archetype of every blissful sphere,
Orbicular in blazing glory, swims
And circumfuges through infinitude
In copious streams, the splendour of the spheres.
Harmonious sounds of its revolving motion
Are wafted on the pinions of the winds
To circumambient suns. The potent songs
Of voice and harp celestial intermingle
And seem the animation of the whole.

[Up to this sacred way Gabriel ascended, approaching heaven, which, in the very centre of the assemblage of suns, rises into a vast dome. When the Eternal walks forth, the harmonic choirs, borne on the wings of the wind to the borders of the sunny arch, chant His praise, joining the melody of their golden harps. During the hymn the seraph, as messenger of the Mediator, stood on one of the suns nearest heaven. The Eternal Father rewarded the choirs with a look of benignity and then beheld the Chief Seraph, whose name with God is *The Chosen*, and by the heavenly host is called *Eloah*.]

The awful thunder seven times rolled forth,
The sacred gloom dispelling, and the Voice
Divine gently descended: 'God is love.
Ere beings emanated I was Love.
Creating worlds, I ever was the same,
And such I am in the accomplishment
Of my profoundest, most mysterious deed.
But in the death of the Eternal Son
Ye learn to know Me wholly—God, the Judge
Of every world. New adoration then
Ye will to the Supreme of heaven address.'

[The seraph having descended to the altar of the earth, Adam, filled with eager expectation, hastened to him. A lucid, ethereal body was the radiant mansion of his blessed spirit, and his form was as lovely as the bright image in the Creator's mind when meditating on the form of man in the blooming fields of Paradise. Adam approached with a radiant smile, which suffused over his countenance an air of ineffable and sweetest dignity, and thus with impassioned accents he spoke.]

Hail, blessed seraph, messenger of peace!
Thy voice, resounding of thy message high,
Has filled our souls with rapture. Son of God,
Messiah, O that Thee I could behold,
Behold Thee in the beauty of Thy manhood,
E'en as this seraph sees Thee in the form
Which Thy compassion prompted Thee to take
My wretched progeny from death to save.
Point out to me, O seraph, show to me,
Where my Redeemer walked, my loving Lord;
Only from far I will His step attend.

[Gabriel descends again to earth, the stars silently saluting him with a universal morn. He finds Jesus placidly sleeping on a bare rock and, after long contemplation, apostrophises all nature to be silent, for her Creator sleeps.]

II—Of Satan Warring, and the Council of the Sanhedrin

THE moon descends over the forest of waving cedars, and Jesus awakes. The spirits of the patriarchs see Him with joy from their solar mansion. Raphael, John's guardian angel, tells Jesus that this disciple is viewing a demoniac among the sepulchres on the Mount of Olives. He goes thither, and puts Satan to flight, who, returning to hell, gives an account of what he knows of Jesus and determines that He shall be put to death. Satan is opposed by Abaddon. Another grim fiend speaks.]

Then Moloch fierce approached, a martial spirit.
From mountains and entrenchments huge he
came,
Which still he forms, thus the domains of hell
To fence, in case the Thundering Warrior e'er
(He thus the dread Eternal nominates)
From heaven descending, should th' abyss molest.
In sable armour clad, which to his pace
Resounded, he advanced as does a storm
Amid dark lowering clouds. The mountains
shook
Before him, and behind, a trembling rock
In shattered fragments sunk. Thus he advanced
And soon attained the first revolter's throne.

[After the council of fiends, all hell approves Satan's determination. Satan and Adramelech return to earth to execute their design. Abaddon, following them at a distance, sees at the gate of hell Abdiel, the seraph who was once his friend, whom he addresses. But Abdiel ignoring him, he presses forward, bewails the loss of his glory, despairs of finding grace and, after vainly endeavouring to destroy himself, descends to earth. Satan and Adramelech also advance to earth and alight on Mount Olivet.]

They both advanced and stormed against the
Mount
Of Olives, the Redeemer there to find
Assembled with His confidential friends.
Thus down into the vale destructive cars
Of battle roll, against th' intrepid chief
Of the advancing and undaunted host.
Now brazen warriors throng from every point.
The thundering crash of the encounter, clash
Of sword and shield, a sullen iron din
O'er distant rocks resounds tow'rd heaven
aloft,
And in the valley scatters death around.

[Caiaphas assembles the Sanhedrin and relates a vision which has terrified him. He declares that Jesus must die, but counsels caution as to the manner of the execution. Philo, a dreaded priest and Pharisee, steps forward and with

great vehemence pronounces the dream of Caiaphas a mere empty fiction, yet joins in counselling the death of Jesus. He declares Caiaphas a disgrace to the priesthood of God, but that Jesus would abolish the priesthood altogether.]

So saying, Philo, with uplifted arms,
Advanced in the assembly and exclaimed:
'Spirit of Moses, reigning now in bliss,
Whether in thy celestial robes thou art,
Or whether thy yet mortal children now
In council met beneath a humble roof,
Thou deign'st to visit, solemnly
I swear to thee, by yon dread covenant,
Which thou to us hast brought out of the storm
From God, to thee on Sinai revealed:
I will not rest till this thine adversary,
Who hates thy laws and thee, be from this earth
Exterminated.'

[The evil counsel is warmly opposed by Gamaliel and Nicodemus. Judas has a private conference with Caiaphas. The Messiah sends Peter and John into Jerusalem to prepare the Passover. Jesus, going to Jerusalem, is met by Judas. Jesus institutes a memorial of His death. Judas goes out from the supper. Then Jesus prays for His disciples and returns to the Mount of Olives.]

III—Eloah Sings the Redeemer's Glory

God descends towards the earth to judge the Mediator, and rests on Tabor. The Almighty sends the seraph Eloah to comfort Jesus in Gethsemane by singing a triumphant song on His future glory.]

'Hail me, I was found worthy after Thee
To feel what Thou dost feel, and to behold
At humble distance the Messiah's thoughts,
Which in the fearful and most dreadful hour
Of His humiliation, fill His mind.
No finite being ever saw God's thoughts:
Yet I have been found worthy from afar,
From an obscure dimension of created
And but finite understanding, to extend
My view into Divine Infinitude!
O with what feelings of creation new,
Divine Messiah, those redeemed by Thee—
With what surpassing transport they will see
Thee on Thy everlasting throne of glory!
How they will then behold those radiant wounds,
The splendid testimonies of Thy love
To Adam's race! How they will shout Thy praise
In never-ceasing songs and alleluias!
Ah, then the angel Death's tremendous trump
Will nevermore be heard, nor thunders, then,
O'er Thy Redeemed from the Throne will roll.
The depths will bow before Thee, and the heights
To Thee, the Judge, will folded hands uplift.
The last of days will evanescent die
Before the throne, lost in eternity,
And Thou wilt gather all the righteous souls
Around Thee, that they, face to face, may see
Thy glory and behold Thee as Thou art.'

Now the Messiah from the crimsoned dust
Rose victor and the heavens sang aloud—
The third heaven, of the great Messiah's most
Transcendant sufferings which brought endless life
To precious souls, as now gone over Him.
So sang the heavens.

IV—Pilate's Wife Bewails the Saviour's Sufferings

The Messiah is seized and bound. The assembled priests are seized with consternation, but their fears are removed by the arrival of successive messengers. Jesus being taken before Annas, Philo goes thither and brings Him to Caiaphas. Portia, Pilate's wife, comes to see Jesus.]

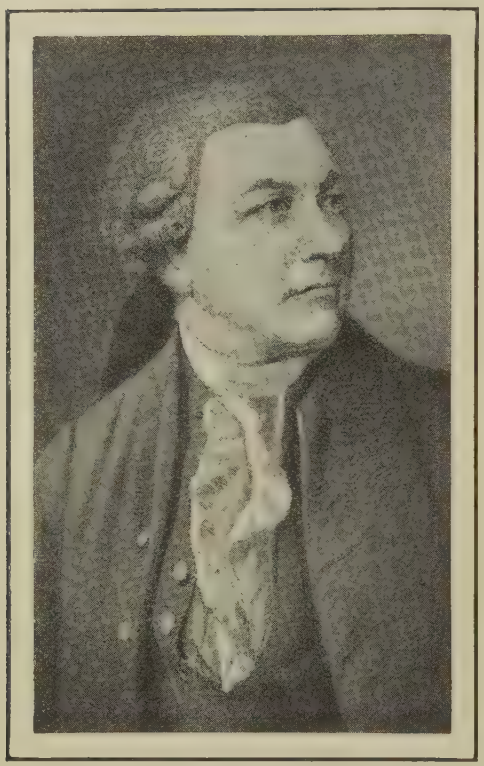
Impelled by curiosity at last
The great and wondrous Prophet to behold,
She to the high-priest's palace came in haste,
Only a few attendants being with her.
And Portia saw Him Who awoke the dead,
And Who serenely bore the hellish rage
And malice of indignant priests, and now,
With wondrous magnanimity stood forth
Resolved to act with greatness, unadmired,
To beings so degenerate still unknown.
With fervid expectation and with joy
She stood and gazed upon the Holy Man,
And saw how He, sublime with dignified
Serenity, His base accusers faced.

[On false evidence of suborned witnesses Jesus is condemned. Eloah and Gabriel discourse on the Saviour's sufferings.]

Gabriel: Eloah! He at whose command the dead
Of the renewed creation shall arise,
The tempest of the resurrection shaking
The earth around, that she with bearing throes
Will yield the dust at His almighty call.
He then with thunders and attendant hosts
Of angels and in terrors clad, that stars
Before Him sink, will judge that sinful world.

Eloah: He said, Let there be light! And there was light.
Thou, Gabriel, sawest how at His command
Effulgent beams rushed forth! With thought profound
He still advanced: and lo, at His right hand
Ten thousand times ten thousand beings bright
Collected, and an animating storm
Advanced before Him. Then the suns
Rolled in their orbits! Then the harmony
Of morning spheres resounded round the poles.
And then the heavens appeared!

Gabriel: And at His word
Eternal night sank far below the heavens!
Thou sawest, Eloah, how He stood on high



GOTTLIEB FRIEDRICH KLOPSTOCK was born at Quedlinburg, July 2, 1724, and while still a schoolboy displayed his poetic gifts by writing some admirable Greek and Latin verse and some meritorious idylls and odes in German. He went to Jena to study theology, and in 1746 removed to Leipzig where he published the first three cantos of his poem The Messiah in 1748. In 1751 he received an invitation from Frederick V of Denmark to settle at Copenhagen with an annuity, with a view to completion of The Messiah, and he lived there until 1770 when he retired to Hamburg, where he died, March 14, 1803.

O'er the Profound. He spake again, and, lo,
A hideous mass inanimate appeared
And lay before Him, seeming ruins vast
Of broken suns, or of a hundred worlds
To chaos crushed. He summoned then the flame,
And the nocturnal blaze rushed in the fields
Of everlasting death. Then misery
Existed, which from the depths ascended
In cries of anguish and despondency.
Then was created the infernal gulf!

Thus they communed. Portia no longer could
The Blessed Saviour's sufferings behold,
And lone ascended to the palace roof.
She stood and wrung her hands, her weeping eyes
To heaven uplifted, while she thus express'd
The agitated feelings of her heart;

'O Thou, the First of Gods, who didst create
This world from night of darkness, and who gav'st
A heart to man! Whatever be Thy name—
God, Jupiter, Jehovah, Romulus,
Or Abraham's God?—Not of chosen few,
Thou art the Judge and father of us all!
May I before Thee, Lord, with tears display
The feelings of my heart, and rend my soul?
What is the crime of this most peaceful man?
Why should He thus be barbarously used
And persecuted even unto death
By these inhuman and relentless men?
Dost Thou delight from Thine Olympus, Lord,
To look on suffering virtue? Is to Thee
The object sacred? To the heart of men,
That is not of humanity devoid,
It is most awful, wondrous and endearing;
But He who formed the stars, can He admire
And wonder? No, far too sublime is He
To admiration ever scope to give!
Yet th' object must e'en to the God of Gods
Be sacred, else He never could permit
That thus the good and guiltless be oppress'd.
My tears of pity and compassion flow,
But Thou discernest suffering virtue's tears
That flow in secret and to Thee appeal.
Great God of Gods, reward and if Thou canst,
Admire the magnanimity He shows.'

[Peter, in deep distress, tells John that he has denied his Master thrice, then departs and deplores his guilt.]

V—The Day of Oblation

ELOAH welcomes the returning morn with a hymn, and hails the Day of the Atonement, precious, fair day of oblation, sent by Love Divine.

The Messiah is led to Pilate and is accused by Caiaphas and Philo. Judas, in despair, destroys himself. Jesus is sent to Herod, who, expecting to see a miracle, is disappointed. After being treated with derision, Jesus is sent back to Pilate, who seeks to save Him, but is persuaded to release Barabbas. Jesus is scourged, arrayed in a purple robe, crowned with thorns and delivered to the priests, who cause Him to be led to crucifixion. Eloah descends from the throne and proclaims that the Redeemer is led to death, on which the angels of the earth form a circle round Mount Calvary. Jesus is nailed to the Cross. Uriel places a planet before the sun to obscure the dreadful scene on Calvary, and then conducts to earth the souls of all future generations of mankind.

The Angel of Death descends to address Jesus, Who dies. The earth shakes, the veil of the Temple is rent, the Old Testament saints are raised. The converted thief dies. Joseph of Arimathea begs the body of Jesus, and he and Nicodemus wrap it in spices and perform the interment. Mary and some devout women meet in John's house, to which Nicodemus brings the crown of thorns taken from the body at burial. The interment is solemnised by choirs of risen saints and angels.]

James Justinian Morier

The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan

During his diplomatic service in Persia, Morier travelled from Teheran to England with dispatches, and published a record of his journey in 1812, under the title A Journey Through Persia, Armenia and Asia Minor to Constantinople in the years 1808 and 1809. As an account of a little known country this attracted much attention and was translated into French and German. In 1818 Morier published A Second Journey Through Persia, and on retiring from government service began to write a series of tales in which he turned to good account his experiences in the East. The first and best of these was The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan, which was published in 1824 and immediately achieved success by its humour and insight into Oriental life. The Persian minister in London is said to have made a protest against the caustic truth of Morier's picture. The best of Morier's later works are Zohrab the Hostage (1832) and Ayesha, the Maid of Kars (1834). Hajji Baba is published in various inexpensive editions.

I—The Turcomans

My father, Kerbelai Hassan, was one of the most celebrated barbers of Ispahan. I was the son of his second wife, and as I was born when my father and mother were on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Hosein, in Kerbelah, I was called Hajji, or the pilgrim, a name which has procured for me a great deal of unmerited respect, because that honoured title is seldom conferred on any but those who have made the great pilgrimage to the tomb of the blessed Prophet of Mecca.

I was taught to read and write by a mollah, or priest, who kept a school in a mosque near at hand; when not in school I attended the shop, and by the time I was sixteen it would be difficult to say whether I was most accomplished as a barber or as a scholar. My father's shop, being situated near the largest caravanserai in the city, was the common resort of the foreign merchants; and one of them, Osman Aga, of Bagdad, took a great fancy to me, and so excited me by describing the different cities he had visited that I soon felt a strong desire to travel. He was then in want of someone to keep his accounts and, as I associated the two qualifications of barber and scribe, he made me such advantageous offers that I agreed to follow him.

His purpose was to journey to Meshed with the object of purchasing the lambskins of Bokhara. Our caravan proceeded without impediment to Teheran; but the dangerous part of the journey was yet to come, as a tribe of Turcomans were known to infest the road.

We advanced by slow marches over a parched and dreary country, and our conversation chiefly turned upon the Turcomans. Everyone vaunted his own courage; my master above the rest, his teeth actually chattering with apprehension, boasted of what he would do in case we were attacked. But when we in reality perceived a body of Turcomans coming down upon us, the scene instantly changed. Some ran away; others, and among them my master, yielded to intense fear, and began to exclaim, "O Allah! O Imams! O Mahomet the Prophet, we are gone! We are dying! We are dead!"

A shower of arrows, which the enemy discharged as they came in, achieved their conquest, and we soon became their prey. The Turcomans having completed their plunder, placed each of us behind a horseman, and we passed through wild tracts of mountainous country to a large plain, covered with the black tents and the flocks and herds of our enemies.

My master was set to tend camels in the hills; but when the Turcomans discovered my abilities as a barber and a surgeon, I became a general favourite and gained the confidence of the chief of the tribe himself. Finally, he determined to permit me to accompany him on a pre-

datory excursion into Persia—a permission which I hoped would lead to my escaping.

I was the more ready to do so, in that I secretly possessed fifty ducats. These had been concealed by my master, Osman Aga, in his turban at the outset of his journey. The turban had been taken from him and carried to the women's quarters, whence I had recovered it.

We carried off much property on the raid, but as our only prisoners were a court poet, a carpet-spreader and a penniless cadi, we had little to hope for in the way of ransom. On our return journey we perceived a large body of men, too compact for a caravan—plainly some great personage and his escort. The Turcomans retired hastily, but I lagged behind, seeing in this eventuality a means of escape. I was soon overtaken and seized, plundered of my fifty ducats and everything else, and dragged before the chief personage—a son of the Shah.

Kissing the ground before him, I related my story and petitioned for the return of my fifty ducats. The rogues who had taken the money were brought before the prince, who ordered them to be bastinadoed until they produced it. After a few blows they confessed, and gave up the ducats, which were carried to the prince. He counted the money, put it under the cushion on which he was reclining, and said loudly to me, "You are dismissed."

"My money, where is it?" I exclaimed.

"Give him the shoe," said the prince to his master of the ceremonies, who struck me over the mouth with the iron-shod heel of his slipper, saying, "Go in peace, or you'll have your ears cut off."

"You might as well expect a mule to give up a mouthful of fresh grass," said an old muleteer to whom I told my misfortune, "as a prince to give up money that has once been in his hands."

REACHING Meshed in a destitute state, I practised for a time the trade of water-carrier, and then became an itinerant vendor of smoke. I was not very scrupulous about giving my tobacco pure; and when one day the *mohtesib*, or inspector, came to me, disguised as an old woman, I gave him one of my worst mixtures. Instantly he summoned half a dozen stout fellows; my feet were noosed, and blow after blow was inflicted on them until they were a misshapen mass of flesh and gore. All that I possessed was taken from me, and I crawled home miserably on my hands and knees. I felt I had entered Meshed in an unlucky hour, and determined to leave it. Dressed as a dervish I joined a caravan for Teheran.

II—The Fate of the Lovely Zeenab

AT first resolved to follow the career of a dervish, tempted thereto by the confidences of my companion, Dervish Sefer, who befriended me after my unhappy encounter with the mohtesib.

"With one-fiftieth of your accomplishments, and a common share of effrontery," he told me, "you may command both the purses and the lives of your hearers. By impudence I have been a prophet, by impudence I have wrought miracles—by impudence, in short, I live a life of ease."

But a chance came to me of stealing a horse, the owner of which confessed he had himself stolen it; and by selling it I hoped to add to the money I had obtained as a dervish, and thereby get into some situation where I might gain my bread honestly. Unfortunately, when I had reached Teheran the real owner of the horse appeared. I was compelled to refund to the dealer the money I had been paid for the horse, and had some difficulty in proving before the magistrate that I was not the thief.

I had heard that the court poet, with whom I had formed a friendship during his captivity among the Turcomans, had escaped and returned to Teheran. To him, therefore, I repaired, and through his good offices I secured a post as assistant to Mirza Ahmak, the king's chief physician.

Although the physician was willing to have my services, he was too avaricious to pay me anything for them; and I would not have remained long with him had I not fallen in love. In the heat of summer I made my bed in the open air, in a corner of a terrace that overlooked an inner court where the women's apartments were situated. I came presently to exchanging

A BARBER OF ISPAHAN
From a drawing by a Persian artist

glances with a beautiful Kurdish slave. From glances we came to conversations. At length, when Zeenab—for that was her name—was alone in the women's apartments, she would invite me down from the terrace, and we would spend long hours feasting and singing together.

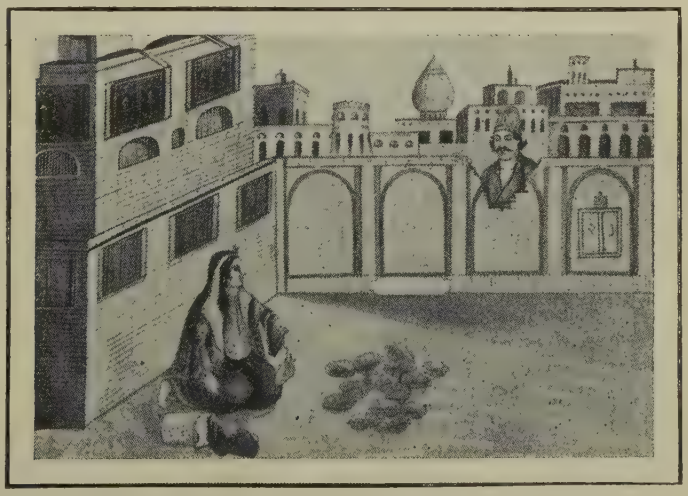
But our felicity was destined to be interrupted. The Shah was about to depart for his usual summer campaign, and according to his wont, paid a round of visits to noblemen, thereby reaping for himself a harvest of presents. The physician, being reputed rich, was marked out as prey fit for the royal grasp. The news of the honour to be paid him left him half-elated at the distinction, half-trembling at the ruin that awaited his finances. The Shah came with his full suite, dined gorgeously at my master's expense and, as is customary, visited the women's apartments. Presently came the news that my master had presented the Shah with Zeenab, who was to be trained as a dancing girl.

When Zeenab was thus removed out of my reach, I had no inducement to remain in the physician's service. I therefore sought and secured a post as *nasakchi*, or officer of the chief executioner. I was now a person of authority with the crowd, and used my stick so freely upon their heads and backs that I soon acquired a reputation for courage.

I lived in such an atmosphere of violence and cruelty—I heard of nothing but slitting noses, putting out eyes, and chopping men in two—that I am persuaded I could almost have impaled my own father.

The chief executioner was a tall and bony man, extremely ferocious. "Give me good hard fighting," he was accustomed to declare; "let me have my thrust with the lance and my cut with the sabre, and I want no more. We all have our weaknesses—these are mine."

This terrible man accompanied the Shah in his campaign, and I and the others went along with him, in the army that was to expel the Muscovite infidels from Georgia. Having heard that the Muscovites were posted on the Pembaki River, the chief executioner, with a large body of cavalry and infantry, proceeded to advance upon them.



HAJJI BABA AND THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE, ZEENAB
From a drawing by a Persian artist

On reaching the river, we found two Muscovite soldiers on the opposite bank. The chief put on a face of the greatest resolution. "Go, seize, strike, kill!" he exclaimed. "Bring me their heads!"

Several men dashed into the river, but the Russians, firing steadily, killed two of them, whereupon the rest retreated; nor could all the chief's oaths and offers of money persuade anyone to go forward.

While we were thus parleying, a shot hit the chief executioner's stirrup, which awoke his fears to such a degree that he recalled his troops, and himself rode hastily away, exclaiming, "Curses be on their beards! Whoever fought after this fashion? Killing, killing, as if we were so many hogs! O Allah, Allah, if there was no dying in the case, how the Persians would fight!"

On our return to the camp, a proclamation was issued announcing that an army of 50,000 infidels had been vanquished by the all-victorious armies of the Shah, that 10,000 of the dogs had given up their souls, and that the prisoners were so many that the prices of slaves had diminished a hundred per cent.

When we went back with the Shah to Teheran, a horrid event occurred which plunged me in the greatest misery. I heard that Zeenab was ill, and unable to dance before the Shah; and knowing the royal methods of treating unsatisfactory slaves, I feared greatly for the consequences. My fears were warranted. I was ordered, with others, to wait below the tower of the royal harem at midnight and bear away a corpse. We saw a woman struggling with two men at the top of the tower. The woman was flung over. We rushed forward. At my feet, in the death-agony, lay my beloved Zeenab. I hung over her in the deepest despair; my feelings could not be concealed from the ruffians around me.

I abandoned everything, and left Teheran next day, determined to become a real dervish and spend the rest of my life in penitence and privations.

III—Among the Holy Men

As I was preparing next night to sleep on the bare ground outside a caravanserai—for I was almost destitute—I saw a horseman ride up whom I recognized. It was one of the *nasakchies* who had assisted in the burial of Zeenab. I had been betrayed, then; my love for the king's slave had been revealed, and they were pursuing me.

I went into the caravanserai, sought out a friend—the dervish whom I had known at Meshed—and asked his advice.

"I can expect no mercy from this man," I said, "particularly as I have not enough money to offer him, for I know his price. Where shall I go?"

The dervish replied, "You must not lose a moment in getting within the sanctuary of the tomb of Fatimeh at Kom. You can reach it before morning and then you will be safe even from the Shah's power."

As the day broke, I could distinguish the gilt cupola of the tomb before me; and as I perceived the horseman at some distance behind, I made all possible speed until I had passed the gateway of the sanctuary.

My friend the dervish arrived soon afterwards, and immediately urged upon me the importance of saying my prayers, keeping fasts and wearing a long and mortified countenance. As he assured me that unless I made a pretence of deep piety I should be starved or stoned to death, I assumed forthwith the character of a rigid Mussulman.

By the intensity of my devotion I won the good will of Mirza Abdul Cossim, the first *mûshtehed* [divine] of Persia, and by his influence I obtained a pardon from the Shah. Now that I was free from the sanctuary, I became anxious to gain some profit by my fame for piety; so I applied to Mirza Abdul Cossim, who straightway sent me to assist the mollah Nadân, one of the principal men of the law in Teheran.

Nadân was an exemplary Mussulman in all outward matters; but I was not long in discovering that he had two ruling passions—jealousy of the chief priest of Teheran, and a hunger for money. My earliest duty was to gratify his second passion by negotiating marriages for handsome fees. In these transactions we

THE CHIEF EXECUTIONER
From a drawing by James Morier

prospered fairly well; but unfortunately Nadân's desire to supplant the chief priest led him to stir up the populace to attack the Christians of the city. The Shah was then in a humour to protect the Christians; consequently, Nadân had his beard plucked out by the roots, and was driven out of the city with blows.

Once more homeless and almost penniless, I strolled in the dusk into a bath, and undressed. The bath was empty save for one man, whom I recognized as the chief priest. Presently a most unusual floundering, attended by a gurgling of the throat, struck my ear. To my horror, I saw that he was drowned. Here was a predicament; it was inevitable that I should be charged with his murder.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I bore a close resemblance to the dead man. For an hour or two I might act as an impostor. So, I dressed myself in the chief priest's clothes, and repaired to his house.

I was there received by two young slaves, who paid me attentions that would at most times have delighted me; but just then they filled me with apprehension, and I was heartily glad when I got rid of the slaves and fastened the door. I then explored the chief priest's pockets, and found therein two letters. One was from the chief executioner—a notorious drunkard—begging permission to take unlimited wine for his health's sake. The other was from a priest at the mollah's village saying that he had extracted from the peasantry one hundred tomauns [£80], which would be delivered to an authorised messenger.

To the chief executioner I wrote cheerfully granting the permission he sought, and suggesting that the loan of a well-caparisoned horse would not be amiss. I wrote a note to the priest requesting that the money be delivered to the bearer. Next morning I went to the chief executioner's house, presented the letter and received the horse, upon which I rode hastily away to the village. Having obtained the hundred tomauns I escaped across the frontier to Bagdad.

MIRZA FIROUZ
From a drawing by James Morier

IV—Hajji and the Infidels

On reaching Bagdad, I sought the house of my old master, Osman Aga, long since returned from his captivity, and with him I travelled to Constantinople.

Having a complaint to make, I went to Mirza Ferouz, Persian ambassador on a special mission to Constantinople.

"Your wit and manner are agreeable," he said to me; "you have seen the world and its business; you are a man who can make play under another's beard. Such I am in want of."

"I am your slave and servant," I replied.

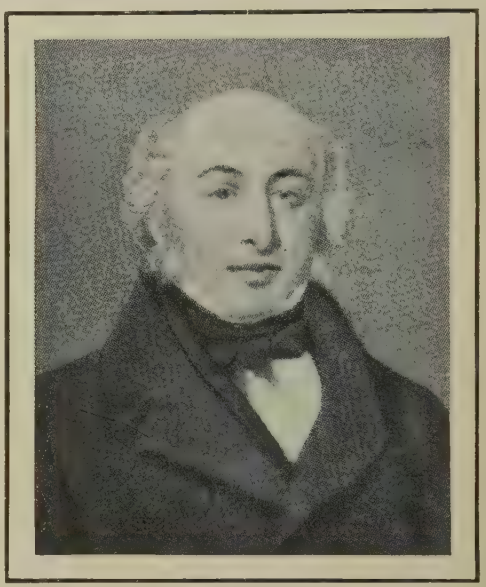
"Lately an ambassador came from Europe to Teheran," said Mirza Ferouz, "saying he was sent, with power to make a treaty, by a certain Boonapoort, calling himself Emperor of the French. He promised that Georgia should be reconquered for us from the Russians and that the English should be driven from India. Soon afterwards the English infidels in India sent agents to impede the reception of the Frenchmen. We soon discovered that much was to be got between the rival curs of uncleanness; and the true object of my mission here is to discover all that is to be known of these French and English. In this you can help me."

This proposal I gladly accepted, and went forth to interview a scribe of the Reis Effendi with whom I had struck up a friendship.

I returned to my ambassador full of information I had acquired; daily he sent me in search of fresh particulars, and before long I felt able to draw up the history of Europe that the Shah had ordered Mirza Ferouz to provide. So well pleased was the ambassador with my labours that he announced his intention of taking me back to Persia and continuing me in government employ.

On our return to Teheran we found an English ambassador negotiating a treaty, the French having gone away unsuccessful. Owing to the knowledge I had acquired of European affairs when at Constantinople, I was much employed in these transactions with the infidels, and gained the confidence of the grand vizier himself.

The negotiations reached a difficult point, and threatened to break down; neither the Persians nor the infidels would give way. I was sent by the grand vizier



JAMES JUSTINIAN MORIER, diplomatist, traveller and novelist, was born at Smyrna about 1780, his father being consul-general at Constantinople, and two of his brothers also being diplomatists. Educated at Harrow, he returned to Constantinople, and entered the diplomatic service in 1807, being appointed private secretary to Sir Harford Jones's mission to Persia. In 1810 he again went to Persia as secretary of embassy at the court of Teheran, and from 1814-15 was in charge of the embassy. In 1817 he retired from government service (except for a special appointment in Mexico from 1824-26) and thenceforth devoted himself to literature. Morier died at Brighton, March 19, 1849.

on a delicate mission to the English ambassador. I prevailed. I returned to the grand vizier with a sack of gold for him and the treaty was signed.

It was decided to send an ambassador to England. Mirza Ferouz was appointed and I was chosen as his first mirza, or secretary. What pleased me most of all was that I was sent to Ispahan to raise part of the money for the presents to be taken to England. Hajji Baba, the barber's son, entered his native place as Mirza Hajji Baba, the Shah's deputy, with all the parade of a man of consequence, and on a mission that gave him unbounded opportunity of enriching himself. I found myself, after all my misfortunes, at the summit of what, in my Persian eyes, was perfect human bliss.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

THE WORLD AS WILL AND IDEA

AFTER a few slight treatises, Schopenhauer produced the magnificent work, The World as Will and Idea (Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung) which has immortalised him. Published in 1819, the treatise is not only a masterly exposition of philosophy, but a comprehensive record of Schopenhauer's own views on mankind. Everything he published in later life may be said to be a commentary on his main book. The keynote of Schopenhauer's philosophy is that the sole essential reality in the universe is the will, and that all visible and tangible phenomena are merely subjective representations of that 'will which is the only thing-in-itself' that actually exists. The defect of his system is its tendency to a sombre pessimism, but his literary style is magnificent, and his power of reasoning is exceptional. A second and enlarged edition of The World as Will and Idea appeared in 1844. The chief of Schopenhauer's other works are On the Will in Nature (1836), The Main Problems of Ethics (1841), and Parerga and Paralipomena (1851). The following epitome has been made from the German text.

I—The World as Idea

'THE world is my idea' is a truth valid for every living creature, though only man can consciously contemplate it. In doing so he attains philosophical wisdom. No truth is more absolutely certain than that all that exists for knowledge, and, therefore, this whole world, is only object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver—in a word, idea. The world is idea.

This truth is by no means new. It lay by implication in the reflections of Descartes; but Berkeley first distinctly enunciated it, while Kant erred by ignoring it. So ancient is it that it was the fundamental principle of the Indian Vedanta, as Sir William Jones points out. In one aspect, the world is idea; in the other aspect, the world is will.

That which knows all things and is known by none is the subject; and for this subject all exists. But the world as idea consists of two essential and inseparable halves. One half is the object, whose form consists of time and space, and, through these, of multiplicity; but the other half is the subject, lying not in space and time, for it subsists whole and undivided in every reflecting being.

Thus, any single individual endowed with the faculty of perception of the object constitutes the whole world of idea as completely as the millions in existence; but let this single individual vanish, and the whole world as idea would disappear. Each of these halves possesses meaning and existence only in and through the other, appearing with and vanishing with it. Where the object begins the subject ends.

One of Kant's great merits is that he discovered that the essential and universal forms of all objects—space, time, causality—lie *a priori* in our consciousness, for they may be discovered and fully known from a consideration of the subject, without any knowledge of the object.

Ideas of perception are distinct from abstract ideas. The former comprehend the whole world of experience; the latter are concepts, and are possessed by man alone amongst all creatures on earth; and the capacity for these, distinguishing him from the lower animals, is called reason.

Much vain controversy has arisen concerning the reality of the external universe, owing to the fallacious notion that, because perception arises through the knowledge of causality, the relation of subject and object is that of cause and effect. For this relation only subsists between objects—that is, between the immediate object—and objects known indirectly. The object always presupposes the subject, and so there can be between these two no relation of reason and consequent.

Therefore, the controversy between realistic dogmatism and doctrinal scepti-

cism is foolish. The former seems to separate object and idea as cause and effect, whereas these two are really one the latter supposes that in the idea we have only the effect, never the cause, and never know the real being, but merely its action. The correction of both these fallacies is the same—that object and idea are identical.

The greatest value of knowledge is that it can be communicated and retained. This makes it inestimably important for practice. Rational or abstract knowledge is that knowledge which is peculiar to the reason as distinguished from the understanding. The use of reason is that it substitutes abstract concepts for ideas of perception, and adopts them as the guide of action.

The many-sided view of life which man, as distinguished from the lower animals, possesses through reason makes him stand to them as the captain, equipped with chart, compass and quadrant, and with a knowledge of navigation, stands to the ignorant sailors under his command.

Man lives two lives. Besides his life in the concrete is his life in the abstract. In the former he struggles, suffers and dies as do the mere animal creatures. But in the abstract he quietly reflects on the plan of the universe as does a captain of a ship on the chart. He becomes in this abstract life of calm reasoning a deliberate observer of those elements which previously moved and agitated his emotions. Withdrawing into this serene contemplation, he is like an actor who has played a lively part on the stage and then withdraws and, as one of the audience, quietly looks on at other actors who are energetically performing.

II—The World as Will

We are compelled to further inquiry, because we cannot be satisfied with knowing that we have ideas, and that these are associated with certain laws, the general expression of which is the principle of sufficient reason. We wish to know the significance of our ideas. We ask whether this world is nothing more than a mere idea, not worthy of our notice if it is to pass by us like an empty dream or an airy vision, or whether it is something more substantial.

We can surely never arrive at the nature of things from without. No matter how assiduous our researches may be, we can never reach anything beyond images and names. We resemble a man going round a castle seeking vainly for an entrance, and sometimes sketching the façades. And yet this is the method followed by all philosophers before me.

The truth about man is that he is not a pure knowing subject, not a winged cherub without a material body, contemplating the world from without. For he is himself rooted in that world. That is to say, he finds himself in the world as an *individual* whose knowledge, which is the essential basis of the whole world as idea, is yet ever communicated through the medium of the body, whose sensations are the starting-point of the understanding of that world. His body is for him an idea like every other idea, an object among objects. He only knows its actions as he knows the changes in all other objects, and but for one aid to his understanding of himself he would find this idea and object as strange and incomprehensible as all others.

That aid is *will*, which alone furnishes the key to the riddle of himself, solves the problem of his own existence and reveals to him the inner structure and significance of his being, his action and his movements.

The body is the immediate object of will; it may be called the *objectivity of will*. Every true act of will is also instantly a visible act of the body, and every impression on the body is also at once an impression on the will. When it is opposed to the will it is called pain, and when consonant with the will, pleasure.

The essential identity of body and will is shown by the fact that every violent movement of the will—that is to say, every emotion—directly agitates the body and interferes with its vital functions. So we may legitimately say: My body is the objectivity of my will.

It is simply owing to this special relation to one body that the knowing subject is an individual. Our knowing, being bound to individuality, necessitates that each of us can only be one, and yet each of us can know all. Hence arises the

need for philosophy. The double knowledge which each of us possesses of his own body is the key to the nature of every phenomenon in the world. Nothing is either known to us or thinkable by us except will and idea. If we examine the reality of the body and its actions, we discover nothing beyond the fact that it is an idea, except the will. With this double discovery reality is exhausted.

III—The World as Idea—Second Aspect

WE have looked at the world as idea, object for a subject, and next at the world as will. All students of Plato know that the different grades of objectification of will which are manifested in countless individuals, and exist as their unrealized types or as the eternal forms of things, are the Platonic ideas. Thus, these various grades are related to individual things as their eternal forms or prototypes.

Thus, the world in which we live is in its whole nature through and through *will*, and at the same time through and through *idea*. This idea always presupposes a form, object and subject. If we take away this form and ask what then remains, the answer must be that this can be nothing but *will*, which, properly speaking, is the *thing-in-itself*.

Every human being discovers that he himself is this will, and that the world exists only for him and does so in relation to his consciousness. Thus each human being is himself in a double aspect the whole world, the microcosm. And that which he realizes as his own real being exhausts the being of the whole world, the macrocosm. So, like man, the world is through and through *will*, and through and through *idea*.

Plato would say that an animal has no true being, but merely an apparent being, a constant becoming. The only true being is the idea which embodies itself in that animal. That is to say, the idea of the animal alone has true being, and is the object of real knowledge. Kant, with his theory of ' the thing-in-itself ' as the only reality, would say that the animal is only a phenomenon in time, space and causality, which are conditions of our perception, not the thing-in-itself. So the individual as we see it at this particular moment will pass away, without any possibility of our knowing the thing-in-itself, for the knowledge of that is beyond our faculties.

Thus do these two greatest philosophers of the West differ. The thing-in-itself must, according to Kant, be free from all forms associated with knowing. On the contrary, the Platonic idea is necessarily object, something known and thus different from the thing-in-itself, which cannot be apprehended. Yet Kant and Plato tend to agree, because the thing-in-itself is, after all, that which lays aside all the subordinate forms of phenomena, and has retained the first and most universal form, that of the idea in general, the form of being object for a subject. Plato attributes actual being only to the ideas, and concedes only an illusive, dream-like existence to things in space and time, the real world for the individual.

IV—The World as Will—Second Aspect

THE last and most serious part of our consideration relates to human action. Human nature tends to relate everything else to action. The world as idea is the perfect mirror of the will, in which it recognizes itself in graduating scales of distinctness and completeness. The highest degree of this consciousness is man, whose nature only completely expresses itself in the whole connected series of his actions.

Will is the thing-in-itself, the essence of the world. Life is only the mirror of the will. Life accompanies the will as the shadow the body. If will exists, so will life. So long as we are actuated by the will to live, we need have no fear of ceasing to live, even in the presence of death. True, we see the individual born and passing away; but the individual is merely phenomenal. Neither the will, nor the subject of cognition, is at all affected by birth or death.

It is not the individual, but only the species, that nature cares for. She provides for the species with boundless

prodigality through the incalculable profusion of seed and the great strength of fructification. She is ever ready to let the individual fall when it has served its end of perpetuating the species. Thus does nature artlessly express the great truth that only the ideas, not the individuals, have actual reality and are complete objectivity of the will.

Man is nature itself, but nature is only the objectified will to live. So the man who has comprehended this point of view may well console himself when contemplating death for himself or his friends by turning his eyes to the immortal life of nature, which he himself is. And thus we see that birth and death both really belong to life, and that they take part in that constant mutation of matter which is consistent with the permanence of the species, notwithstanding the transitoriness of the individual.

V—The Will as Related to Time

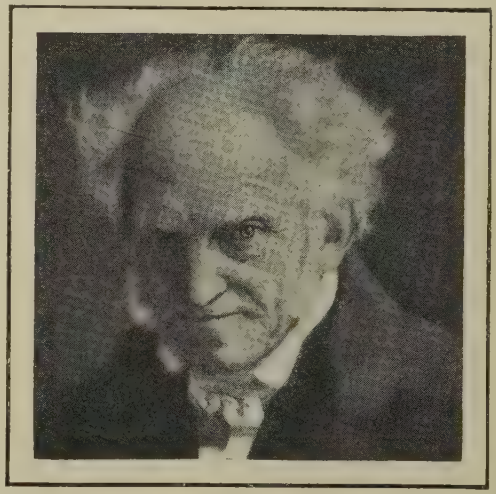
ABOVE all, we must not forget that the form of the phenomenon of the will, the form of life in reality, is really only the *present*, not the future nor the past. No man ever lived in the past, no man will live in the future. The present is the sole form of life in sure possession. The present exists always, together with its content.

Now all object is the will so far as it has become idea, and the subject is the necessary correlative of the object. But real objects are in the present only. So nothing but conceptions and fancies are included in the past, while the present is the essential form of the phenomenon of the will, and inseparable from it. The present alone is perpetual and immovable. The fountain and support of it is the will to live, or the thing-in-itself, which we are.

Life is certain to the will, and the present is certain to life. Time is like a perpetually revolving globe. The hemisphere which is sinking is like the past, that which is rising is like the future, while the indivisible point at the top is like a motionless present. Or, time is like a running river, and the present is a rock on which it breaks but which it cannot remove with itself. As life is assured to the will, so is the present the single real form of life.

Therefore we are not concerned to investigate the past antecedent to life, nor to speculate on the future subsequent to death. We should simply seek to know the present, that being the sole form in which the will manifests itself. Therefore, if we are satisfied with life as it is, we may confidently regard it as endless and banish the fear of death as illusive. Our spirit is of a totally indestructible nature, and its energy endures from eternity to eternity.

The problem of the freedom of the will is solved by the considerations which have thus been outlined. Since the will is not



ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER was born at Danzig, February 22, 1788, his father being a banker, his mother a well-known novelist. At the age of seventeen he was placed in a merchant's office at Hamburg, but after his father's death he left this employment and took up classical studies. After some years at Göttingen and Berlin, he graduated at Jena in 1813. He passed the next winter at Weimar with Goethe, later travelled in Italy, and in 1820 became lecturer at Berlin University. Failure as a lecturer and the outbreak of cholera in 1831 caused him to remove to Frankfort-on-Main, where he lived in private until his death, which occurred September 21, 1860.

From the painting by Göbel

phenomenon, is not idea or object, but thing-in-itself, is not determined as a consequent through any reason, and knows no necessity, therefore it is *free*. But the person is never free, although he is the phenomenon of a free will, for this indisputable reason, that he is already the determined phenomenon of the free volition of this will, and is constrained to embody the direction of that volition in a multiplicity of actions.

COMENIUS

THE LABYRINTH OF THE WORLD

EVEN since his death in 1670 few men have exercised a greater influence on educational work than that exercised by Comenius in the middle third of the seventeenth century. He was a teacher and organizer of schools among his own people and later in Sweden and Holland; he formulated a general theory of education which was developed later by Rousseau, Froebel and others; and he introduced a system of text-books of an entirely new kind, as in his Gate of Languages Unlocked (1631) and later works where he devised a method of teaching languages by printing sentences in the vernacular and in the languages under study in parallel columns, and in his Orbis Sensualium Pictus (1658) which was the first work in which illustrations were applied to the work of teaching. The Comenian Society has preserved all that was valuable in his educational writings, and by the world at large he will be long remembered by his famous treatise The Labyrinth of the World, written during his enforced retirement at Lissa about 1622.

I—The Paradise of the Heart

WHEN I had attained the age at which the difference between good and bad begins to appear to the human understanding, I saw how different are the ranks, conditions, occupations of men, the works and endeavours at which they toil; and it seemed most necessary to me to consider what groups of men I should join, and with what matters I should occupy my life. Thinking diligently on this matter, I decided that that fashion of life which contained least of cares and violence, and most comfort, peace and cheerfulness, pleased me most.

After yearning and turning the matter in solitude, I further decided that I should first behold all earthly things that are under the sun, and then only, having wisely compared one thing with another, choose a course of life, and obtain in some fashion the things necessary for leading a quiet life in the world.

And then I came out of my solitude and began to look around, thinking how and whence to begin my voyage. At that very instant there appeared one coming, I knew not whence. His gait was active, his sight skilful, his speech quick. He stepped up to me and asked me whence I came and whither I proposed to go.

I said I had left home to wander through the world and obtain experience; and this so pleased him that he, who told me that his name was Searchall, with the by-name of Impudence, and that he came from the labyrinth of Crete, a wonder of the world, offered to be my guide. For it was his duty to wander through the world to spy out every secret, to peep into all corners. I rejoiced at having found such a guide, and begged him to conduct me through the world.

"I will gladly see," said I, "what are the ways of the world, and also whether it contains that on which a man may safely rely."

Hearing this, my companion stopped. "Friend," he said, "if thou art starting on this journey with the purpose not of seeing our things with pleasure, but of passing judgement on them according to thine own understanding, I do not know if her majesty our queen will be pleased with this."

"And who, then, is your queen?" I asked. He answered, "She who directs the whole world and its ways from the beginning. She is called Wisdom, though some wiseacres call her Vanity."

While he talked thus, another stole up, a muffled figure, so that I could not discern whether this was man or woman, who rebuked Impudence for his presumption in thus taking charge of me, and declared that it was his duty to conduct pilgrims; for it was not the wish of the queen that any who entered her kingdom should themselves interpret what they saw and heard. She would rather that they should be told by others.

And the name of this new guide was Falsehood, but he pretended that he was the true interpreter of Wisdom, leading all to joy and merriment, for without him even princes would spend their time on earth mournfully. But when he told me that his name was Falsehood, I, who at first was delighted to gain such another guide, was terrified.

As he saw me with downcast eyes moving reluctantly, Searchall cried, "What, thou fickle one, methinks thou wishest to go back?" And before I could answer he threw a bridle over my neck. This bridle of Vanity was stitched together with straps of Pertness, and the bit was made out of the iron of Obstinacy.

Then my companion on the other side, Falsehood, thrust on my nose spectacles, through which I immediately saw everything differently from before. Things large appeared small, and small things large; ugly things beautiful, and beautiful things ugly; the white black and the black white, and so forth. Now, these spectacles were fashioned out of the glass of Illusion, and the rims in which they were set were of that horn called Custom.

II—The Market Place of the World

While I was thus reflecting we found ourselves, I know not how, on a high tower close under the clouds. Gazing down, I saw the earth a town, seeming fine and beautiful, in shape of a circle with walls and ramparts.

I cast down my eyes, and saw that the streets were broken through in many places, so that I thought confusion might easily happen; and as I listened I perceived that the streets, swarming with men, were full of knocking, stamping, scrubbing, whispering and screaming. Impudence and Falsehood now invited me to go hence, and we proceeded downward by a dark, winding staircase to Fate, the Gate of Life. Before the door was a wide hall, full of young folk, and on the right side sat a fierce-looking old man, who in his hand held a large copper urn. All who came through the Gate of Life stepped up to him, and each one put his hand into the urn and drew from it a tablet.

Then each went down one of the streets, some joyous and some sad. As I stepped near I saw that on the tablets were written different words. One had drawn Rule; another, Serve; another, Command; another, Obey; another, Plough; another, Learn; another, Judge; another, Fight.

"Let us first go forth to the market-place," said my guide, Impudence. And he led me forth. As I gazed at the multitudes I saw how strangely they swayed to and fro, like the swarming of bees. I saw that everyone, when walking among others, wore a mask, but when alone pulled it off. My guide told me that this was worldly prudence. But I looked again, and saw fearful disorder.

All were seeking to labour at something; but when one exerted himself in his calling, another approached and meddled, and thus quarrels and scuffles ensued. Yet as all this had to be called order I dared not say anything.

Coming to the streets where married people live, my guides said I should be pleased with the fashion of this delightful life. Behold, there was a gate which was called Betrothment. Here people of all aspects and qualities approached and examined each other, paying most attention of all to each other's bags and purses. Sometimes several men pointed to one woman, and then none took her. I beheld quarrels, struggles and even murders.

I said that all this was mighty painful and toilsome, but the interpreter said, "This is not labour, but pleasure; for see how they laugh and how they exult."

So I looked, and saw that some exulted; but others were doleful, and dragged each other along, and many retreated.

"What is this?" said I.

Said Falsehood, "This also is pleasure."

III—The Orders and Estates of Men

Walking on, we went through streets where trades were carried on. And I saw incessant striving, sweating and fatigue; and, on the other hand, where there was less labour, there was more vice and fraud. Everywhere was much jealousy if one succeeded, whence arose discord.

Then they bade me enter a little hut constructed out of planks, which stood not on the earth, but rocked on the water. On this they told me we should fly by navigation from one end of the world to the other. The wind soon arose, and our crew started up, ran to and fro, screamed and shouted, climbed up and down the ropes. Then I and others not used to the ship began to roll about and scream. A great storm came on, in which the sea rolled round us in gigantic waves.

I thought the sailors in such terrors should be the most pious men in the world, but they were all eating gluttonously, drinking, playing, laughing and talking in an obscene manner. I began to admonish them, but my guide, Falsehood, told me to be silent.

The storm increased, and our ship, striking against rocks, began to sink and break up. Then there were tears, screams and moaning without measure. No one saw anything before him but a cruel death. But as life is sweet, everyone seized what he could—tables, planks, poles, so as to seek to be saved by swimming to some spot; and I also, laying hold of what I could, arrived at some coast with a few others.

My guide, hearing me declare that I would never again be led into anything more of this sort, advised me to go among the learned, whose easier life would have a charm for me.

We arrived at a gate called Discipline. The way was long, narrow and dark, full of armed guards, to whom every one entering the street of the learned men had to give an account, and of whom he had also to ask a safe conduct.

Within were crowds of students, masters, doctors, priests, youths and old men. Some had eyes, but no tongue; others had a tongue, but no eyes; others had only ears, and so forth. We entered studies and libraries, which I was told were storehouses of wisdom; but here I soon found that disorders prevailed, for from gallipots and jars, variously labelled, men were greedily feeding till some became distorted, or pale, or puffed and swollen, and some pined away and died. On these vessels I saw written Vocabulary, Dictionary, Lexicon.

We entered the market-place of the learned, and found it a scene of unhappy strife and warfare; for the wiser one considered himself the more he began to quarrel with those around him. He fought and hacked, threw and shot at them, till it was fearful to behold; and he founded his honour and glory on this.

As I was displeased, my interpreter said he would lead me among philosophers, whose work it was to remedy the deficiences of men. But when I saw a large number of old men and their wondrous follies I was amazed. There I beheld how Plato hunted in the sky for ideas, Homer sang, Aristotle disputed, Archimedes moved the earth, Solon wrote laws and Galen prescriptions, Euclid measured the hall, Seneca praised poverty, Socrates informed everyone that he knew nothing, while Xenophon promised to teach everything to everyone, Zeno fasted, Epicurus feasted.

"These, then, are the wise men—the lights of the world," said I. "Alas! I had hoped for other things; here, as peasants in a tavern, each one screams, and each one differently."

The interpreter said to me, "Thou art a fool; thou dost not understand these mysteries."

Then, behold, one stepped up to me, also in the garb of a philosopher—he was called Paul of Tarsus—and he said in mine ear, "If anyone thinks himself wise in this world, let him first be simple, so that he may become wise. The wisdom of this world is folly before God. For it is written: The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise that they are vain."

IV—The Religions of the World

Next we came to a market-place full of a multitude of churches and chapels in divers shapes, with crowds entering and leaving them. Some belonged to pagans and abounded in pictures and images of the sun, moon, stars, and even of devils. Of those who entered, each knelt before that which pleased him, and kissed it, incensed it and sacrificed to it. But a certain stinking

JOHANN AMOS KOMENSKY, who Latinised his name as Comenius, was born at the Moravian village of Nivnitz, March 28, 1592. Educated at Herbon and Heidelberg, he was rector of the Moravian school at Prerau, 1614-16, and then at Fulnek, whence in 1621 the Spanish invasion drove him as a fugitive to Poland. Settling at Lissa, he was given charge of the Moravian and Bohemian churches there, and gained a widespread reputation as an educationist, being invited to assist in educational reforms in England, Sweden and Hungary. In 1657, at the burning of Lissa by the Poles, he lost nearly all his manuscripts and was again compelled to flee, settling finally in Amsterdam, where he died, November 15, 1670.

smell overcame me, and I hurried forth in terror.

We next entered into a temple, white and clean, belonging to people called Jews. In this were but images of living beings, but these were monsters, many of them emitting a sound like the howl of a wolf. Some instead of a head had a tail; others instead of a tail a head; others had countless eyes, ears, feet. I was told that these were known as *Talmudi Figmenta*, and I went forth, wondering.

Another temple, that of the Mahomedans, was without ornaments. The people within demeaned themselves quietly and piously. They were clothed in white, and were great lovers of cleanliness, for ever bathing. They gave alms to the poor, so I felt affection for them; but on inquiry I found that their religion was founded on force, and that these white-clothed and well-washed men, when they met any that disputed their sacred book, called Al Koran, sabred all they met, and wallowed in human blood.

Seeing I was terrified, my guide said, "Now, I will show thee the Christian religion, which, founded on certain revelations of God, satisfies the simplest and the wisest."

I rejoiced, and we went through a gate which stood in the water, so that all who would pass must be baptised. I saw within crowds of men. Some, who differed from the others in the vestments they wore, showed the people a daintily painted image, calling it the Son of God. Before it the people fell on their knees, lifting their hands heavenward.

My guides, Searchall and Falsehood, had now forsaken me. I heard a mysterious voice above me that said, "Return whence thou camest to the house of the heart, and then close the doors behind thee."

THIS counsel I obeyed as well as I could. Then, collecting my thoughts I closed my eyes, ears, mouth, nostrils and abandoned all contact with external things. Then I entered into the innermost of my heart, and, behold, all was darkness; but, blinking round a little, I beheld a weak light that penetrated through the crevices. Looking round me by means of this dim light, I saw on the walls small pictures with faded colours, under them being inscribed Prudence, Meekness, Chastity, Justice, Temperance, and so forth, with broken ladders and broken ropes under them. Here everything was quiet. Presently a clear light broke from above, and from out of it shone One, in aspect indeed similar to man, but in His splendour truly God. He addressed me in sweetest words, "Welcome, my son and dear brother."

Understanding that this was my Redeemer Jesus Christ, I said, "I am here, my Lord Jesus; take me to Thee; Thine I wish to be, and to remain for ever."

Said He, "I accept this from thee, my son. Mine indeed thou hast been from all eternity. I have long prepared for thee that happiness to which I will now lead thee. This only I demand, that whatever thou hast seen in the world, and whatever struggles thou hast witnessed among men, thou shouldst transfer to Me, and lay the burden on Me. Of that which men seek but find not in the world—peace and joy—I will give thee abundance."

GEORGE CROLY

SALATHIEL

A SCHOLAR, an orator, and a man of incredible energy, George Croly wrote poems, biographies, dramas, sermons, novels, satires, magazine articles, newspaper leaders and theological works. He was dramatic critic of The New Times, one of the earliest contributors to Blackwood's Magazine, and wrote articles of all kinds for The Literary Gazette. His first work, published in 1817, was a poem entitled Paris in 1815, written in imitation of Childe Harold. This was followed in 1820 by The Angel of the World, in 1822 by a tragedy, Catiline, and in 1829 by his chief work, Salathiel: A Story of the Past, the Present and the Future. A romance on the subject of the Wandering Jew, the book is boldly conceived, and is marked by the forceful imagination and power of description which characterised all Croly's work. Among the later works of Croly are The Life and Times of George the Fourth (1830); Marston (1846), a novel of contemporary life; and The Modern Orlando (1846), a satirical poem on the lines of Don Juan

I—Immortality on Earth!

"TARRY THOU TILL I COME!" The words shot through me. I felt them like an arrow in my heart. The troops, the priests, the populace, the world, passed from before my senses like phantoms.

Every fibre of my frame quivers as I still hear the echo of the anathema that sprang first from my furious lips, the self-pronounced ruin, the words of desolation, 'His blood be upon us, and upon our children!'

In a deed which ought to have covered earth with lamentation, which was to make angels weep, which might have shaken the universe into dust, I triumphed. "Death, on the instant; death!" I shouted. And my clamour was echoed by the roar of millions.

But in the moment of my exultation I was stricken. He who had refused an hour of life to the victim was, in terrible retribution, condemned to know the misery of life interminable. I heard through all the voices of Jerusalem—I should have heard through all the thunders of heaven, the calm, low voice, "Tarry thou till I come!"

I felt at once my fate. I sprang away through the shouting hosts as if the avenging angel waved his sword above my head. I was never to know the shelter of the grave! Immortality on earth! The perpetual compulsion of existence in a world made for change! I was to survive my country. Wife, child, friend, even to the last being with whom my heart could imagine a human bond, were to perish in my sight. I was to know no limit to the weight already crushing me. The guilt of life upon life, the surges of an unfathomable ocean of crime were to roll eternally over my head. Immortality on earth!

Overwhelmed with despair, I rushed through Jerusalem, crowded with millions come to the Passover, and made my way through the Gate of Zion to the open country and the mountains that were before me, like a barrier shutting out the living world. There, as I lay in an agony of fear, my soul seemed to be whirled on the wind into the bosom of a thundercloud. I felt the weight of the rolling vapours. I saw a blaze. I was stunned by a roar that shook the firmament.

When I recovered it was to hear the trumpet which proclaims that the first daily sacrifice is to be offered. I was a priest; this day's service fell to me; I dared not shrink from the duty which appalled me! Humanity drove me first to my home, where to my unspeakable relief I found my wife and child happy and unharmed; then I went to the Temple, and began my solemn duties.

I was at the altar, the Levite at my side holding the lamb, when suddenly in rushed the high priest, his face buried in the folds of his cloak and, grasping the head of the

lamb, he snatched the knife from the Levite, plunged it into the animal's throat, and ran with bloody hands and echoing groans to the porch of the Holy House. I hastened up the steps after him, and entered the sanctuary.

But—what I saw there I have no power to tell. Words were not made to utter it. The son of man was not made to hear it. Before me moved things mightier than of mortal vision, thronging shapes of terror, mysterious grandeur, essential power, embodied prophecy. On the pavement lay the high priest, his lips strained wide, his whole frame rigid and cold as a corpse. And the Veil was rent in twain!

Fleeing from the Temple I came into a world of black men. The sun, which I had seen like a fiery buckler hanging over the city, was utterly gone. As I looked into this unnatural night, the thought smote me that I had brought this judgement on the Holy City, and I formed the determination to fly from my priesthood, my kindred and my country, and to bear my doom in some barren wilderness.

I ran from the Temple, where priests clung together in pale terror, found my wife and child, and bore them away through the panic-stricken city. As we journeyed a yell of universal terror made me turn my eyes to Jerusalem. A large sphere of fire shot through the heavens. It stopped above the city, and exploded in thunder, flashing over the whole horizon, but covering the Temple with a blaze which gave it the aspect of metal glowing in a furnace. Every pillar and pinnacle was seen with a lurid and terrible distinctness. The light vanished. I heard the roar of earthquake; the ground rose and heaved under my feet. I heard the crash of buildings, the fall of fragments of the hills and, louder than both, the groans of the multitude. I seized my wife and child; the next moment the earth gave way, and I was caught up in a whirlwind of dust and ashes.

II—The Son of Misfortune

It was in Samaria I woke. Miriam, my wife, was at my side. A troop of our kinsmen, returning from the city, where terror suffered few to remain, had discovered us, and brought us with them on their journey.

On this pilgrimage to Naphtali, my native home, my absence from prayer and my sadness struck all our kinsmen; and Eleazer, brother of Miriam, questioned me thereon. In my bitterness I said to him that I had renounced my career among the rulers of Israel. Instead of anger or surprise, his face expressed joy. He pointed out to me the tomb of Isaiah, to which we were approaching.

"There lies," said he, "the heart which neither the desert nor the dungeon, nor the teeth of the lion, nor the saw of Manasseh could tame—the denouncer of our crimes, the scourge of our apostasy, the prophet of that desolation which was to bow the grandeur of Judah to the grave."

He drew a copy of the Scriptures from his bosom, and read the famous Haphtorah. 'Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty, that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows!' He stopped, laid his hand upon my arm, and asked, "Of whom hath the prophet spoken? Him that *is to come*, still *to come?*" Then he left me.

Some years passed away; the burden remained upon my soul. One day, as I dwelt among my kinsmen in Naphtali, I was watching a great storm, when suddenly there stood before me a spirit, accursed and evil, Epiphanes, one of those spirits of the evil dead who are allowed from time to time to reappear on earth.

"Power you shall have, and hate it," he announced; "wealth and life, and hate them. You shall be the worm among a nation of worms—you shall be steeped in poverty to the lips—you shall undergo the bitterness of death, until—— Come," he cried suddenly, "son of misfortune, emblem of the nation, that, living shall die, and dying shall live; that, trampled by all, shall trample on all; that, bleeding from a thousand wounds, shall be unhurt;

that, beggared, shall wield the wealth of nations; that, without a name, shall sway the council of kings; that, without a city, shall inhabit in all the kingdoms; that, scattered like the dust, shall be bound together like the rock; that, perishing by the sword, chain, famine and fire, shall be imperishable, unnumbered, glorious as the stars of heaven."

I was caught up and swept towards Jerusalem. It was the twilight of a summer evening. Town and wall lay bathed in a sea of purple; the Temple rose from its centre like an island of light; the host of Heaven came riding up the blue fields alone; all was the sweetness, calm and splendour of a painted vision. As the night deepened, a murmur from the city caught my ear; it grew loud, various, wild; it was soon mixed with the clash of arms; trumpets rang, torches blazed along battlements and turrets; the roar of battle rose, deepened into cries of agony, swelled into furious exultation. "Behold," said the possessed, "these are but the beginnings of evil!" I felt a sudden return of strength. I looked up; the spirit was gone. In another minute I was rushing forward to the battle.

From that moment I became a chieftain of Israel, and as Prince of Naphtali led my people against the legions of Rome. I came to be a priest, I became a captain. I was ever in the midst of battle; I was cast into dungeons; brought to the cross; cast among lions; shipwrecked, driven out to sea on a blazing trireme; accused before Nero and Titus; exposed a thousand times to death; and yet ever at the extreme moment some mysterious hand interfered between my life and its destruction. I could not die.

III—The Abomination of Desolation

And through all these awful years of incessant warfare I was now lifted up on a wave of victory to heights of dazzling glory, and now plunged down into the abysm of defeat I saw my wife and children torn from me; they were restored, only to be dragged away again. I saw Rome driven from the Holy City, only to see her return in triumph. And all through these maddening vicissitudes, suspected by my own people, and knowing my own infamy, I heard the voice, "Tarry thou till I come!"

The fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as the grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions startling us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigour; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads; we had every evil and terror that could beset human nature but pestilence, the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded and the dead Yet, though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was teeming; though six hundred thousand corpses lay flung over the ramparts and naked to the sun—pestilence came not; for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But the abomination of desolation, the pagan standard, was fixed; where it was to remain until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far off into the desert. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens. Lightning, in immense sheets, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests in flame and the shattered summits of hills.

Defence was unthought of; for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked from fear, but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgement. Our cries of remorse, anguish and horror were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us, we plunged into the sepulchres to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains.

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, besought me to lead them into safety. I said they were to die, and pointed them to the hallowed ground of the Temple. More, I led them towards it myself. But advance was checked. Piles of cloud, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight, covered the holy hill. I attempted to pass through it, and was swept downward by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me.

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill; and the vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges; and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. Voices were heard within, low and distant, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy buildings rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture. It stood full to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first Temple. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that, in the midst of their despair, ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands told what proud remembrances were there.

But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world. Never fell on mortal ear sound so majestic and subduing, so full of melancholy and grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again; the guardian angels of the city of David! They came forth glorious, but with woe in their steps, tears flowing down their celestial beauty. 'Let us go hence,' was their song of sorrow. 'Let us go hence,' was announced by the echoes of the mountains.

The procession lingered on the summit. The thunder pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Then the thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

IV—The Hour of Doom

I was roused by the voice of a man.

"What!" said he, "poring over the faces of dead men, when you should be foremost among the living? All Jerusalem in arms, and yet you scorn your time to gain laurels?" I sprang up, and drew my scimitar, for the man was—Roman.

"You should know me," he said calmly; "it is some years since we met, but we have not been often asunder."

"Are you not a Roman?" I exclaimed. He denied that nationality, and offered me his Roman trappings, cuirass and falchion, saying they would help me to money, riot, violence and vice in the doomed city; "and," said he, "what else do nine-tenths of mankind ask for in their souls?"

He tore his helmet from his forehead, and, with a start of inward pain, flung it to a measureless distance in the air. I beheld —Epiphanes! "I told you," he said, "that this day would come. One grand hope was given to your countrymen; they cast it from them! Ages on ages shall pass before they learn the loftiness of that hope, or fulfil the punishment of that rejection. Yet, in the fullness of time, light shall break upon their darkness. They shall ask: Why are barbarians and civilized alike our oppressors? Why do contending faiths join in crushing us alone? Why do realms, distant as the ends of the earth, unite in scorn of us?"

"Man of terrible knowledge," I demanded, "tell me for what crime this judgement comes?"

"There is no name for it," he said.

"Is there no hope?" said I, trembling.

"Look to that mountain," was the answer, as he pointed to Moriah. "It is now covered with war and slaughter. But upon that mountain shall yet be enthroned a Sovereign before whom the sun shall hide his head. From that mountain shall light flow to the ends of the universe, and the government shall be of the everlasting."

In a few minutes he had carried me to the city, placed me on a battlement, and had disappeared.

Below me war raged in its boundless fury. The Romans had forced their way;

the Jews were fighting like wild beasts. When the lance was broke, the knife was the weapon ; when the knife failed, they tore with their hands and teeth. But the Romans advanced against all. They advanced till they were near the inner temple. A scream of wrath and agony at the possible profanation of the Holy of Holies rose from the multitude. I leaped from the battlement, called upon Israel to follow me, and drove the Romans back.

But Jerusalem was marked for ruin. A madman, prophesying the succour of heaven, prevented Israel from surrendering, and thus saving the Temple. Infuriated by his words, the populace kept up the strife, and the Temple burst into flames. The fire sprang through the roof, and the whole of its defenders, to the number of thousands, sank into the conflagration. In another minute the inner temple was on fire. I rushed forward and took my post before the veil of the portico, to guard the entrance with my blood.

But the legions rushed onward, crying that ' they were led by the Fates,' and that ' the God of the Jews had given his people and city into their hands.' The torrent was irresistible. Titus rushed in at its head, exclaiming that ' the Divinity alone could have given the stronghold into his power, for it was beyond the hope and strength of man.'

My companions were torn down. I was forced back to the veil of the Holy of Holies. I longed to die ! I fought, I taunted, covered from head to foot in gore. I remained without a wound.

Then came a new enemy—fire. I heard its roar round the sanctuary. The Romans fled to the portal. A wall of fire stood before them. They rushed back, tore down the veil, and the Holy of Holies stood open.

GEORGE CROLY, Irish divine and author, was born in Dublin, August 17, 1780, the son of a physician. He was educated at Trinity College, and was ordained a priest of the English Church. After a short time as curate in the North of Ireland he came to London about 1810 and devoted himself chiefly to literary pursuits. He waited many years for preferment in the Church from the Tory leaders whom he had supported with his pen, but eventually it was a Whig patron, Lord Brougham, with whose family he was connected, who in 1835 presented him to the valuable living of St. Stephens, Walbrook, where his eloquent preaching attracted large congregations. Croly died suddenly in London, November 24, 1860.

The blaze melted the plates of the roof in a golden shower above me. It calcined the marble floor ; it dissipated in vapour the inestimable gems that studded the walls. All who entered lay turned to ashes. But on the sacred Ark the flame had no power. It whirled and swept in a red orb round the untouched symbol of the throne of thrones.

Still I lived ; but I felt my strength giving way—the heat withered my sinews, the flame extinguished my sight. I sank upon the threshold, rejoicing that death was inevitable. Then, once again, I heard the words of terror, " Tarry thou till I come ! ". The world disappeared before me.

V—The Pilgrim of Time

HERE I pause. I had undergone that portion of my career which was to be passed among my people. My life as father, husband, citizen, was at an end. Thenceforth I was to be a solitary man. I was to make my couch with the savage, the outcast and the slave. I was to see the ruin of the mighty and the overthrow of empires. Yet, in the tumult that changed the face of the world, I was still to live and be unchanged.

In revenge for the fall of Jerusalem, I traversed the globe to seek out an enemy of Rome. I found in the northern snows a man of blood ; I stirred up the soul of Alaric and led him to the sack of Rome.

In revenge for the insults heaped upon the Jew by the dotards and dastards of the city of Constantine, I sought out an instrument of compendious ruin. I found him in the Arabian sands, and poured ambition into the soul of Mecca.

In revenge for the pollution of the ruins of the Temple, I roused the iron tribes of the West, and at the head of the Crusaders expelled the Saracens. I fed full on revenge, and fed the misery of revenge.

A passion for human fame seized me. I drew my sword for Italy; triumphed, was a king, and learnt to curse the hour when I first dreamt of fame. A passion for gold seized me. Wealth came to my wish, and to my torment. Days and nights of misery were the gift of avarice. In my passion I longed for regions where the hand of man had never rifled the mine. I found a bold Genoese, and led him to the discovering of a new world. With its metals I inundated the old; and to my misery added the misery of two hemispheres.

Yet the circle of passion was not to surround my fated steps for ever. Noble aspirations rose in my melancholy heart. I had seen the birth of true science, true liberty and true wisdom. I had lived with Petrarch, stood enraptured beside the easel of Angelo and Raphael. I had stood at Maintz, beside the wonder-working machine that makes knowledge imperishable and sends it with winged speed through the earth. At the pulpit of the mighty man of Wittenberg I had knelt; Israelite as I am, I did involuntary homage to the mind of Luther.

At this hour I see the dawn of things to whose glory the glory of the past is but a dream. But I must close these thoughts, wandering as the steps of my pilgrimage. I have more to tell—strange, magnificent and sad. But I must await the impulse of my heart.

Thrilling Record of Travel on the Roof of the World

SVEN ANDERS HEDIN

THROUGH ASIA

WHEN Dr. Sven Hedin set out on the perilous journey so graphically described in this book he was twenty-eight. For years he had been occupied in studying Central Asian geography. Other Europeans had been before him, but between the days of Marco Polo and the dawn of the nineteenth century the Roof of the World had remained a land of mystery and legend. The Russian General Przhevalsky and others added materially to our knowledge of highland and desert; but vast gaps remained, and Dr. Sven Hedin was inspired with a resistless desire to fill them in. His journey of 14,600 miles, which occupied him for three years and seven months, yielded invaluable results; and his description of it in Through Asia, 1898, which has been published in nine languages, stirred the imagination of the world. To the scientific results of the journey he devoted several supplementary volumes. The admirable English translation by J. T. Bealby was published in two volumes by Methuen, by whose permission our outline and the illustrations are included in these pages.

I—The Magic of Mus-tagh-ata

LEAVING Stockholm on October 16, 1893, Dr. Sven Hedin travelled by train from St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) to Orenburg, a distance of 1,400 miles, by train. At Orenburg every trace of civilization was left behind, and the 1,300 miles to Tashkend, by way of Orsk and Terekli, were covered in a tarantass, a heavy Tartar carriage without springs or seats, drawn by three horses. For nineteen days and nights this rough vehicle was his sole habitation. He found the vast, level plain of the Kirghiz steppe thinly inhabited by a half-savage nomad people, healthy, capable, good-natured, and drawing a scanty subsistence chiefly from their herds. Four miles north of Terekli he reached the Desert of Kara-kum (Black Sand), once covered by the Aralo-Caspian Sea. At the town of Turkestan he passed a colossal burial mosque built in 1397 by Tamerlane. Tashkend was

reached on December 4. The nature of the country he had covered may be judged by what happened to his ammunition. The paper cases of the cartridges were ground to powder and their tin boxes crumpled like paper. It seemed a miracle that none of the many sharp corners had struck a cap and so brought the adventure to an untimely and tragic end.

THE next stage of the journey had Margelan as its objective. It began on January 25, 1894, and ended on February 4. He went by way of Chimkent, Biskent, Khojent, and Kokand, making a detour through Chust and Namangan to complete soundings of the Syr-Daria. At Margelan he prepared for the passage of the Pamirs. It is amid the Pamirs that legend places the home of the parents of our race. The traditions of a dim and distant antiquity declare that the four sacred rivers of Paradise had their origin in these sublime altitudes. Eighteen short day marches, with five days extra for rest, took the traveller to Fort Pamir. At Margelan Dr. Hedin secured the services of Islam Bai, a noble-hearted native of Osh. The perilous passage of the Isfaïran and Alaï valleys was begun on February 22, and of the ten horses in the little caravan one soon slipped on the ice-covered mountain-side and fell to its death below. Some of the journey was made on hands and knees. During part of the time the wind howled, snow half obliterated the path, and the view was shrouded in mist. Eerie was the effect at night-time when the Kirghiz played melancholy airs on the three-stringed kaumuss. When, on March 3, the storm passed the Alaï peaks shimmered in the loveliest tints of grey and white and pale blue. Wolves abounded. Blood-curdling tales were told of them and of the torture to which when one was captured it was put by its Kirghiz captors. At Kok-sai the thermometer fell to minus 38·8 Fahr. Great Kara-kul, a lake 120 to 150 square miles in area, 41 feet to 756 feet deep, ringed by mountain peaks, cased in ice, and mantled with snow, was reached on March 11.

Eight days later Dr. Hedin entered the isolated Russian outpost of Fort Pamir, on the right bank of the Murghab, 11,800 feet above sea level, overlooking a marsh. Here, except for two weeks in summer, the night temperature sinks below freezing-point. But within its walls the Swedish explorer found a welcome of the warmest character. He was received like an old friend by a group of officers 'as amiable, as courteous, as generous as it is possible to meet with.' Delightful is his account of his stay here till April 7 and of a second visit in August. For, instead of going forward directly, he made a series of expeditions in this region before he started on his memorable journey across the Takla-makan Desert. It was one of his ambitions to achieve the ascent of the majestic Mus-tagh-ata, Father of the Ice Mountains. It is difficult to say which is the more arresting, the mystery or the magnitude of this great mountain, which towers 25,600 feet above the earth. It was approached by way of two little lakes named Bulun-kul and the Sarik-kol valley

DR. HEDIN took with him Islam Bai, three other men, and four pack horses. Every man he talked to about the projected ascent warned him that if he were so venturesome as to defy the giant the winds would be bidden to sweep him away like a grain of sand.

But Mus-tagh-ata is truly a magnificent mountain. Whenever the Kirghiz pass it or first catch sight of it they fall upon their knees and say their prayers. They declare that it is the abode of three score and ten saints. Nay, they assert it is one gigantic burial-ground of saints. Within its interior dwell the souls of Moses and Ali, son-in-law and nephew of the prophet Mahomet. They tell further that on the top exists an ancient city named Janaider, which was built in the days when universal happiness and universal peace reigned throughout the world. But since that time there has been no intercourse between the people of Janaider and the inhabitants of the earth. Consequently the former still enjoy an existence of unblemished happiness. In the city of bliss there are fruit trees which bear magnificent fruit all the year round, flowers which never wither, women who never grow old and never lose their beauty. The choicest pleasures of life are as common there as bread; death, cold and darkness are banished from its confines for ever.

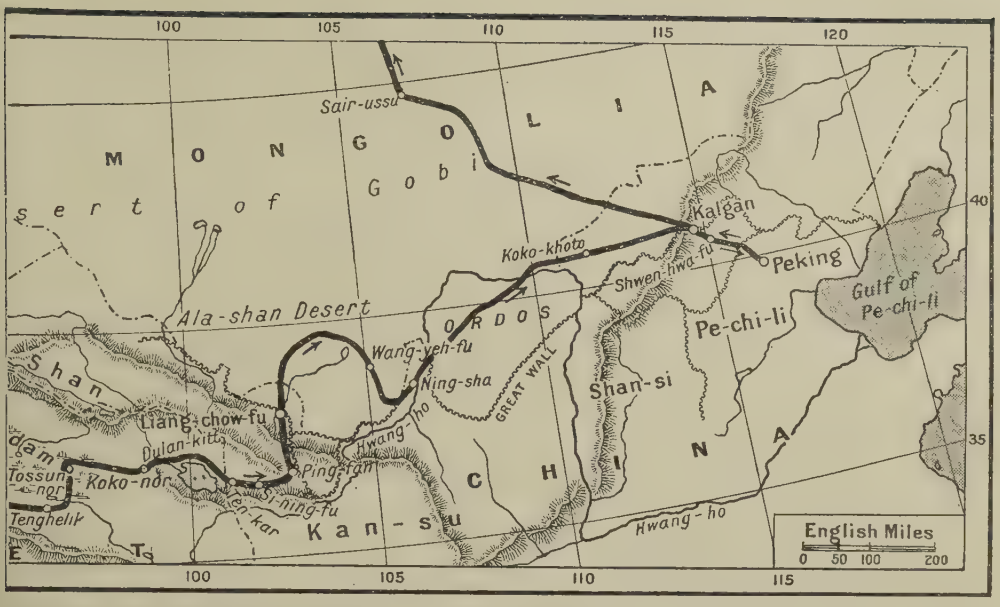
Dr. Hedin made four unavailing attempts to scale the summit. On April 18 he reached 14,560 feet, when, owing to an affection of the eyes that caused him

SKETCH MAP OF PAMIR, NORTHERN TIBET, NORTHERN CHINA AND MONGOLIA.

agonising pain, he had to abandon the project, being condemned to spend fifty days in Kashgar recovering. On August 6 he ascended 20,660 feet; on August 11 he climbed 18,500 feet and saw an avalanche, huge blocks of blue ice clashing together and falling like flour on the surface of the main glacier. The final effort was made on August 16–17, when a night was passed on the spot reached on the 6th, in a tent pitched on the snow-clad slopes of one of the loftiest mountains in the world, and but a few steps from an abyss 1200 feet deep, floored with steel-bright, blue ice.

The whole Sarik-kol valley lay for some time in darkness while the sun was shedding its last rays over the top of Mus-tagh-ata. But soon even our camp was shrouded in cold, dark shades. The top of the mountain glittered for a moment like the ruddy crater of a volcano, and then the light of the day was swallowed up in endless space. I stepped out to see the full moon rise and watch it dim the stars, which only just before had glittered in the deep blue heavens. The sovereign of the night rose with a splendour so dazzling that it was only by an effort of will that I was able to keep my eyes upon her. Serenely yet majestically she sailed above the opposite wall of the glacier defile, with its grand, black, perpendicular rocks, the glacier itself being in shadow in the depths below. Every now and then I heard the dull crack of a new crevasse forming or the crash of an avalanche falling from the ice-mantle. From the yurt (tent) and the yaks long, narrow shadows, intensely dark, streamed out across the north-west slope in sharp contrast with the sparkling snowfields, on which myriads of small ice-crystals glittered like fire-flies. The scenery was most beautiful in the quarter of the moon. It required no great stretch of fancy to transform the clouds into any conceivable shapes—ghosts in white draperies chasing each other, dancing fairies, sportive ogres; the souls of the departed being led by their white-robed guardian angels from earth to happier places. The moon seemed to be gazing down fixedly upon the insignificant mortal who had had the audacity to defy one of the mountain giants of the world. A curious feeling of being at a vast distance from the earth took possession of me. It was difficult to realize that the four continents lay below my feet and that a girdle drawn round the earth at the level where I then stood would cut off only the tops of a very few mountains in Asia and South America. I realized more forcibly than ever man's littleness as compared with the inconceivable magnitude of Creation. I seemed to be standing on the confines of space—cold, silent, boundless.

In strange contrast to the adventures on Mus-tagh-ata was the dinner party given in Dr. Hedin's honour at the palace of the Dao Tai in Kashgar. There were 46 courses and the guests included the staff of the Russian Consulate, one of whom, an ecclesiastic, to the amazement of his fellow guests and the admiration of the Chinese, partook of every course, drank 17 cups of brandy like sulphuric acid poured on iron filings, and after three hours rose every whit as sober as when he



SHOWING DR. SVEN HEDIN'S ITINERARY IN HIS JOURNEY THROUGH ASIA. 1893-97

sat down. On the walls of the banqueting room was the legend : Drink and tell racy stories.

Dr. Hedin astounded the Kirghiz by building a boat to explore the Little Kara-kul, and he has much of absorbing interest to tell of the habits and customs of the Kirghiz. But his crossing of the Taklamakan Desert is one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of exploration.

II—The Camp of Death

THE start was made from Kashgar on February 17, 1895, by way of Faizabad and Maral-bashi (or Dolon), where he heard strange stories of the desert and of the thousand and one towns said to be buried under its wastes of sand. Expeditions were made to the Masar-tagh range, the tomb of Kizil-ji-khanem, a name found in the map of Edresi, the twelfth-century Arab geographer, and the shrine of Ordan Padshah, who is said to have been buried with his army in a black sandstorm. Merket was reached on March 19 and on April 10 a definite start was made for the Khotan-daria. With Dr. Hedin were Islam Bai and three Kirghiz (Mohammed Shah, Kasim Akhun, and another Kasim, the guide, who was called Yollchi). In the caravan were eight camels, two dogs (Yolldash and Hamrah), three sheep, half a score of hens and a cock. They left to the cries of " They will never come back—never ! " After about six days' travel vegetation was left behind. They were launched in a silent ocean of sand. The dunes increased in height to 70, 80, 100, 200 feet. The heat became intense. One day Hamrah disappeared. The last survivor of the sheep followed them with dog-like patience and fidelity ; the men said they would rather perish with hunger than kill it. Came a hurricane, swallowing all in clouds of sand. Thirst afflicted sorely man and beast. Dr. Hedin made the grim discovery that at one of the fresh-water lakes Yollchi had stored water for two days instead of the ten ordered. They went on foot to spare the failing camels. The spot where Yollchi expected to find water by digging proved dry. Two of the camels had to be abandoned in a dying state. Yollchi, mocking at the compass, swore it was leading them in a circle. Came another hurricane. Its roar overpowered speech and the flying sand whined and moaned like the talking spirits spoken of by Marco Polo. Food supplies were buried to ease for the remaining camels the burden of

the stores. Cold alternated with the heat. Yollchi was nearly killed by the other men for stealing from the scant supply of water, leaving about a third of a pint. The little file became like a funeral procession.

May 1. The day which in the northern land of my birth marks the beginning of spring. Despair took possession of me—though never before and never afterwards. All my past life flitted before my mind as in a dream. I thought I saw the earth and all the noisy world of men and their doings; and they seemed to me to be at an immense distance from me, absolutely unattainable—I thought all this disappeared, and the gates of eternity stood ajar; and I felt as if in a few hours I should be standing on their threshold.

Among the lesser horrors of that day was the killing of the cock and the faithful sheep for the sake of their blood—the last, as it proved, a useless sacrifice save for the hens, who were left with the carcase. Once more Islam and his master went through the baggage to discard all that was not indispensable; and in the evening the 'death-bells' rang for the last time as Dr. Hedin with Islam and Kasim nerved themselves for a fresh effort. Yollchi, whose professed knowledge of the desert had proved such a tragic boast, and old Mohammed Shah were left behind in what Dr. Hedin calls the Camp of Death. Nothing could be done to assuage their sufferings; the camels were too weak to carry them.

All the same it wrung my heart to leave the unhappy men behind. Yet what could I do? The bitterness of that hour—it was more than I can describe; it is known to God alone! We marched on slowly, Yolldash still faithfully following us, although as lean as a skeleton. The camels' bells tolled a mournful peal for the dying veterans. Before us were the black night and the treacherous ocean of sand.

First one camel, then another, held back. Then Islam broke down and begged to be left with the camels. Dr. Hedin now resolved to abandon everything, bade Islam follow him when he had rested, and pressed on eastward with Kasim in quest of water. Such provisions as they took with them their parched throats refused to swallow.

It was midnight when we abandoned the wreckage of our caravan, which only a few days before had made such a brave show. The four camels that remained lay silent. Islam did not

MUS-TAGH-ATA SEEN FROM THE WEST
From the sketch by Dr. Sven Hedin

glance up when we left him; but Yolldash sent a wondering look after us. I never saw the faithful creature again, and I missed him greatly. I placed the lighted lantern close beside Islam. For a little while it served as a sort of lighthouse, telling us how far we were advancing. But its pale rays speedily became lost behind the sand-dunes, and we were swallowed up in the night.

On the morning of May 3 Kasim's eagle eye glimpsed on the verge of the horizon the green foliage of a tamarisk. When they reached it they thanked God and revelled in chewing its sappy leaves. Hope rose as the dunes decreased in height. But later, paralysed by the intense heat, they buried themselves naked in the sand till twilight. Reaching some poplars they made a bonfire to guide Islam and attract help. The next day Kasim gave up. Dr. Hedin went on alone. Kasim, revived by the night air, caught him up on the 5th. Human footsteps were seen; but as suddenly as hope rose it was damped again, for the footsteps proved to be their own. They struggled on and at daybreak on the 6th discerned on the horizon a black border. They were at last approaching the forest on the bank of the Khotan-daria.

At half-past five we entered. With my hand to my brow I stood riveted to the spot by the marvellous sight. It cost me an effort to collect my senses. I was still half giddy, as if newly awakened from a hideous dream. All around us, in whichever direction we turned our eyes, were life and springtime, the singing of birds, the scent of the woods, green leaves in every variety of tint, refreshing shade.

Traces of men and horses and a trail were found. They decided to follow the trail. This they did till nine o'clock, when, exhausted by the heat, they dropped on the ground in the shade of some poplars. The day seemed as if it would never end.

It was seven o'clock before I was able to dress myself. I called upon Kasim to come with me to the water But he was beaten at last. He shook his head and with a gesture of despair signed to me to go on alone, drink, and bring back water to him. I cut across the forest. Twilight came on. It cost me almost inconceivable efforts to keep awake. Then all at once the forest came to an end, and to the east stretched a dead level plain of hard, consolidated clay and sand. It was the bed of the Khotan-daria. But the sand was as dry as the desert dunes. I called to mind the tendency of the Yarkan-daria to shift its channel. Very likely the Khotan-daria obeyed the same tendency. I changed my course to due south-east. Why, I do not know. At last I was able to distinguish the dark line of the forest on the right bank of the river. I was only a few yards from the bank when a wild duck, alarmed by my approach, flew up and away as swift as an arrow. I heard a splash, and in the next moment I stood on the brink of a little pool filled with fresh, cool water —beautiful water! How sweet that water tasted! The noblest wine pressed out of the grape, the divinest nectar ever made, was never half so sweet. It infused new energy into me. Every blood vessel and tissue of my body sucked up the life-giving liquid like a sponge.

The pool had been left behind by the preceding summer's flood and lay below the level of the river-bed. Had Dr. Hedin gone fifty paces to right or left he might have missed it. He filled his Swedish waterproof boots from the pool and somehow made his way back to Kasim, finding the trail again only the next morning. He was just in time. It was then decided to make for the pool. But Kasim proved unequal to the task, and once more Dr. Hedin went on alone, soon to be overtaken by a storm, from which he sheltered in the undergrowth. He found another pool, lit a fire, ate a supper of young frogs, and slept. By the next morning the storm had ceased. He followed the river-bed. It was a providential decision. Soon the great peril was passed. Shepherds were met; then some merchants who, travelling on horseback from Ak-su to Khotan, had befriended Islam Bai. Islam, following the trail, had reached the river on May 8 with one camel. When he saw the river-bed dry he calmly settled down to die. It was then that the merchants saw him and acted as Good Samaritans. He rejoined Dr. Hedin on the 10th, having saved much that was valuable, and, indeed, acted 'like a hero.' Eventually Dr. Hedin saw that his faithful companion reached his home, rewarded.

Meanwhile efforts were made to find Yollchi and Mohammed Shah. These proving fruitless, Dr. Hedin returned by way of Ak-su to Kashgar, which was reached on June 21. A vivid account is given of the rejoicings over the happy issue of the Anglo-Russian boundary dispute and of an expedition to the southern Pamirs which lasted from July 10 till October 3.

III—The Sand-buried City of Takla-makan

On December 14 Dr. Hedin left Kashgar for the last time to cross the Gobi to Lop-nor. He describes Yarkand, where he visited the tombs of several saints; and at Khotan investigated ruins indicating a very ancient civilization. From Borasan, among the most notable places in Central Asia for the archaeologist, he went on to the ruins of Takla-makan of which a detailed description is given with curious illustrations.

None of the other sites I visited in East Turkestan in the least resembled the curious remains we were now about to explore. All the houses were made of wood (poplar). There were hundreds of these ruined houses; but I was unable to make out the ground plan of the city, because the whole of the site, which occupies an area of from 2 to 2½ miles in diameter, was buried under high sand dunes. All the same, I succeeded in making a sufficient number of discoveries to derive an idea of the general character of the ancient city.

In one of the buildings, which the men called Bud-khaneh (the Temple of Buddha), the walls were still extant to the height of about 3 feet. They consisted of kamish (reed) stalks tightly bound together in small hard bundles and fastened to stakes, and were plastered with a coating of clay mixed with chaff.

The walls, which were quite thin, were plastered outside as well as inside, and were decorated with a number of paintings executed in a masterly manner. They represented female figures, somewhat airily clad, kneeling with their hands folded as in prayer. Their hair was twisted in a black knot on the top of the head, and the eyebrows were traced in a continuous line, with a mark above the root of the nose, after the fashion customary among the Hindus of the present day. We also found pictures of men with black beards and moustaches, in whom the Aryan type was clearly distinguishable; they were dressed in the same manner as the modern Persians. Besides these there were figures of dogs and horses, and boats rocking on the waves—a strangely impressive picture in the heart of the arid desert—ornaments, running borders of ovals, each enclosing the figure of a seated woman with a rosary in her hands, and above all lotus flowers in profusion.

The walls of this God-accursed city, this second Sodom in the desert, had in ancient times been washed by a powerful stream, the Keriya-daria; and its houses and temples been watered by numerous artificial canals. Close to the city and along the banks of the river luxuriant woods tossed their quivering leaves in the breeze, as they still do beside the existing Keriya-daria; and in the hot summer days the leafy apricot trees gave cool shade to the inhabitants. The streams were powerful enough to make millstones revolve. Silk was cultivated, and horticulture and industries flourished. The people who dwelt there manifestly knew how to decorate their homes with good taste and artistic fitness.

At what period was this mysterious city inhabited? When did its last crop of russet

THE FIRST ANCIENT CITY DISCOVERED IN THE DESERT EAST OF THE KERIYA-DARIA
From the sketch by Dr. Sven Hedin

apricots ripen in the sun? Who could have imagined that in the interior of the dread desert of Gobi and precisely in that part of it which in dreariness and desolation exceeds all other deserts on the face of the earth actual cities slumbered under the sand, cities wind-driven for thousands of years, the ruined survivals of a once flourishing civilization? One thing comes out as unquestionably true. Such highly developed artistic feeling as is evinced in the pictures I have described never existed among the Turki races who now inhabit East Turkestan. There cannot be a doubt that the city was of Buddhist origin.

Important results attended investigation in the Lop-nor area. In regard to the rather complicated problem of Lake Lop-nor Dr. Hedin reaches this conclusion:

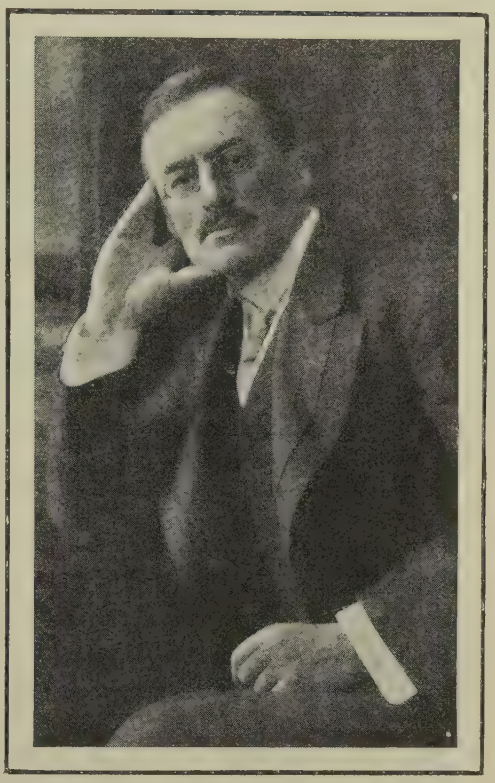
The quadruple Lop-nor of the Chinese has become refilled with water during the last nine years, whereas during the last twelve years the southern Lop-nor has dwindled to a series of shallow marshes. As the northern Lop-nor increases the southern Lop-nor decreases, and vice-versa.

In brief, there is a system of 'moving lakes,' and all the great streams that flow into the Gobi cannot maintain a permanent lake. On May 27 Dr. Hedin returned to Khotan, whence he set out to cross the Kwen-lun mountains into northern Tibet. He traversed the central desert region of Tsaidam. The lake of Tossun-nor reminded him of home.

WHAT a splendid scene it was, and what a rich variety of colour! As the sun set the hills and terraces on the opposite shore glowed brick-red across the vivid blue sheet of water, on which noble swans floated in placid unconcern. Why is it those silent Asiatic lakes, with their lone, desolate shores, produced such a feeling of familiar strangeness, of mystery, of melancholy, in my mind? I know the reason. I know it well. It was because the soft lapping of their waves was the only thing in all that far-off land which echoed the memories of other waves on other shores. But why was it those waves rocked my mind in the cradle of dreams, and why was it they awakened memories of other shores? It was because the capricious spirits that sing the songs of eternity through the voices of the winds—it was because they sang there, in the lonely heart of Asia, the same melodies that they have sung for thousands of years among the skerry isles of Sweden, which have not their like on all the earth!

In Koko-nor, which was reached in November, Dr. Hedin learnt the horrible details of the Dungan revolt, in which 100,000 Chinese were estimated to have been slain. Ghastly evidences in the form of bleached skulls in small wooden cages were still to be seen in Si-ning-fu. From Si-ning-fu Dr. Hedin's route took him to Liang-chow-fu, across the desert of Ala-shan, and from Wang-yeh-fu and Ning-sha to Peking, where he arrived on March 2, 1897. For the homeward journey he chose the fatiguing route through Mongolia and Siberia. At last, on May 10, he saw the spires and houses of Stockholm peeping between the islands of the Skärgärd.

What a thrill of pure, unalloyed pleasure to plant my foot once more on Swedish soil, after travelling for three years and seven months in the heart of the vast continent of Asia!



SVEN ANDERS HEDIN, who shares with Sir Aurel Stein so many of the honours of modern Central Asian discovery, was born at Stockholm February 19, 1865, son of an architect, and educated at Stockholm, Upsala, Berlin and Halle. When in his twentieth year an opportunity to act as tutor took him to Baku. From that time he remained under the fascination of the East. By 1891 he had traversed Caucasia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Russian Turkestan and Bokhara, and had penetrated into Chinese Turkestan. Then came his journey across Asia, which made him famous. Many of his travels are recorded in a score or so of volumes and summarised in My Life as an Explorer, 1925. In the spring of 1926 he set out from Patoutchen, about 900 miles west of Peking, to cross southern Mongolia and the Gobi Desert to Hami, in Turkestan, and Urumtssi.

FRANCOIS VILLON, THE VAGABOND POET

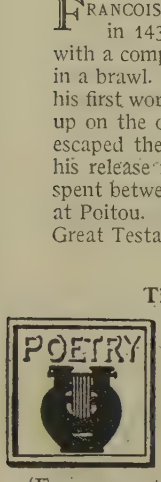
From the statue by Etcheto in the Salon of 1881

FRANÇOIS VILLON

THE GREAT TESTAMENT

FRANCOIS VILLON, whose real name was probably François de Montcorbier, was born at Paris in 1431. He graduated at the university of Paris in 1452 and then becoming associated with a company of lawless young gallants was sentenced to be hanged in 1455 for killing a priest in a brawl. He was respited through the influence of the Paris parlement. In 1456 he published his first work, The Little Testament, a mocking list of bequests to his graceless companions drawn up on the occasion of his departure from Paris to Angers. On a second occasion, in 1461, he escaped the hangman only through a general gaol delivery on the accession of Louis XI. On his release from prison he wrote his famous Great Testament. After a fitfully feverish career spent between pot-houses and prisons he found sanctuary in the house of the abbé of St. Maixent at Poitou. There he is supposed to have died about the year 1485. The following epitome of the Great Testament is taken, by kind permission of Mr. John Payne, from his admirable translation published by the Villon Society.

The Poet Repentant



FEELING myself upon the wane,
Even more in goods than body spent;
Whilst my full senses I retain,
What little God to me hath sent
(For on no other have I leant),
I have set down of my last will
This very stable testament,
Alone and irrevocable.

My time of youth I do bewail,
That more than most lived merrily,
Until old age 'gan me assail,
For youth had passed unconsciously.
It wended not afoot from me—
Nor yet on horseback. Ah, how then?
It fled away all suddenly,
And never will return again.

It's gone, and I am left behind,
Poor both in body and in wit,
Sad and forlorn and weak as wind;
Coin, land and goods, gone every whit.
And all by kindred to me knit,
Forgetting natural affect,
To disavow me have seen fit,
Finding my every fortune wreckt.

If in my time of youth, alack!
I had but studied and been sage,
Nor wandered from the beaten track,
I had slept warm in my old age.
But what did I? As bird from cage
I fled the school, and now, with pain,
In setting down this on the page
My heart is well-nigh cleft in twain!

Where are the gracious gallants now
That of old time I did frequent?
So fair of fashion and of show,
In song and speech so excellent!
Stark dead are some, their lives are spent—
There rests of them nor mark nor trace:
May they in Heaven find content;
God have the others in His grace.

Poor was I from my earliest youth,
Born of a poor and humble race:
My sire was never rich, in sooth,
Nor yet his ancestor Erace;
Want follows hard upon our trace;
Nor on my forebear's tombs, I ween
(Whose souls the love of God embrace!),
Are crowns or sceptres to be seen.

I know full well that rich and poor,
Villein and noble, high and low,
Laymen and clerks, gracious and dour,
Wise men and foolish, sweet of show,
Or foul of favour, less or mo',
Of what condition, great or small,
They be—death (but too well I know)
Without exception seizes all.

Ballad of Old-Time Ladies

TELL me where, in what land of shade,
Hides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
Cousins-german in beauty rare?
And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river-flow
Or marsh, answers out of the air?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Heloïsa vade,
For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
The good Lorrainer, the English bare

Captive to Rouen, and burnt her there :
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys—lo !
Where are they, virgin debonair ?
But what has become of last year's snow ?

Prince, you may question how they fare
This week, or liefer this year, I trow :
Still shall this burden the answer bear,
But what has become of last year's snow ?

THIS world is not perpetual,
Deem the rich robber what he may ;
To death subjected are we all.
Old men to heart this comfort lay,
That had repute in their young day
Of being quick at jest and flout—
Whom folk, if now that they are grey
They should crack jokes, as fools would scout.

For, if in youth men spoke them fair,
Now do they nothing that is right
(Old apes, alas ! ne'er pleasing were ;
No trick of theirs but brings despite),
If they are dumb for fear of slight
Folk them for worn-out dotards hold ;
Speak they, their silence folk invite,
Saying they pay with others' gold !

So with poor women that are old,
And in no wise for love addrest,
When that young wenches they behold
Sought out of men and in request ;
They ask God why before the rest
Themselves were born ? They cry and shout—
God answers not ; for second-best
He'd come off at a scolding-bout !

The Complaint of the Fair Helm-Maker Grown Old

METHOUGHT I heard the fair complain :
The fair that erst was helm-makèr—
And wish herself a girl again.
After this fashion did I hear :
' Alack ! Old age, felon and drear,
Why hast so early laid me low ?
What hinders but I slay me here,
And so at one stroke end my woe ?

' I did to many me deny
(Therein I showed but little guile),
For love of one right false and sly,
Whom without stint I loved erstwhile.
On whomsoever I might smile,
I loved him well, sorry or glad ;
But he to me was harsh and vile ;
And loved me but for what I had.

' Now is he dead this thirty year,
And I am old and worn and grey ;
When I recall the days that were
And think of what I am to-day,
And when me naked I survey
And see my body shrunk to naught,
Withered and shrivelled—well-a-way !
For grief I am well-nigh distraught !

' Where is that clear and crystal brow ?
Those eyebrows arched, and golden hair ?
And those clear eyes, where are they now,
Wherewith the wisest ravished were ?
The little nose so straight and fair ;
The tiny, tender, perfect ear ;
Where is the dimpled chin, and where
The pouting lips so red and clear ?

' Brows wrinkled sore, and tresses grey ;
The brows all fall'n, and dim the eyne
That wont to charm men's hearts away :
The nose that was so straight and fine,
Now bent and swerved from beauty's line ;
Chin peaked, ears furred and hanging down ;
Faded the face and quenched its shine,
And lips mere bags of loose skin grown.

' And so the litany goes round,
Lamenting the good time gone by,
Among us crouched upon the ground,
Poor, silly hags, to-huddled by
A scanty fire of hempstalks dry,
Kindled in haste and soon gone out ;
(We that once held our heads so high !)
So all take turn and turn about ! '

THIS lesson unto them gives she,
The bellibone of days gone by,
Ill said or well, worth what they be,
These things enregistered have I,
By my clerk Fremin (giddy fry !),
Being as composed as well I may.
I curse him if he makes me lie :
Like clerk, like master, people say.

If she whom I did serve of old
So whole of heart and loyally,
For whom I wasted years and gold
And only won much misery—
If she at first had told to me
(But no, alas !) her true intent,
I had essayed assuredly
To cast off my entanglement.

'Gainst love my standard I've unfurled :
Let those that love him follow still ;
I'm his no longer in this world ;
For I intend to do my will.
Wherefore, if any take it ill
That I love venture to impeach,
Let this content him, will or nill,
' A dying man is free of speech.'

A Ballad Against Women

SERVE love and ladies day and night,
Frequently feast and revelries ;
You'll get nor profit nor delight,
But only broken heads and sighs :
Light love makes asses of the wise,
As witness Solomon, God wot ;
And Samson thereby lost his eyes.
Happy is he who knows them not.

And even I, poor, silly wight,
Was beaten as linen is that lies
In washers' tubs for bats to smite ;
And who gat me this sour surprise
But Vaucel's Kate, the cockatrice ?
And Noël, too, his good share got

Of cuffs at those festivities.
Happy is he who knows them not.

And yet before a young man might
Be brought to leave this merchandise,
Well might you burn him bolt upright,
Witch-like that on a besom flies,
Above all, wenches doth he prize;
But there's no trusting them a jot;
Blonde or brunette, this rhyme applies.
Happy is he who knows them not.

I FEEL my heart that's growing dead:
Nor breath for further prate have I.
Fremin, sit down close to my bed,
And look that no one us espy.
Take pen, ink, paper, by-and-by,
And what I say write thou therein;
Then have it copied far and nigh:
And this is how I do begin.

First, my poor soul (which God befriend)
Unto the blessed Trinity
And to our Lady I commend,
The fountain of divinity:
Beseeching all the charity
Of the nine orders of the sky,
That it of them transported be
Unto the throne of God most high.

Item, my body I ordain
Unto the earth, our grandmother:
Thereof the worms will have small gain;
Hunger hath worn it many a year.
Let it be given straight to her;
From earth it came, to earth apace
Returns; all things, except I err,
Do gladly turn to their own place.

I give the ballad following
To my good mother—who of me
(God knows!) hath had much sorrowing—
That she may worship Our Lady;
I have none other sanctuary
Whereto, when overcome with dole,
I may for help and comfort flee;
Nor hath my mother, poor good soul!

Ballad That Villon Made at the Request of His Mother, Wherewithal to Do Her Homage to Our Lady

LADY of Heaven, Regent of the earth,
Empress of all the eternal marshes fell,
Receive me, Thy poor Christian, 'spite my dearth
In the fair midst of Thine elect to dwell;
Albeit my lack of grace I know full well;
For that Thy grace, my Lady and my Queen,
Aboundeth more than all my misdemean,
Withouten which no soul of all that sigh
May merit Heaven. 'Tis sooth I say, for e'en
In this belief I will to live and die.

Say to Thy Son I am His—that by His birth
And death my sins be all redeemable—
As Mary of Egypt's dole He changed to mirth
And eke Theophilus', to whom befel,
Quittance of Thee, albeit (so men tell)
To the foul fiend he had contracted been.
Assoilzie me, that I may have no teen,
Maid, that without breach of virginity
Didst bear our Lord that in the Host is seen.
In this belief I will to live and die.

A poor old wife I am, and little worth;
Nothing I know, nor letter aye could spell;
Where in the church to worship I fare forth,
I see Heaven limned, with harps and lutes,
and Hell,
Where damned folk seethe in fire unquench-
able.
One doth me fear, the other joy serene;
Grant I may have the joy, O Virgin clean,
To whom all sinners lift their hands on high,
Made whole in faith through Thee, their
go-between.
In this belief I will to live and die.

Thou didst conceive, Princess most bright of
sheen,
Jesus the Lord, that hath nor end nor mean,
Almighty, that, departing Heaven's demesne
To succour us, put on our frailty,
Offering to death His sweet of youth and green:
Such as He is, our Lord He is, I ween!
In this belief I will to live and die.

ITEM, since Madame de Bruyères
Her Bible knows, to publish it
(Barring the Gospels) unto her
And to her damsels I commit,
To bring each glib-tongued wanton chit
To book; but be the preachment not
Within the churchyards; far more fit
'Twere in the net-market, God wot.

Ballad of the Women of Paris

THOUGH folk deem women young and old
Of Venice and Genoa well eno'
Favoured with speech, both glib and bold,
To carry messages to and fro;
Savoyards, Florentines less or mo',
Romans and Lombards, though folk renown,
I, at my peril, I say no;
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

The Naples women (so we are told)
Can school all comers in speech and show;
Prussians and Germans were still extolled
For pleasant prattle of friend and foe;
But hail them from Athens or Grand Cairo,
Castile or Hungary, black or brown,
Greeks or Egyptians, high or low,
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

Switzers nor Bretons know how to scold,
Nor Provence nor Gascony women; lo!
Two fishfags in Paris the bridge that hold
Would slang them dumb in a minute or so.
Picardy, England, Lorraine (heigho!
Enough of places have I set down?)
Valenciennes, Calais, wherever you go,
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

Prince, to the Paris ladies, I trow,
For pleasant parlance I yield the crown.
They may talk of Italians; but this I know—
There's no right speech out of Paris town.

Look at them there, by twos and threes,
Upon their gowns' hem seated low,
In churches and in nunneries:
Speak not, but softly near them go,
And speedily you'll come to know
Such judgements as Macrobius ne'er
Did give. Whate'er you catch, I trow,
'Twill all some flower of wisdom bear.

Item, I leave the foundlings naught:
But to the lostlings comfort's due,
Who should, if anywhere, be sought
Where lodges Marion the Statue.
A lesson of my sort to you
I'll read: 'twill soon be overpast.
Turn not, I pray, deaf ears thereto,
But listen sadly; 'tis the last.

Ballad of Good Doctrine

Peddle indulgences as you may:
Cog the dice for your cheating throws:
Try if counterfeit coin will pay,
At risk of roasting at last, like those
That deal in treason. Lie and glose,
Rob and ravish: what profits it?
Who gets the purchase, do you suppose?
Taverns and wenches, every whit.

Rhyme, rail, wrestle and cymbals play:
Flute and fool it in mummers' shows:
Along with the strolling players stay
From town to city without repose;
Act mysteries, farces, imbroglios:
Win money at gleek, or a lucky hit
At the pins; like water, away it flows—
To taverns and wenches, every whit.

Turn from your evil courses I pray,
That smell so foul in a decent nose:
Earn your bread in some honest way.
If you have no letters, nor verse nor prose,
Plough, or groom horses, beat hemp or toze,
Enough shall you have if you think but fit:
But cast not your wage on each wind that blows—
To taverns and wenches, every whit.

Doublets, pourpoints, and silken hose,
Gowns and linen, woven or knit,
Ere your wede's worn, away it goes—
To taverns and wenches, every whit

Item, my body, I ordain,
Shall at St. Avoye buried be
And that my friends may there again
My image and presentment see,
Let one the semblant limn of me
In ink, if that be not too dear.
No other monument, perdie!
'Twould overload the floor, I fear.

Epitaph

Here lies and slumbers in this place
one whom love wreaked his ire upon;
a scholar, poor of goods and grace,
that hight of old, Francois Villon.
Acre or furrow had he none;
'tis known his all he gave away;
bread, tables, trestles, all are gone.
Gallants, of him this roundel say:

Aeternam requiem dona,
Lord God, and everlasting light,
To him who never had, poor wight,
Platter, or aught thereon to lay!
Hair, eyebrows, beard all fallen away,
Like a peeled turnip was his plight.
Aeternam requiem dona.
Exile compelled him many a day.
And death at last his breech did smite,
Though, 'I appeal,' with all his might
The man in good plain speech did say.
Aeternam requiem dona.

Item, I will they toll for me
The 'Belfry' bell, that is so great
Of voice, that all astonished be
When he is tolled, early or late.
Many a good city of old date
He saved, as everyone doth know;
Thunder or war, all ills abate.
When through the land his voices go.

Guillaume du Roi, for funeral,
Shall see my chapel duly lit;
And as to who shall bear the pall,
Let my executor order it.
And now, my body every whit
(Groin, eyebrows, hair and beard and all)
Being racked with pain, the time seems fit
To cry folk mercy, great and small.

Ballad By Way of Ending

Here is ended (both great and small)
Poor Villon's testament! When he is dead,
Come, I pray, to his funeral,
Whilst the bell tinkles overhead.
Come in cramozin garmentèd;
For to love martyr did he die.
Thereof he swore on his manlihead,
Whenas he felt his end draw nigh.

For me, I warrant it true in all;
For of his love, in shameful stead,
He was beaten off, like a bandy-ball,
From here to Roussillon as he fled.
There's ne'er a bramble but tore some shred
Of hose or jerkin from hip to thigh;
So without leasing, Villon said,
Whenas he felt his end draw nigh.

In such ill places his life did fall,
He had but a rag when he was sped;
And (yet more luckless) when death did call,
Love's prickle galled him; its wounds still bled
In him. His heart was heavy as lead,
And salt tears stood in his dying eyes:
At his despair we were wonderèd,
Whenas he felt his end draw nigh.

Prince, that art gent as a yearling gled,
Hear what he did with his latest sigh:
He drank a long draught of the vine-juice red
Whenas he felt his end draw nigh.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

IT was in 1820 that Pushkin first made his name with his fairy tale poem Ruslan and Lyudmila, although his first poems had been published when he was only fifteen. During his exile in southern Russia he wrote much of his best work, including a large part of the autobiographical poem Eugen Onegin and his great tragedy Boris Godunov. Pushkin's career was one of almost unparalleled brilliancy. As a poet he still remains the greatest Russia has produced and although his prose works do not rise to the high standard of his verse, they are of considerable merit. The Captain's Daughter, a Russian romance, was written about 1831 and published under the pen-name of Ivan Byelkin. An English translation is included in Bohn's Library. Others of Pushkin's novels are The Pistol Shot, The Queen of Spades, and The Undertaker, the last named a grim story in a style that has been familiarised to English readers by Edgar Allan Poe.

I—A Military Exile

MY father, after serving in the army, had retired with the rank of senior major. Since that time he had always lived on his estate, where he married the eldest daughter of a poor gentleman in the neighbourhood. All my brothers and sisters died young, and it was decided that I should enter the army.

When I was nearly seventeen, instead of being sent to join the guards' regiment at Petersburg, my father told me I was going to Orenburg. "You will learn nothing at Petersburg but to spend money and commit follies," he said. "No, you shall smell powder and become a soldier, not an idler."

It seemed horrible to me to be doomed to the dullness of a savage and distant province, and to lose the gaiety I had been looking forward to; but there was nothing for it but to submit.

The morning arrived for my departure, the travelling carriage was at the door, and our old servant Savélütch was in attendance to accompany me.

Two days later, when we were nearing our destination, a snowstorm overtook us. We might have perished in the snow, for all traces of the road were lost, but for a stranger who guided us to a small and lonely inn, where we passed the night. In the morning, to the sorrow of Savélütch, I insisted on giving our guide, who was but thinly clad, one of my cloaks—a hare-skin *touloup*.

"Thanks, your excellency," said the vagrant, "and may heaven reward you. As long as I live I shall never forget your kindness."

I soon forgot the snowstorm, the guide and my hareskin *touloup*, and on arrival at Orenburg hastened to wait on the general, an old comrade-in-arms of my father's. The general received me kindly, examined my commission, told me there was nothing for me to do in Orenburg and sent me on to Fort Bélogorsk to serve under Captain Mironoff. Bélogorsk lay about thirty miles beyond Orenburg, on the frontier of the Kirghiz Kaisak steppes, and it was to this outlandish place I was banished.

I expected to see high bastions, a wall and a ditch, but there was nothing at Bélogorsk but a little village, surrounded by a wooden palisade. An old iron cannon was near the gateway, the streets were narrow and crooked and the commandant's house, to which I had been driven, was a wooden erection.

Vassilissa Ignorofna, the captain's wife, received me with simple kindness and treated me at once as one of the family. An old army pensioner and Palashka, the one servant, laid the cloth for dinner; while in the square, near the house, the captain, a tall and hale old man, wearing a dressing-

gown and a cotton nightcap, was busy drilling some twenty elderly men—all pensioners.

Chvabrine, an officer who had been dismissed from the guards for fighting a duel, and Marya, a young girl of sixteen, with fresh, round face, the commandant's daughter, were also at dinner. Vassilissa Ignorofna never seemed to stop talking, and overwhelmed me with questions.

In the course of a few weeks I found that she not only led her husband completely, but also directed all military affairs and ruled the fort as completely as she did the household. This really suited Ivan Mironoff very well, for he was a good-hearted, uneducated man, staunch and true, who had been raised from the ranks, and was now grown lazy. Both husband and wife were excellent people, and I soon became attached to them, and to the daughter Marya, an affectionate and sensible girl.

As for Chvabrine, he at first professed great friendship for me; but being in love with Marya, who detested him, he began to hate me when he saw a growing friendliness between Marya and myself.

I was now an officer, but there was little work for me to do. There was no drill, no mounting guard, no reviewing of troops. Sometimes Captain Mironoff tried to drill his soldiers, but he never succeeded in making them know the right hand from the left.

All seemed peace, in spite of my quarrels with Chvabrine. Every day I was more and more in love with Marya, and the notion that we might be disturbed at Fort Bélogorsk by any repetition of the riots which had taken place in the province of Orenburg the previous year was not entertained. Danger, however, was nearer than we had imagined. The Cossacks and half-savage tribes of the frontier were already again in revolt.

II—The Rebel Chief

One evening early in October 1773 Captain Mironoff called Chvabrine and me to his house. He had received a letter from the general at Orenburg with information that a fugitive Cossack named Pugatchéf had taken the name of the late czar, Peter III, and with an army of robbers was rousing the country, destroying forts and committing murder and theft. The news spread quickly, and then came a disquieting report that a neighbouring fort some sixteen miles away had been taken by Pugatchéf, and its officers hanged.

Neither Mironoff nor Vassilissa showed any fear, and the latter declined to leave Bélogorsk, though willing that Marya should be sent to Orenburg for safety. An insolent proclamation from Pugatchéf, inviting us to surrender on peril of death, and the treachery of our Cossacks and of Chvabrine, who went over at once to the rebels, only made the commandant and his wife more resolute.

"The scoundrel!" cried Vassilissa. "He has the impudence to invite us to lay our flag at his feet, and we have been forty years in the service!"

It was the same when Pugatchéf was actually at our door, and the assault had actually begun. Old Ivan Mironoff blessed his daughter and embraced his wife, and then faced death. There was no fight in the poor old pensioners who made up our garrison, and both Mironoff and myself were soon captured, bound with ropes and led before Pugatchéf.

The commandant indignantly refused to swear fidelity to the robber chief, and was hanged there and then in the market-square; an old one-eyed lieutenant was soon swinging by his side. Then came my turn, and I gave the same answer as my captain had done. The rope was round my neck, when Pugatchéf shouted out "Stop!" and ordered my release. A few minutes later, and poor old Vassilissa, who had come in search of her husband, was lying dead in the market square, cut down by a Cossack's sword. Pugatchéf's arrival had prevented Marya's escape to Orenburg, and she was now lying, too ill to be moved, in the house of Father Garassim, the parish priest.

Pugatchéf gave me leave to depart in safety, but before Savélütch and I left the fort the rebel bade me come and see him. He laughed aloud when I appeared.

"Who would have thought," he said, "that the man who guided you to a

lodging on that night of the snowstorm was the great czar himself? But you shall see better things; I will load you with favours when I have recovered my empire."

Then he invited me again and again to enter his service, but I told him I had sworn fidelity to the crown; and finally he let me go, saying, "Either entirely punish or entirely pardon. Tell the officers at Orenburg they may expect me in a week."

It hurt me to leave Marya behind, especially as Pugatchéf had made Chvabrine commandant of the fort, but there was no help for it. Father Garassim and his wife bade me good-bye. "Except you, poor Marya has no longer any protector or comforter," said the priest's wife.

At Orenburg I was in safety, but the town was soon besieged, and I could not persuade the general to sally out and attack the rebels. All through those dreary weeks of the siege I was wondering anxiously about Marya, and then one day, when we had been driving off a party of Cossacks, one of the rebels, whom I recognized as a former soldier at Bélogorsk, lingered to give me a letter. It was from Marya, and she told me that she was now in the house of Chvabrine, who threatened to kill her or hand her over to the robber camp if she did not marry him, and that she had but three days left before her fate would be sealed. Death would be easier, she said, than to be the wife of a man like Chvabrine.

I rushed off at once to the general, and implored him to give me a battalion of soldiers and let me march on Bélogorsk; but the general only shook his head and said the expedition was unreasonable.

I decided to go alone and appeal to Pugatchéf, but the faithful Savélütch insisted on accompanying me.

Pugatchéf received me quite cordially, and I told him the truth, that I was in love with Marya, and that Chvabrine was persecuting her. He flared up indignantly at Chvabrine's presumption, and declared he would take me at once to Bélogorsk and attend my wedding. But on our arrival Chvabrine mentioned that Marya was the daughter of Mironoff, and immediately the countenance of the robber chief clouded over.

"LISTEN," I said, knowing Pugatchéf was well disposed towards me. "Do not ask of me anything against my honour or my conscience. Let me go with this unhappy orphan whither God shall direct, and whatever befall we will pray every day to God to watch over you."

It seemed as if Pugatchéf's fierce heart was touched. "Be it as you wish," he answered. "Either entirely punish or entirely pardon is my motto. Take your pretty one where you like, and may God give you love and wisdom."

A safe-conduct pass was given us, and I made up my mind to take Marya to my parents' house. I knew my father would think it a duty and an honour to shelter the daughter of a veteran who had died for his country. But Marya said she would never be my wife unless my parents approved of the marriage. We set off, and as we started I saw Chvabrine standing at the commandant's window, with a face of dark hatred.

III—Arrested as a Traitor

I PARTED from Marya two days later, and entrusted her to Savélütch, who promised me to escort her faithfully to my parents. My reason for this was that we had fallen in with a detachment of the army, and the officer in charge persuaded me to join him, and it seemed to me I was bound in honour to serve the czarina.

So all that winter, and right on till the spring came, we pursued the rebels; and still Pugatchéf remained untaken; and this war with the robbers went on to the destruction of the countryside.

At last Pugatchéf was taken, and the war was at an end. A few days later I should have been in the bosom of my family, when an unforeseen thunderbolt struck me. I was ordered to be arrested and sent to Khasan, to the commission of inquiry appointed to try Pugatchéf and his accomplices. No sooner had I arrived in Khasan than I was lodged in prison, and irons were placed on my ankles. It

was a bad beginning, but I was full of hope and courage, and believed that I could easily explain my dealings with Pugatchéf.

The next day I was summoned to appear before the commission, and asked how long I had been in Pugatchéf's service.

I replied indignantly that I had never been in his service ; and then when I was asked how it was he had spared my life and given me a safe-conduct pass I told the story of the guide in the snowstorm and the hare-skin *touloup*.

Then came the question how was it I had left Orenburg, and gone straight to the rebel camp ?

I felt I could not bring in Marya's name, and expose her as a witness to the cross-examination of the commission, and so I stammered and became silent.

The officer of the guard then requested that I should be confronted with my principal accuser, and Chvabrine was brought into court. A great change had come over him. He was pale and thin, and his hair had already turned grey. In a feeble but clear voice Chvabrine went through his story against me ; that I had been Pugatchéf's spy in Orenburg, and that after leaving that town I had done all I could to aid the rebels. I was glad of one thing, some spark of feeling kept him from mentioning Marya's name.

I told the judges I could only repeat my former statement that I was entirely innocent of any part in the rebellion ; and then I was taken back to prison, and underwent no further examination.

Several weeks passed, and then my father was informed that the czarina had condescended to pardon his criminal son and remit the capital punishment, condemning him instead to exile for life in the heart of Siberia.

The unexpected blow nearly killed my father. He had heard of my arrest, and both Savélütch and Marya had assured him of my complete innocence. Now he broke out into bitter lament.

" What ! " he kept on saying. " What ! " My son mixed up in the plots of Pugatchéf ! Just God ! What have I lived to see ! The czarina grants him life, but does that make it easier for me to bear ? It is not the execution which is horrible. My ancestors have perished on the scaffold for conscience' sake ; but that an officer should join with robbers and felons ! Shame on our race for ever ! "

In vain my mother endeavoured to comfort him by talking of the injustice of the verdict. My father was inconsolable.

IV—The Captain's Daughter to the Rescue

FROM the first Marya had been received with the warm-hearted hospitality that belonged to old-fashioned country people. The opportunity of giving a home to a poor orphan seemed to them a favour from God. In a very short time they were sincerely attached to her, for no one could know Marya without loving her, and both my parents looked forward to the union of their son Peter with the captain's daughter.

My trial and condemnation plunged all three into misery ; and Marya, believing that I could have justified myself had I chosen, and suspecting the motive which had kept me silent, and holding herself the sole cause of my misfortune, determined to save me.

All at once she informed my parents that she was obliged to start for Petersburg, and begged them to give her the means to do so.

" Why must you go to Petersburg ? " said my mother, in distress. " You, too—are you also going to forsake us ? "

Marya answered that she was going to seek help from people in high position for the daughter of a man who had fallen a victim to his fidelity.

My father could only bow his head. " Go," he said. " I do not wish to cast any obstacles between you and your happiness. May God grant you an honest man, and not a convicted traitor, for husband."

To my mother alone Marya confided her plans, and then, with her maid Palashka and the faithful Savélütch—who, parted from me, consoled himself by remembering he was serving my betrothed—set out for the capital.

Arrived at Sofia, Marya learnt that the court was at the summer palace of Tsarskoe-Selo, and at once resolved to

stop there. She was able to get a lodging at the post-house, and the postmaster's wife, who was a regular gossip, began to tell her all the routine of the palace, at what hour the czarina rose, had her coffee, and walked in the gardens.

Next morning, very early, Marya dressed herself and went to the imperial gardens. She saw a lady seated on a little rustic bench near the large lake, and went and seated herself at the other end of the bench. The lady wore a cap and a white morning gown, and a light cloak. She appeared to be about fifty years old, and the repose and gravity of her face, and the sweetness of her blue eyes and her smile, all attracted Marya and inspired confidence. The lady was the first to speak.

"You do not belong to this place?"

"No, madame. I only arrived yesterday from the country."

"You came with your parents?"

"No, madame, alone. I have neither father nor mother."

"You are very young to travel by yourself. You have come on business?"

"Yes, madame. I have come to present a petition to the czarina."

"You are an orphan. It is some injustice or wrong you complain of? What is your name?"

"I am the daughter of Captain Mironoff, and it is for mercy I have come to ask."

"Captain Mironoff? He commanded one of the forts in the Orenburg district?"

"Yes, madame."

THE lady seemed moved.

"Forgive me," she said, speaking even more gently, "if I meddle in your affairs; but I am going to court. Perhaps if you explain to me what it is you want, I may be able to help you."

Marya rose and curtsied; then she took from her pocket a folded paper and handed it to her protectress, who read it over. Suddenly the gentleness turned to hardness in the face of the unknown lady.

"You plead for Peter Grineff!" she said coldly. "The czarina cannot grant him mercy. He passed over to this rebel not in ignorance, but because he is depraved."

"It is not true!" cried Marya. "Before God, it is not true! I know all; I will tell you everything. It was only on my account that he exposed himself to the misfortunes which have overtaken him. And if he did not vindicate himself before the judges, it was because he did not wish me to be mixed up in the affair."

ALEXANDER SERGEYEVITCH PUSHKIN was born at Pskov, May 26, 1799, and educated at the lyceum at Tsarskoe-Selo, attracting attention while quite young by his mastery of languages and wide reading. He entered the Civil Service in 1817, but in 1820 some outspoken verses in a daring Ode to Liberty brought him the displeasure of the court and led to his banishment to Bessarabia. On the accession of the Tsar Nicholas in 1825 Pushkin was pardoned and allowed to return to St. Petersburg and was appointed historiographer to the crown. His death, which occurred January 29, 1837, was the result of a duel with his brother-in-law.

And Marya went on to relate all that had taken place at Bélogorsk.

When she had finished, the lady asked her where she lodged, and told her she would not have to wait long for an answer to the letter.

Marya went back to the post-house full of hope, and presently, to the consternation of her hostess, a lackey in the imperial livery entered and announced that the czarina condescended to summon to her presence the daughter of Captain Mironoff.

"Good heavens!" cried the postmaster's wife. "The czarina summons you to court! And I'm sure you don't even know how to walk in court fashion. Shall I send for a dressmaker I know who will lend you her yellow gown with flounces? I think I ought to take you."

But the lackey explained that the czarina wanted Marya to come alone, and in the dress she should happen to be

wearing. There was nothing for it but to obey, and, with a beating heart, Marya got into the carriage and was driven to the palace. Presently she was ushered into the boudoir of the czarina, and recognized the lady of the garden.

The czarina spoke graciously to her, telling Marya that it was a happiness to grant her prayer. Marya, all in tears, fell at the feet of the czarina, who raised her and kissed her forehead. The czarina almost overwhelmed the orphan with kindness before she dismissed her.

That same day Marya hastened back to my father's house in the country, without even having the curiosity to see the sights of Petersburg.

I was released from captivity at the end of the year 1774, and, as it happened, I was present in Moscow when Pugatchéf was executed in the following year. The famous robber chief recognized me as I stood in the crowd, and bade me farewell with a silent movement of his head. A few moments later, and the executioner held up the lifeless head for all the people to look upon.

Chvabrine I never saw again after the day I was confronted with him at my trial.

Soon after Pugatchéf's death, Marya and I were married from my father's house.

A framed autograph letter from the czarina, Catherine II, is carefully preserved. It is addressed to the father of Peter Grineff, and contains, with the acquittal of his son, many praises of the intelligence and good heart of the daughter of Captain Mironoff.

A Master of the Sonnet

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

SONNETS

BORN at Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London, May 12, 1828, Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti was the son of Gabriele Rossetti, an Italian refugee. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, as he always styled himself, studied art under J. S. Cotman, at Cary's Academy in Bloomsbury, the Royal Academy schools, and under Ford Madox Brown, where he was associated with the artists who afterwards formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. About 1852 he became engaged to Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, the model for most of his Beatrices. He married her in 1860, and her death in 1862 had a disastrous effect upon his health; he increased his nervous malady with doses of chloral and after years of illness and distress died at Birchington, April 9, 1882. Though great as a painter Rossetti ranks higher as a poet. Conspicuous among his literary productions are his translations of The Early Italian Poets published in 1861, and the two volumes of Ballads and Sonnets issued respectively in 1870 and 1880. A good edition of his Poems and Translations is published by the Oxford University Press.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI is unique among English poets in being equally great with pen and brush. Subconsciously at least we can dimly visualise some of his superb pictures as we read his noble and resplendent Sonnets. Italian and English blood mingled in his veins, and as we read the glowing Sonnets in the sequence The House of Life, or study the masterly series of sonnet translations in Dante and his Circle, our thoughts fly to the lines in the poem One Word More, written by Robert Browning, of whom Rossetti was an enthusiastic student in his early days:

> Raphael made a century of sonnets,
> Made and wrote them in a certain volume
> Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil,
> Else he only used to draw Madonnas . . .
> Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
> Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice . . ."

It was about 1847 when Rossetti wrote the two fine sonnets Retro me, Sathana, and The Choice. The mingled influence of Italy and England is apparent, and they are absolutely original in style and texture:

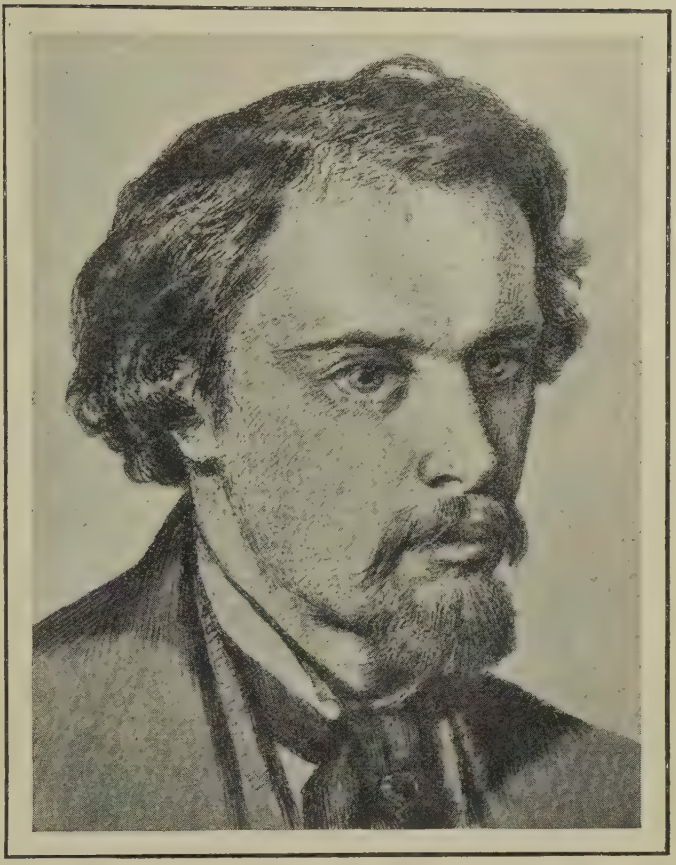
'Retro me, Sathana!'

Get thee behind me. Even as, heavy-curled,
Stooping against the wind, a charioteer
Is snatch'd from out his chariot by the hair,
So shall Time be; and as the void car, hurled

Abroad by reinless steeds, even so the world :
Yea, even as chariot-dust upon the air,
It shall be sought and not found anywhere.
Get thee behind me, Satan. Oft unfurled,
Thy perilous wings can beat and break like lath
Much mightiness of men to win thee praise.
Leave these weak feet to tread in narrow ways.
Thou still, upon the broad vine-sheltered path,
Mayst wait the turning of the phials of wrath
For certain years, for certain months and days.

The Choice

Think thou and act ; to-morrow thou shalt die.
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,
Thou say'st : 'Man's measured path is all gone o'er :
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,
Man clomb until he touched the truth ; and I,
Even I, am he whom it was destined for.'
How should this be ? Art thou then so much more
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby ?
Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me ;
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drown'd.
Miles and miles distant though the grey line be,
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond— [more sea.
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, ABOUT 1865
From a self-portrait

Too long—'tis fallen and floats adown the stream.
Lo, the last clusters ! Pluck them every one,
And let us sup with summer ; ere the gleam
Of autumn set the year's pent sorrow free,
And the woods wail like echoes from the sea.'

BOTH these sonnets were included, ultimately, in the House of Life sequence, which numbered fifty in all ; a very flowing and musical one is Hoarded Joy—with its harmonies of 'f's' and 's's'—

Hoarded Joy

I said : 'Nay, pluck not—let the first fruit be :
Even as thou sayest, it is sweet and red,
But let it ripen still. The tree's bent head
Sees in the stream its own fecundity
And bides the day of fullness. Shall not we
At the sun's hour that day possess the shade,
And claim our fruit before its ripeness fade,
And eat it from the branch and praise the tree ?'

I say : 'Alas ! our fruit hath wooed the sun

There is a particularly beautiful sequence of four, Willowwood, of which the first runs thus :

Willowwood

I sat with Love upon a woodside well,
Leaning across the water, I and he ;
Nor ever did he speak nor looked at me,
But touched his lute wherein was audible
The certain secret thing he had to tell :
Only our mirrored eyes met silently
In the low wave ; and that sound came to be
The passionate voice I knew ; and my tears fell.
And at their fall, his eyes beneath grew hers ;
And with his foot and with his wing-feathers
He swept the spring that watered my heart's drouth.
Then the dark ripples spread to waving hair,
And as I stooped, her own lips rising there
Bubbled with brimming kisses at my mouth.

The 'moving finger' runs across the canvas of the second picture, And Now Love Sang . . . a half-remembered song such as souls, sterile in death, may sing as they await 'the new birthday that tarries long.' The Willowwood is haunted by shadowy forms, and each is 'I or she,' shades of past 'days that had no tongue.' How long, sings Love, ere He and She shall see the Light again? And, as he sings

. . . her face fell back drowned, and was as grey
As its grey eyes; and if it ever may
Meet mine again I know not if Love knows . . .

but as he leans to drink of the water in which she sank:

. . . I know I felt Love's face
Pressed on my neck with moan of pity and grace,
Till both our heads were in his aureole . .

and so the sequence closes. This Vision Beautiful of the Love that is divine has been touched by many pens; it is to be found in The Tempest, in Intimations of Immortality, it runs like a thread of gold through In Memoriam; at her finest, Elizabeth Barrett Browning expressed it in her sonnet The Ways of Love, just the closing lines:

. . . I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! And, if God chose,
I shall but love thee better after death . . .

it is the Love that is

. . . not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come . . .

Nor can the pictorial—the Painter's Vision—be well forgotten in these poems where every line seems to be deftly—yet so firmly—imposed as by the hand of an artist and dreamer in design and colour. Rossetti is almost flawless in composition, faultless in the light and shade of phrase and metaphor, delicate to extreme refinement in the reflected tints of assonance or alliteration. One example may suffice, the concluding six lines of Sonnet XII of The House of Life, called A Day of Love:

Now many memories make solicitous
The delicate love-lines of her mouth, till, lit
With quivering fire, the words take wing from it;
As here between our kisses we sit thus
Speaking of things remembered, and so sit
Speechless while things forgotten call to us.

How naturally, then, do we turn to the Sonnets for Pictures, seeking a doubly-inspired rhythm of colour and design. And first, to take a picture in words from the 'tale of Troy divine'; the subject, Cassandra, prophesying among her kindred, as Hector leaves them for his last battle. They are on the platform of a fortress, from which the Trojan troops are marching out. Helen is arming Paris; Priam soothes Hecuba; and Andromache holds the child to her bosom. There are two sonnets; Cassandra's words 'beat heavily like crows above his (Hector's) crest' as, in the second, she cries:

'O Hector, gone, gone, gone! O Hector, thee
Two chariots wait in Troy long bless'd and curs'd;
And Grecian spear and Phrygian sand athirst
Crave from thy veins the blood of victory.
Lo! long upon our hearth the brand had we,
Lit for the roof-tree's ruin: and to-day
The ground-stone quits the wall, the wind hath way,
And higher and higher the wings of fire are free.
O Paris, Paris! O thou burning brand,
Thou beacon of the sea whence Venus rose,
Lighting thy race to shipwreck! Even that hand
Wherewith she took thine apple let her close
Within thy curls at last, and while Troy glows
Lift thee her trophy to the sea and land.'[1]

Or, to turn to a Christian picture, this of Saint Luke the Painter; for a Drawing, with its cool, restrained harmonies:

Give honour unto Luke Evangelist,
For he it was (the aged legends say)
Who first taught Art to fold her hands and pray.
Scarcely at once she dared to rend the mist
Of devious symbols; but soon having wist
How sky-breadth and field-silence and this day
Are symbols also in some deeper way,
She looked through these to God, and was God's priest.

And if, past noon, her toil began to irk,
And she sought talismans, and turned in vain

[1]. cf. The speech of Cassandra in Troilus and Cressida (Act 2, sc. ii)—
Cry, Trojans, cry! Practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

To soulless self-reflections of man's skill—
Yet now, in this the twilight, she might still
Kneel in the latter grass to pray again,
Ere the night cometh and she may not work.

In this sonnet such words and phrases as 'having wist,' 'latter grass,' 'ere the night cometh and she may not work,' have peculiarly beautiful significance. With the Saint Luke the Painter should be compared the Mary's Girlhood; its quiet ending runs:

So held she through her girlhood; as it were
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet. Till, one dawn at home,
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed:
Because the fullness of the time was come.

Or, once more, the magnificence of colouring in The Wine of Circe, a glowing commentary on Burne Jones' fine painting of the Island Sorceress:

Dusk-haired and gold-robed o'er the golden wine
She stoops, wherein, distilled of death and shame,
Sink the black drops; while, lit with fragrant flame,
Round her spread board the golden sunflowers shine.
Doth Helios here with Hecatè combine
(O Circe, thou their votaress!) to proclaim
For these thy guests all rapture in Love's name,
Till pitiless Night gives Day the countersign?

Lords of their hour they come. And by her knee
Those cowering beasts, their equals heretofore,
Wait; who to them in new equality
To-night shall echo back the unchanging roar
Which sounds for ever from the tide-strown shore
Where the dishevelled seaweed hates the sea.

But what of Italy, and of Dante? By 1850 Rossetti had translated part of The Divine Comedy, and Tennyson had commended the work; but it was due to the unfailing support of Ruskin that, in 1861, Rossetti was able to publish his translations of the early Italian poets, the volume being re-printed in 1874 as Dante and His Circle. The book is an enchanted garden of poetry, reflecting the spirit of old Italian verse as though through a magic mirror, and with greater fidelity to tint and texture than to literal formality.

In his Preface (1861) to The Early Italian Poets Rossetti says:

> The life-blood of rhymed translation is this—that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty. Poetry not being an exact science, literality of rendering is altogether secondary to this chief aim. I say *literality*, not fidelity, which is by no means the same thing . . .

He goes on to acknowledge the debt he owes to his father's studies; and here it may be mentioned as a fact, surprising yet true, that Rossetti never visited Italy.

There are over eighty of these early Italian sonnet translations representing twelve poets, but of this number some sixty are assigned to four poets—Dante, Guido Cavalcanti, Cino, and Cecco Angiolieri. Many of them are of biographical—perhaps historical—value; others are quaint or humorous, but all are touched by felicity of phrase or beauty of epithet, and they flit over the pages like a pageantry of Italian butterflies. Sarcasm, even invective, is not absent; thus Cavalcanti 'Rebukes Dante for his way of life, after the death of Beatrice.' Cavalcanti was Dante's friend, and we know that Beatrice died on June 9, 1290, and that Dante dedicated his Vita Nuova to Cavalcanti's wife. Referring to the sonnet which follows Rossetti remarks: 'This interesting sonnet must refer to the same period of Dante's life regarding which he has made Beatrice address him in words of noble reproach when he meets her in Eden (Purg. c. xxx).' Here is the sonnet:

To Dante Alighieri

I come to thee by daytime constantly,
But in thy thoughts too much of baseness find:
Greatly it grieves me for thy gentle mind,
And for thy many virtues gone from thee.
It was thy wont to shun much company,
Unto all sorry concourse ill inclined:
And still thy speech of me, heartfelt and kind,
Had made me treasure up thy poetry.
But now I dare not, for thine abject life,
Make manifest that I approve thy rhymes;
Nor come I in such sort that thou mayst know.
Ah! prithee read this sonnet many times:
So shall that evil one that bred this strife
Be thrust from thy dishonour'd soul and go.

BEATA BEATRIX

From the painting by D. G. Rossetti in the Tate Gallery

Dante is represented by ten translations. Here we have a companion-picture to the famous Meeting of Dante with Beatrice:

Of Beatrice de Portinari, on All Saints' Day

Last All Saints' holy-day, even now gone by,
I met a gathering of damozels:
She that came first, as one doth who excels,
Has Love with her, bearing her company:
A flame burned forward through her steadfast eye,
As when in living fire a spirit dwells:
So, gazing with the boldness which prevails
O'er doubt, I knew an angel visibly.
As she passed on, she bowed her mild approof
And salutation to all men of worth,
Lifting the soul to solemn thoughts aloof.
In Heaven itself that lady had her birth,
I think, and is with us for our behoof:
Blessed are they who meet her on the earth.

In a lighter vein there is a charming translation of a sonnet by Boccaccio, Of Three Girls and of their Talk:

By a clear well, within a little field
Full of green grass and flowers of every hue,
Sat three young girls, relating (as I knew)
Their loves. And each had twined a bough to shield
Her lovely face; and the green leaves did yield
The golden hair their shadow; while the two
Sweet colours mingled, both blown lightly through
With a soft wind for ever stirred and still'd.
After a little while one of them said
(I heard her), 'Think! If, ere the next hour struck,
Each of our lovers should come here to-day,
Think you that we should fly or feel afraid?'
To whom the others answered, 'From such luck
A girl would be a fool to run away.'

The story of how, when Rossetti's beautiful wife—she was Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal—died in 1862 he buried with her his poems, and how he was persuaded, fortunately, to disinter them seven years later, is well known. Among them was the following exquisite sonnet For a Picture, named, in one anthology, Soul's Beauty, but in the Collected Poems, Sibylla Palmifera:

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
I drew it in as simply as my breath.
Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
The sky and sea bend on thee, which can draw,
By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
By flying hair and fluttering hem—the beat
Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
How passionately and irretrievably,
In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION

Outlined by John L. Cope

RICH as the literature of travel and exploration is in stories of heroism and endurance, it has nothing to show more valuable for the lessons it inculcates or more thrilling for the story it tells than Scott's Last Expedition. This work was published in 1913 in two volumes arranged by Leonard Huxley, Vol. I Being the Journals of Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O., and Vol. II Being the Reports of the Journeys and the Scientific Work undertaken by Dr. E. A. Wilson and the Surviving Members of the Expedition. The following outline of the first volume has been prepared by John L. Cope, commander of the British Imperial Antarctic Expedition, with the approval of Captain Scott's widow (Mrs. Hilton Young) and the permission of the publisher, John Murray, who has also sanctioned the reproduction of the illustrations at pages 3768 and 3775 and of the sketch map at page 3768. Murray also publishes in one volume at 7s. 6d. net The Personal Journals of Captain R. F. Scott on his Journey to the South Pole.

I—Introduction

OF all the epic stories depicting England's greatness none can surpass and few equal the glorious tragedy of Scott's last expedition. On the statue erected to his memory in Waterloo Place are these words, taken from his last message to the public: 'Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale . . .' These words typify Scott, his men and the story of their great adventure.

Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., C.V.O., was born near Devonport in 1868, and family tradition holds he was of Scots extraction, his father claiming descent from one of the Highland landlords of 1745.

His family was intimately connected with the Senior Service and Scott was destined early in life to carry on this connexion. He passed into the Navy through the *Britannia*, and his naval career was solidly if not brilliantly successful. In 1888 he passed as a sub-lieutenant, and for the next eleven years saw service in all parts of the world.

During these years of discipline he trained himself to that high standard of energy in initiative, dauntless determination, and industry and accuracy in method which marked him out for leadership. He had a temperament to control; he was tender-hearted to excess, and naturally diffident. But the deep, quiet force of his character made him the most self-controlled of men, and enabled him to use all his qualities for his great task, turning all to strength and gentleness.

Scott took his first step in Antarctic exploration, the great undertaking to which he gave his life, in 1900, when Sir Clements Markham (whom he had met during his service as a boy in the Training Squadron) got him the command of the *Discovery* expedition. Although the South Pole was not reached, the expedition accomplished much important work in the three years it was away and above all it may be said to have revived our interest in the regions of the Far South.

On his return from the expedition in 1903 Scott's time was again occupied by naval duties, but he had already determined to renew his attacks on the fastly-held secrets of the frozen continent. This 'call of the south' was answered in 1910 by the British Antarctic Expedition which was organized and commanded by Scott himself.

Captain Scott, besides being a very able sailor, was a learned man and well versed in the sciences. Therefore, besides proceeding to fresh discoveries it is not surprising to find him, with the utmost consideration, devoting an enormous amount of time and money to the scientific side of the expedition. Indeed, no

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT
From the painting by Harrington Mann

expedition before or since has left these shores with more able scientists or finer scientific equipment. From his study of Arctic travel and his actual experience of transit on land and snow in the Antarctic while on the *Discovery* expedition, Scott evolved a method of living, clothing and travel which all Polar expeditions since have followed.

As in the *Discovery* days, the final base of operations was made in New Zealand. And so in the *Terra Nova*, which had battled in many a Polar ice-field, for she was a stout old whaler, the expedition set sail from Port Lyttelton on Saturday, November 26, 1910. Their departure was witnessed by literally thousands of people, all of whom had come to bid them Godspeed and good luck!

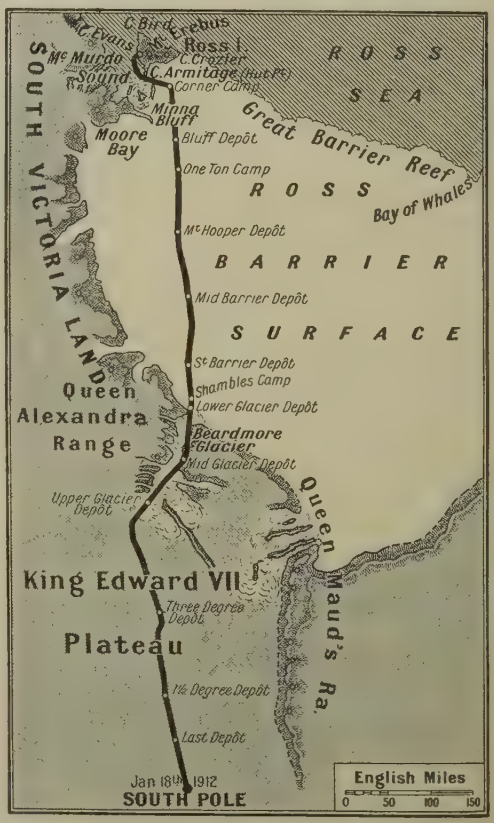
The little vessel was tightly stowed from prow to stern and withal a heavy deck cargo comprising dogs in their kennels, horses in their improvised stables, all made as snug as conditions and space would allow, motor sledges, crates of oil and petrol, coal in sacks, in addition to sounding gear and much scientific equipment.

Leaving civilization astern the *Terra Nova* ploughed her way through stormy waters to the colder clime. The heavy seas made onslaught on men and animals alike, respecting none. The dogs 'sit with their tails in this invading water, their coats wet and dripping. It is a pathetic attitude, deeply significant of cold and misery; occasionally some poor beast emits a pathetic whine.' Of the horses Scott writes in his diary for December 1:

> One takes a look through a hole in the bulkhead and sees a row of heads with sad, patient eyes come swinging up together from the starboard side, whilst those on the port swing back; then up come the port heads while the starboard recede.

The ship plunged on heavily and took in much water, lashings came adrift and coal sacks rolled about the deck acting like battering rams.

> There was nothing for it but to grapple with the evil, and nearly all hands were labouring for



MAP OF SCOTT'S ROUTE FROM CAPE EVANS TO THE SOUTH POLE

hours in the waist of the ship, heaving coal sacks overboard and re-lashing the petrol cases, etc., in the best possible manner under such difficult and dangerous circumstances. The seas were continually breaking over these people and now and again they would be completely submerged. At such times they had to cling for dear life to some fixture to prevent themselves from being washed overboard.

Many a time after lashings had been replaced a heavy wave would tear them away and all had to be redone. Scott emphasises over and over again with an unselfishness so natural to him but which has never been equalled, the cheerfulness, loyalty and willingness of all hands: nothing, not even the most violent *mal de mer*, could daunt them or break their spirits and at the very outset of the expedition this spirit became their mode of life and remained with them.

At one time one of the ponies was washed overboard, but had the good fortune to be washed inboard again by the succeeding wave.

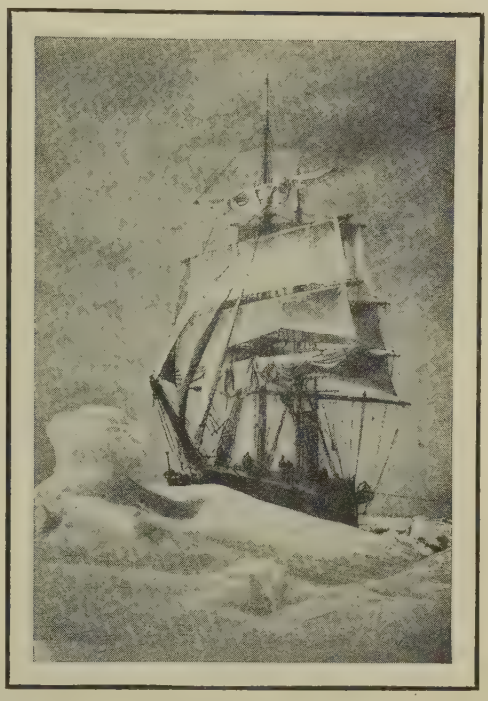
The ship made water badly: 'Worse was to follow, much worse—a report from the engine room that the pumps had choked and the water risen over the gratings.' Never a complaint was made, and this catastrophe was overcome, the pumps, which had become clogged with a mixture of oil and coal, were freed and the water in the ship was baled out with buckets. In all this, besides damage to the bulwarks, they lost two ponies, one dog, 10 tons of coal, 65 gallons of petrol, and a case of biologist's spirit.

THE storm blew itself out and soon Antarctic birds were sighted and whales were frequently seen. Pack ice and bergs beset the course, amidst which on December 10, Scott writes:

Stayed on deck till midnight. The sun dipped below the southern horizon. The scene was incomparable. The northern sky was gloriously rosy and reflected in the calm sea between the ice, which varied from burnished copper to salmon pink; bergs and pack to the north had a pale greenish hue with deep purple shadows, the sky shaded to saffron and pale green. We gazed long at these beautiful effects.

Once they stopped to water ship from 'a nice hummocky floe.'

They tried to push on, with fires out, encountering more ice drifting helplessly



THE TERRA NOVA
Photo by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

in it; or being held up by the pack during which time they got over the side of the ship and enjoyed exercise on the large ice floes. In the huge pressure caused by the floes the rudder was damaged.

Finally, after an unsuccessful attempt to land at Cape Crozier (the most easterly point of Ross Island) they rounded Cape Bird (the most northerly point of the island), and entered McMurdo Sound on the western side of Ross Island, noting the unchanged solitudes of the old *Discovery* days and seeking a landing. At last it was decided to establish a base at Cape Evans, situated on the foothills of the volcano, Mount Erebus. Cape Evans is approximately half-way between Cape Bird and Hut Point, the most southerly point of the island, and used to be called the Skuary because it was infested with skua gulls. But Scott, ever rewarding where reward was due, renamed it Cape Evans, 'in honour of our excellent second-in-command.' Of this spot Scott wrote 'the golden light on this wonderful scene of mountain and ice satisfies every claim of scenic magnificence.'

II—Establishing the Base

WITHIN a fortnight a large, insulated, double-walled wooden hut, with stables for the ponies, had been erected, and stores, equipment, men and animals duly installed. This was a big undertaking accomplished without a hitch, the only loss of any seriousness being a motor sledge, which fell through the sea-ice, which had become sludgy and rotten. During this time the penguins' curiosity was aroused, and it often proved fatal when they attempted acquaintance with the dogs: one swoop, a red patch and all was over.

Men, motor sledges, ponies and dogs worked almost unceasingly in bringing the various sections of the hut, the coal, carbide for the acetylene gas plant, petrol, all the many stores, the biologist's and physicist's gear, medical stores, forage, etc., from the ship to the shore. In the ice outside the hut a grotto was dug which served as a larder for the mutton, and whatever had been brought from New Zealand, and for seal and penguin carcasses. Next to this a differential magnetic cave was built.

During this time Scott visited the old *Discovery* winter quarters at Hut Point, and used them during the expedition now under consideration as a kind of stepping-off depôt before leaving Ross Island for the depôt-laying trips on the Great Ice Barrier (Ross Barrier).

The ship left for the Western Mountains, where a scientific party was landed, and later proceeded north to New Zealand again. We shall not speak of this part of the expedition in any detail, save to say that a very misfortunate landing was occasioned by bad weather arising, and that the entire western party nearly perished, having to spend a considerable time under very severe conditions in an igloo. In spite of all these hardships these heroes (for they were no less so than Scott and the rest of the southern party) accomplished much valuable scientific work. Indeed, the new knowledge gained by the whole expedition has proved of the utmost value and importance.

To return to Cape Evans. On January 24, 1911 (although, actually, the ship and the western party had not left there yet), Scott commenced to fill in the rest of the time, before winter set in with its four months of perpetual night, carving out the southern road on the Ice Barrier that lay in the white silence between him and his goal—the South Pole—and laying the food depôts thereon for the maintenance of men and animals on the Polar journey.

On January 28 Scott finally reached and ascended the Ice Barrier, on which he pitched his second camp and established the first Barrier Depôt. A part of the stores was taken on for a distance of 1 mile 1,200 yards to a spot they named 'Safety Camp,' the big home depôt.

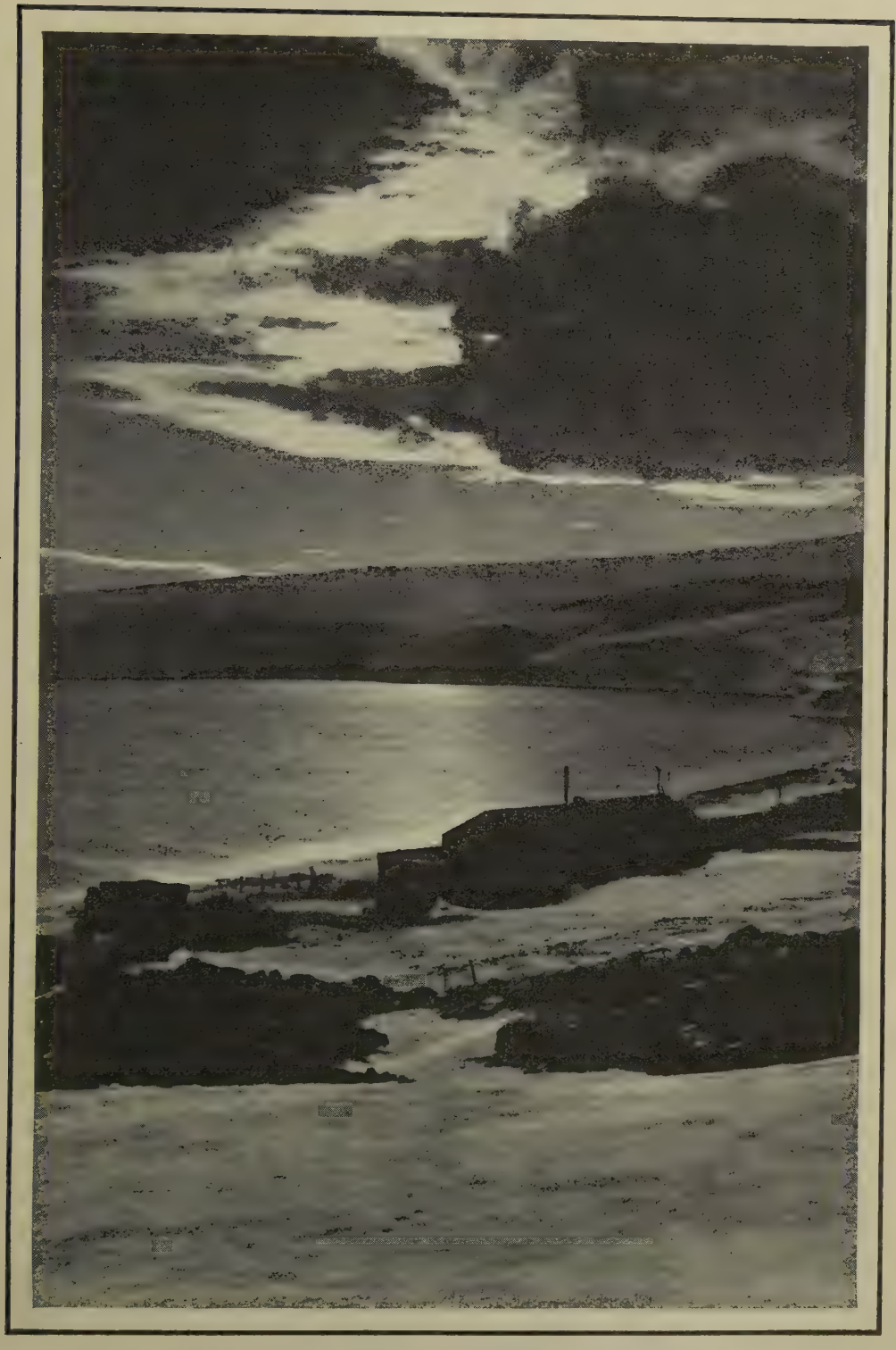
> I don't think any part of the Barrier is likely to go, but it's just as well to be prepared for everything, and our camp must deserve its distinctive title of Safety.

THE Barrier is floating on the sea for some distance inland, and its edge breaks off from the main part. That is to say the Barrier is receding slowly every year. The detached portions float away as large icebergs.

Scott now steered a course in an easterly direction to avoid the crevasses and bad surface caused by the pressure between the Barrier and the land, *i.e.* between the Western Mountains and the Cape Crozier district on the eastern side of Ross Island. With some adventure this dangerous ground was left behind, and Scott took on a southerly course and called the point at which he turned 'Corner Camp.'

At a point slightly more than half-way between Corner Camp and One Ton Camp (see below) another depôt was placed, called the 'Bluff Depôt,' because it was situated in sight of an easterly projection of the Western Mountains known as the Minna Bluff, upon which the depôt bearings were taken.

In this way they continued sledging day after day till on February 17 they came to a position of Lat. 79° 28½′ S., where they deposited approximately one ton of provisions and equipment to be carried farther south the following sledging season. This spot was christened 'One Ton Camp.' Here they turned back, reaching Safety Camp again on February 22.



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S WINTER QUARTERS AT CAPE EVANS

Photo by Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

On this first year trip everything was thoroughly tried out. The dogs once fell through a deep crevasse, ponies were lost adrift on the sea-ice and had to be shot to save them from the sufferings of their drowning struggles. Dog-fights, frostbite and blizzard; such events numbered among the adventures and perils encountered. Defects in the sledges, stowage, rations, etc., were carefully noted, and in the time between the return from One Ton Camp and the dash to the Pole in the following year experiments for improvement were carried out and remedies applied.

FINALLY the parties from One Ton Camp returned to Hut Point, where a party of scientists from Cape Evans was already quartered. About this time Scott learnt, through a letter that had been brought from Cape Evans, of the finding of Amundsen established in the Bay of Whales, situated well to the east of Cape Crozier. Of this Scott wrote in his diary:

> One thing only fixes itself definitely in my mind. The proper, as well as the wiser, course for us is to proceed exactly as though this had not happened. To go forward and do our best for the honour of the country without fear or panic. There is no doubt that Amundsen's plan is a very serious menace to ours. He has a shorter distance to the Pole by 60 miles—I never thought he could have got so many dogs safely to the ice. His plan for running them seems excellent. But above and beyond all he can start his journey early in the season—an impossible condition with ponies.

Scott waited at Hut Point for the sea to freeze over, in order to rejoin the others at Cape Evans, until April 13, when he, with some of the Hut Point party, going for the first part overland on the island and then over the sea-ice, reached there early the next day, Good Friday. Of his return Scott wrote 'Delighted with everything I see in the hut. Simpson has done wonders, but indeed so has everyone else . . . .'

As they were making round Cape Evans, Scott was very anxious for the safety of the hut, fearing that 'some abnormal swell had swept the beach.' Regarding his feelings later he says:

> To my surprise the fast ice [*i.e.* firm and not moving ice] extended past the Cape and we were able to round it into the North Bay. Here we saw the weather screen on Wind Vane Hill, and a moment later turned a small headland and brought the hut into full view. It was intact—stables, outhouses and all; evidently the sea had left it undisturbed. I breathed a huge sigh of relief. We watched two figures at work and wondered when they would see us. In a moment or two they did so, and fled inside the hut to carry the news of our arrival. Three minutes later all nine occupants were streaming over the floe towards us with shouts of welcome. There were eager enquiries as to mutual welfare and it took but a minute to learn the most important events of the quiet station life which had been led since our departure. These, under the circumstances, might well be considered the deaths of one pony and one dog . . .
>
> These items were the worst of the small budget of news that awaited me; for the rest, the hut arrangements had worked out in the most satisfactory manner possible and the scientific routine of observations was in full swing. After our primitive life at Cape Armitage it was wonderful to enter the precincts of our warm, dry, Cape Evans home. The interior space seemed palatial, the light resplendent, and the comfort luxurious. It was very good to eat in civilized fashion, to enjoy the first bath for three months and have contact with clean, dry clothing. Such fleeting hours of comfort are the treasured remembrance of every Polar traveller. They throw into the sharpest contrast the hardships of the past and the comforts of the present, and for a time he revels in the unaccustomed physical contentment.
>
> I was not many hours or even minutes in the hut before I was haled round to observe in detail the transformation which had taken place during my absence, and in which a very proper pride was taken by those who had wrought it.

HIS deep personal interest in detail and his genuine praise for all and the things they had accomplished was such as is rarely found in the annals of Polar exploration.

On April 17 Scott, with two parties, left for Hut Point with depôt provisions for the hut, and to bring back the others, arriving there the following day. Their return was delayed by a blizzard, and they did not arrive at Cape Evans again until the twenty-first. On April 22 Scott wrote in his journal:

> Cape Evans. Winter Quarters. The sledging season is at an end. It is good to be back in spite of all the losses we have sustained.

The next day (April 23) was

> The last day of the sun and a very glorious view of its golden light over the Barne Glacier,

the fine cliffs of which were in deep shadow under the rosy rays. . . . The long mild twilight which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday, when morning and evening sit together hand in hand beneath the starless sky of midnight.

The winter was spent in hard work. Science, photography, charts, sketches and records, preparations of the food and equipment for the coming Polar journey, the care of the animals were the appointed duties of the various experts. In addition to all this was the ordinary routine work entailed by the daily life at the hut, and the maintaining of a supply of seal meat for fresh food and of ice for fresh water. Ski-ing (which included visits to Shackleton's old hut at Cape Royds, lying some miles north of Cape Evans), and football on the ice afforded some recreation, and of an evening lectures illustrated with lantern slides were given by various members of the expedition, in the matters upon which they were held to be in authority, and Scott spoke very highly of the intellectual standard maintained on these occasions and of the party's many talents. They also issued a newspaper known as The South Polar Times, which was really a revival of a paper of that name founded in the old *Discovery* days.

There are no strained relations in this hut, and nothing more emphatically evident than the universally amicable spirit which is shown on all occasions. . . . To-night Oates, captain in a smart cavalry regiment, has been 'scrapping' over chairs and tables with Debenham, a young Australian student.

June 22 was Midwinter Day.

Dinner to-night is therefore the meal which is nearest the sun's critical change of course and has been observed with all the festivity customary at Xmas at home.

Enjoyment and feasting prevailed, and presentations were made from an improvised Christmas-tree. After the evening meal Scott writes:

Whilst revelry was the order of the day within, the elements without seemed desirous of celebrating the occasion with equal emphasis and greater decorum. The eastern sky was massed with swaying auroral light, the most vivid and beautiful display . . . fold on fold the arches and curtains of vibrating luminosity rose and spread across the sky, to slowly fade and yet again spring to glowing life . . . Thus, except for a few bad heads in the morning, ended the High Festival of Midwinter. . . . After all, we celebrated the birth of a season which for weal or woe must be numbered among the greatest in our lives.

On June 27 a party set out over sea and barrier ice for Cape Crozier to study the embryology of the Emperor penguin which, unlike the Adélie penguin, lays its eggs in midwinter. After terrible suffering and considerable success they returned on the night of August 1. Scott held that this exploit was 'one of the most gallant stories in Polar history.'

It is worthy of record that for the first time in the Antarctic the telephone was set up successfully. Two lines were in use between Cape Evans and scientific observation posts within three-quarters of a mile from the hut, and a third line enabled communications to pass between Cape Evans and Hut Point, 15 miles away.

The sun returned in August, and in the lengthening days animals and men were tested and 'gadgets' and improvements tried out with a view to the final selection for the southern journey.

Time simply flies and the sun steadily climbs the heavens. Breakfast, lunch and supper are now all enjoyed by sunlight whilst the night is no longer dark.

The last weeks at Cape Evans passed. All worked incessantly with mind and hand, not counting the cost, to attain the goal of their labours.

So here end the entries in this diary with the first chapter of our history. The future is in the lap of the gods; I can think of nothing left undone to deserve success.

III—The Southern Journey

This can be divided into four parts: The Barrier Stage, On the Beardmore Glacier, The Summit Journey and The Return from the Pole. The Polar party finally consisting of Capt. Scott, Dr. Wilson, Capt. Oates, Lieut. Bowers and P. O. Evans, together with the supporting parties started on November 1, 1911. None but those who have taken part in a long sledging journey in the polar wilderness can realize the utter solitude that hangs like a pall around one, and is so intense that it can be heard. As day after day drags on, in spite of physical hardship

and danger being ever present, the monotony is exasperating. The daily record of such a journey is too long to give in full, and details which to the uninitiated appear unimportant would often involve a lengthy explanation to present them in their proper magnitude.

Early on they had trouble with the motor sledges, and on November 6, at Camp 4, the second motor broke down completely.

One thing is proved, the system of propulsion is altogether unsatisfactory. The motor party has proceeded as a man-hauling party as arranged.

But the ponies went well at this time, even although bad weather conditions were experienced.

November 15.—Camp 12. Found our One Ton Camp without any difficulty [130 geographical miles from Cape Evans].

TEN days later one of the ponies gave out and had to be shot (others suffered the same fate later in the journey), the carcass being used for feeding the dogs. Here, and on several other occasions, the parties experienced very bad snow surfaces which occasioned slow, difficult progress and made their marches very trying even on ski. On December 3, they ran into another blizzard (the third). 'Our luck in weather is preposterous.' At this time they were held up for practically four days by blizzards.

By December 9 the ponies were 'finished,' and could not be taken farther south. Therefore on the evening of this date those that remained were shot, and the camp was named 'Shambles Camp.' The next day they camped at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier (Camp 32), and laid the Lower Glacier Depôt. From here one of the supporting parties returned, and Scott sent back the following personal message by them.

Just a tiny note to be taken back by the dogs. Things are not so rosy as they might be, but we keep our spirits up and say the luck must turn. This is only to tell you that I find I can keep up with rest as well as of old.

The snow was soft and deep now. Crevasses were numerous and several people were suffering from snow-blindness.

Thursday, December 21. Camp 43. Lat. 85° 7'. Long. 163° 4'. Height about 8,000 feet. Upper Glacier Depôt.—[The Beardmore Glacier had been climbed and now the Summit Journey to the Pole commenced.]

December 25. Christmas. . . . Night, Camp No. 47.—I am so replete that I can scarcely write. . . .

January 1, 1912. . . . stick of chocolate to celebrate the New Year. . . .

Three days later, on January 4, the last supporting party returned. Scott sent back a note:

Lat. 87° 32'. A last note from a hopeful position. I think it's going to be all right. We have a fine party going forward and arrangements are all going well.

THE work now was very hard. Scott, writing of his comrades, said: 'It is quite impossible to speak too highly of my companions. Each fulfils his office to the party . . .'

January 13. . . . Height 10,270. . . Well, another day with double figures and a bit over. The chance holds. . . . Only 51 miles from the Pole to-night. If we don't get to it we shall be d——d close. .

January 15. . . . Only 27 miles from the Pole. We *ought* to do it now. . . .

Tuesday, January 16. Camp 68. Height 9,760. The worst has happened or nearly the worst. We marched well in the morning and covered 7½ miles. Noon sight showed us in Lat. 89° 42' S., and we started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that tomorrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of our march Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but argued that it must be a sastrugus.[1] Half an hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on, found that it was a black flag tied to a sledge bearer; nearby the remains of a camp, sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come and much discussion have we had. Tomorrow we must march on to the Pole and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the daydreams must go; it will be a wearisome return. Certainly we are descending in altitude—certainly also the Norwegians found an easy way up.

Wednesday, January 17. Camp 69. T. – 22° at start. Night – 21°. The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances. We have had a horrible day—add to our disappointment

[1] A snow surface made irregular by the wind.

a head wind 4 to 5, with a temperature – 22°, and companions labouring on with cold feet and hands. . . . We have been descending again, I think, but there looks to be a rise ahead; otherwise there is very little that is different from the awful monotony of past days. Great God! this is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow. We have had a fat Polar hoosh in spite of our chagrin, and feel comfortable inside—added a small stick of chocolate and the queer taste of a cigarette brought by Wilson. Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it.

At the Pole they found the tent left by Amundsen surmounted by the Norwegian flag and 'A note from Amundsen, which I keep, asks me to forward a letter to King Haakon!' Scott left a note to say he had visited the tent. He reckoned the Pole was 'about 9,500 feet in height; this is remarkable, considering that in Lat. 88° we were about 10,500 feet.'

At the Pole Camp they 'built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack' and photographed themselves—'mighty cold work all of it.' On this day, January 18, they turned on the homeward journey:

Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and goodbye to most of the day-dreams.

The story of the return from the Pole is one of tragedy. They early suffered from every privation, and sickness entered the lists against them. P.O. Evans became ill and died (from concussion sustained through a fall) on February 17. Frostbite, shortage of fuel and food and snow-blindness were added to their troubles. Oates became so frostbitten on the feet that he was almost completely incapacitated despite Wilson's self-sacrificing attention to him.

Sunday, March 11.—Titus Oates is very near the end, one feels. What we or he will do God only knows. We discussed the matter at breakfast; he is a brave fine fellow and understands the situation, but he practically asked for advice. Nothing could be said but to urge him on to march as long as he could. . . .

Friday, March 16, or Saturday, 17.—Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he

THE POLAR PARTY AT THE SOUTH POLE

struggled on and we made a few miles. At nigh he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last he was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not—would not—give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning, yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him until two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

By March 19 they were within 11 miles of the depôt where hope, fuel and food, and thereby their strength could be replenished. This was the sixtieth camp from the Pole. On the 21st it was arranged that Wilson and Bowers should go to the depôt for fuel, but blizzard again made them prisoners in their tent, and eight days later we find:

Thursday, March 29.—Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depôt 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott.

Last entry:

For God's sake look after our people.

IV—The Finding of the Dead

Eight months afterwards the tent was found.

Inside the tent were the bodies of Captain Scott, Doctor Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers. Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them.

Scott died later. He had thrown back the flaps of his sleeping bag and opened his coat. The little wallet containing the three notebooks was under his shoulders, and his arm flung across Wilson.

A mighty cairn was raised surtopped by a rough cross and a record was left to the memory of the dead. Thirteen miles farther south a search was made for the body of Captain Oates, but without avail. 'The kindly snow had covered his body, giving him a fitting burial.' A similar memorial was erected here in his respect. On the return journey,

We came again to the resting-place and bade them a final farewell. There alone in their greatness they will lie without change or bodily decay, with the most fitting tomb in the world above them.

In January, 1913, the *Terra Nova* returned for the last time to bring back the survivors to civilization. The organization, equipment and personnel of the expedition had been perfect, and they achieved glorious success. And the price? It was an awful price to pay, the poignancy of which is relieved only by the great examples of endurance and nobleness of character (born in the face of hopelessness) that the five men left to the world. The greatest of us must ever seem puny beside them.

Before the *Terra Nova* left, a cross nine feet high was erected on the summit of Observation Hill, at Hut Point, in memory of Scott and his companions. This cross looks out over the Barrier where their souls, no less white than the fastnesses that hold them, await the Last Call. And as one stands there, as the writer has done, and reads the inscription on the cross, it seems to tell so much better what has been attempted here:

'To strive, to seek,
To find,
And not to
Yield.'

. . . . .

So they came into the glory which was their own.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

MAXIMS

THOUGH marked by birth and talent for a high position in the state, La Rochefoucauld failed in nearly everything he undertook owing to his extraordinary indolence of mind, and in the prime of life he became a rather embittered spectator of a world in which he had not been able to make his way. He sought consolation in the life of the salons and the exercise of his literary gifts. In the salon of Madame de Sablon the making of 'sentences' and 'maximes' was a fashionable employment, and this was the form chosen by La Rochefoucauld to express his philosophy of life. His Reflections, or Sentences and Moral Maxims, first appeared in 1665, and went through five editions in his lifetime. More than epigrams, the Maxims represent the matured judgement of an unusually fine intellect on the conduct of life as he saw it, with a perfection of form that still remains unrivalled. An outline of La Rochefoucauld's Memoirs appears at page 3371. An inexpensive translation of the Maxims is published by Methuen.

I—Of Love and of Women

To judge love by most of its effects, it seems more like hatred than kindness.

In love we often doubt of what we most believe.

As long as we love, we forgive.

Love is like fire, it cannot be without continual motion; as soon as it ceases to hope or fear it ceases to exist.

Many persons would never have been in love had they never heard talk of it.

Agreeable and pleasant as love is, it pleases more by the manners in which it shows itself than by itself alone.

We pass on from love to ambition; we seldom return from ambition to love.

Those who have had a great love affair find themselves all their life happy and unhappy at being cured of it.

In love the one who is first cured is best cured.

The reason why lovers are never weary of talking of each other is that they are always talking of themselves.

Constancy in love is a perpetual inconstancy which makes our heart attach itself in succession to all the qualities of our beloved, and prefer now this trait and now that; so that this constancy is only a kind of inconstancy fixed and enclosed in a single object.

If there is a love pure and exempt from all mixture with our other passions, it is that which is hidden in the depth of our heart and unknown to ourselves.

The pleasure of love consists in loving, and our own passion gives us more happiness than the feelings which our beloved has for us.

The grace of novelty is to love like the fine bloom on fruit; it gives it a lustre which is easily effaced and never recovered.

We are nearer loving those who hate us than those who love us more than we desire.

Women often fancy themselves to be in love when they are not. Their natural passion for being beloved, their unwillingness to give a denial, the excitement of mind produced by an affair of gallantry, all these make them imagine they are in love when they are in fact only coquetting.

All women are flirts. Some are restrained by timidity and some by reason.

The greatest miracle of love is the reformation of a coquette.

A coquette pretends to be jealous of her lover in order to conceal her envy of other women.

Most women yield more from weakness than from passion, hence an enterprising man usually succeeds with them better than an amiable man.

It is harder for women to overcome their coquetry than their love. No woman knows how much of a coquette she is.

Women who are in love more readily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.

Some people are so full of themselves that even when they become lovers they find a way of being occupied with their passion without being interested in the person whom they love.

It is useless to be young without being beautiful, or beautiful without being young.

In their first love affairs women love their lover; in all others they love love.

In the old age of love, as in the old age of life, we continue to live to pain long after we have ceased to live to pleasure.

There is no passion in which self-love reigns so powerfully as in love; we are always more ready to sacrifice the repose of a person we love than to lose our own.

There is a certain kind of love which, as it grows excessive, leaves no room for jealousy.

Jealousy is born with love, but it does not always die with it.

Jealousy is the greatest of all afflictions, and that which least excites pity in the persons that cause it.

In love and in friendship we are often happier by reason of the things that we do not know than by those that we do.

There are few women whose merit lasts longer than their beauty.

The reason why most women are little touched by friendship is that the emotion of friendship is insipid to those who have felt what love is.

II—Of Friendship

In the misfortunes of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us.

Rare as true love is, it is less rare than true friendship.

What makes us so changing in our friendships is that it is difficult to discern the qualities of the soul, and easy to recognize the qualities of the mind.

It is equally difficult to have a friendship for those whom we do not esteem as for those we esteem more than ourselves.

We love those who admire us, not those whom we admire.

Most of the friendships of the world ill deserve the name of friendship; still, a man may make occasional use of them, as in a business where the profits are uncertain and it is usual to be cheated.

It is more dishonourable to mistrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

We are fond of exaggerating the love our friends bear us, but it is less from a feeling of gratitude than from a desire to advertise our own merits.

What usually hinders us from revealing the depths of our hearts to our friends is not so much the distrust which we have of them as the distrust we have of ourselves.

We confess our little defects merely to persuade our friends that we have no great failings.

The greatest effort of friendship is not to show our defects to a friend, but to make him see his own.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. It is found in exceedingly few people, and what passes for it is only a subtle dissimulation used to attract confidence.

We can love nothing except in relation to ourselves, and we merely follow our own bent and pleasure when we prefer our friends to ourselves; yet it is only by this preference that friendship can be made true and perfect.

It seems as if self-love is the dupe of kindness and that it is forgotten while we are working for the benefit of other men. In this case, however, our self-love is merely taking the safest road to arrive at its ends; it is lending at usury under the pretext of giving; it is aiming at winning all the world by subtle and delicate means.

The first impulses of joy excited in us by the good fortune of our friends proceed neither from our good nature nor from the friendship we have for them; it is an effect of self-love that flatters us with the hope either of being fortunate in our turn or of drawing some advantage from their prosperity.

What makes us so eager to form new acquaintances is not the mere pleasure of change or a weariness of old friendships, so much as a disgust at not being enough admired by those who know us too well, and a hope of winning more admiration from persons who do not know much about us.

III—Things of the Mind

THE mind is always the dupe of the heart.

Those who are acquainted with their own mind are not acquainted with their own heart.

The mind is more indolent than the body.

It is the mark of fine intellects to explain many things in a few words ; little minds have the gift of speaking much and saying nothing.

We speak but little when vanity does not make us speak.

A spirit of confidence helps on conversation more than brilliance of mind.

True eloquence consists of saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

A man may be witty and still be a fool ; judgement is the source of wisdom.

A man does not please for very long when he has but one kind of wit.

It is a mistake to imagine that wit and judgement are two distinct things ; judgement is only the perfection of wit, which pierces into the recesses of things and there perceives what from the outside seems to be imperceptible.

A man of intelligence would often be at a loss were it not for the company of fools.

It is not so much fertility of mind that leads us to discover many expedients in regard to a single matter, as a defect of intelligence, that makes us stop at everything presented to our imagination, and hinders us from discerning at once which is the best course.

Some old men like to give good advice to console themselves for being no longer in a state to give a bad example.

No man of sound good sense strikes us as such unless he is of our way of thinking.

Stiffness of opinion comes from pettiness of mind ; we do not easily believe in anything that is beyond our range of vision.

Good taste is based on judgement rather than on intelligence.

It is more often through pride than through any want of enlightenment that men set themselves stubbornly to oppose the most current opinions ; finding all the best places taken on the popular side, they do not want those in the rear.

In order to understand things well one must know the detail of them ; and as this is almost infinite, our knowledge is always superficial and imperfect.

It is never so difficult to talk well as when we are ashamed of our silence.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking about ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that we afford little to our listeners.

Truth has not done so much good in the world as the false appearances of it have done harm.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his follies.

IV—Of Human Life and Human Nature

YOUTH is a continual intoxication ; it is the fever of reason.

The passions of youth are scarcely more opposed to salvation than the lukewarmness of old persons.

There is not enough material in a fool to make a good man out of him.

We have more strength than will, and it is often to excuse ourselves to ourselves that we imagine things are impossible.

There are few things impossible in themselves ; it is the application to achieve them that we lack more than the means.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the more violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness often masters them all. It indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly destroys both our vices and our virtues.

Idleness is of all our passions that which is most unknown to ourselves. It is the most ardent and the most malign of all, though the harm which it does is hidden. If we consider its power attentively, we shall see that in every struggle it triumphs over our feelings, our interests and our pleasures. To give a true idea of this passion it is necessary to add that idleness is like a beatitude of the soul which consoles it for all its losses and serves in place of all its wealth.

The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to receive greater favours.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits than those from whom we receive them.

It is less dangerous to do harm to most men than to do them too much good.

If we had no defects ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in observing the failings of others.

One man may be more cunning than another man, but he cannot be more cunning than all the world.

Mankind has made a virtue of moderation in order to limit the ambition of great men and to console mediocre people for their scanty fortune and their scanty merit.

We should often be ashamed of our finest actions if the world saw all the motives that produced them.

Our desire to speak of ourselves, and to reveal our defects in the best light in which we can show them, constitutes a great part of our sincerity.

The shame that arises from undeserved praise often leads us to do things which we should not otherwise have attempted.

The labours of the body free us from the pains of the mind. It is this that constitutes the happiness of the poor.

It is more necessary to study men than to study books.

The truly honest man is he who sets no value on himself.

Censorious as the world is, it is oftener favourable to false merit than unjust to true.

It is not enough to possess great qualities ; we must know how to use them.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he fancies.

Good manners are the least of all laws and the most strictly observed.

Everybody complains of a lack of memory, nobody of a lack of judgement.

The love of justice is nothing more than a fear of injustice.

Passion often makes a fool of a man of sense, and sometimes it makes a fool a man of sense.

Nature seems to have hidden in the depth of our minds a skill and a talent of which we are ignorant ; only our passions are able to bring them out and to give us sometimes surer and more complete views than we could arrive at by thought and study.

Our passions are the only orators with an unfailing power of persuasion. They are an art of nature with infallible rules, and the simplest man who is possessed by passion is far more persuasive than the most eloquent speaker who is not moved by feeling.

As we grow old we grow foolish as well as wise.

Few people know how to grow old.

Death and the sun are things one cannot look at steadily

V—Virtue and Vices

HYPOCRISY is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

Our vices are commonly disguised virtue.

Virtue would not go far if vanity did not go with her.

Prosperity is a stronger test of virtue than misfortune is.

Men blame vice and praise virtue only through self-interest.

Great souls have not less passions and more virtues than common souls, but they have larger ambitions.

Of all our virtues one might say what an Italian poet has said of the honesty of women, ' that it is often nothing but an art of pretending to be honest.'

Virtues are lost in self-interest, as rivers are in the sea.

To the honour of virtue it must be acknowledged that the greatest misfortunes befall men from their vices.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.

Feebleness is more opposed to vice than virtue is.

What makes the pangs of shame and jealousy so sharp is that our vanity cannot help us to support them.

What makes the vanity of other persons so intolerable is that it hurts our own.

We have not the courage to say in general that we have no defects, and that our enemies have no good qualities ; but in matters of detail we are not very far from believing it.

If we never flattered ourselves the flattery of others would not injure us.

We sometimes think we dislike flattery ; we only dislike the way in which we are flattered.

Flattery is a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

Self-love, as it happens to be well or ill conducted, constitutes virtue and vice.

We are so prepossessed in our own favour that we often mistake for virtues those vices that bear some resemblance to them, and are artfully disguised by self-love.

Nothing is so capable of lessening our self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time what we approve at another.

SELF-LOVE is the love of self, and of everything for the sake of self. When fortune gives the means, self-love makes men idolise themselves and tyrannise over others. It never rests or fixes itself anywhere outside its home. If it settle on external things, it is only as the bee does on flowers, to extract what may be serviceable. Nothing is so impetuous as its desires, nothing so secret as its designs, nothing so adroit as its conduct. We can neither fathom the depth, nor penetrate the obscurity of its abyss. There, concealed from the most piercing eye, it makes numberless turnings and windings ; there is it often invisible even to itself ; there it conceives, breeds and cherishes, without being aware of it, an infinity of likings and hatreds ; some of which are so monstrous that, having given birth to them, self-love either does not recognize them, or cannot bear to own them.

But the thick mist which hides it from itself does not hinder it from seeing perfectly whatever is without ; and thus it resembles the eye, that sees all things except itself. In great concerns and important affairs, where the violence of its desire excites its whole attention, it sees, perceives, understands, invents, suspects, penetrates and divines all things.

Its desires are inflamed by itself rather than by the beauty and merit of the objects ; its own taste heightens and embellishes them ; itself is the game it pursues, and its own inclination is what is followed rather than the things which seem to be the objects of its inclination. Composed of contrarieties, it is imperious and obedient, sincere and hypocritical, merciful and cruel, timid and bold. Its desires tend, according to the diverse moods that direct it, sometimes to glory, sometimes to wealth, sometimes to pleasure. These are changed as age and experience alter ; and whether it has many inclinations or only one is a matter of indifference, because it can split itself into many or collect itself into one just as is convenient or agreeable.

It is inconstant ; and numberless are the changes, besides those which happen from external causes, which proceed from its own nature. Inconstant through levity, through love, through novelty, through satiety, through disgust, through inconstancy itself. Capricious ; and sometimes labouring with eagerness and incredible pains to obtain things that are in no way advantageous, nay, even hurtful, but which are pursued merely as a passion. Whimsical, and often exerting intense application in the most trifling employments ; taking delight in the most insipid things, and preserving all its haughtiness in the most contemptible pursuits. Attendant on all ages and conditions ; living everywhere ; living on everything ; living on nothing. Easy in either the enjoyment or privation of things. Going over to those who are at variance with it ; even entering into their schemes ; and, wonderful ! joining with them, it hates itself ; conspires its own destruction ; labours to be undone ; desires only to exist ; and, that granted, consents to be its own enemy.

WE are not therefore to be surprised if sometimes, uniting with the most rigid austerity, it enters boldly into a combination against itself ; because what is lost in one respect is regained in another. When we think it relinquishes pleasures, it only suspends or changes them ; and even when discomfited, and we seem to be rid of it, we find it triumphant in its own defeat. Such is self-love !—of which man's whole life is only a strong, a continued agitation. The sea is a striking image of it, and in the flux and reflux of the waves, self-love may find a lively expression of the turbulent succession of its thoughts, and of its eternal agitation.

A Note on Hugh Walpole

HUGH SEYMOUR WALPOLE was born in 1884 in Auckland, New Zealand, where his father was then incumbent of St. Mary's pro-cathedral. In 1889 his father accepted the professorship of dogmatic theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York, and removed his family thither, returning to England in 1896 when he was appointed principal of St. Bede's College, Durham, later becoming successively rector of Lambeth, honorary canon of Southwark, and in 1910 Bishop of Edinburgh. In England Hugh Walpole was educated at the King's School, Canterbury and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and for a short time thereafter was a schoolmaster in the provinces, accumulating experiences and impressions of which reminiscences appear in Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill (1911).

Russell
Hugh Walpole in 1922

That, however, was not his first book, for in 1909, having by that time settled in Chelsea and taken up literary journalism, he had published The Wooden Horse and had followed up its considerable success with Maradick at Forty, with which he definitely established his claim to recognition as a novelist of quality. The Prelude to Adventure appeared in 1912, Fortitude, in which again something of autobiography can be detected, in 1913, The Duchess of Wrexe in 1914, and The Golden Scarecrow in 1915.

DURING the Great War Walpole served with the Russian Red Cross from 1914 to 1916, and later was put in charge of British propaganda in Petrograd, his services being rewarded with the Georgian Medal and in 1918 with a C.B.E. A result of his Russian experiences was The Dark Forest (1916), a novel which has been compared for beauty and terror with Tolstoy's War and Peace, while in The Secret City (1919), which was awarded the Tait Black prize given by the University of Edinburgh for the best novel of the year, he painted a picture of Petrograd as he had seen it in the days of the revolution which has been described as the truest interpretation of Russian life and character ever made by one who was not a Russian himself.

Walpole's other novels are The Green Mirror (1918), among his best studies of English social life, Jeremy (1919), The Captives (1920), also awarded the Tait Black prize, The Thirteen Travellers (1921), The Young Enchanted, and The Cathedral (1922), Jeremy and Hamlet (1923), The Old Ladies, (1924), Portrait of a Man with Red Hair (1925), and Harmer John (1926). A uniform edition of Walpole's novels, at 3s. 6d. per volume, is published by Macmillan.

THE CATHEDRAL has been selected for outline in these pages as representing at once the essentially English quality of Walpole's genius and exemplifying a view of the function of the novelist of which he has himself made public declaration: 'A novel seems to me,' he has said, 'quite simply a business of telling a story about certain people whom the writer attempts to make as living as possible. Probably behind the lives of these people there would be some philosophy of life either stated definitely or implied in the attitude of the author.' And he instanced Anthony Trollope as one who cared nothing about technique or style; had, indeed, the smallest pretentions of himself as a novelist, but kept his eyes fixed on the characters about whom he was writing, and tried to tell the truth about them as he saw them.

THIS mention of Anthony Trollope is particularly relevant in connexion with The Cathedral, depicting as it does scenes and characters which Trollope made his special study, and conjuring up an atmosphere in which the chronicler of Barsetshire did all his best work. Comparison of the style of the two men is not the purpose of this note, but it may be said briefly that that of Walpole as a whole is of a more serious cast than that of Trollope. He writes in the grand manner, but the gravity, approaching sombreness, of his style is illumined by flashes of biting satire halfway between wit and humour, while the delineation of character is frequently masterly in its ease and fluency.

AND it is worth pointing out how The Cathedral makes practical application of his theory; it is remarkable for its unity of structure; the author never removes his gaze from the city of Polchester and its awe-inspiring cathedral, and attends solely to his business of telling his story about certain people whom he has completely succeeded in making living people. Both explicitly and implicitly a definite philosophy of life lies behind the actual narrative, which the reader will have small difficulty in discovering. Meantime, it is sufficient to present the story as a fine modern novel written by a man who even yet cannot be declared to have reached the zenith of his career.

Yevonde

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HUGH WALPOLE

THE CATHEDRAL

Outlined by Harold van Tromp

I—Seeds of Trouble

READER, have you ever lived in the moral and intellectual atmosphere of a cathedral town? Have you ever experienced the strange sensations arising from the living presence of events dead and gone; of shadows of history that haunt the lives of the men and women of to-day; of long-vanished rituals and ceremonies that revisit the glimpses of the moon; the conventions of a community which play with mysteries and moralities sacred and profane; the autocracy of a building that has weathered the centuries, outlived creeds, survived reformations, convocations; a Work of Man and a Work of Art that is honourable and venerable and beautiful; which enshrines God in the past, the present, the future 'as He was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be . . .' A cathedral with its trim precincts, cloisters, green lawns; prim Georgian houses with neat white steps, polished knockers and drawn curtains; the sanctuaries and strongholds of the ecclesiastical proprieties—and of men, women, children; some ghosts of to-day and yesterday and the day to come. . . . And do you think . . . Are there any secrets and heart-burnings and tragedies behind those polite barricades of theological austerity? Listen . . .

It is difficult to realize to-day how apart from the world Polchester was in the latter years of the reign of Queen Victoria—in 1897. It might have been, almost, a walled-up fortress of the Middle Ages; self-contained, self-satisfied, the very inhabitants made it a point of honour that its spirit of rigid and moral autocracy should be maintained at all costs. The higher social grades of Polchester society were, of course, extremely moral, what small tittle-tattling scandal might from time to time pass from mouth to mouth was kept jealously guarded—and made the most of. The little city breathed propriety, its streets were neat and clean; shops were, of course, a necessity, men must eat and drink—or at least imbibe—for no one 'drank' in Polchester. Of course, there was a circulating library—that 'evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge'—with the latest works of fiction in gaudy bindings; Miss Milton was librarian (chosen, perhaps, on the strength of certain literary associations of an ecclesiastical nature connected with her name), and, of course, there was a High Street and a castle. And the cathedral; castle and cathedral dominated the town from their eminence, especially the cathedral.

The River Pol ran through the town to the sea. On a stretch of the Pol below the town was the suburb of Seatown. It was not handsome. It might have been romantic in the old days when strange ships came gliding up the tideway; in these latter days it was chiefly remarkable for bad drainage, bad drinking, bad living, and bad dying.

It was in 1887 that Adam Brandon had come to the town; one-time curate at Portsmouth, then chaplain to the bishop of Worcester; in 1875 he had accepted a living at Pompret, in Wiltshire. At Polchester he was, first of all, canon and afterwards archdeacon. By personal influence and strength of character he came to be alluded to as 'the king of Polchester.' He was a magnificent—not too strong a word—a magnificent specimen of manhood. Fifty-eight years of age now, six feet two or three in height, athletic, hair curly and fair and thick; young-looking, energetic. The Polchester ladies

said he was 'like a Greek god,' and their evidence had never been rebutted. Archdeacon Brandon was not unduly elated by this feminine worship. God had seen fit—in a fit of boredom, perhaps, at having to make so many inferior men—to present the world with this fine type of man; fine in body, fine in soul, fine in intellect. Brandon was safe, however, from the feminine world of Polchester. In 1875 he had married Amy Broughton, then a girl of twenty. They had a boy, Falcon, now twenty-one, and a girl, Joan, just eighteen. Mrs. Brandon was (society thought) a very insignificant sort of woman; rather dull, decidedly insignificant. She bore her husband's occasional outbursts of temper very meekly; she acquiesced in his opinion that God had put him into this world to rule. Of course, he ruled to the glory of God, and he ruled—it was occasionally a stern necessity—to the glory of himself. On the whole he was satisfied with himself and his family. And, above all, he was satisfied with Polchester; he was contented to live there, spend the remainder of his days there, die and be buried there—when the time came—with, of course, the appropriate ceremonies.

EVENSONG at the cathedral. A small but select congregation; Mrs. Combermere, Miss Dobell, Mrs. Cole, Mr. Drake, Mr. Thompson; mere shadows the archdeacon glances at. He also glances at the magnificent tomb of the Black Bishop; black marble, effigy in robes and mitre, at the feet a pair of gauntlets; angels support the Black Bishop's head; four armed knights; the motto, 'God giveth Strength.' A martyr to the Church; murdered in this very nave by villains who feared neither God nor man. 'He died bravely defending this great house of prayer, and is now in eternal happiness. . . .' All as it should be. The archdeacon feels very proud, very satisfied. He reads the Lesson—all about the money-changers; old Cobbett, the verger, who has acquired the fine art of sleeping with his eyes open during Lessons and sermon, wakes up with a start; the archdeacon's splendid voice is unusually vibrant, exulting.

"Ronder comes to-day, doesn't he?"

"Ronder?" Brandon repeated, coming abruptly out of his secret exultation.

"Yes—Hart-Smith's successor."

"Oh, yes—I believe he does."

The great gates close with a clang. Brandon walks slowly home. Any news? Any letter from his son 'Falk,' who is at Oxford? No. Strange; there has been no news from Falk for three weeks. And Joan's reading those trashy novels again? And mother (Mrs. Brandon is now forty-two) can't get the trashy novel *she* wants, because Miss Milton sits on the new ones and keeps them for that Mrs. Sampson—hey? What trifles.

THE door opens suddenly; it is Falk, good-looking, fair, frank, slim, fearless. The archdeacon is amazed. . .

"What's the matter?" he said at last.

"I've been sent down," said Falk.

"Sent down!"

"Yes, for ragging. They wanted to do it last term."

"Sent down!" The archdeacon shot to his feet, his voice suddenly lifted to a cry. "And you have the impertinence to come and tell me! You walk in as though nothing had happened! You walk in——"

"Of course you're angry—I knew you would be. Anyway, Oxford's a rotten place; you won't have to pay my bills any more, anyway."

Falk turned and went.

The same train that had brought Falk brought the new canon, Ronder, and his aunt, Miss Alice Ronder. The new canon is a modernist; he is also rather fat and rubicund, good tempered, jocular and very tactful. Miss Stiles, a talkative old friend of Aunt Ronder, soon lets light into the new canon's keen intelligence. He will have to fight Brandon, or knuckle under. Brandon is the proudest man in England. Ronder loves a fight; without undue presumption, it always seemed to Ronder that as soon as he thought 'so and so,' then God also thought 'so and so,'—a wonderful partnership; everyone else just became pawns in a Divine game of chess.

And now Brandon is troubled; troubled in spirit. After all that he has done for Polchester—and for the cathedral—this Falk business seems most unjust; a blow to his dignity. Other seeds of trouble are springing into young and thorny shoots.

Joan—a charming girl, devoted to her father and mother, but snubbed for all her amiable qualities, forms an attachment for young Lord St. Leath—Johnny to his familiars, and soon 'Johnny' to Joan. They meet at Miss Milton's Library; and Miss Milton gets into serious trouble for showing favouritism in the matter of the trashy novels. As a matter of fact, she loses her post. But though, like her great namesake, 'fallen on evil times and evil tongues,' she nurses (as we shall see) a shrewd spirit of revenge. After this library incident we see Joan at the St. James' vicarage, and meet the rector, Mr. Morris—a quiet, kindly man. Joan's mother thinks highly—very highly—of him; and perhaps (but she never says so, she is so reserved) Mrs. Brandon is not quite happy at home; perhaps she doesn't think so highly of the archdeacon as that handsome autocrat thinks of himself; indeed, she is secretly miserable beyond endurance. Mr. Morris shows Joan the fine view of the cathedral from his upper windows—

"I don't like it," said Joan, turning away. "It doesn't care what happens to us."

"Why should it?" he answered. "Think of all it's seen—the battles and the fights and the plunder—and it doesn't care! We can do what we like and it will remain the same."

"People could come and knock it down," Joan said.

"I believe it would still be there if they did The rock would be there and the spirit of the cathedral. . . . What do people matter beside a thing like that? Why, we're ants. . . ! I think I know what you mean about fearing it. . . . Well, good-bye," he said smiling. "Come again."

"I like him," thought Joan as she walked away

Brandon quickly surmounts the shock of Falk's unexpected return. But misfortunes do not as a rule come singly. His next annoyance is strangely humorous—for so dignified a man. His top-hat is seized by an elephant's trunk during the progress of a circus procession through the town. This is a tremendous indignity. There is much talk about this unfortunate incident; not a little quiet laughter. However, important matters push this unpleasant episode into the background. There is Ronder, for instance; he is becoming unduly popular; Brandon feels that here is a man who will test his mettle. The first battle is waged over a trifle, shall the Chapter provide a roller for the school cricket-ground? Brandon is against it; Ronder is for it—in fact, he has gone into the financial aspects of this important question. The voting is even; the dean is afraid that it falls to him to give a casting vote; he thinks that Canon Ronder has made out his case—the first time for many years that Brandon has met with defeat; he gathers his papers, and looking neither to the right nor the left he strides from the room. Ronder tactfully tries to make this victory a peaceful—at least a friendly—one. "Really there is nothing to discuss, Canon," says Brandon. "Talking things over won't help us."

What is Falk doing during this time? He is not at home much; he has rather despised his sister; is rather indifferent to his quiet, homely mother; quite indifferent to his father, contemptuous of the cathedral and all its works, past, present and to come. Seatown attracts him; not its bad drainage, or bad living, or bad dying. Nor is the 'Dog and Pilchard,' kept by that jovial but rather queer man Hogg, the attraction. But Hogg's rather handsome daughter is. He cannot resist that spell. She does not encourage him; but there is a shadow of cruelty hanging over the jolly-looking 'Dog and Pilchard,'—father Hogg is not so kind as he looks. Annie is for London—and freedom. If—if Falk will take her, well and good; but if not, never mind, she will go alone and fight her own battle. She is straight, and knows there are distinctions—but she loves him. He is far better than she had supposed—he is tender, warm-hearted, to be trusted. He had realized her unhappiness:

"No one else in this place seemed to notice it. I believe God meant us to be friends, meant me to bring you happiness."

"Happiness?" she shivered. "Isn't it cold to-night? Do you see that strange green cloud? Ah, now it is gone. All the light is going. . . . Do you believe in God?"

He came closer to her. His hand touched her arm. "Yes," he answered, fiercely. "And He means me to care for you." She did not move. . . . He bent forward and kissed her neck, her mouth, her eyes.

II—Jubilee

A.D. 1897 was the great Jubilee year of the Great Little Queen. Polchester was, of course, excessively loyal. The programme had long been arranged; the great Service in the Cathedral, the Ball in the Assembly Rooms, the Flower Show in the St. Leath Castle grounds, the Croquet Tournament, the Torchlight Procession. Arrangements progressed slowly; but just about this time tongues began to wag quickly—of course, no one really liked scandal, and this wasn't scandal—there was nothing in it—but a lady, Miss Stiles (quite remarkable for her deeds of charity) had noticed the oddest looks exchanged between Mrs. Brandon and—who d'you think?—Mr. Morris. Of course, it was nothing. Mrs. Combermere said Miss Stiles had a nasty mind: "People can't even look at one another now. Why, you might as well say that I had been gazing at your Ronder when he came to tea the other day." "Perhaps I shall," said Miss Stiles, laughing.

Still, it so happened that on a Sunday morning the archdeacon was disturbed to find his wife in a strange mood—so ill—almost speechless, that she could not—would not—attend early service.

"There's your mother—I am bothered about her," said the archdeacon to Falk. "Have you noticed anything odd about her the last week or two?"

"Mother? No; in what way?"

"She's not herself. She's not happy. She's worrying about something."

"You're worrying, father. *She's* all right. Father, what would you say if I went up to London?"

"London? What for?"

"Oh, to do something, to get something to do."

"Not now—we'll talk about it in the autumn ——" and he hummed Onward Christian, Soldiers, as he always did, a little out of tune. He went to the window and looked out on the green. "There are two of those choir boys on the grass again. If Ryle doesn't keep them in better order——"

The last talk of their lives together was ended.

Within a few days Falk is in London, and Annie is with him. With the news, a little later, of their marriage they pass out of the tale. We are never taken for a moment away from Polchester, we never leave the shadow of the cathedral—except once, and that is to have lunch with the sweet-natured old bishop—he is nearly ninety. The shadow follows us even there, and mingles with the sunshine of the bishop's charming retreat at Carpledon; Brandon's visit is designed to influence the election of the archdeacon's pet candidate for the vacancy at Pybus—a living always regarded as a stepping-stone to diocesan preferment. Brandon flattered himself that he could twist the dear old bishop round his little finger—providing that no one else is there to spoil the ecclesiastical sport of catching the archdeacon's selected numskull.

No sooner has the aged white-locked butler opened the door, and announced that his lordship will be down in a minute, than Brandon hears a footstep behind him, and turning round he sees—of all men—Ronder. Ronder was disastrous. Evidently that rubicund and smiling canon has caught wind of this visit; evidently he means to cut the ground from under Brandon's feet. The archdeacon's fingers twisted within one another as he considered how pleasant it would be to wring someone's ecclesiastical neck. Ah! he could have made the way smooth for his pet, Forsyth, one of the old, steady-going school. And who is the rival, backed by Ronder? A man named Wistons. "What!" cries Brandon, when he hears the name mentioned (oh! quite casually) by Ronder during this pleasant little ecclesiastical lunch: "What! The fellow who wrote that abominable book, The Four Creeds?" Ronder, rubbing his knees gently, thinks. Yes, it is the same. "That man! That atheist! The leading enemy of the Church! The man who would destroy every institution the Church possesses?"

On the way back to Polchester, riding in the dear bishop's little wagonette, Brandon and Ronder nearly come to blows. Indeed, Brandon climbs out—excited, distracted. A pain like a sword darts through his head, just like an active personal enemy. Why had God done this thing? He felt old, and sick, and weak. As he trembled up the hill an enemy seemed to dog his footsteps.

The talk arising out of this unfortunate affair is drowned in the excitement of the great celebrations of Polchester loyalty. Ronder is uneasy at the turn events have taken ; a little uneasy, also, as to whether he is quite wise in backing Wistons so heavily ; perhaps, for the present, Brandon is enough to look after. As for Brandon, what does this man Hogg—Annie's disreputable parent (what a disgraceful connexion !)—mean by following him about ? And that loafing, idle, drunken artist, Davray, who is always sketching and painting in the cathedral ? Why are these things allowed ? How dare Hogg speak to him ! How dare Davray lecture *him* on the beauties of that great building ! The chaste proprieties of the precincts invaded by these dark, sodden creatures from Seatown, indeed ! " The cathedral is sick of you and your damned conceit, and is going to get rid of you, too ! " Davray had said that to him—to him, Archdeacon Brandon !

How lonely he felt ; the great Service at the Cathedral, the frail old bishop's sermon—his last, doubtless, in his long life—passed before his eyes like a dream. And the Ball at the Assembly Room ; his pretty daughter Joan like a dream, fading away out of his life ; and his wife, what's the matter with her ? How ill he feels ; he would die, were it not for Joan's faithful devotion—so faithful that, seeing the tragedy gathering round the old home, Joan has whispered to Johnny : " Hush ! my darling boy—you must *wait.*" So Brandon wanders about, finds himself at the Fair Ground among the waxworks and swings.

And then a terrible thing happens ; in the throng he is attacked and badly mauled by Hogg and Hogg's confederates. Hogg calls him—him ! " the villain whose son has ruined his daughter." He reaches home bruised, ill. Worse, that wretched Miss Milton, ex-librarian, has got hold of a letter from his wife to Morris :

DEAREST. I am sending this by a safe hand to tell you that I cannot possibly get down to-night. I will explain everything when we meet to-morrow.

Of course, it is only by chance that this letter has fallen into Miss Milton's hands. For conscience sake she has taken it to Canon Ronder ; naturally, too, she would like to obtain his advice on so delicate a subject. The canon's dictum is explicit —Burn it ! Her principles revolt at the idea of so weak an action ; so she lays it before the archdeacon's eyes ; of course he can destroy it if he likes ; but there are so many wickednesses going on in the town—well, her conscience—oh, yes ; she had shown it to Canon Ronder, and *he* had advised her to show it to the archdeacon. But is it in his wife's handwriting ? Brandon thinks it is not, and Miss Milton is aware of the penalties for forgery ? Penal servitude. Miss Milton smiles ; she only requires full investigation ; she has only done her duty ; she wishes him good-evening.

It is late when he reaches home that evening, for he has been to the good bishop, and the good bishop has given him spiritual advice. The ways of God are mysterious ; even he, the bishop, had once upon a time lost all faith in God ; had come out of that dreadful darkness believing only in the beauty of Christ's life. " Look up, my son ; bear this with patience. God is standing at your shoulder. This trouble is training for you." Strange peace came to Brandon's heart, not from the old man's words so much as from the touch of his thin, frail hand. Ronder was of little importance, after all. The cathedral faded.

Mrs. Brandon was in bed, staring straight in front of her. He wanted to have a talk with her ; she has been unhappy ; he wants the trouble cleared away so that they can be as they were before. Before ! The irony of it ! Falk's going must have made her miserable. No ; she is just tired, as she was that morning when she couldn't attend the Holy Communion. No ; it won't do ; people are talking—

" Some one brought me a letter, Amy. They said it was a letter of yours."

She did not move or stir. Then—" Let me see it—to whom do you suppose it was written ?"

" To Morris of St. James'."

She nodded her head. " Ah yes, we're friends. Of course, it's a forgery ; a very clever one. You have enemies, you know that ; they are jealous."

"One enemy," he replied, "Ronder. The woman had been to him with this letter."

"What woman?"

"Miss Milton."

"And she had been with this letter to Canon Ronder before she came to you?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" Then she said very quietly, "And what do you mean to do about this letter?"

Whatever she wishes; but he would like to bring the wretches to justice. But what good can it do to follow it up, she asks. Oh, to get away from this scandalous town!

"And we will," he cried eagerly. "Give me that letter; I'll destroy it."

She gave him the letter. "Look at it before you tear it up," she said, staring at him as though she would not miss any change in his features. "You are sure it *is* a forgery?"

"Why, of course."

"Nothing like my handwriting?"

"Nothing at all."

"Look well at that letter. You are wrong. It is not a forgery. I did write it."

Yes, it was true, she loved Morris, had loved him from the first moment she saw him. She had been unfaithful to her husband. At first Morris wouldn't. But she would; she had hated Brandon for years. Then Brandon's hands met round her throat, and his knees were over her; then suddenly his eyes recognized hers; his hands dropped, he crawled from the bed; then felt his way blindly from the room.

III—The Last Stand

MRS. BRANDON fades away from the scene, and the shade of Morris disappears with her. The great Jubilee week is over, and Canon Ronder has come through it magnificently. He is firmly established now as the leading man in Polchester; if only the Pybus living goes the right way he will have nothing more to wish for. Wistons is not quite the ascetic mixture of Dante and Savonarola expected by Ronders—at any rate, in looks. He is indeed thin, but he is little, almost deformed; his face is positively ugly, redeemed, however, by splendid and penetrating eyes. And he is going to have no nonsense about this appointment; he knows that there is opposition, and he will have no false pretences. He knows that there is a battle waging between the older, more conservative body of opinion, and the more modern school.

But did Ronder really think him the best man? An impertinent question, perhaps—and Ronder really thinks it *is* impertinent. Ronder had been so pleased with himself up to this point that a pleasant vision of distributing pennies to all the children in his immediate neighbourhood had been floating through his mind. For a time this pretty picture becomes clouded; still, no doubt, Wistons is the right man; he honestly thinks so. Of course, Brandon is a splendid fellow, and has done splendid work for the Church, but now he is behind the times, out of date, too obstinate to change. Besides, certain family misfortunes have hit him hard, and his health, alas, is not what it was.

"I want you to understand the kind of man I am, Canon Ronder, before you propose me for this post. I come, if I come at all, to fight the cathedral—that is, to fight everything in it, round it, about it, that prevents men from seeing clearly the figure of Christ. I believe, Canon Ronder, that before many years are out it will become clear to the whole world that there are now two religions—the religion of authority and the religion of the spirit—and if in such a division I must choose, I am for the religion of the spirit every time."

"Exactly!" said Ronder, suddenly turning his eyes full on Wistons. "The Christian Church has made a golden calf of its dogmas. The calf is worshipped, the cathedral enshrines it."

Before the Chapter meets to decide the Pybus appointment the archdeacon deals out one strong blow straight from the shoulder—but not an ecclesiastical blow; one straight on the jaw of Hogg, whom he encounters in the High Street. It only remains now for him to put up a final fight for the cathedral—and himself. But, still physically strong under excitement, he is breaking down under the mental strain of the events of a few weeks. Indeed, it is hardly expected that he will be present at this historic meeting.

But he comes; careworn, but with the old important look. But not so confident. He apologises for being late; his watch, he fears. The meeting opens with prayer, and Brandon's head remains bowed longer than the others. Then to business. Pybus and

its incumbent is an important matter in this diocese ; everyone knows that. Certain names have been proposed ; the two most favourably considered by the Chapter are those of the Rev. Rex Forsyth, chaplain to Bishop Clematis, and the Rev. Ambrose Wistons, of St. Edwards, Hawston. The first gentleman is known to most of the Chapter ; the second is known chiefly through his writings.

Will Canon Ronder say something? Yes ; but the canon is some minutes—or it seems so—before he can say very much. The ghastly white face of Brandon is watching him—yet, what had he done that he could have left undone ? Wistons is the man : " . . . our cathedral, that we all so deeply love, is waiting for just such a man. Then—although his opinions are not precisely those . . ." Brandon was staring at his own long, nervous fingers. He speaks without looking up—almost in a whisper come broken words. Horrified—horrified at this acceptance of a man who is a declared atheist before God ! Yes, gentlemen—I am not very well. " I have learnt many things under God's hand in the last six months. He has shown me some weaknesses and failings. But—have you read this man's books. Do you know that he questions the Divinity of Christ Himself ? "

There is interruption ; that is not true. Well, if they will only give him time, he will prove everything. Do not decide hastily. The dean, very gently, points out that the living has been vacant for some months ; they must decide now.

" You against me. Every man's hand is now against me. Nevertheless, what I say is right and true. . . . I have seen God, I have walked with God, I shall walk with him again. He will lead me out of these sore distresses and take me into green pastures. . . . "

The rain drizzles thick on the panes ; the room is so dark that lights are called for. They are grateful to the archdeacon for what he has done. Any further name suggested ? None. Pens and paper are put before everyone present ; the little voting slips are slowly unrolled and counted. " One vote has been recorded for Mr. Forsyth, the rest for Mr. Wistons." Brandon was on his feet at once. " No—no——. Oh, God, help me now ! " He fell, and in a minute was dead.

A Master Singer's Words for His Own Music

RICHARD WAGNER

THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGS

IV—The Dusk of the Gods

THE basis of the last of the music-dramas dealing with The Ring of the Nibelungs was the poem on the Death of Siegfried which Wagner wrote in 1848. The score was begun in 1870 and finished in 1874, the opera being produced at Baireuth on August 17, 1876. Wagner described the central idea of his great work as showing ' the necessity of recognizing the change, the diversity, the multiplicity, the eternal newness of reality and life, and yielding place to it.' Outlines of Rhine Gold, The Valkyrie, and Siegfried appear at pages 3519, 3650 and 3669 respectively.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Gunther Hagen Siegfried Alberic
Brunnhilde Gutrune Valtrauta

Prelude

On the Valkyries' rock, by night, sit the three Nornir (fates) weaving their ropes of runes. It breaks in the middle, and they disappear, knowing that the end of the gods is at hand. At dawn Siegfried *arises to part from* Brunnhilde, *and go to fresh exploits. At parting he gives her the Ring, and she gives him her horse Grane, in return.*

First Act

The hall of the Gibichungs, on the Rhine. Gunther, Hagen *and* Gutrune.

HAGEN : In radiance of brightness
Rises Gibich's race ;
But Gunther fails to wed,
Gutrune finds no mate.
A wife awaits him,
The fairest in the world :
A far-off rock's her home,
Fire burns around her hall.

He alone who braves that fire
May fitly woo Brünnhild'.
Gunther : And may not my might so far stretch ?
Hag. : For a stronger it is reserved :
Siegfried, of Wälsung descent ;
His is the strongest hand,
Him I'd have for Gutrune's mate.
Gunt. : And Brünnhild's won only by him ?
Hag. : To no other waneth the blaze.
Gunt. : Why would'st thou induce in me
Desire for a treasure
I may not touch ?
Hag. : Thy prayer could work thy wishes
If Gutrun' wove a spell.
Gutrune : Thou scoffest, wicked Hagen !
How can I bind this man ?
Hag. : Recall the drink in yon shrine :
The hero for whom thou burn'st
Fondly 'twill bind to thy heart.
Did now but Siegfried come
And taste of the wonderful draught,
That he'd seen any woman ere thee
Would utterly pass from his mind.
[*A horn is heard in the distance.*
Hag. : Within a vessel, a horse and man !
Siegfried it is, surely no other !
[*Enter* **Siegfried**, *leading Grane.*
Siegfried : Which is Gibich's son ?
Gunt. : Gunther I, whom thou seek'st.

[**Siegfried** and **Gunther** exchange presents and take the oath of blood-brotherhood. **Hagen** is the son of the Nibelung **Alberic**, and the object of his sojourn among men is to regain possession of the Ring. He tells **Siegfried** of the powers of the Tarnhelm. **Gutrune** then brings a magic drink, which causes **Siegfried** to forget utterly **Brunnhilde**, and to fall violently in love with herself. **Gunther** agrees to bestow **Gutrune's** hand upon him if he will fetch **Brunnhilde**, disguising himself with the Tarnhelm, so that she may believe that it is **Gunther** himself who fetches her.]

Second Act

The Valkyries' rock. **Valtrauta** *has come to see if her sister is awake yet, and tells her of* **Wotan's** *fears.*

Valtrauta : Deep sighs he uttered :
Closed his eyelids
As he were dreaming,
And spake these words :
" The day the Rhine's three daughters
Gain by surrender from her the Ring,
From the curse's load
Released are gods and men."
Then, my sister,
I supplicate :
Ward off the woe of the gods !
Brunnhilde : The Ring ! Resign ?
Valt. : Surrender it back to the Rhine !
Brunn. : Surrender it ? I ? The Ring ?
Siegfried's bridal gift ?
More than Walhall's honour,
More than the eternal realm,
I hold this Ring.
One look at its beauteous gold
Delights me more than unending good
To all the eternal gods.
I'll loose not love from my heart !
No command can hinder my loving :
Sooner to ruins
Walhall's splendour shall crash !
Valt. : Woe's me ! Woe's me !
Woe to thee, sister !
Woe to Walhalla gods !
[*She rides off hastily. Through the flames comes* **Siegfried**, *in* **Gunther's** *form.*
Brunn. (*in horror*) : What man art thou ?
Siegfried : A Gibichung am I,
And Gunther is my name,
Who, maid, will mate with thee.
Brunnhilde : Wotan ! Resentful,
Stern-hearted sire !
Woe, now I fathom
Thy fiat fell.
My shame and sorrow
Well hast thou shaped.
[**Siegfried** *seizes her and tears the Ring from her finger.*

Third Act

Night. River bank before the hall of the Gibichungs. **Hagen** *pretending to sleep ;* **Alberic** *crouching in front of him.*

Alberic : Rendered Siegfried ever
The Ring to the daughters of Rhine,
For ever gone were the gold,
And no art could earn it again.
Thou'lt vanquish Wälsung and Wotan ;
Swear to me, Hagen, my son.
Hagen : The Ring I'll seize,
Rest in peace.
[*As the sun rises* **Alberic** *vanishes.* *Enter* **Siegfried.**
Siegfried : From Brünnhilde's rock
Swift was my flight :
Slower will follow the pair.
Wakes Gutrune yet ? [*Enter* **Gutrune.**
Freely deign
To show me favour :
As wife I've won thee to-day.
Gutrune : Did'st conquer the maid so fierce ?
Siegf. : She felt—Gunther's might.
Gut. : Was she married then to thee ?
Siegf. : 'Twixt the East and the West lies
North (*pointing to his sword*).
So near was Brünnhilde to me.
[**Gunther** *and* **Brunnhilde** *enter in a boat.*
Brunnhilde *sees* **Siegfried** *with* **Gutrune.**
Brunnhilde : Siegfried—here ? Gutrune ?
Siegf. : Gunther's wild-eyed sister :
Mate to me
As thou to him.
Brunn. : I ?—Gunther ?—You lie !
I see not the light :
Siegfried—knows me not !
Ha ! That Ring
Upon his hand !
He—Siegfried ?—
On thy hand there I spy a ring :
Thou hold'st it wrongly,
It was ravished
[*Pointing to* **Gunther.**
By this man !

Gunther (*greatly perplexed*):
The Ring!—I gave him naught!
Brunn.: Where guardest thou the Ring
That thou didst force from me?
[**Gunther,** *much puzzled, remains silent.* **Brunnhilde** *turns on* **Siegfried.**
Ha! This one 'twas then
That from me wrenched the Ring!
Siegfried the treacherous thief!
Hag.: If 'tis that Ring that Gunther gained
He owns it still—
And Siegfried has won it by trick,
Which the traitor should pay for straight.
Gunt.: Brunnhild', my consort,
Calm thyself!
Brunn.: Away, thou traitor!
Thou'rt betrayed too!
Siegfried yonder
Was wed to me.
Siegf.: Art so careless of thine honour?
Blood-brotherhood
Gunther and I have sworn:
'Nothung,' my goodly sword,
Guarded the oath intact:
Its edge did keep me sundered
From this ill-omened bride.
[*Exit, with* **Gutrune.** *All follow him except* **Brunnhilde** *and* **Hagen.**
Hag.: Have trust in me,
Betrayed dame,
And for thy wrongs
I'll wreak revenge!
Brunn.: On Siegfried?—Thou? (*Laughs bitterly.*)
Hag.: I mind well Siegfried's
Sovereign might;
He scarce were mastered in battle.
But whisper to me
Some cunning way
To make him weak in my hands.
Brunn.: Each single art
That once I owned
Did I lend his life to protect:
Magical means I used
Safely to ward him from wounds.
Never, I well knew,
Would he retreat
And turn his back to the foeman;
And so no spell did I set there.
Hag.: And there I'll set my spear!

Fourth Act

A wild wood and a rocky valley by the Rhine. **Siegfried,** *having separated from the rest of the hunt in pursuit of a bear, comes on the Rhine maidens, who beg him to restore the Ring. On his refusal, they tell him the story of the curse.* **Gunther, Hagen** *and vassals come on. They sit down, and to divert* **Gunther,** **Siegfried** *tells the story of his life, and how he came to kill* **Mime.** **Hagen** *mingles the juice of a herb with the drink and hands it to* **Siegfried.**

HAGEN: Drink, hero,
From my horn:
I mingled a herb with the draught
To awaken and hold thy remembrance,
That past things may be apparent.
[**Siegfried** *drinks from the cup, and recalls his first meeting with* **Brunnhilde.**
Gunther: What say'st thou?
[*Two ravens fly in circle over* **Siegfried,** *and cross the Rhine*
Hag.: Can'st read the speech
Of those ravens aright?
[**Siegfried** *starts up and looks after the birds, turning his back to* **Hagen.**
Hag.: Revenge they rouse in me!
[*Thrusts his spear into* **Siegfried's** *back.* **Gunther** *catches his arm, but too late.*
Gunther and Vassals: Hagen! What deed is this?
[**Siegfried** *attempts to crush* **Hagen.** *His strength fails, and he falls back, dying.*
Siegfried: Thrice blessed ending!
Thrill that dismays not!
Brunnhilde beckons me—Ah!
[*He falls back, dead.*

Fifth Act

The hall of the Gibichungs. Enter **Gunther** *and a crowd, bearing the body of* **Siegfried.** **Gutrune** *throws herself on the body.*

GUNTHER: Gutrune! Lovely sister!
Lift up thine eyes,
Speak unto me!
Gutrune: Siegfried!—Siegfried is slaughtered!
Hence, treacherous brother,
Assassin of my husband,
Ye have my Siegfried slain!
Gunt.: Reproach thou rather Hagen:
He is the accursed wild boar
By whom this hero is slain!
Hagen: Well, then, 'tis I have slain him!
I—Hagen—smote him dead!
Holiest booty right
Here to me should be rendered,
Wherefore I demand this Ring!
Gunt.: Away! Thou ne'er shalt touch
What I mine own declare.
Seek'st thou Gutrune's dowry,
Thou spawn of dwarfish stock?
Hag. (*drawing his sword*): The dwarf's own dower
Thus—his son assumes.
[*They fight;* **Gunther** *is killed.* **Hagen** *snatches at* **Siegfried's** *hand—it raises itself threateningly; general terror.* **Brunnhilde** *enters and thrusts aside the weeping* **Gutrune.**
Gut.: Brünnhilde, hurt by baseness,
Thou brought'st on us this harm:
'Tis thou didst stir them to kill him,
Woe the day thou camest hither!
Brunnhilde: Nay, poor soul, peace:
His wife *thou* never wast.
Thou ownedst him
Only in name.
Myself was his honoured spouse.
The oath of our union was sworn
Ere Siegfried thy face had seen.
Gut.: Accursèd Hagen,
Thou gavest me the hateful philtre
To make her husband play false!
O sorrow! sorrow!

[*At* Brunnhilde's *bidding, a huge funeral pyre is erected.* Siegfried's *body is placed upon it. She takes from his finger the Ring and places it on her own finger.*

Brunn. : Thou fatal round ;
Fearfullest Ring :
Ye water-dwelling sisters,
The Rhine's fair swimming daughters,
What ye would gain
I give to you :
Out of my ashes
Take it for ever.
The red flame that burneth me
Cleanses the Ring from its curse.
Draweth near in gloom
The dusk of the gods ;
Thus casting my torch
I kindle Walhall's towers !

[*She thrusts a torch into the pyre. Mounting the horse Grane, she leaps into the blazing mass. The Rhine swells tremendously, and sweeps over the fire. The Rhine daughters swim up.* Hagen *dashes into the water at them.* Woglinde *and* Wellgunde *drag him under.* Flosshilde *joyously holds up the Ring. In the sky appears the hall of Walhall, gods and heroes sitting together. Bright flames seize on the abode of the gods, until they completely envelop it.*]

Representative Novel of a Late Victorian

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

It was after the Russo-Turkish war that David Christie Murray first began to transfer his abundant experience of life to the pages of fiction. His first novel, A Life's Atonement, after appearing serially in Chambers' Journal, was published in 1880. It was followed a year later by Joseph's Coat, and from then until his death he published one or more novels almost every year. Altogether he produced over thirty volumes of short stories and novels single-handed, as well as works written in collaboration with other authors. In The Way of the World (1884) his art as a story-teller and his keen analytical observation are displayed as strikingly as in any of his later works, of which Aunt Rachel (1886) is perhaps the best. In addition to his works of fiction, Murray published Guesses at Truth, Ethical, Social, Political and Literary, a volume of essays originally contributed to The Referee, and several volumes of autobiography including A Novelist's Notebook (1887), and The Making of a Novelist (1894).

I—The Upstart

Your sympathies are requested for Mr. Bolsover Kimberley, a gentleman embarrassed beyond measure.

Mr. Kimberley was thirty-five years of age. He was meek, and had no features to speak of. His hair was unassuming, and his whiskers were too shy to curl. He was a clerk in a solicitor's office in the town of Gallowbay, and he seemed likely to live to the end of his days in the pursuit of labours no more profitable or pretentious.

A cat may look at a king. A solicitor's clerk may love an earl's daughter. It was an undeniable madness in Kimberley even to dream of loving the Lady Ella Santerre. He knew perfectly well what a fool he was ; but he was in love for all that.

To Bolsover Kimberley, seated in a little room with a dingy red desk and cob-webbed skylight, there entered Mr. Ragshaw, senior clerk to Messrs. Begg, Batter and Bagg, solicitors.

" My dear Mr. Kimberley," said Mr. Ragshaw, " allow me the honour of shaking hands with you. I believe that I am the first bearer of good news."

Mr. Kimberley turned pale.

" My firm, sir," pursued Mr. Ragshaw, " represented the trustees of the late owner of the Gallowbay estate, who died three months ago at the age of twenty, leaving no known relatives. We instituted a search, which resulted in the discovery of an indisputable title to the estate. Permit me to congratulate you, sir—the estate is yours."

Bolsover Kimberley gasped, and his voice was harsh.

" How much ? "

" The estate, sir, is now approximately valued at forty-seven thousand per annum."

Kimberley lurched forward, and fell over in a dead faint. Mr. Ragshaw's attentions restored him to his senses, and he drank a little water, and sobbed hysterically.

When he had recovered a little, he arose weakly from the one office chair, took off his office coat, rolled it up neatly and put it in his desk. Then he put on his walking coat and his hat and accompanied by Mr. Ragshaw walked down the street.

"Don't you think, Mr. Kimberley," asked Mr. Ragshaw, with profound respect, "that a little something——"

They were outside the Windgall Arms, and Kimberley understood.

"Why, yes, sir," he said; "but I never keep it in the 'ouse, and having had to pay a tailor's bill this week, I don't happen——"

"My *dear* sir, allow me!" said Ragshaw, with genuine emotion.

THE champagne, the dinner that followed, the interviews with pressmen, the excitement and obsequiousness of everybody conveyed to Kimberley's mind, in a dizzy sort of way, that he was somebody in the world, and ought to be proud of it. But his long life of servitude, his shyness and want of nerve, all weighed heavily upon him, and he was far from being happy.

Mr. Begg, senior partner of Messrs. Begg, Batter and Bagg, was sitting in his office a day or two later when a clerk ushered in the Earl of Windgall.

"What's this news about Gallowbay, Begg? Is it true?" the earl began in an excited tone.

"It is certainly true," answered Begg.

"What sort of fellow is this Kimberley?"

"Well, he seems to be a shy little man, *gauche*, and—and—underbred, even for his late position."

"That's a pity. I should like to see him," added the grey little nobleman. "I suppose you will act for him as you did for poor young Edward?"

Poor young Edward was the deceased minor whose early death had wrecked the finest chances the Windgall family craft had ever carried.

"I suppose so," said Begg.

"I presume," said the earl, "that even if he wanted to call in his money you could arrange elsewhere?"

"With regard to the first mortgage?" asked Mr. Begg. "Certainly"

"And what about the new arrangement?" asked the earl nervously.

"Impossible, I regret to say."

"Very well," returned the earl, with a sigh. "I suppose the timber must go. If poor Edward had lived, it would all have been very different."

Next day, when Kimberley, preposterously overdressed and thoroughly ashamed of himself, was trying to talk business in Mr. Begg's office, the Earl of Windgall was announced. There was nothing in the world that could have terrified him more. And when the father of his ideal love, Lady Ella Santerre, shook him by the hand, he could only gasp and gurgle in response. But the earl's courteous and kindly manner gradually reassured him, and in a little time he began to plume himself in harmless trembling vanity upon sitting in the same room with a nobleman and a great lawyer.

"I am pleased to have met you, Mr. Kimberley," said the earl, in going; "and I trust we shall see more of each other."

Mr. Kimberley flushed, and bowed in a violent flutter.

As the earl was driven homeward he could not help feeling that he was engaged in a shameful enterprise. People would talk if he invited this gilded little snob to Shouldershott Castle, and would know very well why he was asked there. Let them talk.

"A million and a quarter!" said the poor peer. "And if I don't catch him, somebody else will."

MEANWHILE, Captain Jack Clare, an extremely popular young officer of dragoons, was in the depths of despair. He was the younger brother of Lord Montacute, whose family was poor; he loved Lady Ella Santerre, whose family was still poorer. The heads of the families had forbidden the match for financial reasons. He had stolen an interview with Ella, and had found that she bowed to the decision of the seniors.

"It is all quite hopeless and impossible," she had said. "Good-bye, Jack!"

As he rode dispiritedly away, he could not see, for the intervening trees, that she was kneeling in the fern and crying as if her heart would break.

II—A Peer in Difficulties

THE Lady Ella slipped an arm about her father's neck.

"You are in trouble, dear," she said. "Can I help you?"

"No," said the poor nobleman. "There's no help for it, Begg says, and they'll have to cut down the timber in the park. Poverty, my dear, poverty.

"That isn't the worst of it," said Windgall, after a pause. "I am in the hands of the Jews. A wretched Hebrew says he *will* have a thousand pounds by this day week. He might as well ask me for a million."

"The diamonds are worth more than a thousand pounds, dear," she said gently.

"No, no, my darling," he answered. "I have robbed you of everything already."

"You must take them, papa," she said, in tender decision. She left him, only to return in a few minutes' time with a dark shagreen case in her hands. The earl paced about the room for a minute or two.

"I take these," he said at last, "in bitter unwillingness, because I can't help taking them, my dear. I had best get the business over, Ella. I will go up to town this afternoon."

During the whole of his journey the over-dressed figure of Kimberley seemed to stand before the embarrassed man, and a voice seemed to issue from it: "Catch me, flatter me, wheedle me, marry me to one of your daughters, and see the end of your woes." He despised himself heartily for permitting the idea to enter his mind, but he could not struggle against its intrusion.

Next day Kimberley entered his jeweller's to consult him concerning a scarf-pin. It was an enormous bulldog's head, carved in lava; the eyes were rubies, the collar was of gold and brilliants. This egregious jewel was of his own designing, and was of a piece with his general notions of how a millionaire should attire himself.

As he passed through the door somebody leapt from a cab carrying something in his hands, and jostled against him. He turned round apologetically, and confronted the Earl of Windgall.

His lordship looked like a man detected in a theft, and shook hands with a confused tremor.

"Can you spare me half an hour?" he asked. Then he handed the package to the shopman. "Take care of that," he stammered. "It is valuable. I will call to-morrow."

That afternoon Kimberley accepted an invitation to stay at Shouldershott Castle.

He was prodigiously flattered and fluttered. When he thought of being beneath the same roof with Lady Ella, he flushed and trembled as he had never done before.

"I shall see her," he muttered wildly to himself. "I shall see her in the 'alls, the 'alls of dazzling light." It is something of a wonder that he did not lose his mental balance altogether.

When he was daily in the presence of Ella, the little man's heart ached with sweet anguish and helpless worship and desire. Yet before her he was tongue-tied, incapable of uttering a consecutive sentence. With her sister, Lady Alice Santerre, who had been the intended bride of the deceased heir to the Gallowbay estate, Kimberley felt on a different footing. He had hardly ever been so much at ease with anybody in his life as this young lady made him.

KIMBERLEY'S own anxious efforts at self-improvement, Lady Alice's good-natured advice, and the bold policy of the earl, who persuaded him to undergo the terrors of an election and get returned to parliament as member for Gallowbay, gradually made the millionaire a more presentable person. He learnt how to avoid dropping his 'h's'; but two vices were incurable—his shyness and his appalling taste in dress.

The world, meanwhile, had guessed at the earl's motives in extending his friendship to Kimberley, and the little man's name was knowingly linked with that of Lady Alice. Kimberley came to hear what the world was saying through meeting Mr. Blandy, a former employer. Mr. Blandy invited him to his house, honoured

the occasion with champagne, drank freely of it and became confidential.

"The noble earl'll nail you f' one o' the girls, Kimb'ly. I'm a lill bit 'fected when I think, seeing my dear Kimb'ly 'nited marriage noble family. That's what makes me talk like this. I b'leeve you're gone coon already, ole man. 'Gratulate you, all my heart."

Kimberley went away in a degradation of soul. Was it possible that this peer of the realm could be so coarsely and openly bent on securing him and his money that the whole world should know of it? What had Kimberley, he asked himself bitterly, to recommend him but his money? But then, triumphing over his miseries, came the fancy—he could have his dream of love; he had cried for the moon, and now he could have it.

III—Ella's Martyrdom

The earl's liabilities amounted roughly to ninety thousand pounds. The principal mortgagee was insisting upon payment or foreclosure, and there was a general feeling abroad that the estate was involved beyond its capacity to pay.

Kimberley learnt these circumstances in an interview with Mr. Begg. A few days afterwards he drove up desperately to the castle and asked for a private interview with his lordship.

"My lord," he said, when they were alone, "I want to ask your lordship's acceptance of these papers."

The earl understood them at a glance. Kimberley had bought his debts.

"I ask you to take them now," Kimberley went on, "before I say another word."

He rose, walked to the fire, and dropped the papers on the smouldering coal. The earl seized the papers and rescued them soiled but unsinged.

"Kimberley," he said, "I dare not lay myself under such an obligation to any man alive."

"They are yours, my lord," replied Kimberley. "I shall never touch them again. You're under no obligation to me, my lord. But"—he blushed and stammered—"I want to ask you for the hand of Lady Ella."

It took Windgall a full minute to pull himself together. He had schooled himself to the trembling hope that Alice might be chosen; but Ella! "Forgive me," he began, "I was unprepared—I was not altogether unprepared——" Then he lapsed into silence. "I will submit your proposal to my daughter," he said, after a time, "but—I am powerless—altogether powerless."

Kimberley went home in a tremor of nervous anxiety, and Windgall sent for his daughter.

"I want you to understand, my dear," he began nervously, "that you are free to act just as you will. Mr. Kimberley gave these into my hands this morning"—showing her the papers. "He gave them freely, as a gift. If I could accept them I should be free from the nightmare of debt. But in the same breath with that unconditional gift, he asked me for your hand in marriage."

She kept silence.

"You know our miserable necessities, Ella," he pleaded. "But I can't force your inclinations in a matter like this."

She ran to him, and threw her arms about his neck.

"If it depends upon me to end your troubles, my dear, they are ended already."

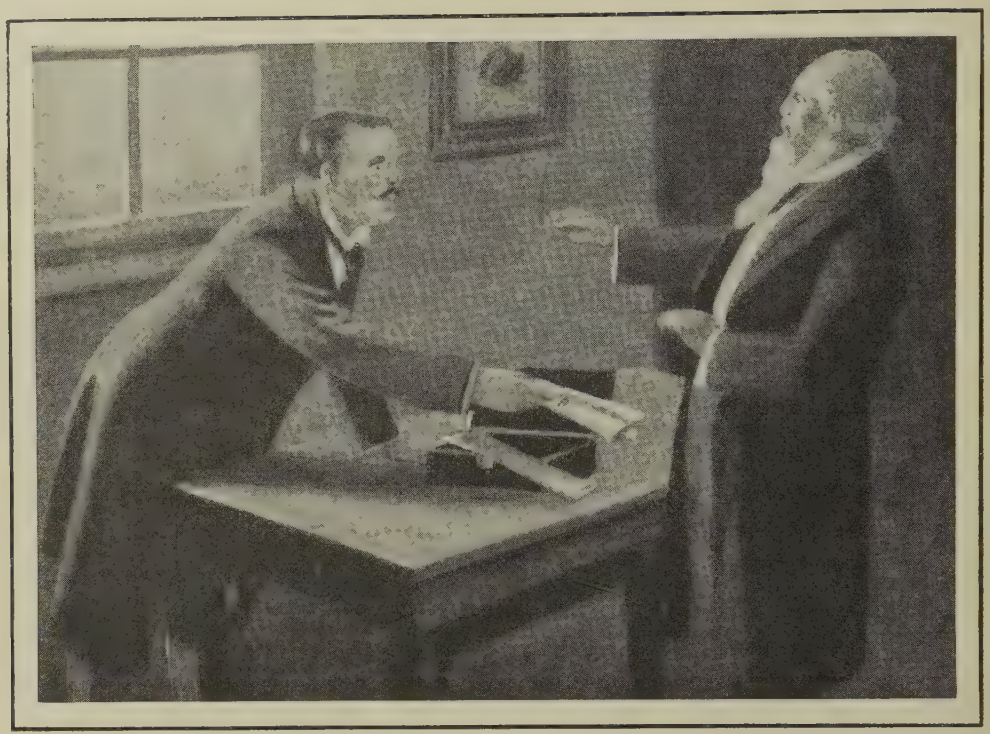
"Shall I," he asked lamely, "make Kimberley happy?"

She answered simply, "Yes."

Kimberley came to luncheon next day. Lady Ella gave him a hand like marble, and he kissed it. Her father, anxious to preserve a seeming satisfaction, put his arm about her waist and kissed her. Her cheek was like ice, and her whole figure trembled.

It was a dull, dreadful meal to all three who sat at table, and the millionaire's heart was the heaviest and the sorest.

If Ella suffered, she had the consolation, so dear to the nobler sort of women, that she was a sacrifice. If Windgall suffered, he had a solid compensation locked in the drawers of his library table. But Kimberley had no consolation, and knew only that he had expected somehow to be



" MY LORD, MARRY LADY ELLA TO THE MAN SHE LOVES, AND TAKE THESE AS A WEDDING GIFT "

From the drawing by Victor Prout

happy, and was, in spite of his prosperous wooing, more miserable than he had ever been before.

As time went on, Kimberley grew no happier. The gulf between Lady Ella and himself had not been bridged by their betrothal. She was always courteous to him, but always cold. She had accepted him, and yet——

The first inkling that something was wrong came through the altered demeanour of Alice. The girl was furious at her father for sacrificing her sister, and furious with her sister for consenting to the sacrifice ; her former half-humorous comradeship for Kimberley was changed into chilly disdain.

The suspicions that were thus suggested to him were confirmed by a meeting with Ella outside the castle lodge. As he approached, he caught sight of her face as she was nodding a smiling good-bye to the old gate-keeper. She saw Kimberley, and the smile fled from her face with so swift a change, and left for a mere second something so like terror there, that he could scarcely fail to notice it.

He returned home possessed with remorse and shame. There was no doubt what the end should be. Ella must be released.

" She never cared about the money," he said, pacing the room with tear-blotted face. " She wanted to save her father, and she was ready to break her heart to do it. But she shall never break her heart through me. No, no. What a fool I was to think she could ever be happy with me ! "

IV—The Renunciation

Jack Clare, with a heart burning with rage at what he deemed Ella's treachery, had resigned his commission and bought an estate in New Zealand with a sum of money that had been left him. He became possessed of a desire to see Ella once more. He wrote to her that he was about to start for New Zealand, and wished to say good-bye to her. This letter he brought to the castle

gate-keeper, and caused it to be taken to Ella. Then he paced up and down the avenue, impatiently awaiting her.

Destiny ordained that Kimberley should come that way just then on his fateful errand of releasing Ella from her engagement. As he entered the park his resolve failed him; he wandered unhappily to and fro, until he became aware of a strange gentleman prowling about the avenue in a mighty hurry.

"Pardon me," said Kimberley nervously, "have you lost your way?"

Jack eyed him from head to foot—the vulgar glories of his attire, the extraordinary bulldog pin. This, he guessed, was Kimberley—the man to whom Ella had sold herself. He smiled bitterly, and turned on his heel.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Kimberley, ruffled. "I did myself the honour to address you."

"You pestilential little cad!" cried Jack, wheeling round and letting out his wrath; "go home!"

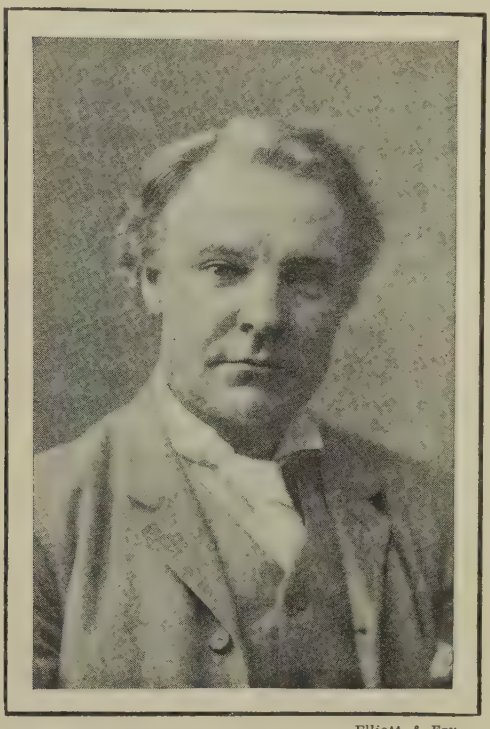
"Cad, sir!" answered Kimberley in indignation.

"I call any man a cad, sir," answered Jack, "who goes about dressed like that."

Jack walked on, and Kimberley stood rooted to the ground. He was crushed and overwhelmed beneath the sense of his own humiliation. His fineries had been the one thing on which he had relied to make himself look like a gentleman, and he knew now what they made him look like.

HE retreated to a little arboured seat, and a few minutes later would have given anything to escape from it. For he was a witness of the parting of Jack and Ella. He saw the tears streaming from her eyes; he heard Jack tell her that he had never loved another woman and never would. As they clasped each other's hands for the final good-bye, Jack seized her passionately and kissed her. Her head fell back from his shoulder; she had fainted. He laid her down upon the grass, and looked upon her in an agony of fear and self-reproach.

Soon afterwards a little man with a tear-stained face and an enormous bulldog scarf-pin arrived at the castle and asked in a breaking voice to see his lordship.



Elliott & Fry

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY was born at West Bromwich, April 13, 1847. After working in his father's printing office, he became a reporter on the Birmingham Morning News. He served in the dragoons for a year, and then devoted himself to journalism and novel writing. In 1871 he became parliamentary reporter for the Daily News, and in 1877–78 was correspondent of The Times and The Scotsman in the Russo-Turkish War. From 1881 to 1886 he lived mainly in Belgium and France, and from 1898 onwards he was one of the leading English champions of Dreyfus. Murray died at Hampstead, August 1, 1907.

"Did you know, my lord," he began, "that Lady Ella was breaking her heart because she was to marry me?"

"Really——"

"You didn't know it? I should be glad to think you didn't. Perhaps, in spite of all I said, you thought I had bought those papers to have you in my grasp. I am not a gentleman, my lord, but I hope I am above that. I was a fool to think I could ever make Lady Ella happy, and I resign my claim upon her hand, my lord."

"Stop, sir!" cried the earl in a rage of embarrassment and despair. He seemed face to face with the wreck of all his hopes. "Do you know that this is an insult to my daughter and to me?"

"My lord," returned Kimberley. "I am very sorry, but it was a shame to ask her to marry a man like me. I won't help to break her heart—I can't—not if I break my own a million times over."

The earl beat his foot upon the carpet. It *had* been a shame; and yet the man was a gentleman after all.

"By Heaven, Kimberley!" cried his lordship, in spite of himself, "you are a noble-hearted fellow!"

"Excuse me the trouble I have caused you. Good-bye, my lord." Kimberley bowed and left.

That night Kimberley received a package containing the papers and a note from the earl congratulating him on the magnanimous manner in which he had acted, but declaring that he felt compelled to return the documents. This added yet another drop to the bitterness of Kimberley's cup.

V—Kimberley's Wedding Gift

"My lord," said Kimberley, as he met the Earl of Windgall outside the London hotel where the earl was staying, "can you give me a very few minutes?"

"Certainly," said his lordship. "You are not well?" he added with solicitude.

"I am very tired," said the little millionaire wearily.

He had brought a despatch-box with him; he put it on the table and slowly unlocked it. The earl's heart beat violently as he looked once more upon the precious documents.

"You sent these back to me," said Kimberley. "Will you take 'em now? My lord, my lord, marry Lady Ella to the man she loves, and take these for a wedding gift. I helped to torture her. I have a right to help to make her happy."

Windgall was as wildly agitated as Kimberley himself. He recoiled and waved his hands.

"How can I take them?" he demanded.

"If you don't," said Kimberley, "I'll use them. I'll put them every one in force to-morrow. Oh, no, my lord, I never meant to threaten you! Hasn't there been trouble enough already? Take them—do take them—as a wedding gift."

He thrust the papers into Windgall's reluctant hands. Gradually the earl recovered a little self-possession.

"I—I do not think, Kimberley," he said, with quivering lip, "that I have ever known so noble an act before."

"You'll take them?" said Kimberley feebly.

"Yes; I'll do my best. God bless you, Kimberley! But you are ill, very ill."

"If I die," said Kimberley in a loud voice, which quavered suddenly down into a murmur, "everything is to go to Lady Ella, with my dearest love and worship."

Windgall caught only the first three words; he tugged at the bell-pull, and sent for a doctor.

An hour afterwards Kimberley was in bed with brain fever.

On the following morning Jack Clare stood in the rain on the deck of the steamship *Patagonia*, a travelling-cap pulled moodily over his eyes, watching the bestowal of his belongings in the hold.

"Honourable Captain Clare aboard?" cried a voice from the quay. A messenger came and handed Jack a letter. He saw with amazement that it bore the Windgall crest.

It was a hastily-written note from the earl stating that circumstances had occurred which enabled him to withdraw his opposition to the union of Clare and Lady Ella.

KIMBERLEY recovered. He can speak now to Clare's wife without embarrassment and without pain. Has he forgotten his love? No. He will never love again, never marry; but he is by no means unhappy, or solitary, or burdened with regrets. And he knows that those for whom he made his great sacrifice have given him their profoundest gratitude and sincerest friendship.

The ways of the world are various and many. And along them travel all sorts of people. Very dark grey—indeed, almost black some of them—middling grey, light grey, and here and there a figure that shines with a pure white radiance.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

As related in John Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith (see page 1703) it was his association with Newbery the publisher that first taught Goldsmith his own commercial value as a writer. To Newbery's daily newspaper The Public Ledger he contributed a series of articles in 1760-61, and among these was the series entitled The Citizen of the World, which was published in two volumes in 1762 with the sub-title Letters from a Chinese Philosopher Residing in London to his Friends in the East. The author's main purpose was to indulge in a keen but not ill-natured satire upon Western and especially upon English civilization, but sometimes the satiric manner yields place to the philosophical and the papers have a permanent value and interest besides being admirable examples of the English essay. A full page portrait of Oliver Goldsmith is given at page 1702 and outlines of his two comedies, She Stoops to Conquer and The Good-Natur'd Man, and of his immortal story The Vicar of Wakefield are given at pages 178, 1993 and 1826 respectively.

I—The Troubles of the Great

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam, First President of the Ceremonial Academy at Pekin

The princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribbon, which is worn over the shoulder. They who are honoured with this mark of distinction are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order.

This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services, and it is a very fortunate thing for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortunes in supporting the honour of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while a European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehension of wanting statesmen, generals and soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardship for empty favours. A person, already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition feels many real inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink and sleep before he became a courtier as well as, perhaps better than, when invested with his authority.

What real good, then, does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetite, then precedence might be attended with real amusement. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune happens to increase.

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us, and not to themselves, for all the happiness they enjoy.

For our pleasure, and not for any of their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heap of finery; for our pleasure, the lackeyed train, the slow-parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review; a single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen for ours. So true is the observa-

tion of Confucius, 'That we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavouring to think so ourselves.'

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome to the ambitious, yet it is well that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a ribbon. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavour to deprive a child of its rattle. Adieu.

II—The Folly of the Recluse

From Lien Chi Altangi to Hingpo, his Son

BOOKS, my son, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail.

I dislike, therefore, the philosopher, who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels them.

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise. He first has learnt from books, and then lays it down as a maxim that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; warm, therefore, in attachments, and steadfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe.

Upon a closer inspection of human nature he perceives that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings, none so infamous but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked; every movement gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate the injury; at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking. "Come, then, O Poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the Wise? Temperance, Health and Frugality walk in thy train; Cheerfulness and Liberty are ever thy companions. Come, then, O Poverty, while kings stand by, and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation!"

The goddess appears, for Poverty ever comes at the call; but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his warm imagination had painted. All the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins, while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

THE poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds that, in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. Spleen now begins to take up the man; not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel. The censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited; the discontented being who retires from society is generally some good-natured man who has begun life without experience and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind. Adieu.

III—On Mad Dogs

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. But though the nation be exempt from real evils, think not, my friend, that it is more happy on this account than others. They are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence, but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well enough known to foreign physicians by the name of epidemic terror.

The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence.

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in these ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a little dog that had gone through a neighbouring village, that was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes that a mastiff ran through a certain town and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting history of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water; when the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before.

My landlady, a good-natured woman but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago, before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks; she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within, for a few days ago so dismal an accident happened as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth and, raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer.

WERE most stories of this nature thoroughly examined it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were in no way injured; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors.

Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependent, and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all his services! Adieu.

IV—On Elections

From Lien Chi Altangi to Fum Hoam

THE English are at present employed in celebrating a feast which becomes general every seventh year: the parliament of the nation being then dissolved and another appointed to be chosen. This solemnity falls infinitely short of our Feast of the Lanterns in magnificence and splendour; it is also surpassed by others of the East in unanimity and pure devotion; but no festival in the world can compare with it for eating.

To say the truth, eating seems to make a grand ingredient in all English parties of zeal, business, or amusement. When a church is to be built, or an hospital endowed, the directors assemble and, instead of consulting upon it, they eat upon it, by which means the business goes forward with success. When the poor are to be relieved, the officers appointed to dole out public charity assemble and eat upon it. Nor has it ever been known that they filled the bellies of the poor till they had satisfied their own. But in the election of magistrates the people seem to exceed all bounds.

What amazes me is that all this good living no way contributes to improve their good humour. On the contrary, they seem to lose their temper as they lose their appetites; every morsel they swallow, and every glass they pour down, serves to increase their animosity.

I lately made an excursion to a neighbouring village, in order to be a spectator of the ceremonies practised. Mixing with the crowd, I was conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen; but what tongue can describe this scene of confusion! The whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism and punch.

I REMARKED one figure that was carried up by two men upon this occasion. I at first began to pity his infirmities as natural, but soon found the fellow so drunk that he could not stand; another made his appearance to give his vote, but though he could stand, he actually lost the use of his tongue and remained silent; a third, who, though excessively drunk, could both stand and speak, being asked the candidate's name for whom he voted, could be prevailed upon to make no other answer but "Tobacco and brandy!"

In short, an election-hall seems to be a theatre, where every passion is seen without disguise; a school where fools may readily become worse, and where philosophers may gather wisdom. Adieu.

V—Opinions and Anecdotes

THE most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves.

It may sound fine in the mouth of a declaimer, when he talks of subduing our appetites, of teaching every sense to be content with a bare sufficiency, and of supplying only the wants of nature; but is there not more satisfaction in indulging these appetites, if with innocence and safety, than in restraining them? Am I not better pleased in enjoyment than in the sullen satisfaction of thinking that I can live without enjoyment?

When five brethren had set upon the great Emperor Guisong, alone with his sabre he slew four of them; he was struggling with the fifth, when his guards, coming up, were going to cut the conspirator into a thousand pieces. "No, no!" cried the emperor, with a placid countenance. "Of all his brothers he is the only one remaining; at least let one of the family be suffered to live, that his aged parents may have somebody left to feed and comfort them."

It was a fine saying of Nangfu the emperor, who, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, said: "Come, then, my friends, follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them."

He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity.

"How!" cried his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned all, and even caressed some!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my *enemies;* I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer; I have made *friends* of them."

Well it were if rewards and mercy alone could regulate the commonwealth; but since punishments are sometimes necessary, let them at least be rendered terrible by being executed but seldom; and let justice lift her sword rather to terrify than revenge.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

HASSAN

A Critical Appreciation by R. Musgrove Scott

BRITISH poets have rarely been able to build substantially upon oriental foundations. As a rule they have been too prone to regard the East as a mysterious and vaguely magnificent region, excellent for scenic purposes, but even more incapable of effective annexation to the national literature than Mount Parnassus. In a class by itself, therefore, is Hassan, the work of a young poet who, most unfortunately, turned his attention to dramatic composition too late. For Flecker died on January 3, 1915, a few months after finishing this, his one perfect play; he was then only thirty years of age, having been born on November 5, 1884.

He had lived for several years in Syria before beginning to write Hassan, and was thoroughly familiar with many Eastern languages. These facts have their significance in any study of Flecker's writings. Hassan is fantastic; but its delicate beauty might so easily have been rendered extravagant, even garish, had the author not had personal experience of the real East with which to temper his poetic conception of the Bagdad of Haroun al Raschid—'the dim-moon city of delight.' Further, his deftness and surety of touch in the creation of character and atmosphere, and his ability to discriminate between what was genuinely oriental and what was merely theatrical, were largely fruits of his scholarship. Hassan differs, therefore, from most other imaginative works that are intended to give formal expression to the beauty of the Moslem East in being based upon keen observation and knowledge drawn from trustworthy sources, not acquired at second-hand.

The play—it was produced in London in 1923 and is published at six shillings by William Heinemann, as also is Flecker's Don Juan—is the 'story of Hassan of Bagdad and how he came to make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.' In the prologue Flecker demands:

> What shall we tell you? Tales, wonderful tales. . . .
>
> And how beguile you? Death has no repose
> Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
> Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
> Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

Here we have all the ingredients of Hassan, 'tales, marvellous tales,' and idealism—which is realized in the 'Golden Journey,' the supreme mystical adventure in the lives of spiritual men—punctuated by the black finality of death. Considered in a coldly critical spirit, the twin-plot is, in fact, as wonderful (and as incredible) as the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor; yet it carries conviction. For Flecker does not labour after the fantastic—as fantasy—any more than after the realistic—as realism. There are, however, elements of both in Hassan, together with vivid romanticism. A strange mixture, we might think; but its constituents are always admirably blended. Although Flecker contrives to play upon our emotions, neither the incidents nor the dialogue ever approach sentimentality; although, too, he sets us intellectual problems, he always ensures that our attention shall not be held by abstractions instead of people. And he reveals a fresh, unexpected beauty that is disquieting in its intensity.

What, then, was Flecker's aim in writing Hassan? He is preoccupied throughout with the high lights and deep shadows, with the poetry and tragedy of man's

existence. As a result the play has a dream-like remoteness from the material world; it is no ordinary society with conventional standards of conduct or habits of thought that is represented in it. Nor does it contain anything that is sordid or mean; even torture is made to appear a nightmare of cruelty, madly grotesque rather than horrible. This, we might think, would give absurdly false dimensions to the piece, would make it vaporous and without significance, or merely bombastic; but let us state Flecker's theory of art. 'It is not the poet's business,' he wrote, 'to make wise reflections about the social and moral problems of the day': the poet should be concerned solely with the creation of beauty. This was Flecker's end in Hassan, and beyond all doubt he arrives at it. As to whether he was justified in struggling towards this ideal to the exclusion of all else, we may quote the opinion of one of the characters in the play:

> Ah, tell me, you who seem to be my friend, are all you poets liars?
> Ya, Hassan, but we tell excellent lies.

There, concisely, we have an excellent valuation of Flecker's art.

HASSAN is very beautiful and symmetrical when studied as a whole, and an analysis of it shows that Flecker's technique was as free from all clumsiness and dullness as his thought. There is colour in the drama, much of it; and so well is it suggested verbally that we have only to read Hassan in order to have a mental picture of the brilliant city in which the action takes place. There is a wealth of strange idiom, quaint figures of speech, Eastern imagery; but these effects are never over-emphasised. We may notice, too, that the elaborate decoration and the heavy, exotic atmosphere created by it are not wrought by means of a rich, ornate style. On the contrary, Flecker's language is most economical; it is fine-spun and hard, and thus enables him to give the nicest subtlety and great clarity to the play. Everything is well defined; each character—to borrow the terminology of an art catalogue—is precisely painted, varnished and appropriately framed.

When the curtain rises at the beginning of Hassan we are shown a bare room. A steaming cauldron and various utensils used by the manufacturers of sweets in their trade prove that it is as much a workshop as a living-room. Yet an extraordinarily beautiful carpet proclaims its owner to be a man of excellent if pronounced taste. This is Hassan, an unprepossessing, middle-aged man, who sits lamenting while his friend Selim, a gaudy, vulgar fellow, jeers at his distress. It appears that Hassan's heart is sore on account of love unrequited. As he explains:

> Alas, Selim! I could see her eyes beneath the veil, and they were like the twin fountains in the Caliph's garden; and her lips beneath her veil were like roses hidden in moss, and her waist was flexible as a palm tree swaying in the wind. And I glanced at her, but she would not smile, and I sighed, but she would not glance, and the door of her house shut fast against me, like the gate of Paradise against an infidel.

Indeed, so great is his misery that Selim begins to devise some means of turning it to his own advantage.

HE informs Hassan that a most powerful love-philtre may be bought of a Jew, a magician, of his acquaintance, for ten dinars. So far Hassan has been a perfect gallant, but this price shocks him so much that he becomes the tradesman that he normally is. 'No damsel is worth ten dinars,' he complains, 'and sages have remarked—The ideal is expensive; and philosophers have observed—There are a thousand figs on the fig tree and all are like as like.' Again, he fears that his reputation as a safe man in the market would be lost were it known that he had ever made such a purchase. But at this moment of indecision the appearance of the damsel under discussion adds irresistible force to Selim's persuasions. Hassan gives his friend the dinars wherewith to purchase the philtre, with the reflection that 'this young man weareth out my carpet apace'; and busies himself with the confection of the sweetmeats that are to contain the magic liquid.

His musings as he works provide an excellent example of Flecker's highly polished and expressive style. They show

us a side of Hassan that has been strange to us hitherto. Despite his commonplace appearance, he is a poet, a man eager for beauty and sorrowful because of desires impossible of fulfilment. The thoughts to which he now gives utterance have, therefore, great dignity as well as exquisite form. We may quote :

O, cruel destiny, thou hast made me a common man with a common trade. Had I been rich, ah me ! how deep had been my delight in matters of the soul, in poetry and music and pictures, and companions who do not jeer and grin, and, above all, in the colours of rich carpets and expensive silks. But be content, O artist : thou hast one carpet ; be content confectioner : thou hast one love—one love, but unattained . . .

Despite the fact that Flecker ostensibly divorced his art from material life, this speech is of universal application ; it conveys a general truth. Although it is Hassan of Bagdad who speaks, it might be any one of thousands of artists who are tormented by an aesthetic craving that their means do not permit them to satisfy.

We leave Hassan, still boiling sugar, but meet him again at night outside the house where dwells the woman whom he so passionately loves. He learns from the porter that the doctored sweets have been delivered, and eaten ; and that the recipient's name is Yasmin. Hassan gleefully savours the musical qualities of the word while he begins to tune a lute. When this operation is concluded to his satisfaction, he intones a song whose sweetness and intricate plan are representative of Flecker's careful art.

How splendid in the morning glows the lily ; with what grace he throws
His supplication to the rose : do roses nod the head, Yasmin ?
. . . . .
The morning light is clear and cold ; I dare not in that light behold
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone highway,
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin ;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon,
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread, Yasmin,
Shower down thy love, O burning bright ! for one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin !

The last notes of the lute still quiver in the air, when a shuttered window is opened, and a veiled woman steps on to a balcony. This is Yasmin, who is inclined to treat Hassan's passionate wooing with flippancy. She unveils for him, however, and thus enflames his passion the more ; he begs her to admit him to the house. But Yasmin refuses, saying that she is not alone. At this Selim peeps coyly from the window, and cries : 'Ya, Hassan, Salaam aleikum. I thank you for directing my steps to this rose-strewn bower.' Hassan is completely bewildered, and demands an explanation, upon which he is advised to 'plunge not the finger of enquiry into the pie of impertinence.' Yasmin and Selim together mock the confectioner, his aspirations, his hopes and his poetry, throwing in his face the fact that the so-called love philtre was nothing but indigo solution. Eventually Yasmin pours water over him ; and he falls in a swoon, to lie half concealed in the deep shadow thrown by a fountain.

Now we begin to follow the second thread of the plot, for there enters the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, accompanied by Jafar, his vizier, Masrur, his negro executioner and Ishak, his poet ; all wear the garb of merchants, for the Caliph is in search of adventure. Hearing music in a great, dark house, the party stops opposite the body of Hassan, without, however, perceiving it. Haroun believes that the dark house promises mystery, and clamours for admittance, describing himself and his friends as tradesmen from Basra. A voice from within informs him that there is no door to the house, so a great basket is lowered to hoist the strangers, one by one, to the upper window. The Caliph ascends first ; then Jafar ; then Masrur ; Ishak, however, rebels. He is standing in meditation when he notices Hassan ; he crosses to him immediately, and raises the fainting man's head.

Mashallah, but you have not died of hunger, my friend, and there is that on your face I do not like to see. By his clothes this was a common

man, a grocer or baker, his person ill-proportioned and unseemly, but by his forehead not quite a common man. Ah, brother, your hand is warm and your heart beating, you are not dead.

The Caliph, from above, orders Ishak peremptorily to join him. Ishak, however, lifts Hassan's inanimate form, and places it in the basket, murmuring as it is slowly raised :

May I not be free one hour, to breathe the dawn alone ! There, take my place, brother, and find your destiny. I will be free to-night, free for one dawn upon the hills !

In the next scene, we find Haroun, Jafar and Masrur attended by their host, Rafi, a strange man. Hassan is carried from the basket, and is entrusted to slaves, who are charged to revive him and dress him in clean clothes. But the self-styled merchants from Basra find themselves in a trap. Rafi, unaware of their identity, reveals to them that he is the chief of a band of desperate conspirators, who are going to overthrow the Government, seize Bagdad and bury the Caliph alive. Horrified, the three seekers after adventure attempt to withdraw, but are constrained to wait while Rafi tells them his story. Hassan has by this time returned, pale but in full possession of his wits, and splendidly attired. He, strictly orthodox and a loyal citizen, expresses disgust when he is told of the plot ; but, like the others, he listens eagerly to Rafi's impassioned recital.

I come from the hills beyond Mosul, where the men walk free and the women go unveiled. There I was betrothed to Pervaneh, a woman beautiful and wise. But the very day before our marriage the Governor of Mosul remembered my country and invaded it with a thousand men. . . . They caught Pervaneh walking alone among the pine woods and carried her away. When I heard this I leapt on my horse and galloped to Mosul . . . but there I found that she had already been sent with a raft full of slaves down the Tigris to Bagdad. Whereupon I hired six men with shining muscles to row me there.

I ran round the market to find Pervaneh, and behold there she stood ; she who had never worn a veil before, the only veiled woman in all the market. . . . And I purchased for gold the blood of my own heart, and she lifted her veil and sang for joy and hung upon my neck . . . But at that moment there entered the market a negro eunuch ; and all the dealers and the slaves bowed low before him. He said, ' I take her for the Caliph.' And two guards seized Pervaneh.

That is my story, and for this reason I will nail the Caliph down in his coffin, bound and living and with open eyes.

At the conclusion of this explanation, Haroun, Jafar and Masrur are loud in their protestations of anger. Haroun even tries to seize Rafi, who quickly indicates the watchful bowmen who surround the party. He himself retreats until he stands among his own men, when, with a tremendous crash, iron shutters fall about the four ' guests,' imprisoning them in a dark, dungeon-like chamber. The Caliph is furious, and is on the point of ordering Jafar's instant execution, when Hassan discovers a chink in the iron walls through which light is streaming. He calculates that the corner at which it is must overhang the street. A note is hastily written, and forced through the crack. ' O Hassan, the Confectioner,' says Haroun, ' if we are rescued I will fill thy mouth with gold.'

The note is found by a beggar, and he presents it to Ishak, who has brought the chief of police to inspect the house into which Haroun has gone. When Jafar's message has been read, measures are taken to suppress the rebellion, and the prisoners are soon released by policemen and soldiers using scaling-ladders. Yasmin and Selim have come to the balcony to learn what is causing the commotion, and are astounded to remark Hassan among the attendants of the Caliph. Their surprise is changed to dismay when Haroun cries : ' In the presence of all, I nominate Hassan to my court, to hold rank among my subjects second to none save to Jafar, my Grand Vizier.' The Caliph then turns to Ishak, and demands the reasons for his desertion on the previous night. Ishak confesses that he was weary of Haroun's company, whereupon Masrur is ordered to behead him. As the poet kneels to die, however, he answers a remark of the negro's, to the effect that ' it is the Caliph's dawn,' with impromptu verses of great charm, as this extract shows :

Thy dawn, O master of the world, thy dawn ;
The hour the lilies open on the lawn,
The hour the greywings pass beyond the mountains,

The hour of silence, when we hear the fountains,
The hour that dreams are brighter and winds colder,
The hour that young love wakes on a white shoulder,
O master of the world, the Persian Dawn.

Hearing, the Caliph is profoundly moved, and forgives Ishak, entrusting Hassan to his care.

Yasmin, having been a witness to all that has passed, cuffs Selim in her rage, and flings a rose to Hassan. He catches it, but tells Ishak that it is poisoned; that because he has found that love may be bought he will find life empty.

IN the next Act we see Hassan, 'a Phoenix' in his gorgeous raiment and wearing a sword of honour, walking a beautiful garden with the Caliph for sole companion. They talk together on aesthetics, each proving as exacting in taste and as well informed as the other. At one point in the conversation we cannot but hear the voice of Flecker speak clearly through their lips:

Caliph: In poems and in tales alone shall live the eternal memory of this city when I am dust and thou art dust, when the Bedouin shall build his hut upon my garden and drive his plough beyond the ruins of my palace, and all Bagdad is broken to the ground. Ah, if there shall ever arise a nation whose people have forgotten poetry or whose poets have forgotten the people, though they send their ships round Taprobane and their armies across the hills of Hindustan, though their city be greater than Babylon of old, though they mine a league into the earth or mount to the stars on wings—what of them?

Hassan: They will be a dark patch on the world.

Here, though he is primarily concerned with the creation of beauty, Flecker is not quite consistent to his own definition of the poet's province. For he is delivering an indictment against the England of his day—upon what is really a moral problem—an indictment that has gained rather than lost point since it was written.

The concord between Haroun and the ex-confectioner, however, is broken by Hassan's exceedingly tactless reference to the tyranny of the Caliph's father. There is a momentary storm; after which Haroun brushes the matter aside with an extremely amusing comment: 'Rise, Hassan. Thy impudence hath a monstrous beauty, like the hind quarters of an elephant.' He adds a warning, nevertheless, that is as graceful as his person and ordinary address: 'Trouble not your head with the tyranny of Princes, or you may catch a cold therein from the wind of Complication.'

Hassan enters the little pavilion that has been given him for a home, to find that Yasmin has already come thither. He attempts to drive her out, calling her venal and degraded, but she becomes importunate and throws herself upon him. Drawing his sword, Hassan thereupon makes to kill her; but Yasmin boldly challenges him to look into her eyes, and, doing so, he cannot strike. He sits down, covering his eyes with shame at his own weakness. Yasmin caresses him, and he is content to accept her endearments.

BUT pleasure is not the only occupation of the Court on this eventful day. The conspirators of the previous night are tried, and the common folk condemned to be hung in batches. A different fate is reserved for Rafi. 'Agony is a fine colour,' Ishak says in speaking of the Caliph, 'and he delights therein as a painter in vermilion new brought from Kurdistan.' Rafi and Pervaneh are accordingly brought face to face in full Divan, whereat the maiden flings herself into her lover's arms; and, for a space, they forget that they are not again in the hills beyond Mosul. Haroun, however, is quick to remind them; and sentences Rafi to the cruellest of tortures. Pervaneh kneels before the throne, begging that the condemned man be spared. The Caliph will agree to this, on condition that she yields to his demands. Angrily she refuses, and Haroun pronounces his irrevocable sentence.

I give a choice to Pervaneh and Rafi, the King of the Beggars, and I grant them till sunset to consult their hearts and make their choice together. They shall both live on these conditions: that the lady Pervaneh return forthwith to my harem to be my wife in lawful wedlock, and be treated with all the honour her boldness and her beauty merit. That the King of the Beggars leave Bagdad, and that these two lovers part for ever till they die.

But if they refuse this separation I offer them one day of love, from sunset to-night to sunset

on the morrow, unfettered and alone, with no more guard than may keep them from self-destruction. But when the day is over they shall die together in merciless torment.

Hassan and Ishak mount guard over the prisoners until these two shall have made their decision. The ordeal of listening to their conversation altogether unmans Hassan, for first Rafi, and then the maiden, chooses life rather than love and death ; and each reproaches the other bitterly for cowardice and fickleness. But, in the end, they choose the torture.

Pervaneh : Sweet life—we die for thy sweetness, O Lord of the Garden of Peace ! We are in the service of the World. The voice of the rolling deep is shouting : ' Suffer that my waves may moan.' The company of the stars sing out : ' Be brave that we may shine.' The spirits of children not yet born whisper : ' Endure that we may conquer.' Hark ! Hark !—down through the spheres—the Trumpeter of Immortality ! ' Die lest I be shamed, lovers. Die, lest I be shamed ! '

Rafi : Die then, Pervaneh, for thy great reasons. Me no ecstasy can help through the hours of pain. I die for love alone.

Ishak : They have chosen too well.

Stage Photo Co.

PERVANEH PLEADING WITH THE CALIPH FOR THE LIFE OF RAFI
Scene from Hassan as produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, 1923

Hassan, however, thinks otherwise ; and on the next evening begs the Caliph to spare the captives. Haroun is cold and merciless ; he will not even cede Pervaneh's life to the suppliant. Hassan rushes fiercely at the Caliph, covering him with angry abuse. Thereupon he is seized by the guards ; and although Haroun is calm, he is none the less cruel. Hassan is to be banished from Court, although the Caliph's patronage will still make him a man of wealth and consequence. For interfering with affairs of state, however, he is to be forced to witness the death of Pervaneh and Rafi from beginning to end. The prisoners are to be tortured in his pavilion, and thither he is led. Yasmin accompanies him, but as a morbid spectator, not through love.

WHEN Hassan re-appears after the execution, he is shuddering and almost mad. He falls in a swoon in the garden, while Yasmin deserts him for the negro Masrur. As Hassan lies prostrate and senseless, Ishak comes in search of him, and once again finds him lying by a fountain—' his life is rhyming like a song : it harks back to the old refrain.' Hassan recovers, only to reproach his friend, saying that he had wished to die. Ishak, however, tells him of his own intentions :

> At midnight starts the great summer caravan to the cities of the Far North East, divine Bokhara and happy Samarkand. It is a desert path as yellow as the bright sea-shore : therefore the pilgrims call it The Golden Journey. . . . I am leaving this city of slaves, this Bagdad of fornication. . . . And you shall walk beside me.

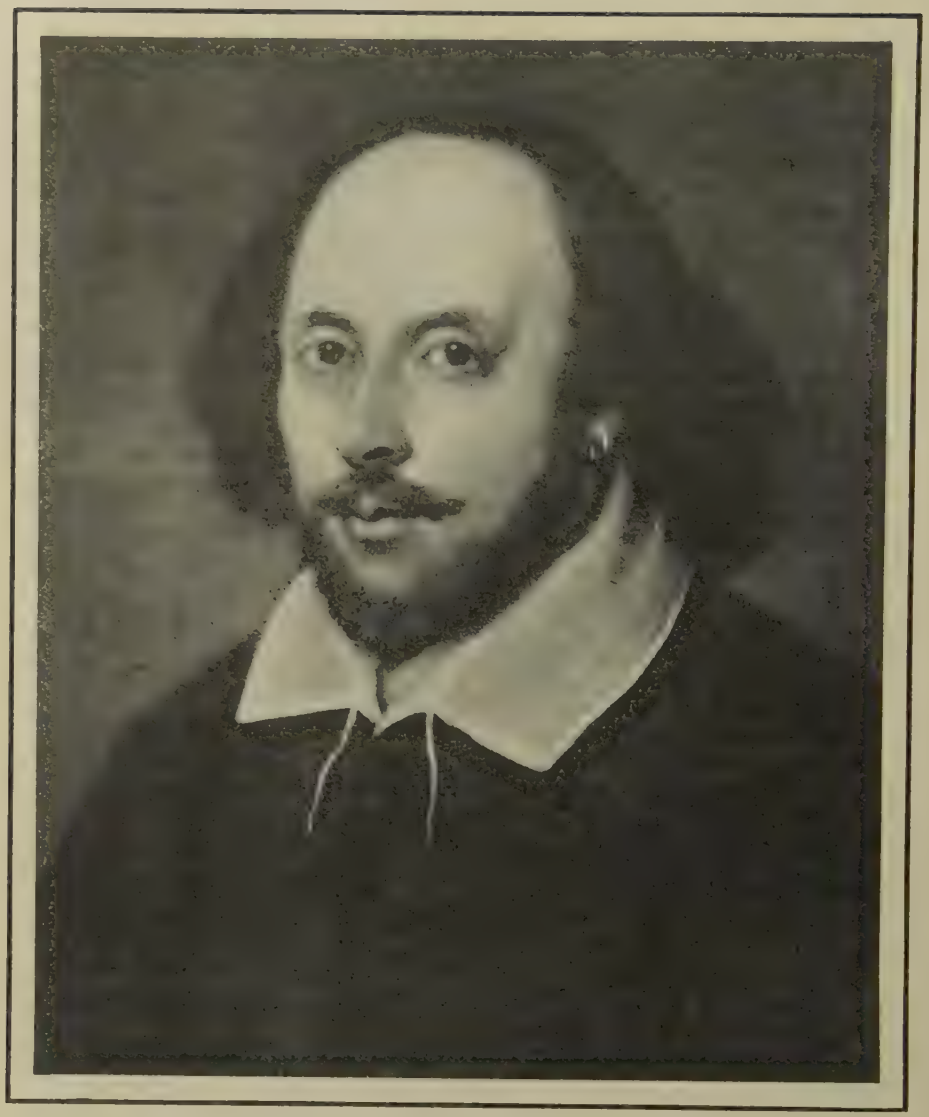
As they stand together, preparing to depart, ghostly voices talk. This device, for which Flecker has been severely blamed, is really most effective. After a long Act of heat and passion, dreams and sacrifice, nothing could give greater poignancy to the drama than these cold voices whispering of the beauty and futility of idealism—of the grand gesture of Rafi and Pervaneh, and of the renunciation that Hassan and Ishak are about to make. Nothing could better prepare us for the tranquil ending.

The last scene of Hassan is filled with the splendid music of Flecker's poetry. The two friends are standing with the pilgrims in the great company of those who await the start of the caravan bound for Samarkand. Representatives of all classes express their eagerness to be gone, and in answer to a query from the Master of the Caravan, Ishak answers for his companions :

> We are the Pilgrims, master ; we shall go
> Always a little further ; it may be
> Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
> Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
>
> White on a throne or guarded in a cave
> There lives a prophet who can understand
> Why men were born : but surely we are brave
> Who take the Golden Road to Samarkand.
>
> Hassan :
> Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells,
> When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
> And softly through the silence beat the bells
> Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.
>
> Ishak :
> We travel not for trafficking alone ;
> By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned :
> For lust of knowing what should not be known,
> We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

And so, to this music of words, the party moves slowly from Bagdad.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER was born in London, November 5, 1884. He was educated at Uppingham and Trinity College, Oxford : but, judging by anecdotes and his juvenile poems, he was not early conscious of his great gift of song. It was in 1907 that his first volume of poetry, The Bridge of Fire, appeared. Three years later he went to Constantinople, and lived intermittently in the Near East until 1913. The exotic environment seems to have fertilised his genius, since it was during this period that Hassan and his greatest poems were written. Flecker unfortunately died a young man, January 3, 1915. His Collected Poems were published posthumously by Martin Secker.



William Shakespeare (1564-1616) is the supreme figure in English literature. Were every name in English dramatic poetry shorn away save his we could still claim for it such pre-eminence that not even the glorious art of Greece could be said to transcend it. Tragedy, which attained perfect poetic form in the hands of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, culminated in the works of Shakespeare, whose four tragedies, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth and King Lear are the greatest in the world. But it is the unmatched glory of William Shakespeare that he achieved the highest in both tragedy and comedy, thus excelling all the Greek dramatists, to whom tragedy and comedy were incompatible elements. In respect of comedy, as in respect of tragedy, Shakespeare's dramatic work reached perfection of absolute ideality and his was the one intellect which, while comprehending all human passions and emotions, could equally express all. The Chandos portrait, reproduced above, is in the National Portrait Gallery.

Sir Sidney Lee

A Life of William Shakespeare

No article in the Dictionary of National Biography aroused wider interest on its appearance than Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare. A year after its publication in 1897 it was expanded from some fifty pages to a separate volume of nearly 500 pages, which ran into four editions in as many months. A rewritten and enlarged (seventh) edition of nearly 800 pages was published in 1915 and a fourth edition of this revision appeared in 1925. In its final form the work is more than a biography; it is an encyclopedic guide to all that was written or conjectured about the national poet and his works down to and including the first quarter of the twentieth century. It is published by John Murray at 15s.

I—The Story of the Birthplace

Shakespeare's ancestry cannot be defined with certainty. It is probable that a Richard Shakespeare who settled as a farmer at Snitterfield, Warwickshire, in 1535, was his grandfather. John, the son who in 1560 administered Richard's estate, was in all likelihood the poet's father. About 1551 John left Snitterfield for Stratford-on-Avon, then a market-town of some 2,000 inhabitants and on the eve of its incorporation. There he set up as a trader in agricultural produce. For some 27 years he prospered and played a prominent part in municipal affairs. He married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy farmer of Wilmcote. The marriage doubtless took place at Aston Cantlow, the parish church of Wilmcote, in the autum of 1557. Two daughters, Joan and Margaret, died in infancy.

The poet William, the first son, was born April 22 or 23, 1564, and was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, April 26.

Some doubt has been raised as to the ordinarily accepted scene of the dramatist's birth. Of two adjoining houses now forming a detached building on the north side of Henley Street and known as Shakespeare's House or Shakespeare's Birthplace, both belonged to the dramatist's father for many years, and were combined by him to serve at once as private residence and as shop or warehouse. The tenement to the east he purchased in 1556, but there is no documentary evidence that he owned the house to the west before 1575.

A room on the first floor of this western house has, however, been claimed for two centuries and more as that in which the poet was born, and it may well be that John Shakespeare occupied the two houses jointly in 1564.

The double residence became Shakespeare's property on his father's death in 1601, but the dramatist never resided there after his boyhood. His mother inhabited the premises until her death in 1608, and his sister, Mrs. Joan Hart, and her family dwelt there with her. Mrs. Hart was still living there in 1616 when Shakespeare died, and he left his sister a life interest in the two houses at a nominal rent of one shilling. On Mrs. Hart's death, thirty years later, the ownership of the property passed to the poet's elder daughter, Mrs. Hall, and on her death in 1649 to the poet's only grand-daughter and last surviving descendant, Lady Bernard. By her will in 1670 Lady Bernard made the buildings over to Thomas Hart, the dramatist's grand-nephew.

Early in Mrs. Joan Hart's occupancy of the 'Birthplace' she restored the houses to their original state of two separate dwellings. While retaining the western portion for her own use she sub-let the eastern half to a tenant who converted it into an inn. It was known at first as the 'Maidenhead,' and afterwards as the 'Swan and Maidenhead.' The premises remained sub-divided thus for some 200 years, and the inn enjoyed a continued existence until 1846.

In 1806 the surviving representatives of the Harts at Stratford abandoned the family home, and the whole property was sold to one Thomas Court, the tenant of the eastern house, which still did duty as the 'Swan and Maidenhead' inn. Thereupon Court turned the western house into a butcher's shop. On the death of his widow in 1846, the whole of the premises were put up to auction in London and on September 16, 1847, they were purchased for

£3,000 on behalf of the subscribers to a public fund. The two houses were reconverted into a single detached domicile; the western house was left unfurnished and the eastern house fitted up as a museum and library. The buildings were invested in the corporation of Stratford in 1866. In 1891 an Act of Parliament transferred the property on behalf of the nation to an independent body of trustees.

[Dr. J. Leslie Hotson communicated to The Times, December 29, 1926, his discovery of documents in a lawsuit of 1588–92 between John Shakespeare and a William Burbage, from which it appears that John Shakespeare some time before 1582 leased to William Burbage part of the 'Birthplace,' and that the eastern of the Henley Street houses was known as the 'Maidenhead' before it became an inn.]

While his family increased John Shakespeare's fortune waned. Five other children were born to him: Gilbert (who was born in 1566, and to whom tradition assigns a patriarchal age), Richard (1573–1612), Edmund (1580–1607), and Joan (1569–1646). The boys were entitled to free tuition at the local grammar school, which William probably entered in 1571 and probably left in 1577, and where he learnt to write the 'Old English' character. His works bear witness to his training in Latin and French, his study of the English Bible, and his acquaintance with such pastimes as 'the whipping of tops,' 'hide and seek,' 'more sacks to the mill,' 'push pin,' and 'nine men's morris.' During his schooldays touring players visited Stratford, and it is reasonable to assume that the spectators at the Kenilworth festivities in 1575 included John Shakespeare and his son. When he left school he may have been formally apprenticed to his father, who it is possible was then compelled to confine himself to the occupation of a butcher [? glover], which in his happier days formed only one branch of his business.

II—Marriage and Migration to London

In December, 1582, William was forced into marrying Agnes or Anne, eldest daughter of Richard Hathaway, a Shottery farmer. Anne Hathaway, according to the inscription on her tombstone—she died in 1623—was his senior by eight years. Her home, known as Anne Hathaway's Cottage, was purchased by the 'Birthplace' trustees in 1892. No record of the marriage survives, but evidence of it is found in a bond of surety signed by two Shottery farmers in November, 1582. A daughter, Susanna, was born in May, 1583, and twins, Judith and Hamnet, in 1585. Hamnet died in 1596, Judith in 1661, and Susanna (who as Mrs. John Hall entertained Queen Henrietta Maria at New Place) in 1649.

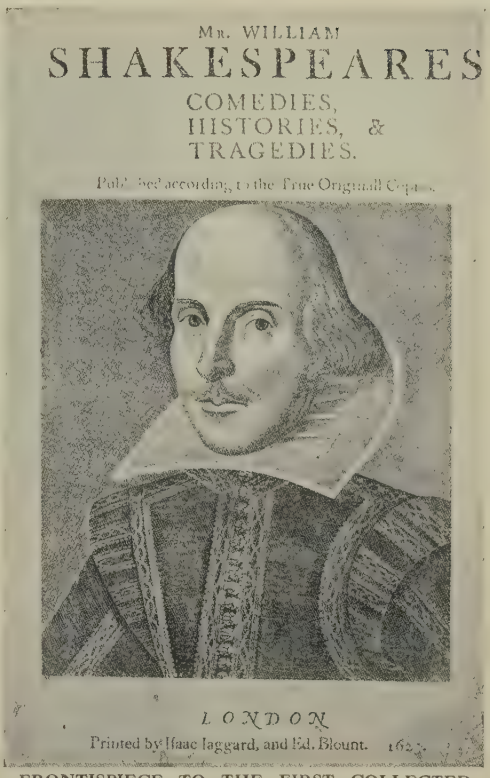
Shakespeare's works prove his interest in country life and sport, and credible tradition assigns a poaching adventure at Charlecote, in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy (identifiable in Sir Sidney Lee's opinion with Justice Shallow of Henry IV and The Merry Wives), as the immediate cause of his leaving Stratford in 1585. It is possible he was a schoolmaster in a neighbouring village before fixing his abode in London in 1586 and there meeting with a fellow townsman, Richard Field, who, in 1592, printed his Venus and Adonis.

It may be safely accepted that from his first arrival in London until his final departure Shakespeare's mental energy was absorbed by his poetic and dramatic ambitions. He had no time to devote to a technical or professional training in another sphere of activity.

There is no inherent improbability in D'Avenant's story that Shakespeare was employed in 'taking care of the gentlemen's horses who came to the play'; but no doubt is permissible that he was speedily offered employment inside the playhouse. London then had two playhouses near to each other in Shoreditch, The Theatre and The Curtain, the first-named being opened in 1576 and the other soon after. James Burbage, who owned The Theatre and had an interest in The Curtain, kept a livery stable at Smithfield. Shakespeare, who acted in both theatres, joined the company of players who had the patronage of Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Leicester, and under James I were known as the King's Servants. In 1598 he was associated with Cuthbert and Richard Burbage, sons of James Burbage, and four others, including William Kemp and John Heminges, in the building on the Bankside of the Globe, a theatre in which he had a tenth share. In 1608 he had a seventh share in the Blackfriars. Shakespeare and his fellow

actors toured the provinces, but there is no evidence that he went abroad. Until 1596 he lived in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. He then moved to Southwark, where he chiefly lived during his stay in London except for a short time in 1604 when he lived in the house of Christopher Montjoy in Silver Street, Cheapside.

The rôles in which Shakespeare distinguished himself as an actor are imperfectly recorded, but it may be presumed that he had parts in all the plays he and his colleagues presented at Court. Professional dramatists sold their plays outright to the acting companies, and Shakespeare gained much early experience by revising or rewriting plays that had become the property of his manager. If the works traditionally assigned to him include some contributions from other pens, and it is a generally admitted fact that much in the First Folio comes from the pens of inferior coadjutors, he was perhaps responsible for portions of a few plays that are traditionally claimed for others. When the account is balanced he must be credited with the production during the years 1591–1611 of a yearly average of two plays, nearly all of which belong to the supreme rank of literature. Three volumes of poems must be added to the total. By borrowing his plots in conformity with the general custom he to some extent economised his energy.



FRONTISPIECE TO THE FIRST COLLECTED EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, 1623

Determination of the exact order in which Shakespeare's plays were written depends largely on conjecture. Only 16 of the 37 printed in the First Folio of 1623 were published in his lifetime, and it is questionable whether any were published under his supervision. But subject matter and metre both afford rough clues to the period to which each play may be referred. In his early plays the spirit of comedy and tragedy appears in its simplicity; as his powers gradually matured he depicted life in its most complex involutions, and portrayed with masterly insight the subtle gradations of human sentiment and the mysterious workings of human passion. Comedy and tragedy are gradually blended; and his work finally developed a pathos such as could only come of ripe experience. Similarly the metre undergoes emancipation from the hampering restraints of fixed rule; and as his experience grew he invariably clothed in prose the voice of broad humour or low comedy.

III—Shakespeare's Plays and Poems

THERE is no external evidence that any piece in which Shakespeare had a hand was produced before the spring of 1592. No play by him was published before 1597 and none bore his name on the title-page till 1598. To Love's Labour's Lost (in which, as in The Two Gentlemen of Verona and A Midsummer Night's Dream, Lyly's influence is clearly visible) may be reasonably assigned priority (1591). It was succeeded by The Comedy of Errors (1591—92); but it was not until he produced Romeo and Juliet (1592), his first tragedy, that he proved himself the possessor of a poetic instinct and a dramatic insight of unprecedented quality. In this play is seen some debt to Marlowe, who alone of his contemporaries can be credited with exerting on his efforts in tragedy a really substantial influence.

His early activities as an adaptor of plays by other hands, revealed in the Henry VI trilogy (1592), in the revision

NEW PLACE, STRATFORD, SHAKESPEARE'S LAST RESIDENCE

of which Marlowe was probably his coadjutor, aroused Robert Greene's rancorous allusion to him as 'an upstart crow beautified in our feathers.' In Richard III (1593) he worked single-handed, and Richard II, which was censored, seems to have followed in the same year. To Titus Andronicus (1594) he apparently contributed only detached embellishments, all his strength being soon absorbed by The Merchant of Venice (1594), which shows the last indisputable and material trace of his discipleship to Marlowe. One more historical play, King John, in which he worked over a predecessor's play, came also in 1594: but there is no evidence of his handiwork in Arden of Feversham or Edward III, which attracted public attention at this time.

Meanwhile, in 1593, Shakespeare had made his first appeal to the reading public with his Venus and Adonis, a poem ('the first heir of my invention') which he dedicated to Henry Wriothesley third Earl of Southampton, to whom, with much greater warmth of feeling, he in 1594 also dedicated Lucrece. The first poem is in the six-line stanza *ababcc* and the second in the seven-line *ababbcc*, both common forms of narrative verse in the sixteenth century. The poems were received with unbounded enthusiasm. Noble and Court patronage led also to the composition of the Sonnets. These, which were written mostly in 1594 and at first circulated privately, were piratically published in 1609 by Thomas Thorpe, who printed a dedication ('To Mr. W. H.') from his own pen and added a poem, A Lover's Complaint, of unknown authorship. Of the twenty lyrical pieces in A Passionate Pilgrim, published by William Jaggard in 1599 as 'by W. Shakespeare,' only five can be placed to Shakespeare's credit (138 and 144 of the Sonnets of 1609 and three from Love's Labour's Lost, in which seven examples of the sonnet form figure).

In spite of their poetic superiority to those of his contemporaries, Shakespeare's Sonnets cannot be dissociated from the class of poetic endeavour with which they were identified in Shakespeare's own time. With good reason Sir Philip Sidney warned the public that no 'inward touch' was to be expected from sonnetteers of his day. The claim of Sidney, Drayton and others that their efforts were free of the

ROOM IN WHICH THE POET MAY HAVE BEEN BORN

fantastic insincerities of fellow-practitioners was repeated by Shakespeare. Yet Shakespeare's protestations of veracity are not always distinguishable from the like assurances of other Elizabethan sonnetteers. There is no greater and no less ground for seeking in Shakespeare's personal environment the original of the 'dark lady' of his Sonnets than for seeking there the original of his Queen of Egypt.

Amid the borrowed conceits and poetic figures of Shakespeare's Sonnets there lurk suggestive references to the circumstances in his external life that attended their composition. If few can be safely regarded as autobiographic revelations of sentiment, many of them offer evidence of the relations in which he stood to a patron and to the position that he sought to fill in the circle of that patron's literary retainers. External evidence agrees with internal evidence in identifying the belauded patron with the Earl of Southampton.

CLASS-ROOM IN THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD

To 1595 are assigned A Midsummer Night's Dream, All's Well That Ends Well (in which early and late features of Shakespeare's work are perplexingly combined) and The Taming of the Shrew (in which the Bianca scenes are probably due to a coadjutor, but the Induction of which contains literal references to Stratford and its neighbourhood). In 1597 Shakespeare turned once more to English history in Henry IV and The Merry Wives of Windsor (also with Stratford allusions, a caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy in Justice Shallow, and the culmination of his purely comic power in his portrait of Falstaff).

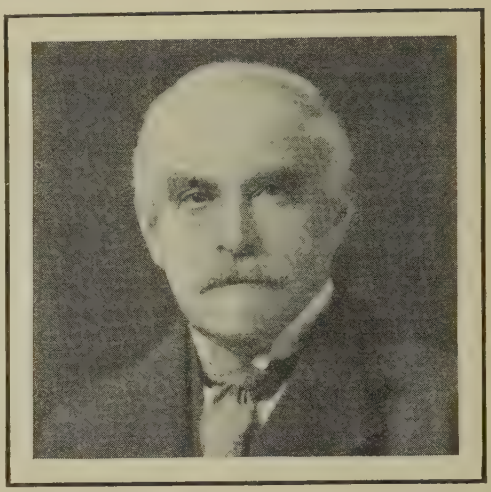
The Merry Wives is said to have been written in ten days to gratify a wish of Queen Elizabeth to see Falstaff in love.

In 1598 came the heroic Henry V (with its allusions to the Essex revolt) and the eulogy of his work by Francis Meres; and according to a credible tradition it was at this time that he secured the performance of Jonson's first play, Every Man in His Humour. His popularity was marked, too, by the palming off by unscrupulous publishers of the productions of inferior pens (e.g. A Yorkshire Tragedy) as Shakespeare's work. By this time the poet, who during the first half of his career had a greater income as an actor-shareholder than as a dramatist, had again visited Stratford, probably recalled by the death of his son Hamnet in 1596. He had rehabilitated himself and his family in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen at Stratford, had purchased New Place, the second largest house in the town, and he secured, in 1599, in his father's

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, HENLEY STREET

name, but in his own behalf, the grant of a coat-of-arms. A little later he built up a large landed estate and secured a moiety of the Stratford tithes. He inherited his father's love of litigation, and stood rigorously by his rights in all his business relations. From about 1596 till his retirement in 1611 he paid Stratford at least one annual visit.

After Henry V Shakespeare quickly drafted his three most perfect essays in romantic comedy, Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night. His next dramatic venture was the earliest of his Roman plays, Julius Caesar (1600), produced when anxiety was being caused by a Puritan threat to close the theatres, the sudden popularity of boy actors, and personal dissensions among the playwrights in which Jonson, Marston and Dekker were leading protagonists. These dissensions were referred to in Hamlet (1602), 'that piece of his which most kindled English hearts,' and in the prologue to Troilus and Cressida (1603). After in 1603 Shakespeare's company became the King's Servants royal favour flowed in an uninterrupted stream; and under its incentive he wrote Othello, which ranks with his greatest achievements, and Measure for Measure (1604). The great epic drama of Macbeth, which ranks with Othello and in which is indicated his desire to conciliate the Scottish king's idiosyncrasies, belongs to 1605–6. But there are signs that Macbeth, as it stands, contains passages by a second pen, perhaps Middleton's.



Maull & Fox

SIDNEY LEE was born in London, December 5, 1859, and educated at the City of London school and Balliol College, Oxford. At 24 he became assistant editor of the Dictionary of National Biography and for that work, of which he was editor from 1891 until 1901, he wrote 820 biographies, three of which—those on Shakespeare, Queen Victoria and King Edward VII—he developed in book form. Knighted in 1911, he was professor of literature at East London College, dean of the faculty of arts in London University, and chairman of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace. His publications include Shakespeare and the Modern Stage, Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century, and The Principles of Biography. He died March 3, 1926.

King Lear, in which Shakespeare's tragic genius moved without any faltering on titanic heights, was written during 1606. In its two successors, Timon of Athens and Pericles, he would appear to have done little more than lend his hand to brilliant embellishments of the dull incoherence of very pedestrian pens. In 1608 he 'recreated' the story of Antony and Cleopatra, which was followed in 1609 by Coriolanus. It is noted that during the ten years 1600–1609 tragic themes occupied him unceasingly. The gleams of humour which illumine a few of the scenes scarcely relieve the sombreness of the atmosphere.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, SHOTTERY

A popular theory presumes that Shakespeare's decade of

tragedy was the outcome of some spiritual calamity, of some episode of tragic gloom in his private life. No tangible evidence supports the allegation. The external facts of Shakespeare's biography through the main epoch of his tragic energy show an unbroken progress of prosperity, a final farewell to pecuniary anxieties, and the general recognition of his towering genius by contemporary opinion. Public taste gave tragedy a supreme place in the theatre. It was on those who excelled in tragic drama that the highest rewards and the loudest applause were bestowed.

There is no conflict with this conclusion in the circumstance that after completing Coriolanus Shakespeare turned from tragedy to the serener field of meditative romance.

In Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale and The Tempest (1610–11) Shakespeare applied himself to perfecting the newest phases of romantic drama. Some irony attaches to his choice of authority for The Winter's Tale. The writer of the novel which Shakespeare dramatised there was Robert Greene, who had attacked the dramatist with such bitterness when his career was opening. In many ways Shakespeare was more loyal to the invention of his early foe than scholarship or art quite justified. He followed Greene in allotting a seashore to Bohemia. But nowhere did he give rein to his imagination with greater effect than in The Tempest.

John Fletcher, with occasional aid from Philip Massinger, has been credited with completing some dramatic work which engaged Shakespeare's attention on the eve of his retirement. Evidence is lacking in the case of the lost play Cardenio ; in regard to The Two Noble Kinsmen the partnership is still in the balance ; only in the case of Henry VIII may Fletcher's association with Shakespeare be accepted without demur. The play of Henry VIII contains Shakespeare's last dramatic work, and it was during a performance of it on June 29, 1613, that the Globe theatre was burnt to the ground, to be rebuilt next year on a more elaborate scale. It survived till 1644.

IV—The Close of Life

WITHIN the year 1611 Shakespeare's regular home would seem to have shifted for the rest of his life to his native place ; but there is little doubt that he retained his shares in both the Globe and the Blackfriars theatres till his death. In 1613 Francis Manners sixth Earl of Rutland invited Shakespeare and Richard Burbage to devise an emblematic decoration (or impresa) for his equipment at a Court joust. In the same year Shakespeare invested a small sum in a new property not far from the Blackfriars theatre, in regard to which two years later he was engaged in litigation. For the rest, the poet's family circle at Stratford was large and their deaths, marriages and births diversified the final course of his domestic history. His younger daughter Judith married Thomas Quiney in February, 1616. Sir Henry and Lady Rainsford were patrons of Shakespeare and Michael Drayton, another Warwickshire poet ; and Shakespeare maintained social relations with three generations of the wealthy landowning family of the Combes.

On January 25, 1616, Francis Collins, a Warwick solicitor, drafted Shakespeare's will, which was finally signed on March 25, and by which the main part of his estate was left to his elder daughter Susanna, who with her husband, Dr. John Hall, was an executor. The poet ' who limned with unerring precision almost every gradation of thought and emotion that animates the living stage of the world ' died at New Place on April 23, 1616. The cause of his death is undetermined. He was buried on April 25 in front of the altar not far from the northern wall of the chancel of Stratford Church. The existing monument overlooking the grave was designed and executed in Southwark and placed in position possibly about 1620. The authorship of the epitaph is undetermined. The impressions which Shakespeare's personal character left on the minds of his associates were those of simplicity, modesty and straightforwardness.

To the ascertained facts of Shakespeare's life Sir Sidney Lee devotes an exhaustive commentary. He gives a vivid picture of the poet's associates and environment and of the life of his time. He supplies a full description of the sources, character, and publication of Shakespeare's works, as well as of his editors in the eighteenth century and later, and utters a useful

warning against the forgeries of J. P. Collier and others. Details are given of Shakespeare's survivors and descendants, his six authenticated signatures, the spelling of his name, and the various portraits and memorials. Long chapters are devoted to Shakespeare's posthumous reputation in England and America, whither so many copies of the original editions have been transferred in recent years, and to the poet's vogue on the Continent.

There are ten appendices which deal respectively with the sources of biographical knowledge; the endeavours, all 'equally ludicrous,' that have been made to assign the authorship of Shakespeare's works to Bacon, Roger Manners fifth Earl of Rutland, William Stanley sixth Earl of Derby, and Edward de Vere seventeenth Earl of Oxford; the Earl of Southampton and his character as a literary patron; Thomas Thorpe and 'Mr. W. H.'; 'Mr. William Herbert'; Shakespeare and the Earl of Pembroke; the 'Will' Sonnets; the vogue of the Elizabethan sonnet; and the sonnet in France in 1550–1600. There are several portraits and facsimiles and to the whole is added a comprehensive index.

Realistic Pictures of 'the Hundred Days'

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN

WATERLOO

THE logical sequel to Erckmann-Chatrian's fine story of The Conscript (see page 3653) published in 1864, Waterloo was published in the following year and the two stories together give a most convincing presentation of the common soldier's and the French peasant's view of the tremendous events which shook Europe, and France in particular, between the years 1812 and 1815. To the student of history the light thrown on the rise and fall of the Bourbon popularity in France during that period will always be of interest and value, but apart from all this the charm of the story lies largely in the character of Joseph Bertha, the young clock-maker of Phalsbourg who tells the story. A peaceful citizen who hates war, but who nevertheless is no coward and behaves like a man when he is forced to fight, he gives a description of the private soldier's experiences at the battle of Waterloo which can fairly be termed magnificent. Waterloo, like The Conscript, is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Napoleon Returns

NEVER was anything so joyous as the spring of 1814. Louis XVIII was king, and the war was over. All except the old soldiers were content; and only when the nobles, who had fled at the Revolution, returned, and it was said that they were going to bring back all their old ideas, did M. Goulden express any dissatisfaction. There were religious processions everywhere, expiatory services, and talk of rebuilding the convents, and setting up the nobles again in their castles. But these things did not trouble me, because I was married to Catherine, and knew nothing about politics.

The treatment of the old soldiers enraged me. On the day of the religious procession at Phalsbourg, half a dozen old veterans, restored prisoners, were set upon in our town by that rascal Pinacle and the people of Baraques and knocked about. Pinacle did this to curry favour with Louis XVIII, and M. Goulden warned us that if ruffians like Pinacle got the upper hand it would open people's eyes.

Sure enough, Pinacle received the cross of honour in the autumn when the Duc de Berry came to review the troops at Phalsbourg, and even Aunt Grédel, who was fond of abusing Napoleon and the Jacobins, and applauded the king and the clergy, thought this a shameful thing.

It really was scandalous the way titles and honours were given to worthless people who shouted for the king. Worse than this was the way Napoleon's old officers were treated. Men who had fought for France for twenty years were now wellnigh starving, driven out of the army to make room for the king's favourites.

We read all this in the Gazette, and Zébédé, who had come back alive and in

time for my wedding, and was still in the army, would often come in and tell us of the growing indignation of the soldiers. The whole of that winter the indignation was spreading in the town at the sight of so many brave officers, the heroes of Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram, wandering forlornly about, starving on half-pay and deprived of their posts.

How well I remember one day in January 1815, two of these officers, pale and gaunt, coming into the workshop to sell a watch.

M. Goulden examined the watch with great care and said, "Do not be offended, gentlemen; I, too, served France under the Republic, and I know it must cut to the heart to be forced to sell something which recalls sacred memories."

"It was given me by Prince Eugène," said one of the officers, Commandant Margarot, a hussar.

"It is worth more than 1,000 francs," said M. Goulden, "and I cannot afford to buy it. But I will advance you 200 francs, and the watch shall remain here if you like, and shall be yours whenever you come to reclaim it."

The old hussar broke down at this, and though his comrade, Colonel Falconette, tried to restrain him, he poured forth thanks and bitter words against the government.

From that time it always seemed to me that things would end badly, and that the nobles had gone too far. The old commandant had said that the government behaved like Cossacks to the army, and that was horrible.

M. Goulden read the Gazette aloud to us every day, and both Catherine and I were pleased to find there were men in Paris maintaining the very things we thought ourselves.

All this time the clergy were going on with their processions, and sermons were being preached about the rebellion of 1790, the restitution of property to the landowners, and the re-establishment of convents, and the need for missionaries for the conversion of France. From such ideas what good could come?

It is no wonder that when a report came early in March that Napoleon had landed at Cannes and was marching on Paris we were all very agitated at Phalsbourg.

"It is plain," said M. Goulden, "that the emperor will reach Paris. The soldiers are for him; so are the peasantry, whose property is threatened; and so are the middle classes, provided he will make treaties of peace."

II—'Vive L'Empereur!'

For some days, though all knew Napoleon had set foot in France, no one dared talk of it aloud. Only the looks of the half-pay officers betrayed their anxiety. If they had possessed horses and arms I am sure they would have set out to meet their emperor.

On March 8, Zébédé entered our house and said abruptly, "The two first battalions are starting."

"They are going to stop him?" said M. Goulden.

"Yes, they'll stop him, that is very likely," Zébédé answered, winking. At the foot of the stairs he drew me aside and whispered, "Look inside my cap, Joseph; all the soldiers have got it, too."

Sure enough it was the old tricolour cockade, which had been removed on the return of Louis XVIII.

At last the papers had to admit that Bonaparte had escaped from Elba. What a scene it was in the café the night the papers arrived! M. Goulden and I were hardly seated before the place was filled with people, and it was so close the windows had to be opened.

Commandant Margarot mounted on a table with other officers all round him, and began to read the Gazette aloud. It took a long time, the reading, and the people laughed and jeered at the passages that said the troops were faithful to the king, that Bonaparte was surrounded and would soon be taken, and that the illustrious Ney and the other marshals had hastened to place their swords at the service of the king. The commandant read on firmly in that distinct voice of his until he came to the order calling upon the French to seize Bonaparte and give him up dead or alive.

Then his whole face changed and his eyes glittered. He took the Gazette up

and tore it into little pieces, and, drawing himself up, his long arms stretched out, cried, 'Vive l'Empereur!' with all his might. Immediately all the half-pay officers took up the cry, and 'Vive l'Empereur!' was repeated again by the very soldiers posted outside the town hall when they heard the shout.

The commandant was carried shoulder-high round the café, and everyone was now calling out, 'Vive l'Empereur!' I saw the tears in the eyes of the commandant, tears at hearing the name he loved best acclaimed once more.

As for me I felt as if cold water was being forced down my back. "It's all over," I said to myself. "It's no good talking about peace."

But M. Goulden was more hopeful, and after we got home spoke cheerfully of the blessings of liberty and a good constitution.

Aunt Grédel did not take this view. She came to see us the morning after the scene in the café, when all the town was discussing the great news, and began at once, "So it seems the villain has run away from his island?"

Both M. Goulden and I were anxious to avoid a dispute, for Aunt Grédel was really angry, and she couldn't leave the subject.

M. Goulden admitted that he preferred Napoleon to the Bourbons, with their nobles and missionary priests, because the emperor was bound to respect the national property, whereas the latter would have destroyed all that the Revolution had accomplished. "Still, I am now, and always shall be till death, for the Republic and the rights of man," he concluded.

The old gentleman took his hat and went out to escape further argument, and Aunt Grédel turned to me and told me that M. Goulden was an old fool and always had been, and that I should have to go to Switzerland now, unless Bonaparte was taken before he reached Paris.

In the evening, however, when Aunt Grédel had gone, and we three were together, Catherine said quietly, "M. Goulden is right; he knows more about these things than my mother does, and we will always listen to his advice."

I thought to myself, "Yes, that's all very well; but it will be a horrible thing to have to put on one's knapsack again and be off. I would rather be in Switzerland than in Leipzig."

Each day now brought news of Napoleon's advance from Grenoble to Lyons, from Lyons to Macon and Auxerre. There was no opposition anywhere to his progress, and the only question that troubled M. Goulden's mind was the attitude of Ney to the emperor. Could Ney, an old soldier of the Revolution, though he had kissed the hand of Louis XVIII, betray the country to please the king? The uneasiness disappeared when we learnt that Ney had followed the example of the army, the citizens, and of all who did not wish to go back to the customs and laws of twenty-five years earlier.

On March 21, just as it was getting dark, we knew that something decisive must have happened at Paris. The drums were calling to arms in the market-place, and a great crowd soon assembled.

The soldiers fell into their ranks, Commandant Gémeau, who had only just recovered from his wounds, drew his sword, and gave the order to form square.

M. Goulden and I got on a bench to listen; we knew that the fate of France depended on the message we were to hear.

"Present arms!" called out the commandant in the same clear voice which had bidden us at Lützen and Leipzig. "Close up your ranks!"

Then came the news we had been waiting for.

"Soldiers, his Majesty Louis XVIII left Paris on March 20, and the Emperor Napoleon entered the capital the same day."

For a second there was a dead silence, and then the commandant spoke of the banner of France, the banner of Marengo, Austerlitz and Jena, stained with our blood; and the old sergeant drew out the tattered tricolour flag from its case.

"I know no other flag!" cried the commandant, raising his sword. "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!"

What a shout there was of 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France!' at this. The people and the soldiers embraced one another, and for the next five or six days, there was, if anything, even more rejoicing than there had been on the return of Louis XVIII. We still hoped for the continuance of peace, but who could say how long the peace would last?

Phalsbourg was ordered to put itself into a state of defence, a large workshop was set up at the arsenal for the repairing of arms, and engineers and artillerymen came over from Metz to make earthworks in the fortifications. It seemed to me that a large number of men would be required for all the guns and forts, and that my watchmaking days would soon be exchanged for active service. I began to think that, after all, religious processions were better than being sent to fight against people one knew nothing about.

III—On the Road to Waterloo

Aunt Gredel had not been to see us for a month, and it was a great comfort to Catherine and me when one Sunday M. Goulden proposed that we should all three pay her a visit at Quatre Vents. As soon as she saw us, Aunt Grédel rushed to kiss her daughter, and called out, "You are a good man, M. Goulden, better a thousand times than I am. How glad I am to see you! It doesn't matter about being a Jacobin or anything else; the main thing is to have a good heart."

It was not till the afternoon that M. Goulden explained that he had known for some days that I should be called up to rejoin my old regiment, and that he had arranged with the commandant of artillery that I should be received at the arsenal as a workman. What relief this was to us, for I could not bear the thought of separation from Catherine. So from that day I went to work at the arsenal, and Aunt Grédel came to see us again, as she had been accustomed to do.

It can be guessed with what spirit I worked at the arsenal, and how pleased I was when the commandant expressed satisfaction at my work. But I was not allowed to stop in Phalsbourg.

On May 23 the commandant told me that I must go to Metz with the 3rd battalion, to which I belonged. He assured me, however, that I should be kept at Metz in the workshops, and we all did our best to believe that I was fortunate in my destination. M. Goulden, however, warned me before I left that France was threatened by her enemies, that the allies would make no peace with the emperor, but were determined to set Louis XVIII once more on the throne, and that now the question was not of invading other countries, but of defending our own.

Catherine was asleep when the morning came for my departure, and I was glad to escape the pain of saying 'good-bye.' At the barracks, Zébédé, who was now a sergeant, led me into the soldiers' room, and I put on my uniform. Then the battalion defiled through the gates, the soldiers at the outworks presented arms, and we were on the way to Waterloo.

It was useless to think of stopping in Metz. We arrived in that city of Jews and soldiers after five days' march, and were at once, after our night's rest, supplied with ammunition. I saw that my only chance of staying at the workshops of Metz would be after the campaign was over, for we were on the march the very next morning. Zébédé was not always with me now, and my closest comrade was Jean Buche, the son of a sledge-maker at Harberg, who had never eaten anything better than potatoes before he became a conscript. Buche turned in his feet in walking, but he never seemed to know the meaning of being tired, and in his own fashion was a wonderful pedestrian.

From Metz we marched through Thionville, Châtel, Etain, Dannevoux, Yong, Vivier and Cul-de-Sard. All our troops were pouring into Belgium—cavalry, infantry and artillery—and though there were no signs of the enemy, it was reported that we were to attack the English. I thought as well English as Prussians, Austrians, or Russians, since we were to kill each other.

On the night of June 14 we bivouacked outside the village of Roly, and General Pécheux read a proclamation by the emperor, reminding us that this was the

DEFENCE OF THE FARMHOUSE LA HAIE-SAINTE DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, JUNE 18, 1815

From the painting by A. Northen in the Hanover Gallery

anniversary of Marengo, that the powers were in coalition against France, and that the hour had come for France to conquer or perish.

We were up at daybreak next day and on the march, eager to get a sight of the Prussians, who had been repulsed from Charleroi by the emperor, we were told. At the village of Châtelet we halted, and heard the noise of firing away across the River Sambre, in the direction of Gilly. An old bald peasant told us that evening that the Prussians had men in the villages of Fleurus and Lambusart, that the English and Belgians were on the great Brussels road, and that the causeway through Quatre Bras and Ligny enabled the Prussians and English to communicate freely with each other.

I can recall with what splendour the sun rose next morning above a cornfield—it was the morning of the battle of Ligny. Zébédé and one or two comrades whom I had known in 1813 came and chatted while we lit our fires. We could see the Prussians before us, posting themselves behind hedges and walls, and preparing to defend the villages, and all the time we were kept roasting in the corn, waiting for the signal to attack. The emperor arrived, and held a short conference with the superior officers, and I saw him at close quarters before he rode off again to the village of Fleurus, already vacated by the Prussians.

And still we waited, though we knew the attack on St. Amand had begun.

At last came our turn to advance on Ligny. 'Forward! Forward!' cried the officers. 'Vive l'Empereur!' we shouted. The Prussian bullets whizzed like hail upon us, and then we could see or hear nothing till we were in the village.

No quarter was given that day; we fought in houses and gardens, in barns and lanes, with muskets and bayonets. Those who fell were lost. At one time fifteen of us were in possession of a barn, and the Prussians, for a time outnumbering us, drove us up a ladder. They fired up at our floor, and finally, when it seemed we were lost and were all to be massacred, we heard the shout of 'Vive l'Empereur!' and the Prussians fled. Out of that fifteen only six were left alive, but Zébédé and Buche were among the survivors.

The battle still raged in the village streets, dead and dying were everywhere. Towards nightfall it was plain we were the victors; Ligny and St. Amand were in our hands, and the Prussians had moved away. On the plateau behind Ligny, where our cavalry had been at work, the slaughter had been terrible.

THE dozen or so remaining of our company rested for a few hours that night in the ruins of a farmhouse, and next day came the roll-call of our battalion, and the sending off of the wounded. More than 360 of our men, including Commandant Gémeau and Captain Vidal, were disabled, and we were busy all day over the wounded.

It was wet and muddy that evening, and we were hungry and dispirited when we reached Quatre Bras, about eight o'clock. We were not allowed to halt here, but marched on to a village called Jemappes, and at midnight we settled down in a furrow to wait for morning.

The red coats of the English were visible before us, when we awoke next morning; behind their lines was the village of Mont St. Jean, and they had also the farmhouses of La Haie-Sainte and Hougoumont. At six o'clock I looked at their position, with Zébédé, Captain Florentin and Buche, and it seemed to me it was a difficult task before us. It was Sunday, and I could hear the bells of villages, recalling Phalsbourg. But in a very little while we heard no more bells, for at half-past eight our battalion was on its way to the high road in front, and the battle of Waterloo had begun.

IV—The Hour of Disaster

I HAVE often heard veterans describe the order of battle given by the emperor. But all I remember of that terrible day is that we marched out with the bands playing, that we got to close quarters with the English, were repulsed, and were assisted by regiments of cuirassiers, that we carried La Haie-Sainte with terrible slaughter at Ney's command. Hougoumont we could not carry. When we

thought we were winning, the news was spread that Blücher with 60,000 men was advancing on our flank, and that unless Grouchy, with his 30,000, arrived to reinforce us the day might be lost.

All the world knows now that Grouchy did not arrive, that we threw ourselves again and again upon the English squares, and that at last, when regiment after regiment had tried in vain to break the enemy's line, the Old Guard were called up by the emperor. It was the last chance of retrieving the day, the grand stroke—and it failed.

The four battalions of the Guards, reduced from 3,000 to 1,200 men, were assailed by so fierce a fire that they were compelled to retire. They retired slowly, defending themselves with muskets and bayonets, but with their retirement, and the approach of night, the battle ended for us in the confusion of a rout. It was like a flood. We were surrounded on all sides when Blücher arrived. The Old Guard formed a square for the emperor and his officers, and the rest of us simply straggled away, back to France. The most awful thing of all was the beating of the drum of the Old Guard in the hour of disaster. It was like a fire-bell, the last appeal of a burning nation.

Buche was by my side in the retreat. Several times the Prussians attacked us. We heard that the emperor had departed for Paris, and we struggled on, only hoping to escape with our lives. At Charleroi the inhabitants shut the city gates in our face, and Buche shared in the general rage, and proposed to destroy the town. But I thought we had had enough massacres, and that it was not right we should be killing our own countrymen, and I persuaded Buche to come on with me.

In a few days we felt ourselves safe from pursuing Prussians, and at the village of Bouvigny I wrote a letter to Catherine, telling her I was safe. In this village some officers of our regiment, the 6th of the Line, found us, and we had to rejoin. Presently we saw all that was left of Grouchy's army corps in retreat, and a day or two later we heard of the emperor's abdication. On July 1, we reached Paris, and outside the city, near the village of Issy, we once more fell in with the Prussians; for two days we fought them with fury, and then some generals announced that peace had been made.

Unhappily, we soon learnt that the Prussians and English were to occupy Paris, and that the remains of the French army were to be kept beyond the Loire. We all felt that we had been betrayed, and the old officers, pale with anger, wept in their misery.

Desertions began that very day, and I said to Buche, "Let us return to Phalsbourg and Harberg, and take up our work and live like honest men." About fifty of us from Alsace-Lorraine were in the battalion, and we set off together on the road to Strasbourg.

On July 8 we heard that Louis XVIII was to come back, and already the white banner of the Bourbons was being displayed in the villages.

In some places there were rascals who called us Bonapartists, and gendarmes who took us to the town hall and made us shout 'Vive le Roi'! Buche and some of the old soldiers hated this; but what did it matter who was king, and what these fools wanted us to shout?

Our little company got smaller and smaller as men halted in their own villages, and when, on July 16, we reached Phalsbourg, Buche and I were alone.

Buche went on to break the news of my return, but I could not wait, and ran after him.

I heard people saying, "There's Joseph Bertha," and in a moment I was in the house, and in Catherine's arms. Then I embraced M. Goulden, and an hour later Aunt Grédel arrived.

Jean Buche would not stay and dine with us, but hurried home to Harberg. I have often seen him since; and Zébédé, too, who remained in the army.

Many insulting things were said about us by the Pinacles, but I had happiness in my family circle, especially when Catherine presented me with a little Joseph.

I am an old man now, but M. Goulden always said the principles of freedom and liberty would triumph, and I have lived long enough to see his words come true.

William Penn

SOME FRUITS OF SOLITUDE

While still a young man William Penn underwent imprisonment for the expression of his religious views. For the publication without licence of his A Sandy Foundation Shaken, an attack on the Athanasian creed, he was in 1668 sent to the Tower, where he wrote No Cross, No Crown, a dissertation on the Christian duty of self-sacrifice which has been frequently reprinted. During the next fifty years he wrote over forty books or pamphlets, among them The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience (1671) and One Project for the Good of England, which upheld the doctrine of religious toleration. The most charming of his works, Some Fruits of Solitude, in Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Humane Life, was licensed in 1693. It was followed in 1701 by More Fruits of Solitude. The whole forms a collection of maxims which are shrewd, wise and charitable, informed with a good courage for life and a contempt for mean ends. Inexpensive editions of Some Fruits of Solitude are published by Constable and by L. B. Hill.

To the Reader

Reader, this Enchiridion I present thee with is the fruit of solitude; a school few care to learn in, though none instructs us better. Some parts of it are the result of serious reflection; others the flashings of lucid intervals; writ for private satisfaction, and now published for an help to human conduct.

The author blesseth God for his retirement, and kisses that Gentle Hand which led him into it; for though it should prove barren to the world, it can never do so to him.

He has now had some time he could call his own; a property he was never so much master of before; in which he has taken a view of himself and the world; and observed wherein he hath hit and mist the mark; what might have been done, what mended, and what avoided in his human conduct: together with the omissions and excesses of others, as well societies and governments as private families and persons.

And he verily thinks, were he to live over his life again, he could not only, with God's grace, serve Him, but his neighbour and himself, better than he hath done, and have seven years of his time to spare. And yet perhaps he hath not been the worst or the idlest man in the world, nor is he the oldest. And this is the rather said that it might quicken thee, reader, to lose none of the time that is yet thine.

There is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish as of time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous; since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst; and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us, when time shall be no more.

The author does not pretend to deliver thee an exact piece; his business not being ostentation, but charity. 'Tis miscellaneous in the matter of it, and by no means artificial in the composure. But it contains hints that may serve thee for texts to preach to thyself upon, and which comprehend much of the course of human life.

Since whatever be thy inclination or aversion, practice or duty, thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy direction and advantage. Accept and improve what deserves thy notice; the rest excuse, and place to account of good will to thee and the whole creation.

Ignorance

It is admirable to consider how many millions of people come into and go out of the world ignorant of themselves and of the world they have lived in. If one went to see Windsor Castle or Hampton Court it would be strange not to observe and remember the situation, the building, the gardens, fountains, etc. that make up the beauty and pleasure of such a seat. And yet few people know themselves; no, not their own bodies, the houses of their minds, the most curious

structure of the world, a living, walking tabernacle: nor the world of which it was made, and out of which it is fed; which would be so much our benefit as well as our pleasure to know. We cannot doubt of this when we are told the invisible things of God are brought to light by the things that are seen; and consequently we read our duty in them as often as we look upon them, to Him that is the Great and Wise Author of them, if we look as we should do.

The world is certainly a great and stately volume of natural things; and may not be improperly styled the hieroglyphics of a better. But, alas! how very few leaves of it do we really turn over! This ought to be the subject of the education of our youth, who at twenty, when they should be fit for business, know little or nothing of it.

Education

We are in pain to make them scholars, but not men; to talk rather than to know, which is true canting. The first thing obvious to children is what is sensible; and that we make no part of their rudiments.

We press their memory too soon, and puzzle, strain and load them with words and rules; to know grammar and rhetoric, and a strange tongue or two, that it is ten to one may never be useful to them; leaving their natural genius to mechanical and physical, or natural knowledge uncultivated and neglected; which would be of exceeding use and pleasure to them through the whole course of their life.

To be sure, languages are not to be despised or neglected; but things are still to be preferred.

Children had rather be making of tools and instruments of play; shaping, drawing, framing and building, etc. than getting some rules of propriety of speech by heart: and those also would follow with more judgement, and less trouble and time.

It were happy if we studied nature more in natural things, whose rules are few, plain and most reasonable.

Let us begin where she begins, go her pace, and close always where she ends, and we cannot miss of being good naturalists.

The creation would not be longer a riddle to us: the heavens, earth and waters, with their respective, various and numerous inhabitants: their productions, natures, seasons, sympathies and antipathies; their use, benefit and pleasure would be better understood by us: and an eternal wisdom, power and goodness very conspicuous to us through those sensible and passing forms: the world wearing the mark of its Maker, whose stamp is everywhere visible, and the characters very legible to the children of wisdom.

And it would go a great way to caution and direct people in their use of the world that they were better studied and known in the creation of it.

For how could men find the confidence to abuse it while they should find the Great Creator stare them in the face, in all and every part thereof?

Their ignorance makes them insensible, and that insensibility hardy in misusing this noble creation, that has the stamp and voice of a Deity everywhere, and in everything to the observing.

It is pity, therefore, that books have not been composed for youth, by some curious and careful naturalists, and also mechanics, in the Latin tongue, to be used in schools, that they might learn things with words: things obvious and familiar to them, and which would make the tongue easier to be obtained by them.

Many able gardeners and husbandmen are yet ignorant of the reason of their calling; as most artificers are of the reason of their own rules that govern their excellent workmanship. But a naturalist and mechanic of this sort is master of the reason of both, and might be of the practice, too, if his industry kept pace with his speculation; which were very commendable, and without which he cannot be said to be a complete naturalist or mechanic.

Finally, if man be the index or epitome of the world, as philosophers tell us, we have only to read ourselves well to be learned in it. But because there is nothing we less regard than the characters of the Power that made us, which are so clearly written upon us and the world He has given us, and can best tell us what we are and should be, we are even strangers to our own genus; the glass in which we should see

that true instructing and agreeable variety, which is to be observed in nature, to the admiration of that wisdom and adoration of that Power which made us all.

Frugality or Bounty

FRUGALITY is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses ; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness ; the last without the first begins prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place wherever that is found.

Were it universal, we should be cured of two extremes, want and excess : and the one would supply the other, and so bring both nearer to a mean ; the just degree of earthly happiness.

It is a reproach to religion and government to suffer so much poverty and excess.

Were the superfluities of a nation valued and made a perpetual tax on benevolence, there would be more almshouses than poor, schools than scholars ; and enough to spare for government besides.

Industry

LOVE labour ; for if thou dost not want it for food thou mayest for physick. It is wholesome for thy body and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times come of having nothing to do, and lead too many to do what is worse than nothing.

A garden, an elaboratory, a workhouse, improvements and breeding, are pleasant and profitable diversions to the idle and ingenious ; for here they miss ill company, and converse with nature and art, whose variety is equally grateful and instructing, and preserves a good constitution of body and mind.

Knowledge

KNOWLEDGE is the treasure, but judgement the treasurer of a wise man.

He that has more knowledge than judgement is made for another man's use more than his own.

It cannot be a good constitution where the appetite is great and the digestion is weak.

There are some men like dictionaries ; to be looked into upon occasions, but have no connexion, and are little entertaining.

Less knowledge than judgement will always have the advantage over the injudicious knowing man.

A wise man makes what he learns his own ; t'other shows he's but a copy, or a collection at most.

On Being Easy in Living

'TIS a happiness to be delivered from a curious mind, as well as from a dainty palate. For it is not only a troublesome, but a slavish thing to be nice.

They narrow their own freedom and comforts that make so much requisite to enjoy them.

To be easy in living is much of the pleasure of life ; but difficult tempers will always want it.

A careless and homely breeding is therefore preferable to one nice and delicate.

And he that is taught to live upon a little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

On the Rule of Judging

IN all things reason should prevail ; 'Tis quite another thing to be stiff than steady in an opinion.

This may be reasonable, but that is ever wilful.

'Tis the glory of a man to vail to truth ; as it is the mark of good nature to be easily entreated.

Beasts act by sense, man should by reason ; else he is a greater beast than ever God made, and the proverb is verified ' The corruption of the best things is the worst and most offensive.'

Let that, therefore, be the standard that has most to say for itself. Tho' of that let every man be judge for himself.

On the Government of Thoughts

MAN being made a reasonable, and so a thinking creature, there is nothing more worthy of his being than the right direction and employment of his thoughts ; since upon this depend both his usefulness to the publick and his own present and future benefit in all respects.

The consideration of this has often obliged me to lament the unhappiness of

mankind, that through too great a mixture and confusion of thoughts have been hardly able to make a right or mature judgement of things.

Clear, therefore, thy head, and rally and manage thy thoughts rightly, and thou wilt save time and see and do thy business well; for thy judgement will be distinct, thy mind free, and thy faculties strong and regular.

Always remember to bound thy thoughts to the present occasion.

Make not more business necessary than is so; and rather lessen than augment work for thyself.

Upon the whole matter employ thy thoughts as thy business requires, and let that have place according to merit and urgency, giving everything a review and due digestion, and thou wilt prevent many errors and vexations, as well as save much time to thyself in the course of thy life.

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is an union of spirits, a marriage of hearts, and the bond thereof virtue.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned up in strait and narrow enclosures. It will speak freely, and act so too; and take nothing ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is 'twill easily forgive, and forget, too, upon small acknowledgements.

Friends are true twins in soul; they sympathise in everything and have the same love and aversion.

One is not happy without the other, nor can either be miserable alone. As if they could change bodies, they take their turns in pain as well as in pleasure; relieving one another in adverse conditions.

They that love beyond the world cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies.

Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same divine principle, the root and record of their friendship.

For they must needs be present that love and live in that which is omnipresent. In this divine glass they see face to face; and their converse is free, as well as pure.

This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die yet their friendship and society are in the best sense ever present, because immortal.

WILLIAM PENN was born in London, October 14, 1644, son of the admiral Sir William Penn. Expelled from Oxford in 1661 for Quakerism, he spent some years in France, Italy and Ireland, and engaged in military service. By 1668 he was a confirmed Quaker and devoted the rest of his life to their cause. In 1681 he obtained from the crown a grant of the territory afterwards called Pennsylvania, whither he sailed in 1682 to draw up the constitution of the new state. Penn remained in America until 1684, and again visited Pennsylvania in 1699, but his later years were spent in supporting the Quakers in England. He died at Ruscombe, Berkshire, July 30, 1718.

Of Charity

CHARITY has various senses, but is excellent in all of them.

It imports, first, the commiseration of the poor and unhappy of mankind, and extends an helping hand to mend their condition.

Next, charity makes the best construction of things and persons; it makes the best of everything, forgives everybody, serves all, and hopes to the end.

And, lastly, 'tis love to God and the brethren which raises the soul above all earthly considerations; and as it gives a taste of heaven upon earth, so 'tis heaven in the fullness of it hereafter to the truly charitable here.

Would God this divine virtue were more implanted and diffused among mankind, the pretenders to Christianity especially; and then we should certainly mind piety more than controversy, and exercise love and compassion instead of censuring and persecuting one another in any manner whatsoever.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

MARY BARTON

ALTHOUGH not Mrs. Gaskell's first attempt at authorship (she had previously written verses in collaboration with her husband, and published short stories in Howitt's Journal) Mary Barton : A Tale of Manchester Life, was her first literary success. This passionate tale of the sorrows of the Manchester poor, published anonymously in 1848, was greeted with a storm of mingled approval and disapproval. It was praised by Carlyle and Landor, but some critics attacked it fiercely as a slander on the Manchester manufacturers. The controversy has long since died down, but the book holds a permanent place in literature as a vivid revelation of a dark and painful phase of English life in the middle of the last century. Although Mrs. Gaskell's later writings revealed a gain in skill, subtlety and humour, none of them equalled Mary Barton in dramatic intensity and fervent sincerity. The novel is published in various inexpensive editions. Outlines of Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford and of her Life of Charlotte Brontë appear at pages 674 and 789 respectively.

I—Rich and Poor

"MARY," said John Barton to his daughter, "what's come o'er thee and Jem Wilson? You were great friends at one time."

"Oh, folk say he is going to be married to Molly Gibson," answered Mary, as indifferently as she could.

"Thou'st played thy cards badly, then," replied her father in a surly tone. "At one time he were much fonder o' thee than thou deservedst."

"That's as people think," said Mary pertly, for she remembered that the very morning before, when on her way to her dressmaking work, she had met Mr. Harry Carson, who had sighed, and sworn and protested all manner of tender vows. Mr. Harry Carson was the son and the idol of old Mr. Carson, the wealthy mill-owner. Jem Wilson, her old playmate, and the son of her father's closest friend, although he had earned a position of trust at the foundry where he worked, was but a mechanic after all! Mary was ambitious; she knew that she had beauty; she believed that when young Mr. Carson declared he meant to marry her he spoke the truth.

It so happened that Jem, after much anxious thought, had determined that day to 'put his fortune to the touch.' Just after John Barton had gone out, Jem appeared at the door, looking more awkward and abashed than he had ever done before.

He thought he had better begin at once.

"Mary, it's no new story I'm going to speak about. Since we were boy and girl I ha' loved you above father and mother and all. And now, Mary, I'm foreman at the works, and I've a home to offer you, and a heart as true as ever man had to love you and cherish you. Darling, say that you'll be mine."

Mary could not speak at once.

"Mary, they say silence gives consent," he whispered.

"No, not with me! I can never be your wife."

"Oh, Mary, think awhile!" he urged.

"Jem, it cannot be," she said calmly, although she trembled from head to foot. "Once for all, I will never marry you."

"And this is the end!" he cried passionately. "Mary, you'll hear, maybe, of me as a drunkard, and maybe as a thief, and maybe as a murderer. Remember! it's your cruelty that will have made me what I feel I shall become."

He rushed out of the house.

When he had gone, Mary lay half across the dresser, her head hidden in her hands and her body shaken with violent sobs. For these few minutes had unveiled her heart to her; it had convinced her that she loved Jem above all persons or things. What were the wealth and prosperity that Mr. Harry Carson might bring to her now

that she had suddenly discovered the passionate secret of her soul?

Her first duty, she saw, was to reject the advances of her rich lover. She avoided him as far as possible, and slighted him when he forced his presence upon her. And how was she to redress the wrong she had done to Jem in denying him her heart? She took counsel with her friend, Margaret Legh. When Mary had first known Margaret and her grandfather, Job Legh—an old man who belonged to the class of Manchester workmen who are warm and devoted followers of science, a man whose home was like a wizard's dwelling, filled with impaled insects and books and instruments—Margaret had a secret fear of blindness. The fear had since been realized, but she remained the quiet, sensible, tender-hearted girl she had been before her great deprivation. She opposed Mary's notion of writing a letter to Jem.

"You must just wait and be patient," she advised; "being patient is the hardest work we have to do through life, I take it. Waiting is far more difficult than doing; but it's one of God's lessons we must learn, one way or another."

So Mary waited. But Jem took his disappointment as final, and her hopes of seeing him were always baffled.

John Barton, on the night of Jem's proposal, had gone to his union. The members of the union were all desperate men, ready for anything; made ready by want. Barton himself was out of work. He had seen much of the bitterness of poverty in Manchester; now he was feeling the pinch of it himself.

Ever since the death of his wife, whose end had been hastened by the sudden and complete disappearance of her darling sister Esther, the wan colourlessness of his face had been intensified; his stern enthusiasm, once latent, had become visible; his heart, tenderer than ever towards the victims of the misery around him, grew harder towards the employers, whom he believed to be the cause of that misery. Trade grew worse, but there was no sign that the masters were suffering; they still had their carriages and their comforts; the woe in those terrible years 1839, 1840 and 1841 seemed to fall wholly upon the poor. It is impossible even faintly to picture the state of distress which prevailed in Manchester at that time. Whole families went through a gradual starvation; John Barton saw them starve, saw fathers and mothers and children die of low, putrid fever in fetid cellars, and cursed the rich men who never extended a helping hand to the sufferers.

"Working-folk won't be ground to the dust much longer," he declared. "We'n ha' had as much to bear as human nature can bear."

Fiercer grew he, and more sullen. Darker and darker were the schemes he brooded over in his desolate home, or discussed with others at the meetings of the union. Even Mary did not escape his ill-temper. Once he struck her. And yet Mary was the one being on earth he loved. What would he have thought had he known that his daughter had listened to the voice of an employer's son?

II—The Rivals

One night, as Jem was leaving the foundry, a woman laid her hand upon his arm. A momentary glance at the faded finery she wore told him the class to which she belonged, and he made an effort to pass on. But she grasped him firmly.

"You must listen to me, Jem Wilson," she said, "for Mary Barton's sake."

"And who can you be to know Mary Barton?" he exclaimed.

"Do you remember Esther, Mary's aunt?"

"Yes, I mind her well." He looked into her face. "Why, Esther! Where have ye been this many a year?"

She answered with fierce earnestness, "Where have I been? What have I been doing? Can you not guess? See after Mary, and take care she does not become like me. As she is loving now, so did I love once—one above me, far."

Jem cut her short with his hoarse, stern inquiry, "Who is this spark that Mary loves?"

"It's old Carson's son." Then, after a pause, she continued, "Oh, Jem, I charge you with the care of her! Her father

won't listen to me." She cried a little at the recollection of John Barton's harsh words when she had timidly tried to approach him. "It would be better for her to die than to live to lead such a life as I do!"

"It would be better," said Jem, as if thinking aloud. Then he went on. "Esther, you may trust to my doing all I can for Mary. And now, listen. Come home with me. Come to my mother."

"God bless you, Jem!" she replied. "But it is too late now—too late!"

She rapidly turned away. Jem felt that the great thing was to reach home and solitude. His heart was filled with jealous anguish. Mary loved another! A frenzied longing for blood entered his mind as he brooded that night over his loss. But at last the thought of duty brought peace to his soul. If Carson loved Mary, Carson must marry her. It was Jem's part to speak straightforwardly to Carson.

Four days later his opportunity came. He met Carson in an unfrequented lane.

"May I speak a word wi' you, sir?" said Jem respectfully.

"Certainly, my good man," replied Harry Carson.

"I think, sir, you're keeping company wi' Mary Barton?"

"Mary Barton! Ay, that is her name. An arrant flirt the little hussy is."

"I will tell you in plain words," said Jem, angered, "what I have got to say to you. I'm an old friend of Mary's and her father's, and I want to know if you mean fair by Mary or not."

"You will have the kindness to leave us to ourselves," answered Carson contemptuously. "No one shall interfere between my little girl and me. Get out of my way! Won't you? Then I'll make you!"

He raised his cane, and smote the mechanic on his face. An instant afterwards he lay stretched in the muddy road, Jem standing over him, panting with rage. Just then a policeman interfered with expostulations and warnings.

"If you dare to injure her," shouted Jem, as he was dragged away, "I will await you where no policeman can step in between. And God shall judge between us two!"

THE mill-workers had struck against low wages. Five haggard, earnest-looking men had presented the work-people's demands to the assembled mill-owners, and the demands had been rejected. None had been fiercer in opposing the delegates, none more bitter in mockery of their rags and leanness, than the son of old Mr. Carson.

That evening, starved, irritated, despairing men gathered to hear the delegates tell of their failure.

"It's the masters as has wrought this woe," said John Barton in a low voice. "It's the masters as should pay for it. Set me to serve out the masters, and see if there's aught I'll stick at!"

Deeper and darker grew the import of the speeches as the men stood hoarsely muttering their meaning out with set teeth and livid looks. After a fierce and terrible oath had been sworn, a number of pieces of paper, one of them marked, were shuffled in a hat. The gas was extinguished; each drew a paper. The gas was re-lighted. Each examined his paper, with a countenance as immovable as he could make it.

He who had drawn the marked paper had drawn the lot of the assassin. And no one, save God and his own conscience, knew who was the appointed murderer.

III—Murder

TWO nights later, Barton was to leave for Glasgow, whither he was to travel as delegate to entreat assistance for the strikers. "What could be the matter with him?" thought Mary. He seemed so restless and so fierce.

Presently he rose, and in a short, cold manner bade her farewell. She stood at the door, looking after him, her eyes blinded with tears. He was so strange, so cold, so hard. Suddenly he came back, and took her in his arms.

"God in heaven bless thee, Mary!"

She threw her arms round his neck. He kissed her, unlaced her soft, twining arms, and set off on his errand.

When Mary reached the dressmaker's next morning, she noticed that the girls

stopped talking. They eyed her; then they began to whisper. At last one of them asked her if she had heard the news.

"No! What news?" she answered.

"Have you not heard that young Mr. Carson was murdered last night?"

Mary could not speak, but no one who looked at her pale and terror-stricken face could have doubted that she had not heard before of the fearful occurrence.

She felt throughout the day as if the haunting horror were a long nightmare. Everybody was full of the one subject.

In the evening she went to Mrs. Wilson's, hoping that she might see Jem. But here a new and terrible shock awaited her.

Mrs. Wilson turned fiercely upon her.

"And is it thee that dares set foot in this house, after what has come to pass? Dost thou know where my son is, all through thee?"

"No!" quivered out poor Mary.

"He's lying in prison, waiting to take his trial for murdering young Mr. Carson."

So, indeed, it was. At the inquest the policeman who had witnessed the quarrel between the rivals testified to the threats uttered by Jem; and the gun used by the murderer, and thrown away by him in his haste to escape, had been proved to be Jem's property.

Jem an assassin, and because of her! In the agony of that night Mary saw the gallows standing black against the burning light which dazzled her shut eyes. She thought she was going mad; then Heaven blessed her unawares, and she sank to sleep.

She was awakened by the coming of a visitor. It was her long-lost, unrecognized aunt Esther, who had come to her niece bringing her a little piece of paper compressed into a round shape. It was the paper that had served as wadding for the murderer's gun. Esther had picked it up while wandering in curiosity about the scene of the murder. There was writing on the paper, and she had brought it to Mary, fearing that it might provide more evidence against Jem.

THE paper told Mary everything. It had belonged to John Barton. Jem was innocent, and her own father was the murderer! Jem must be saved, and she must do it; for was she not the sole repository of the terrible secret? And how could she prove Jem's innocence without admitting her father's guilt?

When she could think calmly, she realized that she must discover where Jem had been on the Thursday night when the murder had been committed. Tremblingly she went to Mrs. Wilson and learnt what she wanted to know. Jem had walked towards Liverpool with his cousin Will, a sailor who had spent all his money in Manchester, and could not afford railway fare. Will's ship was to sail on Tuesday, and on Tuesday Jem was to be tried at the Liverpool assizes.

Job Legh engaged a lawyer to defend Jem, and Mary prepared to go to Liverpool to find the one man whose evidence could save her lover.

IV—'Not Guilty'

ARRIVED at Liverpool on Monday, after the bewilderment of a railway journey—the first she had ever made—Mary found her way to the little court where Jem's sailor cousin lodged.

"Is Will Wilson here?" she asked the landlady.

"No, he is not," replied the woman, curtly.

"Tell me—where is he?" asked Mary, sickening.

"He's gone this very morning, my poor dear," answered the landlady, relenting at the sight of Mary's obvious distress. "He's sailed, my dear—sailed in the *John Cropper* this very blessed morning!"

Mary staggered into the house, stricken into hopelessness. Yet hope was not dead. The landlady's son told her that the *John Cropper* would be waiting for high-water to cross the sandbanks at the river's mouth, and that there was a chance that a sailing-boat might overtake the vessel.

Mary hurried down to the docks, spent every penny she had in hiring a boat, and presently was tossing on the water for the first time in her life.

The boatmen hailed the *John Cropper* just as the crew were heaving anchor, and told their errand. The captain refused with a dreadful oath to stop his ship for anyone, whoever swung for it. But Will

Wilson, standing at the stern, shouted through his hands, " So help me God, Mary Barton, I'll come back in the pilot-boat time enough to save his life ! "

As the ship receded in the distance, Mary asked anxiously when the pilot-boat would be back. The boatmen did not know ; it might be twelve hours, it might be two days. When she reached the landing-place, faint and penniless, one of the boatmen took her to his home, and there she sat sleeplessly awaiting the day of trial.

When she entered the witness-box next day, the whole court reeled before her, save two figures only—that of the judge and that of the prisoner. Jem sat silent—he had held his peace ever since his arrest—with his face bowed on his hands.

Mary answered a few questions with a sort of wonder at the terrible circumstances in which she was placed.

" And pray, may I ask, which was the favoured lover ? " went on the barrister.

A look of indignation for an instant contracted Mary's brow. She was aware that Jem had raised his head and was gazing at her. Turning towards the judge, she said steadily, " Perhaps I liked Mr. Harry Carson once ; but I loved James Wilson beyond what tongue can tell. When he asked me to marry him, I was very hard in my answer ; but he'd not been gone out of my sight above a minute before I knew I loved him.

After these words the prisoner's head was no longer bowed. He stood erect and firm, with self-respect in his attitude.

But Will Wilson did not come, and the evidence against Jem grew stronger and stronger. Mary was flushed and anxious, muttering to herself in a wild manner.

Suddenly she threw up her arms and shrieked aloud : " Oh, Jem ! Jem ! You're saved ! and I am mad ! " and was carried out of court stiff and convulsed. And as they bore her off, a sailor forced his way through turnkeys and policemen. Will Wilson had come in time.

He told his tale clearly and distinctly ; the efforts of the prosecution to shake him were useless. ' Not guilty ' was the verdict that thrilled through the breathless court. One man sank back in his seat in sickening despair. The vengeance that old Mr. Carson had longed to compass for the murder of his beloved boy was thwarted ; he had been cheated of the desire that now ruled his life—the desire of blood for blood.

V—'Forgive Us Our Trespasses'

For many days Mary hovered between life and death, and it was long ere she could make the journey back to Manchester under the tender care of the man who now knew she loved him. Not until she had recovered did he tell her that he had lost his situation at the foundry—the men refused to work under one who had been tried for murder.

" Mary," he asked, " art thou much bound to Manchester ? Would it grieve thee sore to quit the old smoke-jack ? " I've heard fine things of Canada. Thou knowest where Canada is, Mary ? "

" Not rightly, but with thee, Jem "—her voice sank to a whisper—" anywhere." Then she added, " But father ! "

John Barton was smitten, helpless, very near to death. His face was sunk and worn—like a skull, with yet a suffering expression that skulls have not ! Crime and all had been forgotten by his daughter when she saw him.

Jem had known from the first that Barton was the murderer of Harry Carson. Several days before the murder Barton had borrowed Jem's gun, and Jem had seen the truth at the moment of his arrest. When Mary came to tell him that her father wished to speak to him, Jem could not guess what was before him.

When they entered the room, Mary saw all at a glance. Her father stood holding on to a chair as if for support. Behind him sat Job Legh ; before him stood the stern figure of Mr. Carson.

" Don't dare to think that I shall be merciful ; you shall be hanged—hanged—man ! " said Mr. Carson slowly.

" I've had far, far worse misery than hanging ! " cried Barton. " Sir, one word ! My hairs are grey with suffering."

" And have I had no suffering ? " interrupted Mr. Carson. " Is not my boy gone—killed—out of my sight for ever ? He was my sunshine, and now it is night !

AS MARY WAS BORNE OUT OF COURT. WILL WILSON FORCED HIS WAY IN
From the drawing by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

Oh, my God ! comfort me, comfort me ! " cried the old man aloud.

Barton lay across the table broken-hearted. " God knows I didn't know what I was doing," he whispered. " Oh, sir," he said wildly, " say you forgive me ? "

" Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," said Job solemnly.

Mr. Carson took his hands from his face.

" Let my trespasses be unforgiven, so that I may have vengeance for my son's murder."

John Barton lay on the ground as one dead. When Mr. Carson had left the house, he looked up to the calm, majestic depths of the heavens, and by-and-by the last words he had spoken returned upon him, as if they were being echoed through all that infinite space in tones of unutterable sorrow.

He went homewards ; not to the police office. All night long the archangel combated with the demon in his soul.

All night long others watched by the bed of death. As morning dawned Barton grew worse. Jem had gone to the druggist's, and Mary cried out for assistance.

A step came up the stairs. Mr. Carson stood in the doorway. He raised up the powerless frame, and the departing soul looked out of the eyes with gratitude.

" Pray for us ! " cried Mary,.

" God be merciful to us sinners," was Mr. Carson's prayer. " Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

And when the words were said, John Barton lay a corpse in Mr. Carson's arms.

. . . . . .

At the door of a long, low wooden house stands Mary, watching the return of her husband from his work.

Her baby boy, in his grandmother's arms, sees him come with a crow of delight.

" English letters ! " cries Jem. " Guess the good news ! "

" Oh, tell me ! " says Mary.

" Margaret has recovered her sight. She and Will are to be married, and he's bringing her out here to Canada ; and Job Legh talks of coming, too—not to see you, Mary, but to try and pick up a few specimens of Canadian insects."

" Dear Job Legh ! " said Mary softly.

FREDERICK W. H. MYERS

HUMAN PERSONALITY AND ITS SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH

Outlined by J. A. Penman

THE works of Frederick W. H. Myers may be divided into two categories, his literary publications and his scientific investigations of the phenomena of hypnotism, apparition and kindred subjects. As a poet he possessed no small gift, his best works being St. Paul (1867), The Renewal of Youth (1882), and Fragments of Prose and Poetry, posthumously published. Three volumes of his essays have been collected—Essays Classical, and Essays Modern (1883), and Science and Future Life (1893). His lifework, however, was the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research, and his scientific observation of alleged occult occurrences. The results of his investigations are recorded in Phantasms of the Living, the joint work of Myers, Podman and Gurney, and in Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death, posthumously published in two volumes in 1903. An abridged and revised edition in one volume is published by Longmans.

I—The Great Question

THE most momentous question man has to ask himself is whether his personality involves any element which can survive the decease and decay of the body. It is around this problem that man's gravest fears as well as his stimulating hopes have centred. Yet men have never yet sought to apply the scientific method to the problem of human destiny, although they have found that Science has led to so much valid discovery and indisputable truth in other forms of knowledge.

In most civilized countries there has been for the past two thousand years a distinct, tacit belief that human survival has been proved by certain obscure phenomena recorded to have been observed in Palestine. But there has been no serious attempt to correlate that belief with scientific discovery and observation, for men have kept their convictions relative to this subject in a sealed mental compartment consecrated to religion or superstition, but not to experiment.

The object then of this work is to endeavour to break down that artificial wall of demarcation which has thus far excluded from scientific treatment the problems which stand in most need of all the aids to discovery which such treatment can afford.

Following upon the triumph of Christianity, the Christian Church became for Europe the accredited guardian of all phenomena bearing upon the unseen world. But it was inevitable that the enquiry should become wider and broader, and in the process of broadening witchcraft, Swedenborgianism, Mesmerism, Spiritism all play their part as precursors. The belief in witchcraft passed as human ignorance and folly, though to-day we feel that witchcraft was based upon phenomena that were not understood, phenomena such as hysteria, which when scientifically approached along the lines of psychology, may yield us valuable information.

In the movement headed by Mesmer 'suggestion'—though not under that name—came into prominence, but it was not till our generation that medical science took up the study of hypnotism in which every well-attested fact of witchcraft or of mesmerism finds, if not its explanation, at least its parallel, thus becoming a recognized and advancing method of relieving human ills.

It was to Emmanuel Swedenborg first that the unseen world appeared before all things as a realm of law, a region not of mere emotional vagueness but of definite progress according to definite relations of cause and effect. Founded upon many facts of the supernormal, modern spiritualism or spiritism has erected its edifice, a sectarian cult detracting from what ought to be a branch of scientific enquiry rather than a sectarian creed.

The enquiry, then, with which we are faced, must be an enquiry resting primarily,

as all scientific enquiries in the stricter sense must now rest, upon objective facts actually observable, upon experiments which we can repeat to-day, and which we may hope to carry farther to-morrow. It must be based on the presupposition that if a spiritual world exists, and if that world has at any epoch been manifest or even discoverable, then it ought to be manifest or discoverable now.

II—Disintegration of Personality

Each man is regarded as at once unitary and also almost infinitely composite. The multiplex organism inherited from earthly ancestors is ruled and unified by a soul or spirit which has originated in a spiritual environment, a spirit which, even while embodied, subsists in that environment and which will still subsist therein after the body's decay.

Man has a consciousness the best line of proof for which probably lies in the memory of past acts, when we arrive at the conclusion that even the hypnotised subject may be conscious.

Now personality may be divided or duplicated and accordingly we must consider the possibility of any given arrangement or division of the total mass of consciousness which exists within us.

There occur, frequently, changes in the conscious life of individuals, changes which are generally noxious to the physical organism. They seem to be separate from the primary stream of conscious purposive life, and not infrequently are steps on the road to the breaking up of personality and mental overthrow.

The process may begin with something which is to the psychical organism no more than a corn or boil is to the physical. In consequence of some suggestion from without, or of some inherited tendency, a small group of psychical units set up a process of exaggerated growth which shuts them off from free and healthy interchange with the rest of the personality. The result may be an uncontrolled, unmodified group of thoughts or actions developing in various ways. It may become a fixed, insistent idea inducing hysterical convulsions, or it may draw so many psychical elements to its centre that it forms a kind of secondary personality co-existing secretly with the primary one.

Usually, these fixed ideas are at the outset but extravagant fancies—as that one is made of glass or the like—and hardly one of us is wholly free from tendencies to certain types of thoughts or emotions for which we cannot summon any adequate check. Some haunting troubles have their origin in our childhood, but for some we must go even farther back. The fear of darkness, the fear of solitude, the fear of thunderstorms speak of primitive helplessness, and to these and such instinctive feelings a morbid development is easily given.

These fixed ideas may readily pass into hysteria in which a series of phantom copies of real maladies of the nervous system may occur or they may be determined by no physiological mechanism and may then be some form of self-suggestion. What is only a silly fancy seems in some cases to produce an effect which is objective, measurable and capable of causing serious disablement. This may be a restriction of the conscious field wherein, by a fixed distraction, the subject may be incapable of attaching certain sensations to his personality, although no physiological cause can be attributed.

For example, a hysteric may actually lose sensation in one arm, but on being told by a doctor that there is a caterpillar on that arm the reinforcement of attention thus generated may bring back the sensibility. In these and similar cases hysteria is a dissolutive process where the elements of personality are isolated.

Hysteria is undoubtedly a disease, but it is by no means an indication of initial mental weakness, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that all psychical disturbances are due to vanity, to anger, to terror, to sexual passion. Danger lies before us if we fix our conception of human character too low. We must not form the idea that there is nothing before us but a study of decay. It is his steady advance and not his occasional regression which makes the chief concern of man. Martyrs, crusaders, nihilists, enthusiasts of any kind who are

swayed by impulses largely below the threshold of ordinary consciousness, these may bring to bear on human affairs a force more concentrated and at higher tension than deliberate reason can generate. They are virtually carrying out self-suggestions which have acquired the permanence of fixed ideas. These fixed ideas, however, are not so isolated as those of true hysterics.

Sometimes a secondary state intervenes, a kind of bewilderment overrunning the whole personality. This state ranges from sleep-wakings of all kinds and includes all stages of alternation of personality, from brief somnambulism up to permanent and thorough changes of personality.

The study of the phenomena of dreams is perhaps the best starting-point for the study of these secondary states. In many cases our dream contains a conversation in which we await with eagerness and hear with surprise the remarks of our interlocutor who must, of course, all the time represent only another segment of ourselves. This in waking life may dominate a being's mentality to such an extent that he is a changed person where there is marked severance between the new and the old self.

There are many recorded cases of these duplications of personality in which a person may believe himself to be other than he is and actually act the part completely. Cases of alleged 'possession' or 'spirit control' may come under this head. They are really cases of duplicated personality in which suggestion has made its impression upon a hysterical type of mind.

We see now that personality is of complex structure, with separable elements which may be dissected and dissociated. Sometimes hysteria brings to light acquisitions as well as losses of faculty—an integration in place of a disintegration.

III—The Normal and the Genius

GENIUS may be regarded as a power of utilising a wider range than other men can utilise of faculties in some degree innate in all. The word 'normal' is ordinarily used to imply either conformity to a standard, or a position as an average between two extremes. But there occur instances in the life of every one of us when a maximum of faculty is manifested, when we do what we have never before even supposed ourselves able to do; a man, we say, outdoes himself in a great emergency, as, for example, when he rescues his children from a burning house, exercising a strength and agility which seemed beyond his own. The action is an emergence of hidden faculty taking command of the man and guiding his action at the moment when his being is deeply stirred.

Such an instance may serve as an illustration of a phenomenon which is constantly occurring on a small scale in the inner life of each of us.

Sometimes there is a rush upwards as of a subaqueous spring, an inspiration flashes into the mind for which our conscious effort has not prepared us. This so-called inspiration may in itself be trivial or worthless, but it is the initial stage of a phenomenon to which, when certain rare attributes are also present, the name of genius will be naturally given.

As an illustration of the workings of genius we may consider those cases of 'arithmetical prodigy,' generally a boy of tender years capable of performing 'in his head,' and almost instantaneously, problems for which ordinary workers would require pencil and paper and a much longer time. Generally this power shows itself in early years and tends to weaken in later years. We may also consider the records left by eminent men as to the element of subconscious mentation which was involved in their best work. For example, one psychologist of repute has declared that he has sometimes understood a geometrical demonstration made to him a year previously without ever having directed his attention to it. The conception implanted in his brain seemed to have ripened spontaneously, bringing about a novel grasp of the proof.

Observation then of many such declarations shows us that a very brief and shallow submergence beneath the conscious level is often enough to infuse fresh vigour into trains of thought. In some cases of deep and fruitful abstraction

we see a slight approach to duplication of personality. John Stuart Mill, intent on his Principles of Logic, as he threaded the crowds of Leadenhall Street, recalls certain morbid cases of hysterical distraction—only that with Mill the process was an integrative one and not a dissolutive one—a gain and not a loss of power over the organism. Again, in some of these cases, we see the man of genius achieving spontaneously and unawares much the same result as that which is achieved for the hypnotic subject by deliberate artifice. He is in fact co-ordinating the working and the sleeping phases of his existence.

These slight imperfect instances seem to point in a more useful direction than do some of the facts collected by most anthropologists who hold that genius is a kind of nervous malady, a disturbance of mental balance akin to criminality or even madness. Rather, the man of genius is on the whole the completed type of humanity, and in a man such as Socrates we see the ideal unification of human powers. Perhaps the promptings of the Demon of Socrates are the manifestations of the subliminal self of a man of genius, conveying to that great philosopher precisely the precognitive information which is the privilege of the sensitive man of to-day.

We have, of course, assumed in man a soul which can draw strength and grace from a spiritual universe. That which religions have claimed for their saints—and what is sanctity but the genius of the ethical realm?—psychology must claim for every form of spiritual indrawing, every form of spiritual response. That indrawing is healthy and full of joy and shows us that genius is akin to the child and not to the madman.

Men of genius, then, are no eccentrics nor degenerates; they have made for us the sanest and most fruitful experiment yet made by man; they have endeavoured to exalt the human race in a way in which it can be exalted. They have drawn on forces which exist and on a Soul which answers; they have dwelt on those things 'by dwelling on which it is,' as Plato has it—'that even God is divine.'

IV—Sleep and Hypnotism

Sleep is a change of personality which is borne in on everyone's notice, not as a morbid curiosity, but as an essential part of life. It is difficult to define sleep for its definition is recognized as a crux of philosophy. Nor can we be content to deal with it in a purely negative aspect, dwelling upon the mere absence of working faculties. We must treat sleep positively as far as we can, as a definite phase of our personality, co-ordinate with the working phase.

The break of consciousness in sleep is associated in some way with a powerful physiological change and a few moments of sleep will sometimes bring a renovation which hours of lying down in darkness and silence will not yield. There must be therefore, in sleep, an increased control over organic functions at the foundation of bodily life.

Sometimes, however, we find that sleep is capable of strange developments, night sometimes outdoing the most complex achievements of day. The somnambulist, like the man of genius, brings into play resources which are beyond ordinary reach. Sometimes a dream may be preserved in permanent results as, for example, in cases where a dream has led to 'conversion' or marked religious change, or where it has been the starting-point of an 'insistent idea' or of a fit of actual insanity. M. Taine relates how a gendarme, impressed by an execution at which he had assisted, dreamt that he himself was to be executed and was afterwards so influenced by the dream that he attempted suicide. Thus it would seem that the dreaming self may undergo sensory and emotional experiences apparently more intense than those of vigilance, and may produce thereby lasting effects upon the waking body and mind.

It is also possible, from observed data—such as the solutions of difficult problems in sleep—to conclude that not only memory but power of inference and of argument may be intensified in sleep.

We are also conscious that in sleeping states the sleeping spirit is capable of perception of distant scenes, of telepathic

communications with distant persons, or even with spirits unencumbered by the flesh. Here again, then, the inference of the phenomena of sleep would point to the fact that the waking personality is adapted to the needs of earthly life; the personality of sleep maintains the fundamental connexions between the organism and the spiritual world by supplying it with spiritual energy during sleep and itself develops by the exercise of its own spiritual faculties.

Closely connected with sleep is the hypnotic trance, which, however, may be roughly characterised as self-suggestion. Such suggestion, as a systematic appeal to the deeper subconscious powers in man, must be fitted on to the whole serious life of man. There must needs be some scheme of self-suggestion—some general theory which can give the individual a basis for his appeal, whether he may regard the appeal as directed to an intelligence outside himself or to his own inherent faculties and informing soul.

Schemes of self-suggestion have been effective in all the superstition and all the religion of man. Each form of supernatural belief has been utilised in securing the blessing of relief from physical pain. Charms, inert objects, meaningless gestures and words have been employed for the cure of disease. We know how long some forms of primitive belief persisted in medicine, as, for example, the cure of some disease by some object bearing some resemblance to its name or symptoms.

Even where persons are well aware of the intrinsic futility of charms these may nevertheless exercise a real, practical influence as a reminder to the subliminal self, or serve to keep some nervous disturbance in check.

All these, and our higher religious appeals, are but attempts at a practical realization of the essential truth that it is possible by a right disposition of our own minds to draw energy from an environing world of spiritual life.

V—Phantasms of the Dead

From the actions and perceptions of spirits still in the flesh we pass to inquire into the actions of spirits no longer in the flesh, and into the forms of perception with which men still in the flesh respond to that unfamiliar and mysterious agency. In popular language, we are looking out for 'ghosts.'

Now a ghost is not what popular fancy imagines as such, 'a dead person permitted to communicate with the living,' but rather a manifestation of persistent personal energy, an indication that some kind of force is being exercised after death which is in some way connected with a person previously known on earth Now this definition may seem to imply an assumption we are not warranted in making. Theoretically, at least, it is just possible that this influence which, after a man's death, creates a phantasmal impression of him may indicate no continuing action on his part, but may be some residue of the force or energy which he generated while yet alive.

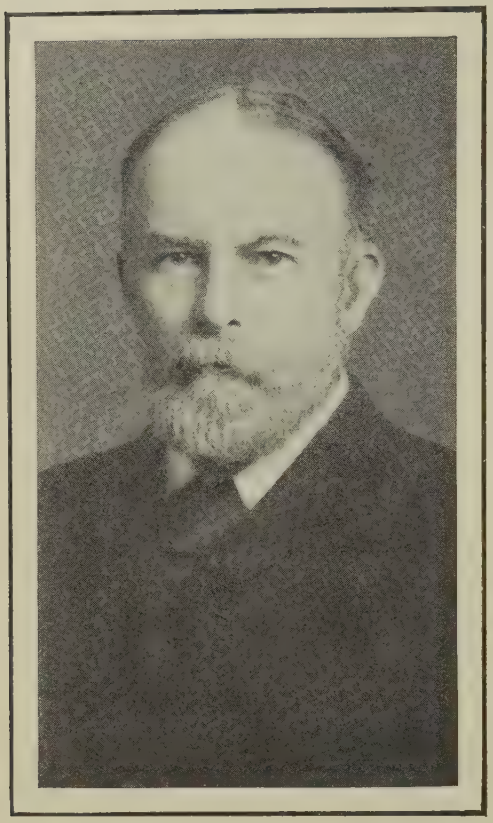
However, we may say that now, for the first time, we are able to form a conception of ghostly communication which may be presented as in some way a development of facts already experimentally known.

We have already the conception of multiplex personality, the possibility of the co-existence of many states and many memories in the same individual; and we have also the conception of telepathy—the action of mind on mind apart from any bodily organ, forming, as it were, messages from men to men still in the flesh.

Wherever, then, there is any form of hallucination, some message is forcing its way upwards from one stratum of personality to another.

In post mortem cases we ought to expect some similar general principles to those of phantasms of the normal, actual life of man, and most conspicuous in this class are actual apparitions.

A phantasm representing a person whose death is recent is specially likely to arouse interest, and the emotional state of a person may be considered a sufficient cause for the hallucination. But there are calm, collected states of mind wherein there are recorded instances of phantasms.



Elliott & Fry

FREDERICK WILLIAM HENRY MYERS was born February 6, 1843, at Keswick, and educated at Cheltenham College and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had a distinguished academic career and in 1865 was appointed classical lecturer. In 1872 he became an inspector of schools and also engaged in literature, publishing some admirable verse and essays. Becoming interested in spiritualistic phenomena he founded the Society for Psychical Research in 1882 in association with Henry Sidgwick, Richard Hodgson, Edmund Gurney and F. Podmore. Myers died at Rome, January 17, 1901. Before his death he agreed to make every effort to communicate with his friends of the Psychical Research Society from beyond the grave, and it is claimed that messages have been received.

For example, take the case of Rev. R. M. Hill, who saw a tall figure rush into his room. He was surprised and alarmed, but it vanished before he had time to recognize it. An uncle, a tall man, died about that moment, and it is remarked that although Mr. Hill knew his uncle to be ill, the anxiety which he may have felt would hardly have given rise to an unrecognized and formidable apparition.

Sometimes the phenomena associated with apparition are dismissed extremely lightly, but all our study of personality shows us that, whatever else a 'ghost' may be, it is one of the most complex phenomena in nature. It is a function of two unknown variables—the incarnate spirit's sensitivity and the discarnate spirit's capacity of self-manifestation.

There are few recorded cases where actual apparitions give evidence of any continuity in the knowledge possessed by a spirit of friends on earth, though there are cases where a spirit is recorded as appearing repeatedly—in guardian angel fashion—foreseeing and sympathising with certain happenings. Sometimes apparitions do imply a perception of earthly events such as moral crises, marriage, grave quarrels or impending crimes of friends left behind on earth.

Many cases of alleged apparition have been investigated by the Society for Psychical Research, and their findings recorded; findings which stimulate the acutely scientific experimenter to further research.

Of course, in any such inquiry as the present we must often stand intermediate between matters capable and matters incapable of proof. The secure discovery that there is a life in man independent of blood and all material would be a dominating fact of all science and speculation.

OUR researches have given hope that science will shortly recognize that the relation between the material and spiritual worlds cannot be an ethical or emotional relation alone. In the spirit world we become conscious of laws at least as persistent and identical from age to age as the known laws of energy and motion.

No longer can belief in the soul's survival after death be supported by tradition alone. It must be more and more tested by experience and inquiry.

In the age of Thales, Greece was given delight by the first dim notion of cosmic unity and law. In the age of Christ, Europe felt the first high authentic message from a world beyond our own. In our own age we reach the perception that such messages may become continuous and progressive, that between seen and unseen there is a channel and fairway which future generations may learn to widen and to clarify.

ROBERT BROWNING

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON

SAID to have been written in five days at the desire of Macready, A Blot in the 'Scutcheon was produced by him at Drury Lane, February 11, 1843, the leading parts being taken by Pheips and Helen Faucit. Its success was only moderate, and Browning attributed this to Macready's jealousy of another actor, which led him to give the play inadequate presentation. A quarrel resulted between the two friends, who did not meet for twenty years. A Blot in the 'Scutcheon has a powerful situation and like all Browning's plays contains passages of fine poetry, but it is as dramatic poems and not as acting plays that they hold a permanent place in literature. From 1841 to 1846 Browning published a series of eight pamphlets under the title of Bells and Pomegranates, and A Blot in the 'Scutcheon appeared as the fifth of the series in 1843. An outline of Browning's earlier play Strafford is given at page 1861 with a full page portrait of Browning.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Lord Mertoun	**Mildred Tresham**
Thorold, Lord Tresham	**Guendolen Tresham,** a cousin betrothed to Austin
Austin, Tresham's brother	**Retainers**
Gerard, the Warrener	

First Act

SCENE I.—*A saloon in* Tresham's *mansion.* **Tresham, Mertoun, Austin, Guendolen.**

TRESHAM : I welcome you,
Lord Mertoun, yet once more,
To this ancestral roof of mine. Your name,
Noble among the noblest, in itself
Would win you welcome !

Mertoun : I thank you ; who am come
With bare leave to ask a gift. That I dare ask
Firmly, near boldly, near with confidence
That gift, I have to thank you. Yes, Lord Tresham,
I love your sister—as you'd have one love
That lady . . oh, more, more, I love her.
Grant me that lady, and you . . . Death or life ?

Guendolen : Why, this is loving, Austin !
That's true love !
Ours must begin again.

Mert. : You grant my suit ?
I have your word if hers ?

Tresh. : My best of words
If hers encourage you. I trust it will.
Have you seen Lady Mildred, by the way ?

Mert. : I . . I . . our two demesnes, remember, touch—
I have been used to wander carelessly
After my stricken game : I have come upon
The lady's wondrous beauty unaware,
And—and then . . . I have seen her.

Tresh. : What's to say
May be said briefly. She has never known
A mother's care ; I stand for father too.
Her beauty is not strange to you, it seems—
You cannot know the good and tender heart,
Its girl's trust and its woman's constancy,
How pure yet passionate, how calm yet kind,
How grave yet joyous, how reserved yet free,
How—one might know I talked of Mildred—thus
We brothers talk !

Mert. : Then . . . when shall . . . you will crown
Your goodness by forthwith apprising me
When . . . if . . . the lady will appoint a day
For me to wait on you—and her. [*Exit.*

Tresh. : Now, voices ! voices ! 'St ! the lady's first !
The earl—how seems he ?—seems he not—

Guen. : He's young.

Tresh. : What's she ? An infant save in heart and brain.
Young ! Mildred is fourteen, remark ! Come up
All three of us ; she's in the library.
You golden creature, will you help us all ?

Guen. : Austin, how we must——

Tresh. : Must what ? Must speak truth,
Malignant tongue ! Detect one fault in him !
I challenge you !

Guen. : Witchcraft's a fault in him,
For you're bewitched !

SCENE II.—**Mildred's** *chamber.* **Mildred** *and* **Guendolen,** *who has been affectionately teasing her cousin.*

GUENDOLEN : Mildred, the earl has soft blue eyes !

Mildred : My brother—
Did he—you said that he received him well ?

Guen. : If I said only ' well ' I said not much—
Oh, stay—which brother ?

Mil. : Thorold—who, who else ?

Guen. : Thorold's too proud ; too proud with brooding o'er
The light of his interminable line,
An ancestry with men all paladins,
And women all—

Mil. : Dear Guendolen, 'tis late,
And I would rest.
Guen. : Good-night and rest to you.
I said how gracefully his mantle lay
Beneath the rings of his light hair ?
Mil. : Brown hair !
Guen. : Brown ? Why, it *is* brown.
How could you know that ?
Mil. : How ? did not you—Oh, Austin 'twas declared
His hair was light, not brown—my head !
Good-night.
Guen. : Forgive me—sleep the soundlier for me. [*Exit.*
Mil. : My heart ! I shall not reach the window. Needs
Must I have sinned much, so to suffer ! There.
(*She places a lamp before the purple pane in the window.*)
Mildred and Mertoun ! Mildred, with consent
Of all the world and Thorold, Mertoun's bride !
Too late ! 'Tis sweet to think of ; but I know
It comes too late, 'twill sweetest be of all
To dream my soul away and die upon.
[*A low voice sings without ;* Mertoun *enters through the window.* [beloved.
Mertoun : My very heart sings, so I sing,
The meeting that appalled us both so much
Is ended.
Mil. : What begins now ?
Mert. : Happiness
Such as the world contains not.
Mil. : We—do we
Deserve that ? Utter to your soul, what mine
Long since, beloved, has grown used to hear,
Like a death-knell, so much regarded once
And so familiar now ; this will not be.
Sin has surprised us ; so will punishment.
Have I received in presence of them all
The partner of my guilty love—with brow
Trying to seem a maiden's brow—with lips—
With cheek that looks a virgin's—
How you must
Despise me.

MERT : Mildred, answer me—first pace
The chamber with me—what it is of me
You see contempt (for you did say contempt),
Contempt for you in ! Mildred, feel you not
That now I think upon your purity
And utter ignorance of guilt—if sorrow—
Sin—if the end came—must I now renounce
My reason, blind myself to light, say truth
Is false, and lie to God and my own soul ?
Oh, to love less what one has injured ! Dove,
Whose pinion I have rashly hurt, my breast—
Shall my heart's warmth not nurse thee into strength ?
Flower I have crushed, shall I not care for thee ?
Mildred, I love you, and you love me !
Mil. : Go !
Be that your last word. I shall sleep to-night.
[Mertoun *descends from the window by a yew-tree.*
I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother ; God forgot me ; and I fell.
There may be pardon yet. All's doubt beyond.
Surely the bitterness of death is past !

Second Act

SCENE : *The library.* Tresham *alone.*

TRESHAM : Oh, thought's absurd. There's cheerful day outside ;
This is my library, and this the chair
My father used to sit in ; and 'tis here
Gerard our grey retainer—as he says,
Fed with our food, from sire to son, an age—
Has told a story I am to believe !
That Mildred . . . oh, no, no ! both tales are true,
Her pure cheek's story and the forester's . . .
Avert, O God, only this woe from me . . .
[Guendolen *enters ;* Tresham *bids her send* Mildred *to him and wait without, with* Austin. *Enter* Mildred.
Mildred, here's a line,
' Love conquers all things.' What love conquers them ?
What love should you esteem best love ?
Mildred : True love.
Tresh. : I mean, whose love is best of all that love ?
Mildred, I do believe a brother's love
For a sole sister must exceed them all.
I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds
All the world's love in its unworldliness.
Shall I speak, shall I not speak ?
Mil. : Speak.
Tresh. : Is there a story men could—any man
Could tell of you, you would conceal from me ?
Say ' There is no such story men could tell,'
And I'll believe you, though I disbelieve
The world—the world of better men than I,
And women such as I suppose you. Speak !
Not speak ? Explain, then. Mildred ! Silent still . . .
Is there a gallant that has night by night
Admittance to your chamber ?
Then, his name !
Mil. : Oh, do not plunge me into other guilt !
Oh, guilt enough ! I cannot tell his name.
Tresh. : I'll hide your shame and mine from every eye ;
We two will somehow wear this one day out ;
But with to-morrow hastens here, the earl.
Dictate the letter that shall countermand
Last night's—do dictate that.
Mil. : But, Thorold, if
I will receive him ?
Tresh. (*starting up*) : Ho there ! Guendolen !
[Guendolen *and* Austin *enter.*
Look ! There ! The soft, sly wanton that receives
Her guilt's accomplice 'neath this roof, which holds
You, Guendolen, you, Austin, and has held
A thousand Treshams—never one like her.
Know her ! [least ;
Guendolen : Oh, Mildred ! Look to me at Thorold——
Mil. : All's truth. Go from me.
Tresh. : All is truth . . .
It were not so impossible to bear ;
But this—that fresh from last night's pledge renewed
Of love with the successful gallant there,

She stands there, calmly gives her lover up
As means to wed the earl, that she may hide
Their intercourse the surelier: and for this
I curse her to her face before you all.
Shame hunt her from the earth! Then Heaven do right
To both! It hears me now—shall judge her then.
[Mildred *faints*; Tresham *rushes out.*
Austin: Stay, Tresham, we'll accompany you.
Guen.: We?
What, and leave Mildred? We? Why, where's my place
But by her side, and where yours but by mine?
Aust.: No, Guendolen! I echo Thorold's voice.
She is unworthy to behold . . .
Guen.: Us two?
If you, the soldier, I, her cousin, friend—
If with a death-white woman you can help,
Let alone sister, let alone a Mildred,
You left her—we should be unworthy, both,
To be beheld by—by—your meanest dog.
Austin, do you love me? Here's Austin, Mildred,
Your brother says he does not believe half,
No, nor half that, of all he heard! He says,
Look up and take his hand!
Aust.: Look up, and take
My hand, dear Mildred.
Mil.: I—I was so young!
Beside, I loved him, Thorold—and I had
No mother; God forgot me; so I fell.
Now punish me! A woman takes my hand?
Let go my hand! You do not know, I see.
I thought that Thorold told you. Loose my hand.
Guen.: Here, Mildred, we two friends of yours will wait
Your bidding. Austin, go, until I call you.
[*Exit* Austin.
Mil.: O Guendolen, I love you!
Guen.: Yes; and love
Says you confide in me. Your lover's name?
Mil.: I cannot tell his name.
Guen.: You love him still?
Lord Mertoun and your lover are the same!
Mil.: By all your love, sweet Guendolen, forbear;
Have I confided in you . . .
Guen.: Just for this!
Austin! Oh, not to guess it at the first!
[*Enter* Austin.
You said there was a clue. Remember, sweet,
He said there was a clue! I hold it. Come!

Third Act

Scene I.—*The avenue under* Mildred's *window.* Tresham *concealed. A bell sounds midnight. Enter* Mertoun *cloaked.*

Mertoun: Not time! Beat out thy last voluptuous beat
Of hope and fear, my heart! I thought the clock
I' the chapel struck.
[*The light is set in the window.*
And see, my signal rises, Mildred's star.
[Tresham *seizes him as he prepares to climb.*
Unhand me, peasant, by your grasp. Here's gold.
Tresham: Into the moonlight yonder, come with me!
Out of the shadow!
Mert.: I am armed, fool!
Tresh.: Yes
Or no? You'll come into the light?
Mert.: That voice,
Where have I heard . . . No, that was mild and slow.
I'll come with you.
Tresh.: You're armed; that's well. Declare
Your name. Who are you?
Mert.: (Tresham! She is lost!)
Know me, Lord Tresham. (*Dropping the cloak.*)
Tresh.: Mertoun! Draw now.
Mert.: Hear me
But speak first.
Tresh.: Not one least word on your life.
With God's help I retain, despite my sense,
The old belief—a life like yours is still
Impossible. Now draw!
Mert.: Not for my sake
Do I entreat a hearing; for your sake,
And most, for hers.
Tresh.: A miscreant like yourself,
How must one rouse his ire? A blow? Come, draw.
Mert.: 'Twixt him and me and Mildred,
Heaven be judge!
[*They fight;* Mertoun *falls.*

Tresh.: You are not hurt? Not hurt? It cannot be. [yet
Mert.: Lord Tresham, I am very young, and
I have entangled other lives with mine.
Do let me speak, and do believe my speech!
Oh, stay by me! When I was less than boy
I did you grievous wrong, and knew it not—
Upon my honour, knew it not. Once known,
I could not find what seemed a better way
To right you than I took. My life—that's nothing
And I must wring a partial—dare I say
Forgiveness from you, ere I die?
Tresh.: I do
Forgive you.
Mert.: Mildred! What will Mildred do?
Tresham, her life is bound up in the life
That's bleeding fast away. Had you but heard!
Had you but heard! What right had you to set
The thoughtless foot upon her life and mine,
And then say, as we perish, 'Had I thought,
All had gone otherwise?' We've sinned, and die.
Never you sin, Lord Tresham, for you'll die
And God will judge you.
Tresh.: Yes, be satisfied!
That process is begun.
Mert.: Say this to her,
You, not another—say, I saw him die
As he breathed this 'I love her,' you don't know
What those three small words mean . .
Die you with me,
Dear Mildred! 'Tis so easy! For God [out.
We're good enough, though the world casts us
[*As* Mertoun *dies,* Guendolen, Austin *and* Gerard *enter with lights.*

Tresh. : I, only I, see Mildred.
Guendolen : She will die.
Tresh. : Oh, no, she will not die ! I dare not hope
She'll die. What ground have you to think she'll die ?
He let me slaughter him—the boy ! I'll trust
The body then to you. When next we meet
We shall be friends. . . .

SCENE II.—Mildred's *chamber*. Mildred *alone*.

TRESHAM (*without*) : Mildred.
Mildred : Enter You ? Alone ?
[*Enter* Tresham.
Tresh. : Mildred.
Mil. : You call me kindlier by name
Than even yesterday. What is in that ?
Tresh. : Forgive me, Mildred ! Are you silent, sweet ?
Mil. (*starting up*) : Why does not Henry Mertoun come to-night ?
You've murdered Henry Mertoun ! Now proceed.
What is it I must pardon ? This and all ?
Well, I do pardon you—I think I do.
Thorold, how very wretched you must be.
Tresh. : Had I but heard him—had I let him speak
Half the truth—less—had I looked long on him
I had desisted. Why, as he lay there,
The moon on his flushed cheek, I gathered all
The story ere he told it ; I saw through
The troubled surface of his crime and yours
A depth of purity immovable.
I would not glance. My punishment's at hand.
There, Mildred, is the truth ! And you, say on,
You curse me ?
Mil. : As I dare approach that Heaven
Which has not bade a living thing despair,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it,
Desist and be forgiven, I—forgive not,
But, bless you, Thorold, from my soul of souls !
[*Falls on his neck and dies.*
[*Enter* Guendolen *with* Austin.
Guendolen : She's dead.
Austin : Leave her
And look to him ! What ails you, Thorold ?
Tresh. : I said, just as I drank the poison off,
The life out of all life was gone from me,
Already, Mildred's face is peacefuller . . .
Vengeance is God's, not man's. Remember me !
[*Dies.*

Theology and Science Reconciled

GALILEO GALILEI

THE AUTHORITY OF SCRIPTURE

THE treatise on The Authority of Scripture in Philosophical Controversies was written at a time when the Copernican theory of the universe was engaging the attention of the world. A Benedictine monk, Benedetto Castelli, called upon to defend the theory at the grand-ducal table of Tuscany, asked Galileo's assistance in reconciling it with orthodoxy. His answer was an exposition of a formal theory as to the relations of physical science to Holy Writ. This answer was further amplified in the Authority of Scripture, an able and acute defence of his position addressed in 1614 to the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. A year later Galileo's letter to Castelli was laid before the Inquisition, whereupon the philosopher was summoned to the palace of Cardinal Bellarmin and there warned against holding, teaching, or defending the condemned doctrine. Nevertheless, in a few years, Galileo had to suffer trial and condemnation by the Inquisition for publishing his Dialogues of the System of the World (see page 767) which gave the Ptolemaic theory its death blow.

I—The Defenders of Fallacy

SOME years ago I discovered many astronomical facts till then unknown. Their novelty and their antagonism to some physical propositions commonly received by the schools did stir up against me many who professed the vulgar philosophy, as if, forsooth, I had with my own hand placed these things in the heavens to obscure and disturb nature and science.

These opponents, more affectionate to their own opinion than to truth, tried to deny and disprove my discoveries, which they might have discerned with their own eyes ; and they published vain discourses, interwoven with irrelevant passages, not rightly understood, of the sacred Scriptures.

Time has proved every one of my statements and, proving them, has also proved that my opponents were of two kinds. Those who had doubted simply because the discoveries were new have been gradually converted while those whose incredulity was based on personal ill will to me have shut their eyes to the facts and have endeavoured to asperse my moral character and to ruin me.

Knowing that I have confuted the Ptolemaic and Aristotelian arguments, and distrusting their defence in the field of philosophy, they have tried to shield their fallacies under the mantle of a feigned religion and of scriptural authority, and have endeavoured to spread the opinion that my propositions are contrary to the Scriptures, and therefore heretical. To this end they have found accomplices in the pulpits, and have scattered rumours that my theory would ere long be condemned by supreme authority.

Further, they have endeavoured to make the theory peculiar to myself, ignoring the fact that the author, or rather restorer, of the doctrine was Nicholas Copernicus, a Catholic, and a much-esteemed priest, who was summoned to Rome to correct the ecclesiastic calendar, and in the course of his inquiries reached this view of the universe.

The calendar has since been regulated by his doctrine, and on his principles the motions of the planets have been calculated. Having reduced his doctrine to six books, he published them under the title of De Revolutionibus Coelestibus, at the instance of the Cardinal of Capua and of the Bishop of Culma; and, since he undertook the task at the order of Pope Leo X, he dedicated the work to his successor Paul III, and it was received by the Holy Church and studied by all the world.

In the end of his dedicatory epistle Copernicus writes: 'If there should chance to be any mateologists who, ignorant in mathematics yet pretending to skill in that science, should dare, upon the authority of some passage of Scripture wrested to their purpose, to condemn and censure my hypothesis, I value them not, and scorn their inconsiderate judgement. For it is not unknown that Lactantius (a famous author though poor mathematician) writes very childishly concerning the form of the earth when he scoffs at those who affirm the earth to be in form of a globe. So that it ought not to seem strange to the intelligent if any such should likewise now deride us. The mathematics are written for mathematicians, to whom (if I deceive not myself) these labours of mine shall seem to add something, as also to the commonweal of the Church, whose government is now in the hands of Your Holiness.'

It is such as Lactantius who would now condemn Copernicus unread, and produce authorities of the Scripture, of divines and of councils in support of their condemnation. I hold these authorities in reverence, but I hold that in this instance they are used for personal ends in a manner very different from the most sacred intention of the Holy Church. I am ready to renounce any religious errors into which I may run in this discourse, and if my book be not beneficial to the Holy Church may it be torn and burnt; but I hold that I have a right to defend myself against the attacks of ignorant opponents.

The doctrine of the movement of the earth and the fixity of the sun is condemned on the ground that the Scriptures speak in many places of the sun moving and the earth standing still. The Scriptures not being capable of lying or erring, it followeth that the position of those is erroneous and heretical who maintain that the sun is fixed and the earth in motion.

It is piously spoken that the Scriptures cannot lie. But none will deny that they are frequently abstruse and their true meaning difficult to discover, and more than the bare words signify. One taking the sense too literally might pervert the truth and conceive blasphemies, and give God feet, and hands, and eyes and human affections, such as anger, repentance, forgetfulness, ignorance, whereas these expressions are employed merely to accommodate the truth to the mental capacity of the unlearned.

This being granted, I think that in the discussion of natural problems we ought to begin not with the Scriptures, but with experiments and demonstrations. Nor does God less admirably discover Himself to us in nature than in Scripture, and having found the truth in nature we may use it as an aid to the true exposition of the Scriptures. The Scriptures were intended to teach men those things which cannot be learned otherwise than by the

mouth of the Holy Spirit; but we are meant to use our senses and reason in discovering for ourselves things within their scope and capacity, and hence certain sciences are neglected in the Holy Writ.

Astronomy, for instance, is hardly mentioned, and only the sun and the moon and Lucifer are named. Surely, if the holy writers had intended us to derive our astronomical knowledge from the Sacred Books, they would not have left us so uninformed. That they intentionally forbore to speak of the movements and constitution of the stars is the opinion of the most holy and most learned fathers. And if the Holy Spirit has omitted to teach us those matters as not pertinent to our salvation, how can it be said that one view is *de Fide* and the other heretical?

I might here insert the opinion of an ecclesiastic raised to the degree of Eminentissimo: That the intention of the Holy Ghost is to teach us how we shall go to Heaven, and not how the heavens go.

II—Scriptural and Experimental Truth

SINCE the Holy Writ is true, and all truth agrees with truth, the truth of Holy Writ cannot be contrary to the truth obtained by reason and experiment. This being true, it is the business of the judicious expositor to find the true meaning of scriptural passages which must accord with the conclusions of observation and experiment, and care must be taken that the work of exposition do not fall into foolish and ignorant hands.

It must be remembered that there are very few men capable of understanding both the sacred Scriptures and science, and that there are many with a superficial knowledge of the Scriptures and with no knowledge of science who would fain arrogate to themselves the power of decreeing upon all questions of nature.

I will not rank among these same secular writers any theologists whom I repute to be men of profound learning and sober manners, and hold in great esteem; yet it vexes me when they would constrain science by the authority of the Scriptures, and yet do not consider themselves bound to answer reason and experiment.

It is true that theology is the queen of all the sciences, but queen only in the sense that she deals with high matters revealed in noble ways, and if she condescends not to study the more humble matters of the inferior sciences she ought not to arrogate to herself the right to judge them; for this would be as if an autocratic prince, being neither physician nor architect, should undertake to administer medicines and erect buildings to the danger of the lives of his subjects.

Again, to command the professors of astronomy to confute their own observations is to enjoin an impossibility, for it is to command them not to see what they do see, and not to understand what they do understand, and to find what they do not discover.

I would entreat the wise and prudent fathers to consider the difference between matters of opinion and matters of demonstration, for demonstrated conclusions touching the things of nature and of the heavens cannot be changed with the same facility as opinions touching what is lawful in a contract, bargain, or bill of exchange. Your highness knows what happened to the late professor of mathematics in the University of Pisa—how, believing that the Copernican doctrine was false, he started to confute it, but in his study became convinced of its truth.

IN order to suppress the Copernican doctrine, it would be necessary not only to prohibit the book of Copernicus and the writings of authors who agree with him, but to interdict the whole science of astronomy, and even to forbid men to look at the sky lest they might see Mars and Venus at very varying distances from the earth, and discover Venus at one time crescent, at another time round, or make other observations irreconcilable with the Ptolemaic system.

It is surely harmful to souls to make it a heresy to believe what is proved. The prohibition of astronomy would be an open contempt of a hundred texts of the Holy Scriptures, which teach us that the glory and the greatness of Almighty God are admirably discerned in all His works, and divinely read in the open book of the heavens.

III—Fact and Faith

It may be said that the doctrine of the movement of the sun and the fixity of the earth must *de Fide* be held for true since the Scriptures affirm it, and all the fathers unanimously accept the scriptural words in their naked and literal sense. But it was necessary to assign motion to the sun and rest to the earth lest the shallow minds of the vulgar should be confounded, amused and rendered obstinate and contumacious with regard to doctrines of faith.

Even Copernicus himself, knowing the power of custom, and unwilling to create confusion in our comprehension, continues to talk of the rising and setting of the sun and stars and of variations in the obliquity of the zodiac.

In the next place, the common consent of the fathers to a natural proposition should authorise it only if it have been discussed and debated with all possible diligence, and this question was in those times totally buried.

Besides, it is not enough to say that the fathers accept the Ptolemaic doctrine; it is necessary to prove that they condemned the Copernican. Was the Copernican doctrine ever formally condemned as contrary to the Scriptures?

Let my opponents, therefore, apply themselves to examine the arguments of Copernicus and others; and let them not hope to find such rash and impetuous decisions in the wary and holy fathers, or in the absolute wisdom of him that cannot err, as those into which they have suffered themselves to be hurried by prejudice or personal feeling. His holiness has certainly an absolute power of admitting or condemning propositions not directly *de Fide*, but it is not in the power of any creature to make them true or false otherwise than of their own nature and *de facto* they are.

In my judgement it would be well first to examine the truth of the fact (over which none hath power) before invoking supreme authority; for if it be not possible that a conclusion should be declared heretical while we are not certain but that it may be true, their pains are vain who pretend to condemn the doctrine of the mobility of the earth and the fixity of the sun, unless they have first demonstrated the doctrine to be impossible and false.

Let us now consider how we may interpret the command of Joshua that the sun should stand still.

According to the Ptolemaic system, the sun moves from east to west through the ecliptic, and therefore the standing still of the sun would shorten and not lengthen the day. Indeed, in order to lengthen the day on this system it would be necessary not to hold the sun, but to accelerate its pace about three hundred and sixty times. Possibly Joshua used the words to suit the comprehension of the ignorant people; possibly—as St. Augustine says—he commanded the whole system of the celestial spheres to stand still, and his command to the moon rather confirms this conjecture.

On the Copernican system interpretation is simplified; for if we consider the mobility of the sun and how it is in a certain sense the soul and heart of the universe, it is not illogical to say that it gives not only light, but also motion to the bodies round it. In this manner, by the standing still of the sun at Joshua's command, the day might be lengthened without disturbing the order of the universe or the mutual positions of the stars. This interpretation also explains the statement that the sun stood still *in medio coeli*. Had the sun been in the middle of the heavens in the sense of rising and setting, it had hardly been necessary to check its course; but *in medio coeli* probably signifies in the middle or centre of the universe where it resides.

I have no doubt that other passages of the Scriptures could be likewise interpreted in accordance with the Copernican system by divines with knowledge of astronomy. They might say that the word 'firmament' very well agrees, *ad literam*, with the starry sphere. *Ad literam*, if they admit the rotation of the earth, they might understand its poles, when it is said *Nec dum terram fecerat, et flumina, et cardines orbis terrae.* [Nor yet had He created the earth, or the rivers, or the hinges for the globe of the earth.] Surely 'hinges' are ascribed to the earth in vain if it be not to turn upon them.

HENRY KINGSLEY

RAVENSHOE

PUBLISHED in 1862, when its author was thirty-two years old, Ravenshoe was Henry Kingsley's second novel. It will always rank with Geoffry Hamlyn (see page 3587) as his best work. These two books were their author's favourites among his own novels, and Charles Ravenshoe was one of his two favourite characters. It has been said that Ravenshoe is 'alive'—the expression of a man who worked with both heart and brain,' and few would care to dispute that opinion. For study of character, wide charity of outlook, brilliant descriptive writing—as, for instance, in the charge at Balaclava—and real, not mawkish, pathos—as in the hopeless misery of Charles, invalided, with only eighteen shillings, out of the army—Ravenshoe will always deserve to be read. It is the work of a writer who was not ashamed to avow himself an optimist. The book is included in Everyman's Library.

I—Charles Loses His Brother and His Home

IN 1820 Densil lost both his father and mother, and found himself, at the age of thirty-seven, master of Ravenshoe—an estate worth £10,000 a year—and master of himself.

Densil was an only son. His father, Petre Ravenshoe, had married Alicia, daughter of Charles, Earl of Ascot.

The Ravenshoes, an old West of England family, were Catholics; but Densil's second wife (his first wife died childless in 1816) was a Protestant, and made her husband promise that all her children, after her first born, should be brought up Protestant.

Mrs. Ravenshoe bore Densil two sons: Cuthbert, born 1826; Charles, born 1831.

On the night Charles was born his mother lay dying, and Densil swore to her he would keep the promise he had made. And to this vow he was faithful, in spite of the indignation of Father Mackworth, the resident Catholic priest at Ravenshoe.

The doctor insisted that a nurse was an immediate necessity, and James Horton, Densil's devoted servant and head keeper, suggested his wife, Norah; a proposal that had the doctor's immediate approval.

In due time Charles went to Eton and to Oxford, where he was rusticated for a term with his friend Lord Welter, Lord Ascot's eldest son, and fell in love with Adelaide, a penniless young lady, who acted as companion to old Lady Ascot.

At Ravenshoe, Charles and Mackworth seldom met without a 'sparring match,' for to the priest it was intolerable that this house should, in the event of Cuthbert dying childless, pass into Protestant hands.

On the other hand, it was natural that a considerable amount of familiarity, and a most sincere and hearty affection, should exist between Charles and his servant and foster-brother, William Horton. Till Charles went to Shrewsbury he had never had another playfellow, for his brother Cuthbert was reserved and bookish; and the friendship between the two had grown with age.

One other inmate of Ravenshoe must be mentioned—this was little Mary Corby, who was saved miraculously from the wreck of the *Warren Hastings* when Charles was about ten. She was the daughter of Captain Corby, and when the ship went down in fifteen fathoms of water, the mate, assisted by fishermen, and encouraged by Densil, managed to get the little girl to shore, and to Ravenshoe—for the house was not far from the cliffs.

In spite of Densil's inquiries, no friends came forward to claim little Mary, then a child of nine, and in three months she was considered as a permanent member of the household. And the night before Charles went to school he told her of his passion for Adelaide.

On the day of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, when Charles rowed three in the winning boat, Densil Ravenshoe died, after two days' illness. Old James Horton's death occurred at the same time. Charles hurried home in time for the funeral, and when all was over a servant came up to him, and asked him would he see Mr. Ravenshoe in the library? Charles entered the library with William, who had also been sent for.

Charles went up silently and kissed his brother on the forehead. For a few minutes Cuthbert neither moved nor spoke, while Charles greeted Mackworth civilly. William stood at a little distance, looking uneasily from one to another.

Cuthbert broke the silence, and as he spoke Charles, by some instinct, laid his hand on William's shoulder.

"I sent for you," he said, "on business which must be gone through with, though I expect it will kill me. I should like to prepare you for what is to come, but the blow would be equally severe whether you expect it or not. You two who stand there were nursed at the same breast. That groom on whose shoulder you have your hand now is my real brother; you are no relation to me—you are the son of the faithful old servant whom we buried to-day with my father!"

Charles at once asked for proofs and witnesses, and Father Mackworth took up the tale.

"Your mother was Norah, James Horton's wife. James Horton was Densil Ravenshoe's half-brother, and the illegitimate son of Petre. She confessed to me the wicked fraud she practised, and has committed that confession to paper. I hold it. You have not a point of ground to stand on. You have been living in luxury and receiving an expensive education when you should have been cleaning out the stable."

Charles's heart died away within him.

"Cuthbert," he said, "you are a gentleman. Is this true?"

"God knows how terribly true it is!" said Cuthbert quietly.

Father Mackworth handed the paper, signed by his mother, to him, and Charles read it. It was completely conclusive. William also read it, and turned pale.

Cuthbert spoke again in his quiet, passionless voice.

"My intention," he said, "is to make a provision of £300 a year for this gentleman, whom till the last few days I believed to be my brother. Less than twenty-four hours ago, Charles, I offered Father Mackworth £10,000 for this paper, with a view to destroying it. You see what a poor weak rogue I am, and what a criminal I might become with a little temptation. Father Mackworth did his duty, and refused me!"

"You acted like yourself, Cuthbert; like one who would risk body and soul for one you loved. But it is time that this scene should end. I utterly refuse the assistance so nobly offered. I go forth alone into the world to make my own way, or to be forgotten. I leave this house without a hard thought towards any one in it. Father Mackworth, I beg your forgiveness. I have often been rude and brutal to you. Good-bye!"

He shook hands with Mackworth, then with William, and lastly he went up to Cuthbert and kissed him on the cheek; and then walked out of the door.

"I am going to follow him wherever he goes," said William. "If he goes to the world's end I will be with him!"

II—Charles Loses Himself

Charles fled from Ravenshoe at night, determined that William should not follow him. But he could not bear to go out and seek fortune without seeing Adelaide. So he called at Ranford, Lord Ascot's seat, only to learn that Adelaide had eloped with Lord Welter. The two were married when he afterwards saw them in London.

Charles had to tell his story to old Lady Ascot, and when he had gone she said to herself, "I will never keep another secret after this. It was for Alicia's sake and for Petre's that I did it, and now see what has become of me!"

In London, Charles Ravenshoe committed suicide deliberately. He did not hang himself or drown himself; he hired

himself out as groom—being perfectly accomplished in everything relating to horses—to Lieutenant Hornby, of the 140th Hussars; and when the Crimean War broke out, enlisted, under the name of Simpson, as a trooper in Hornby's regiment.

On October 25 Charles was at Balaclava. They went down hill, straight towards the guns, and almost at once the shot from them began to tell. Charles was in the second line, and the men in the front line began to fall terribly fast as they rode into the narrowing valley. It was impossible to keep line. Presently the batteries right and left opened on them, and those who were there engaged can give us very little idea of what followed in the next quarter of an hour. They were soon among guns—the very guns that had annoyed them from the first—and Charles, and two or three others known to him, were hunting some Russian artillerymen round these guns for a minute or so.

He saw also at this time a friend of his—a cornet—on foot, and rode to his assistance. He caught a riderless horse, and the cornet mounted. Then the word was given to get back again, and as they turned their faces to get out of this terrible hell, poor Charles gave a short, sharp scream, and bent down in his saddle over his horse's neck.

It was nothing. It was only as if one were to have twenty teeth pulled out at once. The pain was over in an instant. His left arm seemed nearly dead, but he could hold his reins in a way. He saw Hornby before him, and his own friends were beside him again, and there was a rally and a charge. At guns? No. At men this time—Russian hussars—right valiant fellows, too. He could do but little himself. He rode at a Russian, and unhorsed him, he remembers seeing the man go down. They beat them back, and then turned and rode—for it was time.

As the noise of the battle grew fainter behind them, he looked round to see who was riding beside him and holding him by the right arm. It was the little cornet. Charles wondered why he did so.

"You're hard hit, Simpson," said the cornet. "Never mind. Keep your saddle a little longer. We shall be all right directly."

Charles looked down, and noticed that his left arm was hanging numbed by his side, and that a trooper was guiding his horse.

Soon they were among English faces, and English cheers rang out in welcome to their return, but it was nothing to him; he kept his eye, which was growing dim, on Hornby, and when he saw him droop from his saddle and fall into the arms of a trooper, he dismounted, too, and staggered towards him.

The world seemed to go round and round, and he felt about like a blind man. But he managed to find Hornby somehow. Presently a doctor was bending over him.

Later, they found Hornby dead and cold, with his head on Charles's lap. Charles had been struck by a ball in the bone of his arm, and the splinters were driven into the flesh, though the arm was not broken. It was a nasty business, said the doctors. All sorts of things might happen to him. Only one thing was certain, and that was that Charles Ravenshoe's career in the army was over for ever.

At home they all believed him dead, for William had traced him to Varna, and there had been informed that his foster-brother had died of cholera. The change of name was partly responsible for this, for among the dead or the living there were no signs of Charles Ravenshoe.

But he recovered, after a long spell in the hospital at Scutari, and after a time was sent home to Fort Pitt. But that mighty left arm, which had done such noble work when it belonged to No. 3 in the Oxford University Eight, was useless, and Charles Simpson, trooper of the 140th, was discharged from the army, and found himself on Christmas Eve in the street with eighteen shillings and ninepence in his pocket, wondering blindly what the end would be, but no more dreaming of begging from those who had known him formerly than of leaping off Waterloo Bridge.

III—The Last Eighteen Shillings

CHARLES'S luck seemed certainly to have deserted him at last. He had got to spend his Christmas with eighteen shillings and a crippled left arm, and had nothing left to trust to but his little friend, the cornet, who had come home invalided, and was living with his mother in Hyde Park Gardens.

The cornet welcomed him with both hands, and, hearing from Charles of his plight, said, "Now, I know you are a gentleman, and I may offend you, but, if you are utterly hard up, take service with me. There!"

"I will do so with the deepest gratitude," said Charles. "But I cannot ride, I fear. My left arm is gone."

"Pish! Ride with your right. It's a bargain."

Then Charles went upstairs, and was introduced to the cornet's mother as the man who saved her son's life at Balaclava.

He accepted his new position with dull carelessness. Life was getting very worthless. And all this time there was money and a home, and sweet little Mary Corby, who had loved him ever since he was a boy, waiting for him.

There was also a remarkable advertisement which appeared in The Times for a considerable period, and was never seen by Charles. The advertisement was inserted by old Lady Ascot, and offered one hundred guineas to any person who could discover the register of marriage between Petre Ravenshoe, Esq., of Ravenshoe, in Devon, and Maria Dawson, supposed to have been solemnised about 1778.

How was Charles to know that Cuthbert Ravenshoe was dead; that William, now master of Ravenshoe, still hoped for his foster-brother's life, and that old Lady Ascot was doing all she could to atone for a mistake? Charles, in fact, was still very weak and ill, and served his friend the cornet in a poor way. He had not recovered the shock of his fever and delirium in the Crimea, and both nerve and health were gone.

Nobody could be more kind and affectionate than the cornet and his deaf mother. They guessed that he was 'somebody,' and that things were wrong with him; and the cornet once or twice invited his confidence; but he was too young, and Charles had not the energy to tell him anything.

And life was getting a very, very weary business for Charles. By day, riding had become a terror, and at night he got no rest. And his mind began to dwell too much on the bridges over the Thames, and on the water lapping and swirling about the piers.

Then, as it happened a little shoeblack with whom Charles had struck up a friendship falling sick in a foul court in South London, Charles must needs go and sit with him. The child died in his arms, and a dull terror came on Charles when he thought of his homeward journey. A Scripture reader who had been in the room came towards him and laid his hand upon his shoulder. And Charles turned from the dead child, and looked up into the face of John Marston, the best of his old Oxford friends.

They passed out of the house together, Charles clinging tight to John Marston's arms. When they got to Marston's lodgings, Charles sat down by the fire and said quietly, "John, you have saved me! I should never have got home this night."

BUT John Marston, by finding Charles, had dashed his own dearest hopes to the ground. He had always loved Mary Corby from his first visit to Ravenshoe, and Mary loved Charles, who had loved Adelaide, who had married Lord Welter. Marston thought there was just a chance for him, and now that chance was gone. How did he behave, knowing that?

He put his hand on Charles's shoulder, and said, "Charles—Charles, my dear old boy, look up! Think of Mary. She has been wooed by more than one, but I think her heart is yours yet."

"John," said Charles, "that is what has made me hide from you all like this. I know that she loved me above all men; and partly that she should forget a penniless and disgraced man like myself, and partly from a silly pride, I have spent all my cunning on losing myself, hoping that you would believe me dead."

"We have hunted you hard, Charles. You do not know, I suppose, that you are a rich man, and undoubtedly heir of Ravenshoe."

"What do you mean?"

"There is no reasonable doubt, although we cannot prove it, that your grandfather Petre was married previously to his marriage with Lady Alicia Staunton, that your father James was the real Ravenshoe, while poor Cuthbert and William——"

"Cuthbert! I will hide again. I will never displace Cuthbert, mind you."

"Cuthbert is dead. He was drowned bathing last August."

Charles broke down, and cried like a child. When he was quiet he asked after William.

"He is very well, as he deserves to be. He gave up everything to hunt you through the world and bring you back. Now, my dear boy, do satisfy my curiosity. What regiment did you enlist in?"

"In the 140th." He paused, hid his face in his hands, and then his speech became rapid and incoherent.

"At Devna we got wood-pigeons, and I rode the Roucan-nosed bay, and he carried me through it capitally. I ask your pardon, sir, but I am only a poor discharged trooper. I would not beg, sir, if I could help it, but pain and hunger are hard things to bear, sir!"

"Charles—Charles! Don't you know me?"

"That is my name, sir. That is what they used to call me. I am no common beggar, sir. I was a gentleman once, sir, and rode a-horseback. I was in the light cavalry charge at Balaclava. An angry business. They shouldn't get good fellows to fight together like that——"

The next morning, old Lady Ascot, William, Mary and John Marston were round his bed listening to his half-uttered delirious babble. The anxious question was put to the greatest of the doctors present, "My dear Dr. B——, will he die?"

"Well, yes," said the doctor. "I would sooner say 'Yes' than 'No'—the chances are so heavy against him. You must really prepare for the worst."

IV—A Life-Long Shadow

Of course, he did not die—I need not tell you that. The doctors pulled him through. And when he was better the doctors removed the splinters of bone from his arm. William and Lady Ascot were with him all day.

Lord Welter (now Lord Ascot, on the death of his father) came to see Charles one day, and something he said made Charles ask if Adelaide was dead.

"Tell me something," said Lord Ascot. "Have you any love left for her yet?"

"If I ever am a man again," said Charles. "I shall ask Mary Corby to marry me. But I love your wife, Welter, in a way; and I should grieve at her death, for I loved her once."

"The truth is very horrible. We went out hunting together, and I was getting the gate open for her, when her devil of a horse rushed it, and down they came on it together. And she broke her back, and the doctor says she may live till seventy, but that she will never move from where she lies—and just as I was getting to love her so dearly——"

That same afternoon Charles asked William to get Mary to come and see him and William straightway departed, and found Mary. And later in the day Miss Mary Corby announced that she and Charles were engaged to be married.

William was still master of Ravenshoe but he was convinced that the first marriage of his grandfather would be proved, and Charles reinstated.

"Remember, Charles, I am not spending the revenues of Ravenshoe," he said. "They are yours. I know it. I am spending about £400 a year. When our grandfather's marriage is proved, you will provide for me and my wife, I know."

William had long been engaged, from the time he had been Charles's servant, to a fisherman's daughter, Jane Evans, and the change in his fortunes made no difference in the matter. She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she was wonderfully beautiful, and gentle and good.

The weddings took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Mary and Charles were not a handsome couple. The enthusiasm

of the population was reserved for William and Jane Evans, who certainly were.

Father Mackworth, dying after a stroke of paralysis, told us the date and place of Petre Ravenshoe's first marriage—Finchampstead, Berks, 1778. He had known the truth, but had been anxious to keep Ravenshoe in Catholic hands.

"You used to irritate and insult me, sir," he said, turning to Charles, "and I was not so near death then as now. If you can forgive me, in God's name, say so!"

"Forgive you?" Charles said. "Dear Mackworth, can you forgive me?"

The register was found, and the lawyers were soon busy. One document may be noted, a rent charge on Ravenshoe of two thousand a year in favour of William Ravenshoe.

. . . .

Well, Charles and William are both happily married now, and I saw Charles last summer playing with his eldest boy. But there was a cloud on his face, for the memory of those few terrible months has cast its shadow upon him, and the shadow will lie upon that forehead until the forehead is smoothed in the sleep of death.

Masterly Narrative of Travel

H. M. TOMLINSON

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE

Outlined by the Author

IMMEDIATELY upon the publication of this book by Gerald Duckworth in 1912 discerning critics declared that a new author had 'arrived' to claim a secure place in the front rank of literary artists. Its full title was The Sea and the Jungle, Being the Narrative of the Voyage of the Tramp Steamer *Capella* from Swansea to Pará in the Brazils and thence 2,000 Miles along the Forests of the Amazon and Madeira Rivers to the San Antonio Falls, Afterwards Returning to Barbadoes for Orders and Going by way of Jamaica to Tampa in Florida where She Loaded for Home. Done in the years 1909 and 1910. This sub-title is virtually a synopsis of the book, and how enchanting that book is may be gauged from the following outline. Bibliophiles treasure the first edition, which has since been followed by a library edition at 7s. 6d. and a pocket edition at 3s. 6d. Mr. Tomlinson's later books include Old Junk, London River, Waiting for Daylight, Tidemarks, Under the Red Ensign, and Gifts of Fortune.

I—Outward Bound from Swansea to Brazil

"I'VE never seen her as dirty as this," grumbled the chief engineer apologetically, peeping from his cabin at green water lopping casually over the after-deck. "It's that patent fuel—it's stowed wrong. Now she'll roll—you can feel it—the cat she is, she's never going to stop. It's that patent fuel and her new load line."

Certainly she sat close to the sea. I had never before seen so much lively water so close. She wallowed, she plunged, she rolled, she sank heavily to its level. I looked out from the window of the Chief's cabin, and those green mounds of the swell swinging under us and away were superior, in apparition, to my outlook.

We rolled. I grasped the rail of the weather-cloth, in the drive of wind and spume, and rode our charger like a valiant man; like a valiant man who is uncertain of his seat. Something like a valiant man. We advanced to the attack, masts and funnel describing great arcs, and steadily our bows shouldered away the foe. I think sailors deserve large monies. Being the less valiant—for the longer I watched, the more grew I wet and cold—it came to my mind that where we were, but a few weeks before, another large freighter had her hatches opened by the seas, and presently was but a trace of oil and cinders on the waters. You will remember I am on my first long voyage. The officer was quite cheerful and asked me if I knew Forest Gate. There were, he said, some fine girls at Forest Gate.

We rounded Hartland. It was growing dark, the weather now was directly upon our starboard beam, and the waves were

coming solidly inboard. The main deck was white with plunging water. We rolled still more.

"I can't make out why you left London when you didn't have to," said the grinning sailor. "I'd like to be on the Stratford tram, going down to Forest Gate."

This was nearly as bad as the Chief's flute. I held up two fingers over those hatches of ours, called silently on blessed Saint Anthony, who loves sailors, and went down the ladder; for night had come, and the prospect from the *Capella* was not the less apprehensive to the mind of a landsman because the enemy could not be seen, except as flying ghosts. The noises could be heard all right.

I SHUT my heavy teak door amidships, shut out the daunting uproar of floods and the sensation that the night was collapsing round our heaving ship. There was a home light far away, on some unseen Cornish headland, rising and falling like a soaring but tethered star. Nor did I want the lights of home.

I turned up the dull and stinking oil lamp, and tried to read; but that fuliginous glim haunted the pages. That black-edged light too much resembled my own thoughts made manifest. There were some bunches of my cabin mate's clothes hanging from hooks, and I watched their erratic behaviour instead. The water in the carafe was also interesting, because quite mad, standing diagonally in the bottle, and then reversing. A lump of soap made a flying leap from the washstand, and then slithered about the floor like something hunted and panic-stricken. I listened to numerous little voices. There was no telling their origins. There was a chorus in the cabin, whispers, plaints, creaks, wails and grunts; but they were foundered in the din when the spittoon, which was an empty meat tin, got its lashings loose, and began a rioting fandango on the concrete. Over the clothes chest, which was also our table, and a cabin fixture, was a portrait of the mate's sweetheart, and on its frame was one of my busy little friends the cockroaches; for the mate and I do not sleep alone in this cabin, not by hundreds. The cockroach stood in thought, waving his hands interrogatively, as one who talks to himself nervously. The ship at that moment received a seventh wave, lurched and trembled. The cockroach fell. I rose, listening. I felt sure a new clamour would begin at once, showing we had reached another and critical stage of the fight. But no; the brave heart of her was beating as before. I could feel its steady pulse throbbing in our table. We were alive and strong, though labouring direfully.

It was when I was thinking whether bed would be, as I have so often found it, the best answer to doubt, that I heard a boatswain's pipe.

I fought one side of the door, and the wind fought the other. My hurry to open the door was great, but the obstinate wind held it firmly. Without warning the wind released its hold, the ship fell over to windward, the door flew open, and forth I went, clutching at the driving dark. Then up sailed my side of the ship, and the door shut with the sound of gunfire. I had never before experienced such insensate violence. These were the unlawful noises and movements of chaos. Hanging to a rail, I was puzzling out which was the head and which the stern of the ship, when a flying lump of salt water struck me in the face just as a figure (I thought it was the chief officer) hurried past me, bawling 'All hands.'

The figure came back. "That you, purser? Number three hatch has gone," it said, and disappeared instantly.

SO. Then this very thing had come to me, and at night. Our hatches were adrift. It was impossible. Why, we had only just left Swansea. It could not be true; it was absurdly unfair. This was my first long voyage, and it had only just begun. I stood like the cricketer who is out for a duck.

If I could tell you how I felt, I would. Somebody was shouting somewhere, but his words were cut off at once by the wind and blown away. I felt my way along a wet and dark alleyway which was giddily unstable, for sometimes it pressed hard against my feet, and then it would fall from under me. I got round by the

engine-room entrance. Small gleams, shavings of light, were escaping from seams in the unseen structure, but they illuminated nothing, except a length of wet rail or a scrap of wet deck. The ship itself was a shade, manned by voices.

I could not see that anything was being done. Were they allowing her to fill up like an open barge? I became aware my surcharged feelings were escaping by my knees, which kept knocking in their tremors against a lower rail. I tried to stop this trembling by hardening my muscles, but my fearful legs had their own way. Yet it is plain there was nothing to fear. I told my legs so. Had we not but that day left Swansea? Besides, I had already commenced a letter which was to be posted at Pará. The letter would have to be posted. They were waiting for it at home. Somewhere below me a heavy mass of water plunged monstrously, and became a faintly luminous cloud over all the main deck aft, actually framing the rectangular form of the deck in the night. This was unreasonable. I was not really one of the crew either, though on the articles. I was there by chance. No advantage should be taken of that. A torrent poured down the athwartships alleyway, and nearly swept me from my feet.

One could not watch what was happening. That was another cruel injustice. The wind and sea could be heard, and the ship could be felt. But how could I be expected to know what to do in the dark in such circumstances? There ought to be a light. This should have happened in the daytime. My garrulous knees struck the lower rail violently in their excitement. I leant over the rail, shading my eyes. I grew savagely indignant with something having no name and no shape. I cannot even now give a name to the thing that angered me, but can just discern, in the twilight which shrouds the undiscovered, a vast calm face the rock of which no human emotion can move, with eyes that stare but see nothing, and a mouth that never speaks, and ears from which assailing cries and questions fall as mournful echoes, ironic repetitions. This flung stone falls from it, as unavailing as your prayers; but we shall never cease to pray and fling stones, alternately, up there into the twilight.

Nevertheless, when the Chief, with his hurricane lamp, found me, he says I was smiling. The youth who was our second mate ran up and stood by us, the better to shout to the deck below. He shouted, bending over the rail, till he was screaming through hoarseness. He turned to us abruptly. "They don't understand a word I say," he cried in despair. "There isn't a sailor or an Englishman in the crowd the — German farmers." This, I found afterwards, was nearly true. These men had been signed on at a continental port. It was really our Dutch cook who saved us that night. It was the cook who first saw the hatch covers going.

The ship's head had been put to the seas to keep the decks as clear as possible, and as I was now more accustomed to the gloom I could make out the men below busy at the hatch. Most conspicuous among them was the cook, who had taken charge there, and he, with three languages, bludgeoned into surprising activity the inexperienced youngsters who were learning for the first time what happens to a ship when the carpenter's chief job on leaving port has its defects discovered by exceptional weather. They were wading through swirling waters as they worked, and once a greater wave sprang bodily over them, and when the hatch showed through the foam again some of the men had gone, as though dissolved. But it was found they had kept the right side of the bulwarks, and the elderly carpenter, whose leg had got wedged in a winch, was the only one damaged.

If you ask me when I shall be pleased to allow the necessary sun to rise upon this narrative to give it a little warmth, then I must tell you it cannot be done till we have fastened down the *Capella's* number two hatch, at least. That hatch has gone now, and if hatches one and four give way while number two is getting attention from the weary, soaked and frozen crowd which has just had an hour's desperate work at number three, then I fear the sun will never rise on this narrative. (How Bates got over to his wonderful

blue butterflies in those Amazonian forest paths under a tropical sun in thirty-eight words I do not know. He must have been thinking of nothing but his butterflies. I cannot do it, with the seas and the ship keeping my mind so busy.)

Luckily, the other hatches kept staunch. We were watertight again. When the Old Man, the Chief, the Doctor and the Purser gathered late that night in the Chief's cabin to see what it was he had secreted in his cupboard, we sat where we could, and I never knew tobacco could taste like that. I felt as if never before had I found such large leisure for extracting its full flavour. From a sudden limitation within a space which gave me a brief outlook of a few hours, I was presently released into the open again and of what might remain to me of the usual gift of ample years. I had all that time to smoke in. Never did a pipe taste so sweet. It is idle for good and serious souls to think me graceless here with this talk of tobacco immediately after such a release. Let me tell them my sacrificial smoke rose up straight and accepted. Looking through the smoke, I saw clearly how worthy, kind and lovable were the faces of my comrades. I warmed to this voyage for the first time, as though, after a test, I had been initiated. This was the place for me, with men like these about me, and such great affairs to be met. I revelled in the thought of our valorous bluff, insignificant as we were in that malign desolation, sundered from our kind.

"Chief," said the Old Man, "it was my department that time. None of your old engines did it."

"You've got a good cook," said the Chief. "I saw that."

Then the Chief, remembering something, turned in his seat to the picture hanging above his desk of a smiling and handsome matron. "Here's luck, old girl," he said, holding up his glass, "you can still send me some letters."

II—Up the Para River

'Land Ho!' That was the Skipper's own perfunctory cry. He had saved his pound of tobacco.

It was two in the afternoon. There was America. I rediscovered it with some difficulty. All I could see was a mere local thickening of the horizon, as though the pen which drew the faint line dividing the world ahead into an upper and a nether opalescence had run a little freely at one point. That thickening of the horizon was the island of Monjui. Soon, though, there was a palpable something athwart our course. The skyline heightened into a bluish barrier, which, as we approached it, broke into sections. The chart told us that a series of low, wooded islands skirts the mainland. Yet it was hard to believe we were approaching land again. What showed as land was of too unsubstantial a quality, too thin and broken a rind on that vast area of water to be of any use as a foothold. Where luminous sky was behind an island groups of diminutive palms were seen, as tiny and distinct as the forms of mildew under a magnifying glass, delicate black pencillings along the foot of the sky-wall. Often that hair-like tracery seemed to rest upon the sea. The *Capella* continued to stand in, till Brazil was more than a frail and tinted illusion which sometimes faded the more the eye sought it. Presently it cast reflections. The islands grew into cobalt layers, with vistas of silver water between them; they acquired body. The course was changed to west, and we cruised along for Atalaia Point, towards the pilot station. Over the thin and futile rind of land which topped the sea—it was thin enough to undulate on the low swell—ponderous thunder clouds towered, continents of night in the sky, with translucent areas dividing them which were brightly illuminated from the hither side. Curtains as black as bitumen draped to the waters from great heights. Two of these appalling curtains, trailing over America, were drawn a little apart. We could see beyond them to a diminishing array of glowing cloud summits; far through those parted black curtains of storm we saw an accidental revelation of a secret and wonderful region with a sun of its own. And all, gigantic clouds, the sea, the far and frail coast, were serene and still. The air had ceased to breathe. I thought this new

lucent world we had found might prove but a lucky dream after all, to be seen but not to be entered, and that some noise would presently shatter it and wake me. But we came alongside the white pilot schooner, and the pilot put off in a boat manned by such a crowd of grinning, ragged and cinnamon skinned pirates as would have broken the fragile wonder of any spell. Ours, though, did not break, and I was able to believe we had arrived. At sunset the great clouds were full of explosions of electric fire, and there were momentary revelations above us of huge impending shapes. We went slowly over a lower world obscurely lighted by phosphorescent waves.

Jan. 9. The *Capella* left Pará at three o'clock this morning, and continued up the Pará River. Daylight found us in a wide, brownish stream, with the shores low and indistinguishable on either beam. When the sun grew hot, the jungle came close in; it was often so close that we could see the nests of wasps on the trees, like grey shields hanging there. Between the Pará River and the Amazon the waters dissipate into a maze of serpentine ditches. In width these channels usually are no more than canals, but they were deep enough to float our big tramp steamer. They thread a multitude of islands, islands overloaded with a massed growth which topped our mast heads. Our steamer was enclosed within echoing chasms; the noise and incongruity of our progress awoke deep protests there.

THE dilated loom of the rains, the cloud shapes so continental that they occupy, where they hang not so far away, all the space between the earth and sky, bulge over the forest at the end of every vista. The heat is luscious; but, then, I have nothing to do but to look on from a hammock under the awning. The foliage which is pressed out over the water, not many yards from the hurrying *Capella*, has a closeness of texture astonishing, and even awful, to one who knows only the thin woods of the north. It ascends directly from the water's edge, sometimes out of the water, and we do not often see its foundation. There are no shady aisles and glades. The sight is stopped on a front of polished emerald, a congestion of stiff leaves. The air is still. Individual sprays and fronds project from the mass in parabolas with flamboyant abandon and poise; they are as rigid as metallic and enamelled shapes. The diversity of forms, and especially the number and variety of the palms, so overload an

TYPICAL VIEW OF THE EQUATORIAL FOREST ON THE AMAZON

unseen foundation that the parapets of the woods occasionally lean outwards to form an arcade above our masts. One should not call this the jungle ; it is even a soft and benignant Eden. This is the forest I had really wished to find. Often the heavy parapets of the woods are upheld on long colonnades of grey palm boles ; or the whole upper structure appears to be based on green arches, the pennate fronds of smaller palms flung direct from the earth.

There is not a sound but the noise of our intruding steamer. Occasionally we brush a projecting spray, or a vine pendant from a cornice. We prove the forest then. In some shallow places are regiments of aquatic grasses bearing long plumes. There are trees which stand in the water on a tangle of straight pallid roots, as though on stilts. This up-burst of intense life so seldom shows the land to which it is fast, and the side rivers and paranas are so many, that I could believe the forest afloat, an archipelago of opaque green vapours. Our heavy wash sways and undulates the aquatic plants and grasses, as though disturbing the fringe of those green clouds which cling to the water because of their weight in a still air.

There is seldom a sign of life but the infrequent snowy herons, and those curious brown fowl, the ciganas. The sun flames on the majestic assembly of the storm. The warm air, broken by our steamer, coils over us in a lazy flux. We all hung over the *Capella's* side, gaping, like a lot of boys.

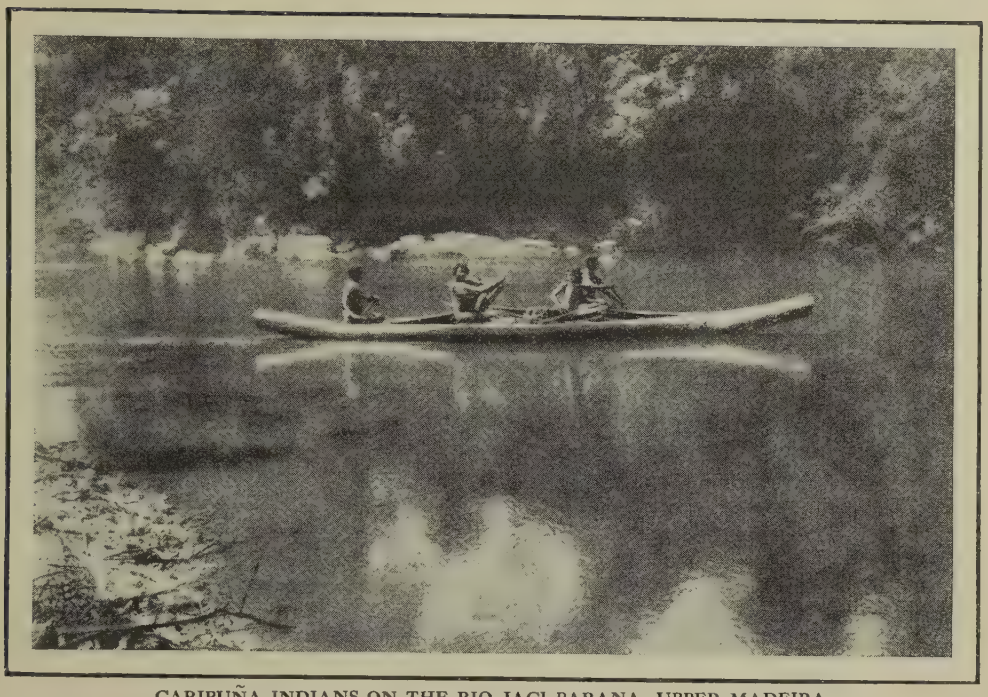
Sometimes we pass single habitations on the water side. Ephemeral huts of palm-leaves are forced down by the forest, which overhangs them, to wade on frail stilts. A canoe is tied to a toy jetty, and on the jetty a sad woman and several naked children stand, with no show of emotion, to watch us go by. Behind them is the impenetrable foliage.

Nightfall, and there is a doubt as to whether our pilots should anchor or not. They decide to go on. We do not go the route of Bates, via Breves, but take the Paraná de Buyassa on our way to the Amazon. It was dark when we got to the Paraná, and but for the trailing lights, the fairy mooring lines of habitations in the woods, and what the silent explosions of lightning revealed of great heads of trees, startlingly close and monstrous, as though watching us in silent and intent regard, we saw nothing of it.

III—In the Heart of the Virgin Forest

THE equatorial forest is popularly pictured as a place of bright and varied colours, with extravagant flowers, an abundance of fruits and huge trees hung with creepers where lurk many venomous but beautiful snakes with gem-like eyes, and a multitude of birds as bright as the flowers ; paradise indeed, though haunted by a peril. Those details are right, but the picture is wrong. It is true that some of the birds are decorated in a way which makes the most beautiful of our temperate birds seem dull ; but the toucans and macaws of the Madeira forest, though common, are not often seen, and when they are seen they are likely to be but obscure atoms drifting high in a white light. About the villages and in the clearings there are usually many superb butterflies and moths, and a varied wealth of vegetation not to be matched outside the tropics, and there will be the fireflies and odours in evening pathways.

But the virgin forest itself soon becomes but a green monotony which, through extent and mystery, dominates and compels to awe and some dread. You will see it daily, but will not often approach it. It has no splendid blossoms ; none, that is, which you will see, except by chance, as by luck one day I saw from the steamer's bridge some trees in blossom, domes of lilac surmounting the forest levels. Trees are always in blossom there, for it is a land of continuous high summer and there are orchids always in flower, and palms and vines that fill acres of forest with fragrance, palms and other trees which give wine and delicious fruits, and somewhere hidden there are the birds of the tropical picture, and dappled jaguars perfect in colouring and form, and brown men and women who have strange gods. But they are lost in the ocean of leaves as are the pearls and wonders in the deep. You will remember the equatorial



CARIPUÑA INDIANS ON THE RIO JACI PARANA, UPPER MADEIRA
Courtesy of H. M. Tomlinson

forest but as a gloom of foliage in which all else that showed was rare and momentary, was foundered and lost to sight instantly, as an unusual ray of coloured light in one mid-ocean wave gleams, and at once goes, and your surprise at its apparition fades too, and again there is but the empty desolation which is for ever but vastness sombrely bright.

One morning, wondering greatly what we should see in the place where we should be the first men to go, Hill and I left Camp 22 and returned a little along the track. It was a hot, still morning. A vanilla vine was in fragrant flower somewhere, unseen, but omnipresent. My little unknown friend in the woods, who calls me at odd times—but I think chiefly when I am near a stream—by whistling thrice, let me know he was about. Hill said he thinks he has seen him, and that my little friend looks like a blackbird. On the track in many places were objects which appeared to be long cups inverted, of unglazed ware. Picking up one I found it was the cap to a mine of ants. The inside of the clay cup was hollowed in a perfect circle, and remarkably smooth. A paca dived into the scrub near us. It was early morning, scented with vanilla, and the intricacy of leaves was radiant.

Nowhere in the screen could I see a place through which it was possible to crawl to whatever was behind it. The front of leaves was unbroken. Hill presently bent double and disappeared, and I followed in the break he made. So we went for about ten minutes, my leader cutting obstructions with his machete, and usually we had to go almost on hands and knees. The undergrowth was green, but in the etiolated way of plants which have little light, though that may have been my fancy. One plant was very common, making light-green feathery barriers. I think it was a climbing bamboo. Its stem was vapid and of no diameter, and its grass-like leaves grew in whorls at the joints. It extended to incredible distances.

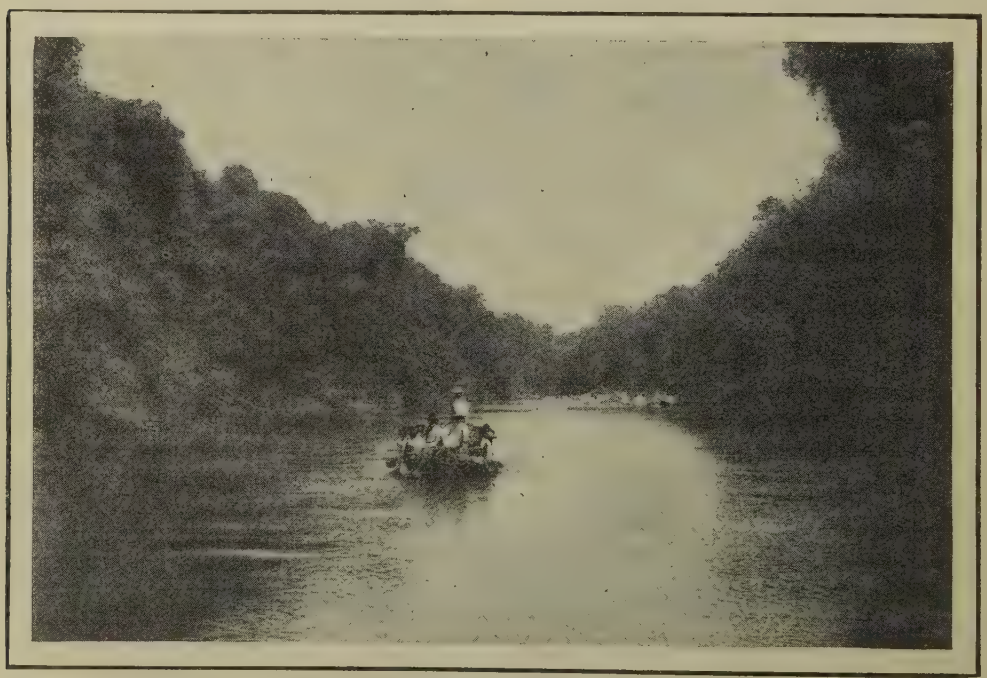
We got out of that margin of undergrowth, which springs up quickly when light is let into the woods, as it was there through the cutting of the track, and found ourselves on a bare floor where the trunks of arborescent laurels grew so thickly together that our view ahead was restricted to a few yards. We were in the forest. There was a pale tinge of day,

but its origin was uncertain, for overhead no foliage could be seen, but only deep shadows from which long ropes were hanging without life. In that obscurity were points of light, as if a high roof had lost some tiles.

Hill set a course almost due south, and we went on, presently descending to a deep clear stream over which a tree had fallen. A beam of daylight came down to us there. It made the sandy bottom of the stream luminous, as by a lantern, and betrayed crowds of small fishes. As we climbed the tree, to cross upon it, we disturbed several morphos. We had difficulties beyond in a hollow, where the bottom of the forest was lumbered with fallen trees, dry rubbish and thorns, and once, stepping on what looked timber solid enough, its treacherous shell collapsed, and I went down into a cloud of dust and ants.

In clearing this wreckage—which was usually as high as our faces, and was doubly confused by the darkness, the involutions of dead thorny creepers, and clouds of dried foliage—Hill got at fault with our direction, yet reassured himself, though I don't know how; but I think with the certain knowledge that if we went south long enough we should strike the Madeira somewhere, and on we went. For hours we continued among the trees, seldom knowing what was ahead of us for any distance; we were surviving points of noise intruding again after long in the dusk of limbo. So still and nocturnal was the forest that it was real only when its forms were close. All else was phantom and of the shades. There was not a green sign of life, and not a sound. Resting once under a tree I began to think there was a conspiracy implied in that murk and awful stillness, and that we should never come out again into the day and see a living earth. Hill sat looking out, and said, as if in answer to an unspoken thought of mine which had been heard because there was less than no sound there, that men who were lost in those woods soon went mad.

Then he led on again. This forest was nothing like the paradise a tropical wild is supposed to be. It was as uniformly dingy as the old stones of a London street on a November evening. We did not see a movement, except when the morpho butterflies started from the up-



THE RIO CARACOLES, A MADEIRA TRIBUTARY NEVER YET EXPLORED
Courtesy of H. M. Tomlinson

rooted tree. Once I heard the whistler call us from the depths of the forest, urgent and startling ; and now, when in a London by-way I hear a boy call his mate in a shrill whistle, it puts about me again the spectral aisles, and that unexpected quiet of the sepulchre which is more than mere absence of sound, for the dead should have no voice.

This central forest was really the vault of the long-forgotten, dank, mouldering dark, abandoned to the accumulations of eld and decay. The tall pillars rose, upholding night, and they might have been bastions of weathered limestone and basalt, for they were as grim as ancient and ruinous masonry. There was no undergrowth. The ground was hidden in a ruin of perished stuff, uprooted trees, parchments of leaves, broken boughs and mummied husks, the iron globes of nuts, and pods. There was no day, but some breaks in the roof were points of remote starlight. The crowded columns mounted straight and far, almost branchless, fading into indistinction. Out of that overhead obscurity hung a wreckage of distorted cables, binding the trees, and often reaching the ground.

THE trees were seldom of great girth, though occasionally there was a dominant basaltic pillar, its roots meandering over the floor like streams of old lava. The smooth ridges of such a fantastic complexity of roots were sometimes breast high. The walls ran up the trunk, projecting from it as flat buttresses, for great heights. We would crawl round such an occupying structure, diminished groundlings, as one would move about the base of a foreboding, plutonic building whose limits and meaning were ominous but baffling. There were other great trees with compound boles, built literally of bundles of round stems, intricate gothic pillars. Every tree was the support of a parasitic community, lianas swathing it and binding it. One vine moulded itself to its host, a flat and strangling compress, as though it were plastic. We might have been witnessing what had been a riot of manifold life. It had been turned to stone when in the extreme pose of striving violence. It was all dead now.

Hoppé

HENRY MAJOR TOMLINSON was born in 1873 a Londoner who spent his early years among the ships of London River. He travelled widely in Africa, America and the East Indies and he joined the editorial staff of The Morning Leader in 1904 and The Daily News when the two papers amalgamated. His first book was published when he was thirty-nine. On the outbreak of the Great War he acted as war correspondent in Belgium and France and from 1915 to 1917 served as an official correspondent at General Headquarters of the British Army in France. From 1917 to 1923 Mr. Tomlinson was literary editor of The Nation and Athenaeum.

But what if these combatants had only paused as we appeared ? It was a thought which came to me. The pause might be but an appearance for our deception. Indeed, they were all fighting as we passed through, those still and fantastic shapes, a war ruthless but slow, in which the battle-day was ages long. They seemed but still. We were deceived. If time had been accelerated, if the movements in that war of phantoms had been speeded, we should have seen what really was there, the greater trees running upwards to starve the weak of light and food, and heard the continuous collapse of the failures, and have seen the lianas writhing and constricting, manifestly like serpents, throttling and killing their hosts. We did see the dead everywhere, shells with the worms at them. Yet it was not easy to be sure that we saw anything at all, for these were not trees, but shapes in a region below the day, a world sunk abysmally from the land of living things, to which light but thinly percolated down to two travellers moving over its floor, trying to get out to their own place.

OCTAVE FEUILLET

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN

BEGINNING his literary career as an assistant to Dumas the elder and by writing moderately successful plays, Octave Feuillet gained his first definite success in 1852, when he produced the novel Bellah and the comedy La Crise. His Romance of a Poor Young Man (Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre) which appeared in 1858, made him the most popular writer of the day. Standing midway between the novelists of the romantic school and the writers of the realistic movement, he combined a sense of the poetry of life with a gift for analysing the finer shades of feeling. Like others of Feuillet's novels, the work was dramatised, and achieved equal success on the stage. Of Feuillet's many works of fiction and drama, the popularity of the novels has outlasted that of the plays, and besides the Romance of a Poor Young Man, Sibyll (1862), Monsieur de Camors (1867), and Julia de Trécoeur (1872) may be mentioned as having a permanent place in literature. An inexpensive English translation of the Romance of a Poor Young Man is published by Heinemann.

I—A Nobleman in Difficulties

HERE I am, then, in the situation that Lawyer Laubépin obtained for me. I am alone at last, thank goodness, sitting in a gloomy room in this old Breton castle, in which the former steward to the Laroque family used to live. My position is certainly very strange, but as Laubépin was discreet, and did not tell his clients that he was sending them a new steward in the person of the young Marquis of Champcey, perhaps I shall not find my post very difficult. I was afraid that the Laroques were a family of the vulgarly rich sort, like the dreadful persons who have bought my father's lands. Laroque is a picturesque figure in his old age, and though his widowed daughter-in-law is rather more commonplace, his granddaughter, Marguerite Laroque, is a nobly beautiful girl.

If it were not for my accursed pride, I should now feel happier than I have ever felt since that day of disaster, misery and shame when Laubépin told me that my poor dead father had lost his fortune in speculations, and left nothing but his title and his debts. Well, I have paid the debts, and if I can now only earn enough money to keep my little sister Hélène at school, I shall not grumble at my lot. I feel the loss of my friends, it is true. There is not a soul I can confide in, and I must find some outlet for the thoughts and feelings that oppress me ; so I will keep this diary. It will be at least a silent confidant, and perhaps when I am older I shall be able to read with a certain pleasurable interest its record of my singular adventures. No other man in France, on May 1, 1857, can have been transformed so suddenly, as by the wand of a witch, from a powerful and wealthy young nobleman of ancient lineage into a humble and despised domestic servant.

Perhaps a good fairy will appear and restore me to my proper shape ; but I wish she had appeared at dinner this evening. There were twenty guests, and it was the first time since the change of my fortunes that I took part in a society affair. Nobody spoke to me, except the pretty little governess of the family, Mlle. Hélouin ; and we were placed at the end of the table. The position of honour was given to a young and brilliant nobleman, M. de Bévallan, whose estate joined that of the Laroque family. I gathered from Mlle. Hélouin that it was his ambition to unite the two estates by marrying Mlle. Marguerite Laroque. I was, therefore, surprised when the lovely heiress led her grandfather into the room when everybody was seated, placed him in a chair by Bévallan, and came and sat by my side.

" She can't," I thought to myself, " be much in love with her wooer," and I began to study her with a certain curiosity. Her fine, clear-cut features and large, dark eyes attracted me ; and by way of opening the conversation I spoke of the wildly beautiful

scenery through which I had passed on my way to the castle. It was a bad beginning.

"I see," she said, with a singular expression of irony, "that you are a poet. You must talk about the forests and moorlands with Mlle. Hélouin, who also adores these things. For my part I do not love them."

"What is it, then, that you really love?" I said.

She gave me a supercilious look and said, in a hard voice, "Nothing, sir."

I must confess I was hurt. I could not see that I had done anything to lay myself open to so harsh an answer. No doubt I was only a servant. But why had she come and sat beside me if she did not want to converse with me? I was glad when the dinner was over and we went into the drawing-room.

Madame Laroque, the widowed mother of Marguerite, began to ask M. Bévallan about the new opera in Paris; he was unable to reply, so, as I had seen the work in Italy before it was produced in France, I gave her a description of it.

I am afraid I forgot myself with Madame Laroque—a fine-looking, cultivated woman of forty years of age. Flattered by the way in which she treated me entirely as her equal, I insensibly glided from theatrical topics to fashionable gossip, and just stopped in time in an anecdote about my tour in Russia. A few more words and she would have learnt that her humble steward, Maxime Odiot—as I am now called—was a man with very aristocratic connexions.

In order to hide my embarrassment, I moved towards the table where some of the guests were playing whist. This led to my committing a blunder which, I fear, may make my position a difficult one. Among the whist-players was a Mlle. de Porhoet-Gael, eighty-eight years of age and full of strange crochets. The last descendant of the noblest of Breton families, she lived, so Madame Laroque told me, on an income of forty pounds a year, her fortune having been spent in vainly fighting for the succession to a great estate in Spain. She was talking about it to her partner when I came up to the card table.

"The estate belongs to me," she was saying. "My father told me so a hundred times, and the people who are trying to take it from me have no more connexion with my family than this handsome young gentleman has."

And she designated me with a look and a movement of her head. No doubt she did not mean to imply that because I was a steward I was of mean birth; but I was stung by her remark, and forgetting myself, I replied rather sharply, "You are mistaken, madam, in thinking that I am unrelated to your family."

"You will have to prove that to me, young man."

Confused and ashamed, I withdrew into the corner and tried to talk to Mlle. Hélouin about poetry and art, but at last, upset and distracted, I arose and walked out of the room. Mlle. de Porhoet followed me.

"Monsieur Odiot," she said, "would you mind seeing me home? My servant has not arrived, and I am growing too feeble now to walk without help."

Naturally, I went with her.

"What did you mean," she said, as we walked on together, "by claiming to be a relation of mine?"

"I hope," I replied very humbly, "that you will pardon a jest that——"

"A jest?" she interrupted. "Is a matter touching my honour a jest? I see; a remark which would be an insult if addressed to a man becomes only a jest when it is levelled at an old, unprotected woman."

After that, nothing was left to me, as a man of honour, but to entrust her with my secret. There had been several marriages between our families, and after listening with great interest to the story of the troubles which had brought me to my present situation, she became wonderfully kind in her manner to me.

"You must come and see me to-morrow, cousin," she said, when we parted. "My law-suit is going very badly, and I should like you to go all through my papers, and see if you can discover any new documents in support of my claim. Do not despair, my dear, over your own misfortunes. I think I shall be able to help you."

II—Love and Jealousy

I AM afraid I lack the industry necessary for keeping a diary. It is now two months since I wrote the last entry. If I had made every night a brief note of the events of the day, I should now have a better view of my position. Has Mlle. de Porhoet betrayed my secret? There has certainly been a curious change in my relations with the Laroques. I fancy it began on the day when Marguerite and I met at last on an equal footing at Mlle. de Porhoet's house. The document which I had just then found may not be as important as we thought, but our common joy in what we considered was a discovery of tremendous value brought us closer together.

But I cannot understand Marguerite. Sometimes she still goes out of her way to be insulting towards me, and sometimes she treats me with a sweet frankness which has something sisterly in it. One day, for instance, she came to my window and asked me if I would go for a walk with her. "Bring your sketch-book, Monsieur Odiot," she called out gaily, "and I will take you to Merlin's Tomb in the Enchanted Valley."

As a matter of fact, the woods around the castle of the Laroques were the remains of the famous forest of Broceliande, and I had always been promising myself a long ramble through this region of romance, but I had never found time to explore it. I was now glad I had waited, for Marguerite was a charming guide. Never had I seen her so light-hearted.

When we reached a great block of stone in the depth of the wood, under which the wizard Merlin is said to be imprisoned by Vivien, Marguerite made herself a garland of oak-leaves, and standing like a lovely priestess clad all in white against the Druidic monument, she asked me to make a sketch of her. With what joy did I paint the poetic vision before me! I think she was pleased with the drawing, but on our way back to the castle a foolish word of mine brought our friendship to an end.

We came to a picturesque little lake, at the end of which was a waterfall, overgrown with brambles. In order to show what a good swimmer her dog was, Marguerite threw something in the current, and told him to fetch it, but he got carried over the waterfall and caught in the whirlpool below.

"Come away! He is drowning—come away! I can't bear to see it!" cried Marguerite, seizing me by the arm. "No, do not attempt to save him. The pool is very dangerous!"

I am a good swimmer, however, and with a little trouble I managed to rescue the dog.

"What madness!" she murmured. "You might have been drowned, and just for a dog!"

"It was yours," I answered in a low voice.

Her manner at once changed.

"You had better run home, Monsieur Odiot!" she said very coldly, "or you will get a chill. Do not wait for me!"

So I returned alone, and for some days Marguerite never spoke a word to me. What was still worse, M. Bévallan appeared at the castle, and she went for walks with him, leaving me in the company of Mlle. Hélouin. I am afraid that I became very friendly with the pretty governess. Nothing, however, that I ever said to her, or that she said to me, prepared me for the strange scene that happened to-night. As I was walking along the terrace, she came up and took my arm, and said, "Are you really my friend, Maxime?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then tell me the truth," she exclaimed. "Do you love me, or do you love Mademoiselle Marguerite?"

"Why do you bring in her name?" I said.

"Ah, you love her!" she cried fiercely; "or, rather, you love her fortune. But you shall never have it, Monsieur de Champcey. I know why you come here under a false name, and so shall she."

With a movement of anger she departed. I cannot continue here under suspicion of being a fortune-hunter, so I have written to Laubépin to obtain another situation for me.

III—Two on a Tower

IT is all over. Was it because she still only half believed the slanders spread against me that Marguerite again asked me to go for a walk with her? Oh, what an unfortunate wretch I am! We rode through the forest together to one of the most magnificent monuments in Brittany, the Castle of Elven. Finding the door unlocked, we tethered our horses in the deserted courtyard, and climbed up the narrow, winding staircase to the battlements. The sea of autumnal foliage below was bathed in the light of the setting sun, and for a long time we sat side by side in silence, gazing at the infinite distances.

"Come!" she said at last, in a low whisper, as the light died out of the sky. "It is finished!"

But on descending the dark staircase we found that the door of the keep was locked. No doubt the shepherd boy who looked after the castle had shut up the place while we were sitting, watching the sunset.

"Monsieur de Champcey," she said, in a cold, hard voice, "were there any scoundrels in your family before you?"

"Marguerite!" I cried.

"You paid that boy to lock us in," she exclaimed. "You think you will force me to marry you by compromising me in this manner. Do you think you will win my hand—and, what is more important to you still, my wretched wealth—by this trick? Rather than marry a scoundrel like you, I will shut myself up in a convent!"

Carried away by my feelings, I seized her two hands, and said, "Now listen, Marguerite. I love you, it is true. Never did man love more devotedly, yea, and more disinterestedly, than I do. But I swear that if I get out of this place alive I will never marry you until you are as poor as I am, or I as rich as you are. If you love me, as I think you do, fall on your knees and pray, for unless a miracle happens you will never see me again alive."

But a miracle did happen. I threw myself out of the window, and fell upon a branch of an oak tree. It bent beneath my weight, and then broke; but it came so near the earth before breaking that if my left arm had not struck against the masonry I should have escaped uninjured. As it was, my arm was smashed, and I swooned away with the pain. When I came to, Marguerite was leaning out of the window, calling, "Maxime, speak to me! For the love of heaven, speak to me, and say you forgive me!"

I arose, saying, "I am not hurt. If you will only wait another hour, I will go home and get someone to let you out. Believe me, I will save your honour as I have saved my own."

Binding up my arm, I got on my horse and galloped back to Laroque Castle. On the way I met Bévallan.

"Have you seen Mlle. Marguerite?" he said. "We are afraid she has got lost."

"I met her this afternoon," I replied. "She told me she was going for a ride to Elven Castle."

He rode off in the direction from which I had come, and when I returned from the doctor with my broken arm set and bandaged, Marguerite and Bévallan entered.

Hearing that I had had an accident, Madame Laroque came up late to-night to see me. Old Laroque has had a stroke of paralysis, she tells me, and she wishes to get the marriage contract between her daughter and Bévallan signed to-morrow.

IV—A Test Case

I DON'T know why I take the trouble to go on with this diary, but having begun it I may as well finish it. Laubépin wanted me to go into the drawing-room to witness the signing of the marriage contract, but happily I was too ill to leave my bed; not only was my arm very painful, but I was suffering from the shock of the fall. What an hour of misery I passed before Mlle. de Porhoet-Gael appeared with the news of what had happened! Her kind old eyes were bright with joy.

"It is all over," she said. "Bévallan has gone, and young Hélouin has also been turned out of the house."

I started up with surprise.

"Yes," she continued, with a smile, "the contract has not been signed. Our

OCTAVE FEUILLET was born at Saint-Lô, in La Manche, August 11, 1821, and educated in Paris. He was destined for the diplomatic service, and when in 1840 he announced his intention of adopting literature as a profession, his father refused to help him. He returned to Paris and supported himself precariously by journalism for three years, when his father was reconciled to him. After his father's death in 1858, with his wife he removed from Saint-Lô to Paris and became a favourite at the Second Empire court. In 1862 he was elected to the Academy, and in 1868 was appointed librarian of Fontainebleau palace. Feuillet's later years were spent in retirement, and he died December 29, 1890.

friend Laubépin drew it up in such a way that the husband was not able to touch a penny of the wife's money. M. Bévallan objected to this; while he and his lawyer were arguing the matter with Laubépin, Marguerite rose up.

"'Throw the contract in the fire,' she said, 'and, mother, give this gentleman back the presents he sent me.'

"Laubépin threw the deed in the flames, and Marguerite and her mother walked out of the room.

"'What is the meaning of this?' cried Bévallan.

"'I will tell you,' I answered. 'A certain young lady was afraid that you were merely a fortune-hunter. She wanted to be certain of it, and now she is so.'

"Thereupon I, too, left the room.

"But what is the matter with you, my dear boy? You are as pale as a corpse."

The fact was that the unexpected news aroused in me such a mixture of joyful and painful feelings that I fell back in a swoon. When I recovered, dear old Laubépin was standing by my bed.

"Will you not confide in me, my boy?" he said rather sadly. "Something, I can see, has happened which has made you miserable on the very day on which you should be full of joy. What is it?"

Moved by his sympathy, I poured out my very soul to him.

"It is useless for me," he said at last, "to conceal from you the fact that I sent you here with the design to marry you to Marguerite. Everything at first went as well as I could wish, and Madame Laroque was delighted with the match. You and Marguerite were made for each other, and you fell in love almost at first sight. But this affair at the Castle of Elven is something I had not reckoned on. To leap out of the window at the risk of breaking your neck was a sufficient demonstration of your disinterestedness. You need not have taken a solemn oath never to marry Marguerite until you were as rich as she is. What can you do now? You cannot forswear yourself, and you cannot suddenly make an immense fortune."

"I must depart with you," I said very sorrowfully. "There is no other way."

"No, Maxime," he replied, "you are too unwell to move. Remain here for one month longer; then, if you do not hear from me, return to Paris."

It is now a week since he left me, and I have seen no one for the last seven days but the servant who waits upon me. He tells me that Laroque has died, and that Marguerite and her mother, who have been tending him night and day, have worn themselves out, and are now laid up with some sort of fever. Mlle. de Porhoet is also very ill, and not expected to live. Since I am well enough to write this diary I must now be strong enough to walk over to Mlle. de Porhoet. I am told that she keeps asking to see me.

V—Two in a Garden

THE little maid who came to open the door was weeping, and as I came in I was surprised to hear the voice of Laubépin.

"It is Maxime, Marguerite," he said.

Had Marguerite also come from a bed of sickness to see Mlle. de Porhoet? I sprang up the stairs, and entered the room.

"My poor, dear boy!" said Mlle. de Porhoet, in a strange, broken voice.

She was lying in bed. Laubépin, a priest and a doctor were standing on one side, and Marguerite and her mother were kneeling down in prayer on the other. I saw at once that she was at the point of death, and knelt down beside Marguerite. The poor dying woman smiled faintly, and groped for my hand and put it in Marguerite's, and then fell back dead.

Laubépin led me out of the room, and put a document in my hand. It was a will, and the ink on it was hardly dry. Mlle. de Porhoet had made me her heir.

"How good of her!" I said to Laubépin. "I shall treasure her testament as a mark of her love for me. I will settle her little estate on my sister. It will at least keep Hélène from having to go out into the world as a governess."

"And it will keep you, my friend, from having to go out into the world as a steward," said Laubépin with a smile. "Don't you remember that document about the Spanish succession which you discovered and sent to me? We have won the law-suit, and you are the heir to an estate in Spain which will make you one of the richest men in France."

I went into the garden to think over my strange fortune. How long I sat there in the darkness I do not know. On rising up, I heard a faint sound beneath one of the trees, and a beloved form emerged from the foliage, and stood against the starry sky.

"Marguerite!" I cried, running up to her with outstretched arm.

She murmured my name, and as I clasped her her lips sought mine, and we poured our souls out in a kiss.

. . . . . .

I have given Hélène half of my fortune. Marguerite is my wife, and I close these pages for ever, having nothing more to confide to them. It can be said of men, as it has been said of nations, 'Happy are those that have no story.'

America's Most Original Poet

WALT WHITMAN

LEAVES OF GRASS

A Study by Harold van Tromp

THE famous volume of poetry Leaves of Grass was first published in 1855. The book found its final form, with some alterations and some important additions, in 1892; thus, in its content, as the book reaches us to-day, will be found Drum Taps, the series of poems which reveals Walt Whitman's impressions of the Civil War—although the earlier portion was written at home during the first eighteen months of the struggle. At a modest estimate, Leaves of Grass contains, in all, ten thousand lines; and some of the 'lines' contain thirty, or more, words.

No poet of first-rate influence has ever been so vehemently championed or so violently attacked as Walt Whitman. In A Study of Walt Whitman, that scholarly and accomplished English critic, John Addington Symonds, pronounced him to be 'a Behemoth, wallowing in primeval jungles, bathing at fountain heads of mighty rivers—an immense tree stretching its roots down into the bowels of the world . . . the globe itself, all seas, lands, forests, climates, storms, snows, sunshines, rains of universal earth; all nations, cities, languages, religions, arts, creeds, thoughts, emotions; the beginning and the grit of these things, not their endings, lees and dregs.' On the other hand, Algernon Charles Swinburne, one of the most distinguished poets of the Victorian age sees, in the elements which give rise to this astonishing claim,

Walt Whitman was born at West Hills, Long Island, New York, May 31, 1819, and after an elementary education worked at carpentry, building, printing, teaching and journalism. He served as an army nurse throughout the Civil War, wrecking his robust constitution thereby, and then in 1865 obtained an appointment as a government clerk. In 1873 he was prostrated by paralysis, and thereafter lived in comparative poverty at Camden, New York, where he died unmarried, March 26, 1892. An ardent prophet of a democracy of the future to be welded together by fraternal love and by equality, a mystic without a creed, seeing God expressing Himself everywhere, Whitman had the poetic vision which illuminates the sordid and commonplace and a robust optimism. His poetry, chaotic and rhapsodical as it is, appeals by the breadth and serenity of its outlook and an emotional tenderness usually manly and wholesome. This portrait is from the painting by Alexander in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

only 'the dirty and clumsy paws of a harper whose plectrum is a muck-rake,' whose Muse resembles 'a drunken apple-woman indecently sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter, amid the rotten refuse of the overturned apple-stall.'

More recently, Mr. Basil de Sélincourt arrives at the conclusion that 'with infallible sincerity and intuition Whitman had held up the mirror of art before an unformed race and had given to it for its delectation the word "growth." . . . It was natural that America should refuse Walt Whitman.' Nevertheless, he concludes that 'he rises above nationality and becomes a universal figure; poet of the ever-beckoning future. . . .'

BETWEEN these extremes comes the balanced judgement set down in his Studies in Poetry and Criticism by John Churton Collins, one time Professor of English Literature in the University of Birmingham—that 'if a man six feet high, of striking masculine beauty and of venerable appearance chooses to stand on his head in the public streets . . . he will at least attract attention, and create some excitement; secondly, that the law of reaction in literature, as in everything else, will assert itself, that when poetry has long attained perfection in form and has been running smoothly in conventional grooves, there is certain to be revolt both on the part of poets themselves and in the public taste, and the opposite extreme will be affected and welcomed; and, thirdly, that if a writer has the courage or impudence to set sense, taste and decency at defiance, and, posing sometimes as a mystic and sometimes as a mountebank, to express himself in the jargon of both, and yet has the genius to irradiate his absurdities with flashes of wisdom, beauty and inspired insight, three things are certain to result . . . .' namely, sympathy from those who favour the reaction, disgust on the part of the 'conservatives,' and perplexity on the part of those who belong to neither party, but who are quite willing to judge what they find on its own merits.

It is fairly obvious that we are dealing with a poet who possesses qualities which are, to say the least, eccentric. Granting that, we turn to a few of his best 'chants'—as Whitman loved to call them—and will deal with him on that charitable dictum expressed by Dr. Johnson, that 'a dead author should be judged by his best work.' The genius of Whitman will be apparent; and the eccentricities may be left to look after themselves.

The following verses form a complete little poem from the group he called Sea Drift. They are the most intimate of the poet's work, and their dominant note is a mystical symbolism which links together Death, Eternity and the Sea:

On the Beach at Night

On the beach, at night,
Stands a child with her father,
Watching the east, the autumn sky.

Up through the darkness,
While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses spreading, [sky,
Lower sullen and fast athwart and down the
Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the east,
Ascends large and calm the lord-star Jupiter,
And nigh at hand, only a very little above,
Swim the delicate sisters the Pleiades.

From the beach the child holding the hand of her father, [to devour all,
Those burial-clouds that lower victorious soon
Watching, silently weeps.

Weep not, child,
Weep not, my darling,
With these kisses let me remove your tears,
The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,
They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars only in apparition;
Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night, the Pleiades shall emerge,
They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden shall shine out again,
The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again, they endure,
The vast immortal suns and the long enduring pensive moons shall again shine.

Then dearest child mournest thou only for Jupiter?
Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars?

Something there is
(With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper,
I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and indirection), [stars,
Something there is more immortal even than the
(Many the burials, many the days and nights, passing away), [lustrous Jupiter,
Something that shall endure longer even than
Longer than sun or any revolving satellite,
Or the radiant sisters the Pleiades.

Among the earliest written of the Leaves of Grass was the poem which has been termed 'the supreme song of separation.' The suggestion is that Whitman had loved and lost, at any rate, loved and parted. Pathos, nature-painting and rhythm are interfused in its strange harmonies. The following are some striking passages:

Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,
Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,
Out of the Ninth-month midnight,
Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot,
Down from the shower'd halo,
Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,
Out from the patches of briars and blackberries,
From the memories of the bird that chanted to me,
From your memories, sad brother, from the fitful risings and fallings I heard,
From under that yellow half-moon late-risen and swollen as if with tears,
From those beginning notes of yearning and love there in the mist,
From the thousand responses of my heart never to cease,
From the myriad thence-aroused words,
From the word more delicious and stronger than any, [visiting,
From such, as now they start, the scene re-
As a flock, twittering, rising, or overhead passing,
Borne hither, ere all eludes me, hurriedly,
A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,
I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hereafter,
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,
A reminiscence sing.

So far, Whitman is laying out his palette. A curiously beautiful bit of word-painting follows:

Once Paumanok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air and the Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore in some briars,
Two feather'd guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light green eggs spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
While we bask, we two together.—

But, 'maybe kill'd, unknown to her mate,' the poor she-bird one day returns not; then, at night—

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down almost among the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.
He call'd on his mate,
He pour'd forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Thus 'the messenger there' calls for a message from the sea—

Whereto answering, the sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whisper'd me through the night, and very plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word death,
And again, death, death, death, death,
Hissing melodious, neither like the bird nor like my arous'd child's heart,
But edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

Which I do not forget,
But fuse the song of my dusky demon and brother,
That he sang to me in the moonlight on Paumanok's gray beach,
With the thousand responsive songs at random,
My own songs awaked from that hour,
And with them the key, the word up from the waves,
The word of the sweetest songs and all songs,
That strong and delicious word which, creeping to my feet
(Or like some old crone rocking the cradle, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside),
The sea whisper'd me.

So ends this symphony of lines, many of them musical in themselves; the picture is not, now, that of a child wandering alone, the child has a companion, an eerie grey vision of an 'old crone, swathed in sweet garments, bending aside'—gentle Death. The 'cradle endlessly rocking' remains; and it is in these echoing phantasies that the receptive mind will discern the true charm of Walt Whitman's poetry.

Whitman is full of echoes; Tennyson, Emerson, Goethe, Carlyle, all contribute

thematic material; the poet's treatment of the themes is wholly his own. But here is a reminiscence of Elizabethan texture; it is a verse from Memories of President Lincoln—

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you, O Death.

and here one of the few—very few—concessions to lyric form, the fine ballad O Captain, my Captain!—

O Captain, my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

RARELY does Whitman carve thus 'on cherry stones.' His dominant passion is to act as a universal but benevolent spy; nothing escapes him in heaven or earth or in the waters under the earth. Take these verses from the Song of Myself, written at the age of thirty-seven; a poem of over 1,200 lines, each line containing from five or six to twenty or thirty words:

(a) I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

(b) A child said *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is any more than he.
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.
Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*
Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced baby of the vegetation.
Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic . . .

(c) The little one sleeps in its cradle,
I lift the gauze and look a long time, and silently brush away flies with my hand.
The youngster and the red-faced girl turn aside up the bushy hill,
I peeringly view them from the top.
The suicide sprawls on the bloody floor of the bedroom,
I witness the corpse with its dabbled hair, I note where the pistol has fallen.

(d) I saw the marriage of the trapper in the open air in the far west, the bride was a red girl,
Her father and his friends sat near cross-legged and dumbly smoking, they had mocassins to their feet, and large thick blankets hanging from their shoulders,
On a bank lounged the trapper, he was dressed mostly in skins, his luxuriant beard and curls protected his neck, he held his bride by the hand,
She had long eyelashes, her head was bare, her coarse straight locks descended upon her voluptuous limbs and reach'd to her feet.

(e) Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore,
Twenty-eight young men and all so friendly;
Twenty-eight years of womanly life and all so lonesome.

She owns the fine house by the rise of the bank,
She hides handsome and richly dressed aft the blinds of the window.

Which of the young men does she like the best?
Ah, the homeliest of them is beautiful to her.

(f) The child is baptized, the convert is making his first professions,
The regatta is spread on the bay, the race is begun (how the white sails sparkle!)
The pedlar sweats with his pack on his back (the purchaser higgling about the odd cent),
The bride unrumples her white dress, the minute-hand of the clock moves slowly,
The opium-eater reclines with rigid head and just-open'd lips.

(g) I know I am deathless,
I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by a carpenter's compass,
I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.

(h) I speak the password primeval, I give the sign of democracy.
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

(i) Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veiled and I remove the veil,
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigured.

'Password primeval,' 'sign of democracy,' 'forbidden voices,'—Whitman sang all these things in verse—'chants'—of long, often rhythmical, sometimes musical recitatives. And sometimes his lines are 'uncouth, unkissed.' It is difficult to defend such a passage as:

You whoever you are!
You daughter or son of England!
You of the mighty Slavic tribes and Empires! you Russ in Russia!
You dim-descended, black, divine-soul'd African, large, fine-headed, nobly formed, superbly destin'd, on equal terms with me!
You Norwegian! Swede! Dane! Icelander! you Prussian!
You Spaniard of Spain! You Portuguese!
You Frenchwoman and Frenchman of France!

—And so on. All the marks of exclamation in the world cannot bring any conviction to the reader that those lines are either sense or poetry. But when Whitman builds his verse cumulatively he succeeds in attaining a height and span that only an ear deaf to the power of sustained rhythm can refuse to admire—

You Roman! Neapolitan! you Greek!
You lithe matador in the arena at Seville!
You mountaineer living lawlessly on the Taurus or Caucasus!
You Bokh horse-herd watching your mares and stallions feeding!
You beautiful-bodied Persian at full speed in the saddle shooting arrows to the mark!—

in which it will be noticed that the first line contains three distinct images, and the last line bears at least six on its long sweeping syllables.

A newcomer to Walt Whitman might very naturally enquire if this strange genius deliberately despised the accepted classics of the world's poetry. A reply to this question may be found in his Song of the Exposition, but to what extent it is a definite reply must be left to the individual reader to assess for himself. In one verse he writes:

Away with old romance!
Away with novels, plots and plays of foreign courts,
Away with love-verses sugar'd in rhyme, the intrigues, amours of idlers,
Fitted for only banquets of the night where dancers to late music slide,
The unhealthy pleasures, extravagant dissipations of the few,
With perfumes, heat, and wine, beneath the dazzling chandeliers.

To you, ye reverent sisters,
I raise a voice for far superber themes for poets and for art,
To exalt the present and the real . . . .

All these, he tells us, as well as 'epics of Asia,' Clio, Melpomene, Thalia, Jerusalem, Tancred, Charlemagne, Merlin, Lancelot, kings and castles—that 'mighty world':

Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with crown and armor on,
Blazon'd with Shakespeare's purple page,
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme . . .

and the 'reverent sisters' are the loom and shuttle, thud of machinery, 'shrill steam-whistle undismay'd', 'no tomb, [but] A keep for life for practical invention.' No, the sisters are not the:

. . . Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring

but the very practical Muses of machinery, agriculture, railways—the 'utilities'; a book of Works and Days of the modern world.

Yet no one can deny that Leaves of Grass is a monumental epitome of life-in-action. We hear the busy hum of humanity, insistent, sometimes a little blatant—'hurrying, driving, marrying, burying'; and then, as from a great organ subdued, comes a quiet fugue of life and death:

Pensive and flattering,
The words The *Dead* I write,
For living are the Dead
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition, I the spectre).

Stuart Black

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EDEN PHILLPOTTS

THE MOTHER

With a Critical Note by Cranstoun Metcalfe

I—The Man and His Work

RECALLING memories of the literary firmament as it appeared in the last decade of the nineteenth century one seems to observe one particular in which it differed from that high region as seen to-day. Then, all the brightest luminaries were gathered into constellations, to one or other of which each new star seemed to be attracted by some kind of gravitational force. It would perhaps be in bad taste to suggest that personalities with magnetic power to attract genius to them are fewer now. But one certainly recalls the fact that there were definite groups of men gathered round individual editors and publishers of whose company they were sworn.

Thus there were Traill's young men, and Henley's; there were The Speaker's—by malignants derisively termed The Squeaker's—young men, adherents of Wemyss Reid; there was the brilliant company that T. P. O'Connor assembled to write for his newly founded paper The Star; and there were The Idler young men, who produced what was called 'the new humour' and made the world a gayer place than it had been before. Jerome K. Jerome founded The Idler in 1892, and Robert Barr, Israel Zangwill, Barry Pain and Eden Phillpotts were names made ever more familiar in the bright pages of that magazine and its contemporary To-day. If Eden Phillpotts had published only such humorous works as My Laughing Philosopher and the delightful studies of The Human Boy he would be quite as worthy of long remembrance as Jerome K. Jerome by virtue of his Three Men in a Boat. But he was to prove himself capable and productive of much bigger and better things than these, and to-day there are competent judicial critics bold to declare that Eden Phillpotts is in the line of the great English novelists and more sure of fame and long remembrance than any of his contemporaries, who yet have enjoyed greater notoriety than he and louder popular applause.

Biographical facts as recorded by himself in Who's Who are scanty. He was born at Mount Aboo, India, November 4, 1862, son of Captain Henry Phillpotts of the 15th Native Infantry and Political Agent, States of Harowtee, Rajputana; he was educated at Plymouth and from 1880 to 1890 was clerk in the Sun Fire Insurance Office. On coming to London he studied for the stage, 'but abandoned the art on finding his ability did not justify perseverance,' and then, literature calling him, he was led into her service by her handmaiden journalism, being associated, as has been said, with The Idler and To-day, and with Black and White in its prime and other periodicals. But he was neither well nor happy in London, and after a trip down the Mediterranean he settled down at Torquay, where he has lived ever since, devoting himself to literature and gardening.

With what industry Phillpotts applied himself to his life-work may be estimated by the fact that since 1893, when he published Some Everyday Folks, between sixty and seventy volumes have appeared bearing his signature and he has also had sixteen plays produced. The books are of several different kinds: collections of short stories—many of them of high merit; some really beautiful sketches of nature, such as My Devon Year; volumes of poems, of which Brother Man is the latest; and novels. These last, again, can be classified into crime or mystery stories, such as The Grey Room and The Red Redmaynes; historical or quasi-historical stories such as The American Prisoner; and what may be called the

Dartmoor novels of peasant life, with excursions into other districts, for example, Brunel's Tower, Old Delabole, and The Green Alleys, dealing with the Devon potteries, slate quarries and hop-fields respectively. But for most people he is first and last the novelist of Dartmoor and it is his novels dealing with that part of Devonshire that he has himself chosen for reissue in the uniform edition now announced for publication by Macmillan and Co.

The Mother, first published by Ward Lock in 1908, may be selected as representative of Eden Phillpotts's work at its best, dealing as it does with one of his favourite themes—unselfish mother-love—introducing all the types of character, male and female, which he is most fond of using to present his philosophy of life—essentially a deep-seated, brave optimism—and abounding in passages in which he has made full use of his exceptional powers of description and his racy humour.

II—The Mother

THE scene is laid throughout in Merivale, a moorland hamlet under the shadow of Vixen Tor, and the story opens on an afternoon in late October on the fringe of Devon's central waste beneath the woods. Here Avisa Pomeroy, the placid, wise and gentle mother of headstrong Ives Pomeroy, falls in with Rachel Bolt, the aged and doting mother of an only child Samuel. Their talk is of a great matter; nothing less than the news that Jill Wickett has accepted Samuel Bolt in preference to the younger, passionate Ives Pomeroy who also has long been set upon her. Avisa feels no regret at the news; only surprise at any girl choosing the simple, uninteresting Samuel when she might have had such a wonder of young manhood as Ives; but other thoughts about him stir uneasiness in her heart and it is with a grave face that she goes home to meet her boy.

She finds him in the kitchen of Vixen Tor farmhouse, his face dark and malignant with passion. Fiercely he accuses her of having helped Bolt to win the girl from him, and scornfully refuses to acknowledge that his own hectoring behaviour has been responsible for her choice. Finally he blazes out:

'Curse the lot of you—narrow, hard-hearted, frozen up creatures that you be! You talk so wise, and me robbed of the only thing in the world I cared about. Precious comfort—the likes of you—to a miserable man. But I'll go my own way—to hell if I choose. And 'twill be your fault—yours, mother, as much as any—for you never liked her and never helped me to win her. And now—be damned to everybody! I don't care what becomes of any living soul on God's earth no more. And I'll be free, mark me, from this day—free to do what I please and think what I please. So now you know, mother!'

He took his cap, rose and went out of the house; while Mrs. Pomeroy bent and brushed up the dirt that his boots had left by the hearth.

'He'll be the death of us yet,' said Lizzie mournfully; but her mother shook her head and smiled. She was looking after Ives.

'Don't think it,' she answered. ''Tis the other way; we'll be the life of him.'

In almost every small village the public-house serves as the gossip exchange, and The Jolly Huntsmen at Merivale was no exception to the rule. It was kept by two brothers, Peter and Joel Toop. Into their lives had come lately an object of immense significance in the person of an orphaned young kinswoman, Ruth Rendle, to whom, having recently lost their barmaid, they had offered a home in exchange for service. A slim, dark-faced girl of twenty-one, with black hair and rather heavy brows, silent and sensible, she awoke in the breasts of both brothers something more than a flicker of passion and put thoughts of matrimony into their heads which they ought to have entertained thirty years before if at all. Much of the comedy of the book is provided by the development of the tender passion in the hearts of these elderly men and by their separate proposals of marriage to Ruth.

But Ruth plays a much more important part in this peasant drama than by thus opening a subsidiary plot in which Eden Phillpotts can exercise his rich and racy humour. For she awakens passion in the heart also of Matthew Northmore, the master of Stone Park, a shy and sensitive man of thirty-eight, in whose life women had figured little, and love not at

all. A man of immense vigour, with a temper, naturally morose, made gloomier by a lonely life on his moorland farm, Northmore becomes a dangerous enemy to Ives Pomeroy when, proposing in his turn to Ruth, he discovers that the girl's affections secretly are set upon that passionate, unmoral, reckless and, as yet, unbroken-in youth, who not only does not love her but is of the type not destined to make any woman happy.

In the meantime, however, Ives can think of nothing but the shameful way in which he has been jilted by Jill Wickett, and wearies every ear with the recital of his wrongs. Even to Ruth Rendle he tells the story, entering the bar with his now most sympathising crony, Mr. William Cawker, the irrepressibly humorous, graceless, rascally poacher invariably known as Moleskin, who is one of Eden Phillpotts's most delightful creations.

Moleskin knows human nature as well as he knows the nature of fur and fin and feather, and he purposely catches Ives Pomeroy on the rebound from Jill Wickett, who in due course became the wife of Samuel Bolt.

Moleskin has heard that Squire Serpell at Oaktown aims at having the biggest head of game this fall that ever has been known; 'hundreds and hundreds of eggs is bought,' and Moleskin, 'a free trader to the backbone and all for liberty in these matters,' has his own plans for the disposal of some of the resulting pheasants. But an accomplice is desirable, even necessary if Moleskin is to elude interfering keepers successfully, and in Ives, in his present mood, he knows he has found the right man.

'Ban't my way to count my chickens afore they are hatched, let alone another person's; but a very grand lot of birds there ought to be; and since you'm the only chap in these parts with a head on his shoulders and right principles——'

'You can trust me all right, Moleskin.'

'I know it. Wish there was more like you.'

And poor deluded Ives is committed to participating in a raid upon the Oaktown coverts, he to act as the decoy, while Moleskin as the more experienced hand is to do the shooting with an air gun in another preserve. One attempt to save Ives from his folly and danger is made by Moleskin's wife and daughter. But it is worse than vain. For they ask Emmanuel Codd, head man at Vixen Tor Farm, to warn Ives to keep away from Moleskin, not knowing that there is bad blood between Codd and his young master. And Codd wishing to do an ill turn to Ives passes the news on to Matthew Northmore, who finds himself perplexed; knowledge of what is impending puts a weapon in his hand, which he yet hesitates to use; finally, he decides to try to help the younger man by asking the inspector of police to give him a word of warning. And thereby he is Pomeroy's undoing.

For the raid takes place; Ives with a fowling-piece sets dogs and keepers running after him, while Moleskin noiselessly kills twenty pheasants. Both get away, but Ives has been seen in the moonlight running across a drive; the gamekeeper cannot positively identify him; but Northmore's well-meant request to the inspector to warn Pomeroy furnishes virtual confirmation, and three days later the hand of the law falls upon him.

At the moment Ives was in the very act of confessing to his mother what he had done, and he was disconcerted at finding that for once her unfailing patience before his escapades appeared to desert her. A passionate scene is interrupted by Lizzie Pomeroy's excited announcement that three policemen are coming up through the meadow.

Avisa looked at her son and a world of sudden grief appeared upon her face.

'Ives! Ives!' she said.

'I know! It's all right; they've smelt a rat! You can guess where I shall be. Let me have some food when the coast's clear, and then I'll be away till the storm's blown over. Find out if Moleskin's took and let me know up on the Vixen after dark.'

And he fled through a back entrance to a little niche among the rocks on the summit of Vixen Tor which had been his secret lair since early boyhood, where, undisturbed, he could dream his day-dreams or cool his heart and brain when fevers of passion consumed him.

Left alone with her daughter, Avisa told her briefly what Ives was wanted for.

Her mind worked swiftly and her lips moved. 'Lord have mercy on my son! Lord have mercy on my son!' she whispered to herself again and again. Then she felt her daughter's hand and heard Lizzie cry 'Save him, mother, save him!'

It seemed now that Avisa came to herself. 'Bear yourself braver, Lizzie. Yes—yes; I'll save him, please God.' She turned to the men. 'Good morning, Mr. Bachelor.'

'Good morning, ma'am. I'm sorry for our errand and I hope with all my heart that your son will be able to clear himself; but 'tis rather bad against him. Anyway, he must come with us, please. 'Tis feared that he had a hand in that business to Oaktown.'

'Yes, he had,' she answered quietly. 'You will find him hidden up in the rocks there. I'll show you where he is.'

The policeman stared.

''Tis a terrible thing for you—a terrible thing. I wish to God, ma'am, you'd not been called to do this,' he said earnestly.

Her sad eyes met his.

'So do I,' she answered. 'Love's a hard task-master sometimes.'

And then Avisa leads the constables to the foot of Vixen Tor, watched with incredulous astonishment by Ives aloft among the rocks, who boils with passion against his mother for betraying him and shouts curses after her retreating figure before surrendering himself to the police.

Reaching home, Avisa is greeted by her daughter:

'Ives will never darken our doors again,' sobbed Lizzie.

Then Avisa spoke. She took out her handkerchief and wiped Lizzie's eyes with it. Her own were dry.

'Darken our doors he can't, my pretty. Better than sunshine always. I doubt you'm wrong. My son will come home to me a wiser man—some day—yes, he'll come home, if I know him true.'

Upon such a matter Avisa's instinct could not err, and a few days after his release from prison Ives came home, his love for his mother undiminished by her surrender of him to justice, the motivation of which he may perhaps have come to understand in the interval, though he never spoke of it. But even in her recovered happiness Avisa knew that Ives had not yet found himself, and time mattered, for she knew also that she was in the grip of malignant disease and would not be spared very long to exercise influence over him from this side of the grave. And in the meantime there was Jill Bolt, unsuitably mated to a fatuous man wholly unable to satisfy her needs and in dangerous proximity to her former lover, upon whose passionate nature her super-abundant physical womanhood still had inflammatory effect. They met soon and often, and it was not long before pity and desire wrought upon him so far that he resolved to carry her off, as usual disregarding everything except fulfilment of his own will and purpose.

But, also as usual, Ives could not refrain from taking his mother into his confidence. A conflict of wills ensued of terrible intensity to his mother. Only twenty-four hours lay between him and ruin, for Ives had arranged to meet Jill at three o'clock the following morning at the ancient granite Windystone up on the moor. Avisa knew that this was the supreme battle of her life for her son, and she did not spare herself. Hour after hour she poured out words and only desisted when, threatened by physical collapse, she extracted a promise from him upon his honour that he would do nothing until he had spoken with her on the morrow.

Not until the following evening did she learn that the victory was hers. No urge of conscience impelling him to do what was right had made Ives change his mind. Knowledge of facts of which Jill had kept him in ignorance had enabled Avisa to convince him against his will that sordid material considerations had decided Jill to throw in her lot with him, not love for himself alone, and all the romance was eliminated from the adventure and his pride was wounded to the quick.

He told his mother that evening, and with native wisdom she forbore from comment. On her advice he wrote a note to Jill, announcing his intention not to meet her as arranged or proceed with the elopement, and scrawling the one word 'Jill' upon the envelope, went up to her cottage and slipped the letter under the front door.

But Jill had gone to bed early, to get a few hours' sleep before her exodus, and it was the husband, not the wife, who found the letter when he came in about

ten o'clock. Always a feeble creature, Samuel Bolt was completely at a loss to know what to do in such a tremendous crisis. For two hours he sleepily pondered the matter and then, slowly coming to his senses, had a great idea. He would do nothing at all! Unheroic as the plan was, it yet would have considerable consequences, for his silence would mean that Jill would endure the trouble and mortification of a fruitless journey to the Windystone, and meantime he could go to bed and find in sleep restoration of energy to cope with the problem in some more effective manner. And to bed Samuel went forthwith.

Presently Jill woke up, and stealthily moving, dressed in the dark and fared forth under the stars to the Windystone. A church clock struck three, and she strained her ears for the step of Ives.

Light began to be felt rather than seen and the eastern hills were defining themselves; but the world still slept; the stars still shone overhead, and the water at her feet still reflected their light. The morning wind awoke, sighed out of his deep, hungry heart, and roamed restless until dawn should come and throw her rosy loveliness into his bosom. Waking creatures shambled past Jill. Mares and little foals went by; cattle stirred and blew sleep from their nostrils and rose out of their beds in the fern. Pure silver light stole over the sky and drowned the stars, but the earth was still very dark. Birds called; the world revolved to the sun and soon a rusty red lattice and tangle of dim fire fretted the east. Every stone and bush shone clear against the increasing glory of the day; but no sign of Ives appeared upon the path that he should have trodden an hour ago.

Furious at her lover's defection, still more furious at his failure to prevent her from keeping a tryst which he either would not or could not keep himself, Jill Bolt made her way back to her husband's house, changed her gown, hid her soaking boots and stockings for the present, then lighted the fire and prepared breakfast. Anxious to postpone discussion of the letter yet a little longer, Samuel announced his intention of not going to work that day, and offered to take his wife to Tavistock cattle market and revel. The holiday passed prosperously and it was not until, supper finished, they were on the point of going to bed, that Samuel gave her Pomeroy's letter to read, and told her how he had come by it. His pusillanimity astonished Jill.

'Why for didn't you wake me last night and have this out then?'

'Because—for several reasons. One was I hadn't the heart. You must remember this comed as a terrible shock to me; it made my flesh water and my bones jelly——'

'Why didn't you come upstairs and pull me out of bed by the hair and cut my throat?'

''Twould only have been one more nastiness in the newspapers. I hope to God whatever happens I shall never get in print; besides, I'm not that sort. But I said to myself, stern-like, that you'd got to suffer, Jill. So what did I do but just harden my heart against you, and go to bed, and let you march off to cool your heels and wait for the rascal. And I thought the cross of Christ up along in the shape of the Windystone might very likely do the rest; and I'm sure I hope it have.'

Even with regard to the attitude it behoved him as a man to adopt towards Ives Pomeroy, Samuel could say no more than "I ought to go to the length of being vexed with the man in public, ought really to pull his nose before people." To bleating like this Jill was incapable of reply, but she knew she was well out of an awkward predicament; she could make shift to put up with this pusillanimous husband. And the lover? "Leave him to me," she said. "My quarrel's quite as big as yours—maybe bigger"—words ominous of trouble to Ives.

At this point in his career his mother died. For some little time before, Ruth Rendle had been staying with Avisa Pomeroy at Vixen Tor Farm, being glad to escape from The Jolly Huntsmen where vexation constantly beset her since her refusal of the Toop brothers and of Matthew Northmore. Thwarted love indeed had so embittered the last that he had become a morose, hard-drinking man, dangerous when angered, and always gloomy. Under Avisa Pomeroy's roof the girl found a home and Avisa rejoiced when she became aware of Ruth's secret love for Ives. Here, the mother knew, was the sure promise of ultimate happiness for her son. But others were aware of it too; Matthew Northmore long since; and quite recently Jill Bolt, widowed now by an accident that had befallen Samuel; and jealousy, added to her bitterness, inspired her to fiendish action.

Mutual dislike had developed into active hatred between Northmore and Pomeroy, leading actually to blows, and it was in one of these quarrels that Northmore's hasty words gave Pomeroy knowledge of Ruth's feeling for himself. The seed thus sown grew rapidly and, all his lower passion for Jill Bolt extinguished, Ives knew he loved and was loved by Ruth. Their engagement was virtually in being, and then Jill struck. As her tool she used Emmanuel Codd, the discontented former headman at Vixen Tor Farm who, dismissed by Ives after his mother's death, had found employment with Matthew Northmore. The master of Stone Park was away and Ives, passing the place, caught sight of Codd and went into the rickyard to talk to him. Inadvertently he dropped a matchbox given him by Ruth and a letter, and went on his way unknowing. Half an hour later Jill Bolt sat with Codd in the same place, and with devilish cunning told Codd what to do. That night Northmore's stacks were fired, three pedigree heifers were roasted in a shippon, and next morning Northmore found under the edge of a haystack to the rear of those consumed by fire Ruth's letter to Ives, half-burnt, and the matchbox. Circumstantial evidence more convincing could not be desired.

NORTHMORE spent a night of torment debating the matter with himself, and next day rode to Tavistock where Ruth was employed in a shop. Briefly he recited the facts, put the evidence into her hand and then told her to choose.

'You must marry me, Ruth. This leaves you no loophole. I'll say nothing more but that I know in a very little time you'll bless the chance that has made you do it. I see the future crystal clear. Speak then. If Pomeroy's to go to prison, say so. If he's to be free, say so. . . . I know 'twill be your love for him will make you take me. But I'll suffer even that torture; because I'll look forward. You'll change when you get to find the kind of husband I am, I'm sure of that.'

'You've planned this, Matthew?'

'Fate planned it. God Almighty planned it. Don't decide afore the full meaning and force of the thing is made clear to your mind. I've waited long enough; I can wait a bit more yet.'

Northmore waited in silence while the girl concentrated her thoughts upon all that had happened between these two men, and what she knew of the character of both of them. It took her long to decide, but the proofs that lay under her hands seemed quite conclusive, and at last her mind was made up. She took the matchbox and the damning papers from the table and threw them in the fire. Northmore made no movement.

'You understand what that means, Ruth?'

'Yes,' she answered, 'I understand. It means that I'll marry you, Matthew, and make you the best wife I can——'

FRENZIED denunciations of her and of all other women pour from the lips of Ives Pomeroy when shortly afterwards, asking Ruth to marry him, he learns from herself that she has accepted Northmore, and two days later he confronts his rival and insists upon getting to the bottom of the matter. So violent is the scene that Northmore realizes things cannot be left as they are, and the men arrange to meet on the next day but one at the Lone Stones up on the moor, where they will be undisturbed, Northmore's intention being to tell Pomeroy that his crime of arson is known, Pomeroy's purpose being nothing less than death for himself or murder.

But in the short interval of time the purpose of both men is changed. To Northmore comes Jill Bolt who having, not a little to her own surprise, been sought successfully in marriage by Peter Toop, has forgiven Ives Pomeroy and wishes to clear him of the suspicion of arson. Calmly she tells him the whole story, makes clear to him what his marriage to Ruth Rendle will mean both in his own eyes and his wife's—if Ruth becomes his wife—and leaves him to contemplate a future without Ruth, which he knows will be unendurable. Only one way of escape from an intolerable situation seems open to the unhappy man, and forgetting all about his appointment there with Ives, he determines to go next day to the Lone Stones and there take his own life since it was there that he had first asked Ruth to marry him and had been refused.

Upon Pomeroy falls his mother's influence. Almost exhausted by one of his characteristic outbursts of passion he

picked up Avisa's Bible and found in it a slip of paper on which a list of references to many texts was written. Idly he turned to the first: *And teach us what we shall do unto the child that shall be born.* He sought the second: *God hath judged me and hath also heard my voice, and hath given me a son.* The third: *God be gracious unto thee my son.* The fourth: *His mother made him a little coat.* Seldom if ever has so pathetic a token of his mother's love fallen into the hands of a son; for here was a chronicle of Ives Pomeroy's headstrong, troubled career from infancy to manhood, clearly to be read through the words in the Bible in which his mother had found comfort or hope when heart-stricken or crushed by grief or agony he had caused her. Two hours and more did the man spend, reading and musing on these texts for the tale of his life. And then

From this great survey he came back to the present; but he did not come back alone. His mother's heart was beating in his; her spirit belonged to him as the intrinsic controller of his own. Again he turned to the Bible for a text that he remembered dimly. He knew the source of it and came upon it anon. *Thy mother is like a vine in thy blood.*

What fruit should the scion of this stock ripen in the world's garden? Can we gather a thorn from a grape?

'That woman's son have got no choice,' he said to himself, and in ignorance uttered truth.

THUS it was brought to pass that when Ives Pomeroy came to the spot appointed for the meeting he came with empty hands, resolved to do no hurt to Northmore. But a wave of hatred swept over him when the other man appeared, for Northmore staggered as if he were drunk and his eyes blazed with misery. Any meeting with him was foolish under these conditions and Ives crouched out of sight the better to judge of the other's state. Northmore was not drunk, but his excitation was terrible; he flung himself down on the reeking earth and then suddenly tore open his coat and shirt, drew a revolver from his pocket and cocked it and held it to his side; then he changed his mind and lifted it to his head. That movement saved his life. Ives sprang forward with a shout and Northmore turned and started as he pulled the trigger, with the result that the bullet missed his temple. He had no chance to fire again, for Ives tore the weapon away.

Dazed, obscured, inconsequent, Northmore was long in returning to a state of mind sufficiently normal for him to explain the facts, but he told his story by degrees. One salient fact emerged. Ruth was free.

'She loves you. She's always loved you; and I knew it and yet——But it's told now. I don't want your pity, and as for punishment, you've punished me enough. I should be in eternal peace this minute if it wasn't for your hand. You've got your revenge so long as I live.'

'A time will come when you'll think different to that. But God knows I can't preach. Only this you shall swear afore I leave you: that you'll not make away with yourself. I call you to promise me that you won't lift a hand against yourself no more, Matthew Northmore. For the sake of that woman, keep alive. Her days will be darkened for evermore if you kill yourself through her fault.'

'I'll drag on with it somewhere till the end.'

'You can't say no fairer; and now I'm coming back along with you—to have a drink. You want one.'

. . . . . .

THERE came a morning in early spring when Pomeroy left his home at the first light to keep an appointment with Moleskin. The old man brought a little bunch of primroses.

'It was a promise to Ruth that if she was married any day after February I'd get her primrosen for her wedding gown. For certain she'll have braver blossoms, too, but she promised for to wear these and here they are. 'Tis your day. If your mother only was not gone it would have been her high-water mark of happiness to see you two joined presently.'

'She don't seem as dead as she was,' answered the other. 'Why man, my mother's nearer and more alive to me even now than half of the real live people in the world.'

'Well I understand! Some are more alive though they be dead than others all the days of their life and her—her—why, she's not dead so long as you'm stirring, my bold hero. You may even grow to be worthy of her yet.'

'Never,' he said. 'No son can be worthy of such a woman as Avisa Pomeroy. Two of the best women God ever made, and one—one bore me—and t'other be going to marry me. I've had a mighty deal more luck than my share, Moleskin.'

'You have, without a doubt; but that's a very common thing, whether good luck or bad. Naught in nature's rarer than to see man or woman getting their desert.'

They had come down to the brink of the river and here parted.

'See you later,' said Moleskin. 'Take care of they primrosen and joy go to her along with 'em.'

CHARLES LAMB

LETTERS

ALL the qualities which endeared Charles Lamb to his friends above all other men, and made admission to the company at his Wednesday supper parties in the Temple and at Islington a coveted social privilege are manifest in his letters. Written without the least thought of ultimate publication they are the perfectly candid expression of a heart and soul possessed with a positive genius for friendship. Very characteristic of his humour and deep affection are the letters written to Thomas Manning, the distinguished Orientalist, and to Barron Field, for some years judge of the supreme court of New South Wales; his acute and abiding interest in literature is displayed in his letters to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and many another; in sum they constitute the autobiography of the most lovable personality of the time. Lamb's letters have been edited by Canon Ainger and by E. V. Lucas, and an edition in two volumes is included in Everyman's Library. An outline of the Essays of Elia accompanied by a portrait of Charles Lamb appears at page 955.

To Samuel Taylor Coleridge

JANUARY 10, 1797. . . Coleridge, I want you to write an epic poem. Nothing short of it can satisfy the vast capacity of true poetic genius. Having one great end to direct all your poetical faculties to, and on which to lay out your hopes, your ambition will show you to what you are equal. By the sacred energies of Milton! by the dainty, sweet and soothing phantasies of honey-tongued Spenser! I adjure you to attempt the epic. Or do something more ample than the writing of an occasional brief ode or sonnet; something 'to make yourself for ever known—to make the age to come your own.'

But I prate; doubtless you meditate something. When you are exalted among the lords of epic fame I shall recall with pleasure, and exultingly, the days of your humility, when you disdained not to put forth in the same volume with mine, your Religious Musings, and that other poem from the Joan of Arc, those promising first-fruits of high renown to come. You have learning, you have fancy, you have enthusiasm, you have strength, and amplitude of wing enow for flights like those I recommend. In the vast and unexplored regions of fairyland there is ground enough unfound and uncultivated; search there, and realize your favourite Susquehannah scheme.

To Robert Southey

1798. My tailor has brought me home a new coat lapelled, with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters, but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury neither becomes him as a tailor or the ninth of a man.

My meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hampstead; the villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and half-pence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were banknotes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off he addrest them with profound gratitude, making a congee: 'Gentlemen, I wish you good night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill.' And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side and a black velvet collar. A cursed ninth of a scoundrel!

To the Same

November 8, 1798. I perfectly accord with your opinion of old Wither; Quarles is a wittier writer, but Wither lays more

hold of the heart. Quarles thinks of his audience when he lectures ; Wither soliloquises in company with a full heart. What wretched stuff are the Divine Fancies of Quarles ! Religion appears to him no longer valuable than it furnishes matter for quibbles and riddles ; he turns God's grace into wantonness. Wither is like an old friend, whose warm-heartedness and estimable qualities make us wish he possessed more genius but at the same time make us willing to dispense with that want. I always love W., and sometimes admire Q. Still, that portrait poem is a fine one ; and the extract from Shepherds' Hunting places him in a starry height far above Quarles.

If you wrote that review in Crit. Rev., I am sorry you are so sparing of praise to the Ancient Marinere ;—so far from calling it as you do, with some wit but more severity, 'A Dutch Attempt,' etc., I call it a right English attempt, and a successful one, to dethrone German sublimity. You have selected a passage fertile in unmeaning miracles, but have passed by fifty passages as miraculous as the miracles they celebrate. I never so deeply felt the pathetic as in that part,

> A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
> And I bless'd them unaware—

It stung me into high pleasure through sufferings. Lloyd does not like it ; his head is too metaphysical, and your taste too correct ; at least, I must allege something against you both, to excuse my own dotage—

> So lonely 'twas, that God himself
> Scarce seemed there to be !—etc., etc.

But you allow some elaborate beauties —you should have extracted 'em. The Ancient Marinere plays more tricks with the mind than that last poem, which is yet one of the finest written.

But I am getting too dogmatical ; and before I degenerate into abuse I will conclude with assuring you that I am

Sincerely yours,
C. LAMB.

To Thomas Manning

— 1800. I was not aware that you owed me anything beside that guinea ; but I dare say you are right. I live at No. 16, Mitre-court Buildings, a pistol-shot off Baron Maseres'. You must introduce me to the Baron. I think we should suit one another mainly. He lives on the ground floor, for convenience of the gout ; I prefer the attic story, for the air ! He keeps three footmen and two maids ; I have neither maid nor laundress, not caring to be troubled with them ! His forte, I understand, is the higher mathematics ; my turn, I confess, is more to poetry and the belles lettres. The very antithesis of our characters would make up a harmony. You must bring the Baron and me together.

N.B.—When you come to see me, mount up to the top of the stairs—I hope you are not asthmatical—and come in flannel, for its pure airy up there. And bring your glass, and I will show you the Surrey Hills. My bed faces the river, so as by perking up upon my haunches and supporting my carcase with my elbows, without much wrying my neck I can see the white sails glide by the bottom of the King's Bench walks as I lie in my bed. An excellent tiptoe prospect in the best room—casement windows, with small panes, to look more like a cottage.

Mind, I have got no bed for you, that's flat ; sold it to pay expenses of moving. The very bed on which Manning lay ; the friendly, the mathematical Manning ! How forcibly does it remind me of the interesting Otway ! 'The very bed which on thy marriage night gave thee into the arms of Belvidera, by the coarse hands of ruffians' (upholsterers' men), etc. My tears will not give me leave to go on. But a bed I will get you, Manning, on condition you will be my day-guest.

I have been ill more than a week with a bad cold, which comes upon me (like a murderer's conscience) about midnight and vexes me for many hours. I have successively been drugged with Spanish licorice, opium, ipecacuanha, paregoric, and tincture of foxglove (tinctura purpurae digitalis of the ancients). I am afraid I must leave off drinking.

To the Same

. . My private goings-on are orderly as the movements of the spheres, and stale

as their music to angels' ears. Public affairs—except as they touch upon me, and so turn into private—I cannot whip up my mind to feel any interest in. I grieve, indeed, that War, and Nature, and Mr. Pitt, that hangs up in Lloyd's best parlour, should have conspired to call up three necessaries, simple commoners as our fathers knew them, into the upper house of luxuries: bread and beer and coals, Manning. But as to France and Frenchmen, and the Abbé Siéyès and his constitutions, I cannot make these present times present to me. I read histories of the past and I live in them; although, to abstract senses, they are far less momentous than the noises which keep Europe awake.

I am reading Burnet's Own Times. Did you ever read that garrulous, pleasant history? He tells his story like an old man past political service, bragging to his sons on winter evenings of the part he took in public transactions when 'his old cap was new.' Full of scandal, which all true history is. No palliatives; but all the stark wickedness that actually gives the momentum to national actors. Quite the prattle of age, and outlived importance. Truth and sincerity staring out upon you perpetually in *alto relievo*.

Himself a party man, he makes you a party man. None of the cursed philosophical Humeian indifference, so cold, and unnatural and inhuman! None of the cursed Gibbonian fine writing, so fine and composite. None of Dr. Robertson's periods with three members. None of Mr. Roscoe's sage remarks, all so apposite, and coming in so clever, lest the reader should have had the trouble of drawing an inference. Burnet's good old prattle I can bring present to my mind; I can make the revolution present to me—the French Revolution, by a converse perversity in my nature, I fling as far *from* me.

To William Wordsworth

January 30, 1801. I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey.

Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature.

The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fullness of joy at so much life.

My attachments are all local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself, my old school—these are my mistresses—have I not enough, without your mountains?

To Thomas Manning

February 19, 1803. The general scope of your letter afforded no indications of insanity, but some particular points raised a scruple. For God's sake don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary.' What are you to do among such Ethiopians? Is there no *lineal descendant* of Prester John? Is the chair empty? Is the sword unswayed?—depend upon it they'll never make you their king as long as any branch of that great stock is

remaining. Read Sir John Mandeville's travels to cure you, or come over to England. There is a Tartar-man now exhibiting at Exeter 'Change. Come and talk with him, and hear what he says first. Indeed, he is no very favourable specimen of his country-men!

But perhaps the best thing you can do is to *try* and get the idea out of your head. For this purpose repeat to yourself every night, after you have said your prayers, the words 'Independent Tartary, Independent Tartary,' two or three times, and associate with them the *idea* of *oblivion* ('tis Hartley's method with obstinate memories), or say 'Independent, Independent, have I not already got an *independence?*' That was a clever way of the old puritans, pundivinity.

My dear friend, think what a sad pity it would be to bury such parts in heathen countries, among nasty, unconversable, horse-belching Tartar-people! Some say they are Cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar!

Pray *try* and cure yourself. Take hellebore (the counsel is Horace's, 'twas none of my thought *originally*). Shave yourself oftener. Eat no saffron, for saffron-eaters contract a terrible Tartar-like yellow. Pray, to avoid the fiend. Eat nothing that gives the heart-burn. *Shave the upper lip.* Go about like an European. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance, to keep the fancy *under.* Above all, don't go to any sights of *wild beasts. That has been your ruin.* Accustom yourself to write familiar letters, on common subjects, to your friends in England, such as are of a moderate understanding.

Have a care, my dear friend, of anthropophagi! their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at five-pence a pound. To sit at table (the reverse of fishes in Holland), not as a guest, but as a meat.

To Miss Wordsworth

June 14, 1805. I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all Mary's former ones, will be but temporary. But I cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity.

To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe or ever understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older, and wiser, and better than me, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me; and I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my cursed ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade.

To Thomas Manning

May 10, 1806. I didn't know what your going was till I shook a last fist with you, and then 'twas just like having shaken hands with a wretch on the fatal scaffold, and when you are down the ladder you can never stretch out to him again. . . . Mary is not quite easy that she had not a formal parting from you.

She says you saw her writings about the other day, and she wishes you should know what they are. She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her. I mean to do the tragedies. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think. These are the humble amusements we propose while you are gone to plant the Cross of Christ among barbarous pagan anthropophagi. Be sure if you see any of those people, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, that you make a draught of them. It will be very curious.

Oh, Manning, I am serious to sinking almost, when I think that all those evenings, which you have made so

pleasant, are gone perhaps for ever. Four years you talk of, may be ten, and you may come back and find such alterations! Some circumstances may grow up to you or to me that may be a bar to the return of any such intimacy. I dare say all this is hum! and that all will come back; but, indeed, we die many deaths before we die, and I am almost sick when I think that such a hold as I had of you is gone. I have friends, but some of 'em are changed. Marriage, or some circumstance, rises up to make them not the same. But I felt sure of you. And that last token you gave me of expressing a wish to have my name joined with yours, you know not how it affected me: like a legacy.

God bless you in every way you can form a wish. May He give you health, and safety, and the accomplishment of all your objects, and return you again to us, to gladden some fireside. I will nurse the remembrance of your steadiness and quiet, which used to infuse something like itself into our nervous minds. Mary called you our ventilator. Farewell, and take her best wishes and mine. Goodbye, C. L.

To Barron Field

August 31, 1817. Well, and how does the land of thieves use you? And how do you pass your time, in your extra-judicial intervals? Going about the streets with a lantern, like Diogenes, looking for an honest man? You may look long enough, I fancy. Do give me some notion of the manners of the inhabitants where you are. They don't thieve all day long do they? No human property could stand such continuous battery. And what do they do when they an't stealing?

Have you got a theatre? What pieces are performed? Shakespeare's, I suppose; not so much for the poetry as for his having once been in danger of leaving his country on account of certain 'small deer.'

Have you poets among you? Cursed plagiarists, I fancy, if you have any. I would not trust an idea, or a pocket-handkerchief of mine, among 'em. You are almost competent to answer Lord Bacon's problem, whether a nation of atheists can subsist together. You are practically in one:

> So thievish 'tis, that the eighth commandment itself
> Scarce seemeth to be there.

For my own history, I am just in the same spot, doing the same thing (videlicet, little or nothing), as when you left me; only I have positive hopes that I shall be able to conquer that inveterate habit of smoking which you may remember I indulged in. I think of making a beginning this evening, viz., Sunday, August 31, 1817, not Wednesday, February 2, 1818, as it will be perhaps when you read this for the first time. There is the difficulty of writing from one end of the globe (hemispheres I call 'em) to another! Why, half the truths I have sent you in this letter will become lies before they reach you, and some of the lies (which I have mixed for variety's sake, and to exercise your judgement in the finding of them out) may be turned into sad realities before you shall be called upon to detect them. Such are the defects of going by different chronologies. Your now is not my now; and again, your then is not my then; but my now may be your then, and vice versa. Whose head is competent to these things?

To Bernard Barton

April 5, 1823. I wished for you yesterday. I dined in Parnassus, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers and Tom Moore—half the poetry of England constellated and clustered in Gloucester Place! It was a delightful evening! Coleridge was in his finest veins of talk—had all the talk; and let 'em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious; I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as the best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night; marry, it was hippocrass rather. Pray accept this as a letter in the meantime. C. L.

VICTOR HUGO

HERNANI

To his first drama, Cromwell, Hugo wrote an important preface in which he attacked the classic 'unities' and claimed for the dramatist a Shakespearean freedom. In 1829 the Romantic group of which Hugo was the centre projected an attack on the traditional home of classic drama, the Théâtre Français, and Hugo wrote Marion Delorme (see page 3258) as a test piece for production. This being banned by the Royalist censors, he wrote Hernani, which was accepted, and first performed on February 25, 1830. On the first night there was a fierce battle in the theatre between the followers of the new movement and the adherents of the classic school. The storm raged for nearly a hundred nights, but the admirers of Hugo won, and the triumph of romanticism in the French theatre was assured. The 'battle of Hernani' made the play perhaps the most famous of the nineteenth century, although as a play it is not equal to Marion Delorme and others of Hugo's dramas. The following outline has been prepared from the French text.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Hernani	Don Ruy Gomez	Soldiers	
Charles V of Spain	Dona Sol	Conspirators	
Don Ricardo	A Mountaineer	Retainers	A Page

Date of action, 1519.

First Act

SCENE.—King Charles *and some of his noblemen are creeping into the courtyard of the palace of* Don Ruy Gomez de Silva *at Saragossa. It is midnight, and the place is dark, save for a dim light coming from a balcony window.*

THE KING: Here will I wait till Doña Sol comes down.
Guard every entrance. And if Hernani
Attempts to fight you need not kill the man.
Brigand although he is he shall go free,
If I can win his lady.

Don Ricardo: Shoot the hawk
If you would keep the dove. The mountaineer
Is a most desperate outlaw.

King: Let him live.
If I were not so passionately in love
With Doña Sol I would help Hernani
To rescue her from her old guardian.
To think that Don Ruy Gomez should have kept
So beautiful a girl a prisoner,
And tried to marry her! Had Hernani
Eloped with her before I fell in love
I would have praised his courage.

[*The balcony window opens, and as the noblemen retire,* Dona Sol *comes down.*

Dona Sol: Hernani!

King (*holding her*): Sweet Doña Sol.

Dona Sol: Oh, where is Hernani?

King: I am the king, King Charles. I worship you,
And I will make you happy.

Dona Sol: Hernani!
Help! Help me, Hernani! [*She tries to escape.*

King: I am your king!
I love you, Doña Sol. Come, you shall be
A duchess.

Dona Sol: No

King: Princess.

Dona Sol: No.

King: Queen of Spain!
Yes; I will marry you if you will come.

Dona Sol: I cannot; I love Hernani.

King: That brigand is not worthy of you.
A throne
Is waiting. If you will not come with me,
My men must carry you away by force.

[*While he is talking* Hernani *appears.*

Hernani: King Charles, you are a coward and a cur!

Dona Sol (*clasping him*): Save me!

Hern.: I will, my love.

King: Where are my men?

Hern.: In my hands. I have sixty followers
Waiting out there. And now a word with you.
Your father killed my father; you have stolen
My lands and titles from me; and I vowed
To kill you.

King: Titles? Lands? Who are you, then?

Hern.: But meeting Doña Sol, I lost all thought
Of vengeance. Now I come to rescue her,
And find you in my path again—a wretch
Using his strength against a helpless girl.
Quick! Draw your sword, and prove you are a man!

King: I am your king. I shall not fight with you.
Strike, if you want to murder me.

Hern.: You think
I hold with the divinity of kings?
Now, will you fight?

[*Striking him with the flat of his sword.*

King: I will not. Murder me,
You bandit, as you murder every man
That you desire to rob! Cross swords with you?
A common thief? No; get to your trade.
Creep round; assassinate me from behind!

[King Charles *fixes his fierce, hawk-like eyes on the young brigand.* Hernani *recoils, lowers his sword; then, moved beyond himself by the strength of character displayed by* The King, *he breaks his blade on the pavement.*

Hern. : Be off, then.

King : Very well, sir. I shall set
A price upon your head, and hound you down.

Hern. : I cannot kill you now, with Doña Sol
Looking at us. But I will keep my vow
When next we meet.

King : Never shall you obtain
Mercy, respite, or pardon at my hands.
[*He departs.*

Dona Sol : Now let us fly.

Hern. : No; I must go alone. [face ?
It means death! Did you see King Charles's
It means death. Oh, my love, my sweet, true
love! [life
You would have shared with me the wild, rough
I lead up in the mountains: the green couch
Beneath the trees, the water from the brook.
But now I shall be hunted down and killed.
You must not come. Good-bye.

Dona Sol : Oh, Hernani!
Will you leave me like this?

Hern. : No, I will stay!
Fold your arms closely round me, love, and rest
Your dear head on my shoulder. Let us talk
In whispers, as we used to, when I came
At night beneath your window. Do you still
Remember our first meeting?
[*There is a clash of bells.*

Dona Sol : Hernani,
It is the tocsin!

Hern. : No; our wedding-bells.

[*Shouts are heard. Lights appear in all the windows. The noise of the bells grows louder. A mountaineer runs in, with his sword drawn.*

Mountaineer : The streets are filled with soldiers.

Dona Sol : Save yourself!
Here is a side gate.

The Crowd (*out in the street*) : Bring the brigand out!

Hern. : One kiss, then, and farewell.

Dona Sol (*embracing him*) : It is our first.

Hern. : And it may be our last. Farewell, my love!

Second Act

SCENE.—**Don Ruy Gomez,** *an old, grey-haired, but superb-looking man, is standing in the hall of his castle in the Aragon mountains.*

DON RUY GOMEZ : Only an hour, and then
she is my wife!
I have been jealous and unjust, and used
Some violence. But now she is my bride
She shall know how a man can love.
[*A* Page *enters.*

Page : My lord,
There is a pilgrim at the gate, who craves
For shelter.

Don Ruy : Let him in. On this glad day
Give friend or stranger welcome. Is there news
Of Hernani?

Page : King Charles has routed him
And killed him, so they say.

Don Ruy : Thank Heaven for that!
My cup of happiness is full. Run, boy!
Bid Doña Sol put on her wedding-gown,
And as you go admit my pilgrim guest
[*The* Page *retires.*
Would I could let the whole world see my joy!
[Hernani *enters, disguised as a pilgrim.*

Hernani : To you, my lord, all peace and happiness!

Don Ruy : And peace and happiness to you, my guest!
Where are you bound for?

Hern. : For Our Lady's shrine.

[Dona Sol *enters, arrayed in a wedding-dress.*

DON RUY : Here is the lady at whose shrine I pray.
My dearest bride! Where is your coronet?
You have forgotten it, and all the gems
I gave you as a wedding gift.

Hern. (*in a wild, loud voice*) : What man
Wishes to gain ten thousand golden crowns?
This is the price set upon Hernani.
[*Everyone is amazed. Tearing off his pilgrim robe, he shows himself in the dress of a mountaineer.*
I am Hernani.

Dona Sol : Ah! he is not dead!

Hern. : Ten thousand crowns for me!

Don Ruy : The sum is great.
I am not sure of all my men.

Hern. : Which one
Will sell me to King Charles? Will you? Will you?
[*The retainers move away from him.* Dona Sol *makes an imploring gesture; she is speechless with fear*

Don Ruy : My friend, you are my guest, and I will slay
The man that dare lay hands on you. I come
Of noble race. And were you Hernani
Or Satan, I would keep the sacred law
Of hospitality. My honour is
A thing I prize above all else on earth,
And King Charles will not stain it while I live!
Come, men, and arm, and close the castle gate.
[*He goes out, followed by all his retainers.* Dona Sol *remains, her face white with anguish.* Hernani *glares at her.*

Hern. : So he has bought you, this old, wealthy man!
Bought you outright!
Oh, God, how false and vain
All women are!

Dona Sol : When I refused the throne
Offered me by King Charles, was I then false?
Is this an ornament vain women wear
Upon their wedding-day?
[*She takes a dagger from her bosom.*
Oh, Hernani,
They told me you were killed! I have been dressed
For marriage, but against the bridal night
I kept this dagger.

Hern. : Slay me with it, love!
I am unworthy of you! Blind and mad
Was I to doubt the sweetest, bravest soul

That ever walked in beauty on this earth.

Dona Sol (*clasping him in her arms*) : My hero and my lover, and my lord,
Love me, and love me always !

Hern. : Unto death.

[*As he embraces her,* **Don Ruy Gomez** *enters.*

Don Ruy : Judas !

Hern. : Yes. Draw your sword and take my life.
But spare your bride, for she is innocent. [she
I came to carry her away, but
Refused to follow me.

Dona Sol : It is not true. I love him. Slay us both, or pardon us !

Don Ruy : You love him, Doña Sol ? Then he must die.

[*There is a sound of trumpets outside. A* **Page** *enters.*

Page : His Majesty King Charles is at the gate
With all his army.

Don Ruy : Open to the king !

Dona Sol : Nothing can save him now !

[**Don Ruy Gomez** *presses a spring in the wall, and a door opens into a hiding-place.*

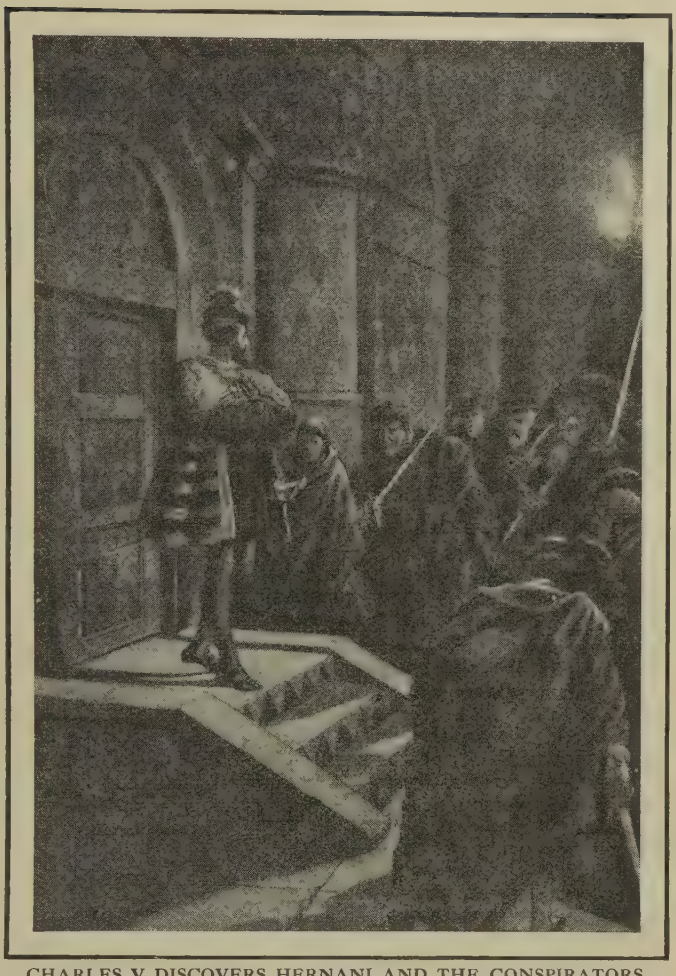
Don Ruy (*to* **Hernani**) : Here you are safe.

Hern. : Surrender me ! I am a prisoner now,
And not a guest.

[*He enters the hiding-place.* **Don Ruy Gomez** *closes it.*

Page : His Majesty, the King !

[**King Charles** *enters, followed by his soldiers.* **Dona Sol** *covers herself hastily in her bridal veil.*



CHARLES V DISCOVERS HERNANI AND THE CONSPIRATORS

The King (*to the soldiers*) : Seize all the keys, and guard the gates !
(*To* **Don Ruy Gomez**) My lord,
I hear that you are sheltering my foe,
The brigand Hernani.

Don Ruy : Sire, that is true.

King : I want his head—or yours.

Don Ruy : He is my guest.
I come of men who are not used to sell
The head of any guest, even to their king.

King : Why, man, he is your rival ! You resolved [word.
To help me hunt him down. You gave your

Don Ruy : But now he is my guest.

King : He shall be found,
Though every stone in all your castle walls
Fall ere I find him.

Don Ruy : Raze my castle, then ;
I cannot play the traitor.

King : Well, two heads
Are better, some men say, than one. My lord,
I must have yours as well as Hernani's.
Arrest this man !

[*As the soldiers come forward,* **Dona Sol** *throws up her veil and strides up hastily to* **King Charles.**

Dona Sol : You are a wicked and a cruel king !

King : What ! Doña Sol ? (*In a whisper*)
It is my love for you
That stirs in me this passion. You alone
Can calm it. (*To* **Don Ruy Gomez**)
Until you deliver up
Hernani, I shall keep your lovely ward
As hostage.

Dona Sol (*taking the dagger and hiding it again in her bosom*) : It will save him ! I must go !

[*She goes up to* **King Charles** *and he leads her out.* **Don Ruy Gomez** *runs to the wall to press the spring.* **Dona Sol** *turns as she passes through the door, and stops him by a wild glance. He waits with heaving breast, till the hall is empty, and then lets* **Hernani** *out.*

Don Ruy : The king is gone. Here are two swords. Now fight !

Hern. : No ! You have saved me ! No. I cannot fight.

My life belongs to you. But ere I die
Let me see Doña Sol.
Don Ruy : Did you not hear
What happened ? Till I give you up, King Charles
Holds her as hostage.
Hern. : Fool ! He loves her.
Don Ruy : Quick !
Call up my men ! To horse ! Pursue the king !
Hern. : Leave it to me. I will avenge us both.
My way is best—a dagger in the dark.
Let us go forth on foot and track him down.
Don Ruy : And when your rival dies ?
Hern. (*taking a horn from his belt*) : Then claim your debt !
My life belongs to you. At any time
You wish to take it, sound upon this horn,
And I will kill myself.
Don Ruy : Your hand on it !

Third Act

SCENE.—**Charles of Spain,** *who has just been elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, is kneeling by the tomb of Charlemagne in the underground vault at Aix-la-Chapelle.*

CHARLES : O mighty architect of Christendom,
Inspire me now to carry on thy work !
Ah, let me with the lightning of thy sword
Smite the rebellious people down, and make
Their kings my footstool ! Warrior of God !
Give me the power to subjugate and weld
The warring races in a hierarchy
Of Christian government throughout the world !
[*The tramp of many feet is heard.*
Here my assassins come ! Oh, let me creep,
Thou mighty spirit, into thy great tomb !
Counsel me from thy ashes ; speak to me ;
Instruct me how to rule with a strong hand,
And punish these wild men as they deserve !
[*He hides in the tomb : the* **Conspirators** *enter.*
Their Leader : Since Charles of Spain aims at a tyranny,
We, whom he threatens with his power, must use
The only weapon of defence still left—
Assassination ! Here, before the tomb
Of Charlemagne, let us decide by lot
On whom the noble task shall fall to strike
The tyrant down.
[*The* **Conspirators** *write their names on pieces of parchment, and throw them into an urn. They kneel down in silent prayer. Then their leader draws one of the names.*
Conspirators : Who is it ?
Leader : Hernani.
Hernani : I have won ! I hold thee now at last !
Don Ruy Gomez : No, I must strike the blow ! Take back your life,
Take Doña Sol, but let me strike the blow !
[*He offers* **Hernani** *the horn.*
Hern. : No ! I have more than you have to avenge.
Leader : Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, you shall strike
The second blow if the first fail. And now
Let us all swear to strike and die in turn,
Until Charles falls.
Conspirators : We swear !
Charles (*coming out of the tomb*) : You are dead men.
[*The great vault is lighted up by torches, and a band of soldiers who have been hiding behind the pillars surround the* **Conspirators.**
Charles (*to a soldier*) : Bring in the lady.
(*To* **Hernani**) What is your true name ?
Hern. : I will reveal it now that I must die.
Don Juan of Aragon, Duke of Segorbe,
Duke of Cardona, Marquis of Monroy,
Count Albatera and Viscount of Gor,
And lord of scores of towns and villages
Whose names I have forgotten. You, no doubt,
Remember all of them, Charles of Castille,
For they belong to you now.
[*The soldier returns with* **Dona Sol.** *She throws herself at the emperor's feet.*
Dona Sol : Pardon him !
Charles : Rise, Duchess of Segorbe and Cardona.
Marquise of Monroy—and your other names, Don Juan ?
Hern. : Who is speaking thus—the king ?
Charles : No. It is the emperor. He is a man
Different from the king (*turning to the astonished* **Conspirators**) ; and he will win
Your loyalty, my friends, and your good aid,
If God in His great mercy will but guide
His erring feet along the pathway trod
By Charlemagne. Don Juan of Aragon,
Forgive me, and receive now from my hands,
A wife full worthy of you, Doña Sol.
[*The two lovers kneel at his feet. Taking from his neck the Golden Fleece, he puts it on* **Hernani.**
The Spectators : Long live the emperor.
Don Ruy (*aside*) : I have Hernani's horn.

Fourth Act

SCENE.—*A terrace by the palace of Aragon. It is midnight, and the guests are departing from the marriage feast of* **Hernani** *and* **Dona Sol.**

DONA SOL : At last, my husband, we are left alone.
How glad I am the feast and noise are done—
Are over.
Hernani : I, too, am weary of the loud, wild joy.
Happiness is a deep and quiet thing,
As deep and grave and quiet as true love.
Dona Sol : Yes happiness and love are like a strain
Of calm and lovely music. Hernani
Listen ! (*The sound of a mountain horn floats on the air.*) It is some mountaineer that plays
Upon your silver horn. [**Hernani** *staggers back.*
Hern. : The tiger comes !
The old, grey tiger ! Look ! In the shadows there !
Dona Sol : What is it frightens you ?
[*The horn sounds again.*
Hern. : He wants my blood ! I cannot !
[**Don Ruy Gomez** *enters, playing on the horn like a madman.*

Don Ruy Gomez : So you have not kept your word.
'My life belongs to you. At any time
You wish to take it, sound upon this horn
And I will kill myself.' You are forsworn !
Hern. : I have no weapon on me.
Don Ruy (*offering a dagger and a phial*) : Which of these
Do you prefer ?
Hern. : The poison.
Dona Sol : Are you mad ?
Hern : He saved my life at Aragon. I gave
My word of honour I would kill myself
When he desired.

[*He raises the phial to his lips, but his wife wrests it from him.*

Dona Sol (*to her guardian*) : Why do you desire
To kill my husband ?
Don Ruy : I have sworn no man
Shall marry you but me. I keep my oath !
[*With a wild gesture* **Dona Sol** *drinks half of the poison and hands* **Hernani** *the rest.*
Dona Sol : You are two cruel men. Drink, Hernani,
And let us go to sleep !
Hern. (*emptying the phial*): Kiss me, my sweet.
It is our bridal night.
Dona Sol (*falling beside him on the ground*): Fold me, my love.
Close in your arms. [*They die.*
Don Ruy : Oh, I am a lost soul !
[*He kills himself.*

Bright Study in 'the Dismal Science'

HENRY GEORGE

PROGRESS AND POVERTY

WHILE gaining journalistic experience Henry George began to study economic questions, his attention being drawn to the land problem by observing the fortunes made in California through the rapid increase in value of land. In 1871 he published a pamphlet entitled Our Land Policy, which was afterwards developed into Progress and Poverty : an Inquiry into the Causes of Industrial Depression, and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth, issued in 1879. At first it attracted little attention, but in a few years it acquired a world-wide reputation, not only for the eloquence and beauty of its diction but for the author's novel theory of land taxation. His main theses are that economic progress is marked by increasing extremes of wealth and poverty, and that the confiscation of rent through a single tax on land would restore universal prosperity. Among other economic works he issued were Protection and Free Trade, The Condition of Labour, and The Science of Political Economy (published posthumously). An inexpensive edition of Progress and Poverty is published by Kegan Paul.

I—Wages, Capital and Wealth-Distribution

THE past century has been marked by a prodigious increase in wealth-producing power. It was naturally expected that labour-saving inventions would make real poverty a thing of the past. Disappointment, however, after disappointment, has followed. Discovery upon discovery, invention after invention, have neither lessened the toil of those who most need respite nor brought plenty to the poor. The association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our time. I propose to attempt to solve by the methods of political economy the great problem ; to seek the law which associates poverty with progress ; and increases want with advancing wealth.

The inquiry is—why, in spite of increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living ? The answer of current political economy is that wages are fixed by the ratio between the number of labourers and the amount of capital devoted to the employment of labour, and constantly tend to the lowest amount on which labourers will consent to live and reproduce ; because the increase in the number of labourers tends naturally to follow and overtake any increase in capital. This argument is inconsistent with the general fact that wages and interest do not rise inversely, but conjointly. My proposition is that wages, instead of being drawn from capital, are drawn from the product of the labour for which they are paid.

The three agents or factors in production are land, labour and capital, and that part of the produce which goes to the second of these factors is wages. Land embraces all natural materials, forces and opportunities, and therefore

nothing that is freely supplied by nature can be properly classed as capital. Labour includes all human exertion, and hence human powers, whether natural or acquired, can never be properly classed as capital.

We exclude from the category of capital everything which must be included either as land or labour, and therefore capital consists of those things which are neither land nor labour, but which have resulted from the union of these two original factors of production. Nothing can be capital which is not wealth, only such things can be wealth the production of which increases, and the destruction of which decreases, the aggregate of wealth. Increase in land values does not represent any increase in the common wealth, for what land-owners gain by higher prices, the tenants or purchasers will lose.

All wealth is not capital. Capital is only that part of wealth which is devoted to the aid of production. It is wealth in the course of exchange, for production includes not merely the making of things, but the bringing of them to the consumer. Wherever we analyse the facts we find that without production wages would not, and could not, be. As the rendering of labour precedes the payment of wages, and as the rendering of labour in production implies the creation of value, the employer receives value before he pays out value, he but exchanges capital of one form for capital of another form. Hence the payment of wages in production never involves the advance of capital or even temporarily lessens capital.

Nor is it true that the maintenance of labour is drawn from capital, and that therefore population regulates itself by the funds which are to employ it, for that would involve the idea that labour cannot be exerted until the products of labour are saved, thus putting the product before the producer, which is absurd. Capital, therefore, does not limit industry, the only limit to industry being the access to natural material. Capital may limit the form of industry, and the productiveness of industry, by limiting the use of tools and the division of labour. The functions of capital are to assist labour in production with tools, seeds, etc., and with the wealth required to carry on exchanges.

All remedies, whether proposed by professors of political economy or working men, which look to the alleviation of poverty either by the increase of capital, or the restriction of the number of labourers, or the efficiency of their work, must be condemned.

THE argument that wages are determined by the ratio between capital and labour finds its strongest support in the Malthusian doctrine, and on both is based the theory that past a certain point the application of capital and labour yields a diminishing return. The Malthusian doctrine is that the tendency to increase in the number of labourers must always tend to reduce wages to the minimum on which labourers can reproduce.

When subjected to the test of straightforward analysis, this theory is untenable.

There are on every hand the most striking and conclusive evidences that the production and consumption of wealth have increased with even greater rapidity than the increase of population, and that if any class obtains less than its due share it is solely because of the greater inequality of distribution. The denser the population the more minute becomes the subdivision of labour, the greater economies of production and distribution, and hence, the reverse of the Malthusian doctrine is true.

II—The Law of Wages

TO discover the cause which, as population increases and the productive arts advance, deepens the poverty of the lowest class, we must find the law which determines what part of the produce is distributed to labour as wages, what part to capital as interest, and what to landowners as rent.

Rent is the price of monopoly arising from the reduction to individual ownership of natural elements which human exertion can neither produce nor increase. Interest is not properly a payment made for the use of capital. It springs from the power of increase which the reproductive forces of nature and the (in effect) analogous

capacity for exchange give to capital. The principle that men will seek to gratify their desires with the least exertion operates to establish an equilibrium between wages and interest.

This relation fixed, it is evident that interest cannot be increased without increasing wages nor wages lowered without depressing interest. The law of interest is that the relation between wages and interest is determined by the average power of increase which attaches to capital from its use in its reproductive modes. The law of wages is that they depend upon the margin of production, or upon the produce which labour can obtain at the highest point of natural productiveness open to it without the payment of rent.

This law of wages accords with and explains universal facts, and shows that where land is free, and labour is unassisted by capital, the whole produce will go to labour as wages. Where land is free, and labour is assisted by capital, wages will consist of the whole produce, less that part necessary to induce the storing up of labour as capital. Where land is subject to ownership and rent arises, wages will be fixed by what labour can secure from the highest natural opportunities open to it without the payment of rent. Where natural opportunities are all monopolised, wages must be forced by the competition among labourers to the minimum at which labourers will consent to reproduce. Nothing can be clearer than the proposition that the failure of wages to increase with increasing productive power is due to the increase of rent.

The value of land depending wholly upon the power which its ownership gives of appropriating wealth created by labour, the increase of land values is always at the expense of the value of labour. And, hence, that the increase of productive power does not increase wages is because it does increase the value of land. It is the universal fact that where the value of land is highest civilization exhibits the greatest luxury with the most piteous destitution.

The changes which constitute or contribute to material progress are three: increase in population, improvement in production and exchange, and improvement in knowledge, government and morals.

The effect of increase of population upon the distribution of wealth is to increase rent, and consequently to diminish the proportion of the produce which goes to capital and labour in two ways: First, by lowering the margin of cultivation; and second, and more important, by bringing out in land special capabilities otherwise latent, and by attaching special capabilities to particular land.

THE effect of inventions and improvements in the productive arts, including division of labour between individuals, is to save labour—that is, to enable the same result to be secured with less labour, or a greater result with the same labour, and hence to the production of wealth.

Without any increase in population, the progress of invention constantly tends to give a larger and larger proportion of the produce to the owners of land, and a smaller proportion to labour and capital; and, therefore, to decrease wages and interest. And, as we can assign no limit to the progress of invention, neither can we assign any limits to the increase of rent short of the whole produce.

Another cause of the influence of material progress upon the distribution of wealth is the confident expectation of the future enhancement of land values which arises in all progressive countries from the steady increase of rent. This leads to speculation, or the holding of land for a higher price than it would otherwise bring. It is a force which tends to increase rent in a greater ratio than progress increases production, and tends to reduce wages, not merely relatively but absolutely.

III—The Common Right to Land

THE fact that the speculative advance in land values cuts down the earnings of labour and capital, and checks production, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that this is the main cause of those periodical industrial depressions to which every civilized country seems increasingly liable.

Robbed of all the benefits of the increase of productive power, labour is exposed to

certain effects of advancing civilization which, without the advantages that naturally accompany them, are positive evils, and of themselves tend to reduce the free labourer to the helpless and degraded condition of the slave. As land is necessary to the exertion of labour in the production of wealth, to command the land is to command all the fruits of labour save enough to enable labour to exist.

But there is also an active, energetic power—a power that in every country, be its political form what it may, writes laws and moulds thought—the power of a vast and dominant pecuniary interest. The great cause in the inequality of the distribution of wealth is the inequality in the ownership of land. The ownership of land is the great fundamental fact which ultimately determines the social and political, and consequently, the intellectual and moral condition of a people. The tendencies and measures at present relied on or advocated as calculated to relieve poverty and distress among the masses are insufficient. The true remedy is to substitute for individual the common ownership of land.

As man belongs to himself, so his labour when put in concrete form belongs to him. As nature gives only to labour, the exertion of labour in production is the only title to exclusive possession. When non-producers can claim as rent a portion of the wealth created by producers, the right of the producers to the fruits of their labour is to that extent denied.

The equal right of all men to the use of land is as clear as their equal right to breathe the air—it is a right proclaimed by the fact of their existence. The right of individual proprietorship of land is the denial of the natural rights of other individuals—it is a wrong which must show itself in the inequitable division of wealth. Again, the ownership of land will always give the ownership of men, to a degree measured by the necessity, real or artificial, for the use of land. And when that necessity is absolute, when starvation is the alternative to the use of land, then does the ownership of men involved in the ownership of land become absolute.

Private ownership of land is the nether mill-stone. Material progress is the upper mill-stone. Between them, with an increasing pressure, the working classes are ground. Historically, as ethically, private property in land is robbery. It has everywhere had its birth in war and conquest, and in the selfish use which the cunning have made of superstition and law.

IV—The Remedy for Social Ills

PRIVATE property in land is inconsistent with the best use of land. What is necessary for that is security for improvements. Where land is treated as public property it will be used and improved as soon as there is need for its use or improvement, but, being treated as private property, the individual owner is permitted to prevent others from using, or improving, what he cannot, or will not, use or improve himself. I do not propose to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be needless, the second unjust. It is only necessary to confiscate rent.

The sovereign remedy which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilization to yet nobler heights, is to appropriate rent by taxation, and to abolish all taxation save that upon land values.

The great class of taxes from which revenue may be derived without interference with production are those upon monopolies, temporary or onerous. But all other monopolies are trivial in extent as compared with the monopoly of land. Taxes on the value of land not only do not check production, but tend to increase it by destroying speculative rent.

The whole value of land may be taken in taxation, and the only effect will be to stimulate industry, to open new opportunities to capital, and to increase the production of wealth. A tax on land values does not add to prices, and is thus paid directly by the persons on whom it falls. Land is not a thing of human production, and taxes upon rent cannot check

supply. On the contrary, by compelling those who hold land on speculation to sell or let for what they can get, a tax on land values tends to increase the competition between owners, and thus to reduce the price of land.

A tax on land values, while the least arbitrary of taxes, possesses in the highest degree the element of certainty. It may be assessed and collected with a definiteness that partakes of the immovable and unconcealable character of the land itself. It is the most just and equal of all taxes, because it falls only on those who receive from society a peculiar and valuable benefit, and upon them in proportion to the benefit they receive. The division of land now held on speculation would much increase the number of landowners.

A single tax on the value of land would so equalise the distribution of wealth as to raise even the poorest above that abject poverty in which public considerations have no weight, while it would at the same time cut down those overgrown fortunes which raise their possessors above concern in government.

HENRY GEORGE was born at Philadelphia, September 2, 1839. He left school at the age of fourteen and spent some years before the mast. In 1858 he reached San Francisco and found employment in a printing office. Seven years later he began to write for the press, and was soon engaged as a reporter on the San Francisco Times, attracting attention by his views on the land question. In 1880 he removed to New York, and his later years were mainly spent in lecturing both in America and Great Britain, and in writing articles on political and economic subjects. George was a candidate for the mayoralty of New York in 1886 and 1897, and died October 29, 1897.

V—Effects of the Remedy

THE effects of the remedy would be to lift the whole enormous weight of taxation from productive industry. It would open new opportunities, for no one would care to hold land unless to use it, and land now withheld from use would everywhere be thrown open to improvement. The selling price of not merely agricultural, but all land, would fall. The bonus that wherever labour is most productive must now be paid before labour can be exerted would disappear. Competition in the labour market would no longer be one-sided. Rent, instead of causing inequality, would promote equality. Labour and capital would receive the whole produce, minus that portion taken by the state in the taxation of land values, which, being applied to public purposes, would be equally distributed in public benefits. The equalisation in the distribution of wealth would react upon production, everywhere preventing waste, everywhere increasing power.

Simplicity in the legislative and executive functions of government would become possible. It would at the same time and in the same degree become possible for it to realize the dream of socialism, not through governmental repression, but because government would become the administration of a great co-operative society, merely the agency by which the common property was administered for the common benefit. Give labour a free field and its full earnings, take for the benefit of the whole community that fund which the growth of the community creates, and want, and the fear of want, would be gone.

If the conclusions at which we have arrived are correct, they will fall under a larger generalisation. However man may have originated, man, as man, no matter how low in the scale of humanity, has never yet been found destitute of the power of improvement. Everywhere and at all times he has made some use of this power. The varying degrees in which the faculty is used cannot be ascribed to differences in original capacity. These are evidently connected with social develop-

ment. A survey of history shows diversities in improvement, halts and retrogression; and the law which will explain all these is that men tend to progress as they come together, and by co-operation with each other increase the mental power that may be devoted to improvement.

But just as conflict is provoked, or association develops inequality of condition and power, this tendency to progression is lessened, checked and finally reversed. As society develops there arise tendencies which check development. The process of integration, of the specialisation of functions and powers, is accompanied by a constant liability to inequality, and to lodge collective power and wealth in the hands of a few, which tends to produce greater inequality, since aggression grows on what it feeds.

The reform I have proposed accords with all that is politically, socially, or morally desirable. It has the qualities of a true reform, for it will make all other reforms easier.

Behind the problems of social life lies the problem of individual life. Properly understood, the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth show that the want and injustice of the present social state are not necessary, but that on the contrary, a social state is possible in which poverty is unknown, and all the better qualities and higher powers of human nature would have opportunity for full development.

Further than this, when we see that social development is governed neither by a special Providence, nor by a merciless Fate, but by law, at once unchangeable and beneficent, a flood of light breaks in upon the problem of individual life. If we look merely at individual life we cannot see that the laws of the universe have the slightest relation to good or bad, to right or wrong, to just or unjust. By a fundamental law of our minds we cannot conceive of a means without an end. But unless man himself may rise to, or bring forth something higher, his existence is unintelligible. For it is as certain that the race must die as it is that the individual must die. What, then, is the meaning of life absolutely and inevitably bounded by death? To me it only seems intelligible as the avenue and vestibule to another life.

Finest 'Sequel' in English Fiction

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE VIRGINIANS

AFTER standing unsuccessfully for Parliament in July, 1857, Thackeray announced his intention of retiring from politics and returning to his writing-desk. He at once set to work on The Virginians, A Tale of the Eighteenth Century, which came out in monthly parts from November, 1857, to October, 1859, illustrated by the author. Embodying some of the impressions of America gained on Thackeray's lecturing tours, the novel is a sequel to Esmond (see page 1233), and relates the adventures of Henry Esmond's two grandsons, born in Virginia and taking opposite sides in the War of American Independence. The last of Thackeray's greater novels, it is inferior to Esmond in artistry of construction, but is almost as notable in its presentation of a past age, and affords glimpses of many famous figures, such as Washington, Wolfe, Dr. Johnson, Samuel Richardson and David Garrick. Lovel, the Widower, and The Adventures of Philip, both published in the Cornhill Magazine, were the only novels Thackeray completed after The Virginians. Various editions of The Virginians are published.

I—Harry Warrington Comes Home

ONE summer morning in the year 1756, and in the reign of his Majesty King George the Second, the *Young Rachel*, Virginian ship, Edward Franks, master, came up the Avon river on her happy return from her annual voyage to the Potomac. She proceeded to Bristol and moored as near as possible to Trail's Wharf, and Mr. Trail, her part owner, who could survey his ship from his counting-house windows, straightway took boat and came up her side.

While the master was in conversation with Mr. Trail, a young man of some nine-

teen years of age came up the hatchway. He was dressed in deep mourning, and called out, "Gumbo, you idiot, why don't you fetch the baggage out of the cabin? Well, shipmate, our journey is ended. I thought yesterday the voyage would never be done, and now I am almost sorry it is over."

"This is Mr. Warrington, Madam Esmond Warrington's son, of Castlewood," said Captain Franks to Mr. Trail.

The British merchant's hat was instantly off his head, and its owner was bowing as if a crown prince were before him.

"GRACIOUS powers, Mr. Warrington! This is a delight indeed! Let me cordially and respectfully welcome you to England—let me shake your hand as the son of my benefactress and patroness, Mrs. Esmond Warrington, whose name is known and honoured on Bristol 'Change, I warrant you, my dear Mr. George."

"My name is not George, my name is Henry," said the young man, as his eyes filled with tears.

"Gracious powers! what do you mean, sir? Are you not my lady's heir, and is not George Esmond Warrington, Esquire——"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" cried Mr. Franks. "Don't you see the young gentleman's black clothes? Mr. George is there"—pointing with his finger towards the topmast, or the sky beyond—"he is dead a year, sir, come next July. He would go out with General Braddock, and he and a thousand more never came back again. Every man of them was murdered as he fell. You know the Indian way, Mr. Trail? Horrible! ain't it, sir? He was a fine young man, the very picture of this one; only his hair was black, which is now hanging in a bloody Indian wigwam. He was often on board of the *Young Rachel*, with his chests of books—a shy and silent young gent; not like this one, which was the merriest, wildest young fellow, full of his songs and fun. He took on dreadful at the news, but he's got better on the voyage; and, in course, the young gentleman can't be for ever a-crying after a brother who dies and leaves him a great fortune."

Again and again Harry Warrington and his brother had pored over the English map, and determined upon the course which they should take upon arriving at home. The sacred point in their pilgrimage was that old Castlewood in Hampshire, the home of their family, whence had come their grandparents. From Bristol to Bath, to Salisbury, to Winchester, to *home;* they had mapped the journey many and many a time.

Without stopping in Bristol, Harry Warrington was whirled away in a post-chaise, and at last drew up at the rustic inn on Castlewood Green. Then, with a beating heart, he walked towards the house where his grand-sire Colonel Esmond's youth had been passed.

The family was away, and the housekeeper was busy getting ready for my lord and my lady. Harry wrote down his name on a paper from his own pocket-book and laid it on a table in the hall; and then walked away, not caring to own how disappointed he was. No one had known him. Had any of this relatives ridden up to his house in Virginia, whether the master were present or absent, the guests would have been made welcome.

HARRY felt terribly alone. The inn folks did not know the name of Warrington. They told him before he went to bed that my lord Castlewood and his sister, Lady Maria, and their stepmother, the countess, and her son, Mr. William, had arrived at the castle and, two hours later, the Baroness Bernstein, my lord's aunt. Harry remembered that the Baroness Bernstein was his mother's half-sister, for Colonel Esmond's wife was the mother of Beatrix Bernstein, who had married a German baron after marrying Bishop Tusher.

The Castlewoods were for letting their young American kinsman stay at his inn, but Madam Bernstein, of whom all the family stood in awe, at once insisted that Harry Warrington should be sent for, and on his arrival made much of him.

Within six weeks Henry had fallen in love with Lady Maria, who was over forty. He was wealthy and, thanks to Gumbo, his servant, the extent of his estate had been greatly magnified by that cheerfullest of negroes. The Castlewoods professed themselves indifferent to the love-making

that seemed to be going on between Harry and Maria, but Madam Bernstein was indignant.

"Do you remember," she cried with energy, "who the poor boy is, and what your house owes to his family? His grandfather gave up this estate, this title, this very castle, that you and yours might profit by it. And the reward for all this is that you talk of marrying him to a silly, elderly creature, who might be his mother. He *shan't* marry her."

So Madam Bernstein, having tired of Castlewood, decided that Maria must accompany her to Tunbridge Wells, and Harry was invited to act as escort and to stay a day or two at the Wells. At the end of the first day's travel, when they had just reached Farnham, poor Maria was ill, and her cheeks were yellow when she retired for the night.

"That absurd Maria!" says Madam Bernstein, playing piquet with Harry. "She never had a good constitution. I hope she intends to be well to-morrow. She is forty-one years old. All her upper teeth are false, and she can't eat with them. How clumsily you deal, child!"

The next morning Lady Maria's indisposition was over, but Harry was wretched. Then in the evening the horse Harry was riding, in the matter of which he had been cheated by his cousin Will at Castlewood, came down on his knees and sent the rider over his head. Mr. Harry was picked up insensible, and carried into a house called Oakhurst that stood hard by the road.

II—Samaritans

THAT Mr. Warrington is still alive can be proved by the following letter, sent from the lady into whose house he was taken after his fall from Mr. Will's broken-kneed horse to Mrs. Esmond Warrington.

"If Mrs. Esmond Warrington, of Virginia, can call to mind twenty-three years ago, she may perhaps remember Miss Molly Benson, her classmate at Kensington Boarding School.

"Yesterday evening as we were at tea there came a great ringing at our gate, and the servants running out, returned with the news that a young gentleman was lying lifeless on the road. At this my dear husband, Colonel Lambert—who is the most Samaritan of men—hastens away, and presently with the aid of the servants, and followed by two ladies—one of whom is your cousin, Lady Maria Esmond, and the other the Baroness of Bernstein—brings into the house such a pale, beautiful young man! The ladies went on to Tunbridge Wells, when Mr. Warrington was restored to consciousness, and this morning the patient is very comfortable, and the colonel, who has had plenty of practice in accidents of this nature during his campaigns, pronounces that in two days more Mr. Warrington will be ready to take the road.

"Madam, your affectionate, humble servant, MARY LAMBERT."

Harry Warrington's dislocated shoulder having been set, he was well enough to rise the following day, and Colonel Lambert led his young guest into the parlour and introduced him to his two daughters, Miss Hester and Miss Theo.

Miss Theo was not a particular beauty. Harry Warrington was not over head and ears in love with her at an instant's warning and faithless to—to that other individual with whom, as we have seen, the youth had lately been smitten. Miss Theo had kind eyes and a sweet voice; a ruddy, freckled cheek and a round white neck, on which, out of a little cap such as misses wore in those times, fell rich curling clusters of dark brown hair. She was not a delicate or sentimental-looking person. Her arms, which were worn bare from the elbow like other ladies' arms in those days, were very jolly and red. Her feet were not so miraculously small but that you could see them without a telescope. There was nothing waspish about her waist. This young person was sixteen years of age, and looked older.

Three days later Mr. Warrington's health was entirely restored, and he was out walking with Mrs. Lambert and the young ladies. What business had he to be walking with anybody but Lady Maria Esmond on the Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells? Why did he stay behind unless he was in love with either of the young

ladies? And we say he wasn't. Could it be that he did not want to go? Only a week ago was he whispering in Castlewood shrubberies, and was he now ashamed of the nonsense he had talked there?

Surely, kind hearts must pity Lady Maria, for she is having no very pleasant time of it at Tunbridge Wells. There is no one to protect her. Madam Beatrix has her all to herself. Lady Maria is poor, and hopes for money from her aunt; and Lady Maria has a secret or two, which the old woman brandishes over her.

Meanwhile, Harry Warrington remained day after day contentedly at Oakhurst, with each day finding the kindly folks who welcomed him more to his liking. Never since his grandfather's death had he been in such good company. His lot had lain among fox-hunting Virginian squires, and until he left his home he did not know how narrow and confined his life had been there.

Here the lad found himself in the midst of a circle where everything about him was incomparably gayer, brighter and more free. He was living with a man and woman who had seen the world, though they lived retired from it, and one of the benefits which Harry Warrington received from this family was to learn that he was a profoundly ignorant young fellow.

In Colonel Lambert he found a man who had read far more books than Harry could pretend to judge of, and who had goodness and honesty written on his face and breathing from his lips.

As for the women, they were the kindest, merriest, most agreeable he had as yet known. They were quite as well-bred as the Castlewood ladies, with the exception of Madam Beatrix (who, indeed, was as grand as an empress on some occasions). But somehow, after a talk with Madam Beatrix, and vast amusement and interest in her stories, the lad would come away as with a bitter taste in his mouth, and fancy all the world wicked round about him. The Lamberts were not squeamish; and laughed over pages of Mr. Fielding, and cried over volumes of Mr. Richardson, containing incidents which would make Mrs. Grundy's hair stand on end, yet their merry prattle left no bitterness behind it; their tales about this neighbour and that were droll, not malicious.

HERE was a tranquil, sunshiny day of a life that was to be agitated and stormy. He was not in love either with saucy Hetty or generous Theodosia; but when the time came for going away, he fastened on both their hands, and felt an immense regard for them.

"He is very kind and honest," said Theo, gravely, as they watched him and their father riding away.

"I am glad he has got papa to ride with him to Westerham," said little Hetty. "I don't like his going to those Castlewood people. I am sure that Madam Bernstein is a wicked old woman. I expected to see her ride away on her crooked stick. The other old woman seemed fond of him. She looked very melancholy when she went away; but Madam Bernstein whisked her off with her crutch, and she was obliged to go."

III—Harry Warrington is Disinherited

OUR young Virginian found himself, after a few days at Tunbridge Wells, by far the most important personage in the place. The story of his wealth had been magnified, and his winnings at play, which were considerable, were told and calculated at every tea-table. The old Aunt Bernstein enjoyed his triumphs, and bade him pursue his enjoyments. As for Lady Maria, though Harry Warrington knew she was as old as his mother, he had given his word to marry her at Castlewood, and, as he said, "a *Virginian* Esmond has but his word!"

Madam Bernstein offered her niece £5,000 to free Mr. Warrington of his engagement; but the offer was declined, and a few weeks later Lady Maria returned to Castlewood, while Harry went to London. He knew that his mother, who was mistress for life of the Virginian property, would refuse her consent to his marriage, and the thought of it was put off to a late period. Meanwhile, it hung like a weight round the young man's neck.

No wonder that his spirits rose more gaily as he came near London. He took lodgings in Bond Street, and lived upon

the fat of the land. His title of Fortunate Youth, bestowed upon him because of his luck at cards, was pretty generally recognized. But after a few weeks of lavish success, the luck turned, and he lost heavily. The last blow was after a private game at piquet with his kinsman, Lord Castlewood. Harry Warrington had now drawn and spent all his patrimony, and one evening when he was leaving the house of his uncle, Sir Miles Warrington, his dead father's eldest brother, two bailiffs took him for a debt of £500, and the Fortunate Youth was lodged in a sponging-house in Chancery Lane.

Madam Bernstein was willing to pay her nephew's debts at once, if he would break off his engagement with Lady Maria, but this the high-spirited youth declined to do. Castlewood wrote frankly, and said he had not got enough money for the purpose, and Lady Warrington sent a tract and said Sir Miles was away from home. But for his faithful servant Gumbo, Harry would have wanted ready money for his food.

It was Colonel Lambert who came to his young friend's assistance. But the same night which saw Colonel Lambert at the sponging-house saw the reappearance of his brother George.

"I am the brother whom you have heard of, sir," he said, addressing Colonel Lambert; "and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months amongst the French; and lives to thank God and thank you for your kindness to my Harry."

While the two brothers were rejoicing over their meeting, 'the whole town' was soon busy talking over the news that Mr. Harry Warrington was but a second son, and no longer the heir to untold wealth.

George loved his brother too well to have any desire for the union with Lady Maria, and lost no time in explaining to Lord Castlewood that Harry had no resources now save dependence. "And I know no worse lot than to be dependent on a self-willed woman like our mother. The means my brother had to make himself respected at home he hath squandered away here." To Harry himself George repeated these words, and added, "My dear, I think one day you will say I have done my duty."

That night Harry went out and did not return for three hours.

"It *was* shabby to say I would not aid him, and—God help me!—it was not true. I won't leave him, though he marries a blackamoor," thought George, as he sat alone.

Presently Harry came in, looking ghastly pale. He came up and took his brother's hand. "Perhaps what you did was right," he said, "though I for one will never believe that you would throw your brother off in distress. At dinner I thought suddenly, I'll say to her, 'Maria, poor as I am, I am yours to take or to leave. If you will have me, here I am. I will enlist, I will work, I will try and make a livelihood for myself somehow, and my bro—my relations will relent, and give us enough to live on.' That's what I determined to tell her; and I did, George. I found them all at dinner, all except Will, that is. I spoke out that very moment to them all, sitting round the table over their wine. 'Maria,' says I, 'a poor fellow wants to redeem his promise which he made when he fancied he was rich. Will you take him?' I found I had plenty of words, and I ended by saying I would do my best and my duty by her, so help me God!

"When I had done, she came up to me quite kind. She took my hand and kissed it before the rest. 'My dear,' she said, 'I have long seen it was only duty, and a foolish promise made by a young man to an old woman, that has held you to your engagement. To keep it would make you miserable, and I absolve you from it, thanking you with all my heart for your fidelity, and blessing my dear cousin always.' And she came up and kissed me before them all, and went out quite stately and without a single tear. Oh. George, isn't she a noble creature?"

"Here's her health!" cries George, filling a glass.

"Hip, hip, huzzay!" says Harry. He was wild with delight at being free.

Madame Bernstein was scarcely less pleased than her nephews at the result of Harry's final interview with Lady Maria.

IV—From the Warrington MSS.

My brother, Harry Warrington, went to Canada to serve under General Wolfe, and remained with the army after the death of his glorious commander.

And I, George Warrington, stayed in London, read law in the Temple, and wrote plays which were performed at Covent Garden, and was in love with Miss Theodosia Lambert. Madam Esmond Warrington, however, refused her consent to the match, and Major-General Lambert declared an engagement impossible under the circumstances.

Then, in 1760, when George II was dead and George III was king, General Lambert was appointed to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Jamaica. His speedy departure was announced. He would have a frigate given him, and *take his family with him.* Merciful powers! And were we to be parted?

At last one day, almost the last of his stay, when the general's preparations for departure were all made, the good man—his excellency we called him now—came home to his dinner, and sighed out to his wife, "I wish, Molly, George was here. I may go away and never see him again, and take his foolish little sweetheart along with me. I suppose you will write to each other, children? I can't prevent that, you know!"

"George is in the drawing-room," says mamma quietly.

"Is he? My dearest boy!" cries the general. "Come to me—come in!"

And when I entered, he held me to his heart and kissed me.

"Always loved you as a son—haven't I, Molly?" he mutters hurriedly. "Broke my heart nearly when I quarrelled with you about this little—what, *all* down on your knees! In heaven's name, tell me what has happened?"

What had happened was that George Esmond Warrington and Theodosia Lambert had been married in Southwark Church that morning.

I pass over the scenes of forgiveness, of reconciliation, of final separation when the ship sailed away before us, leaving me and Theo on the shore. And there is no need to recall her expressions of maternal indignation when my mother was informed of the step I had taken. On the pacification of Canada my dear Harry dutifully paid a visit to Virginia.

Many were the doubts and anxieties which now beset us, for my last play had been a failure, and plan after plan I tried for procuring work and adding to our dwindling stock of money. By a hard day's labour at translating from foreign languages for the booksellers I could earn a few shillings—so that a week's work would hardly bring me a guinea. Hard times were not over with us till some time after the Baroness Bernstein's death—she left everything she had to her dear nephew Henry Esmond Warrington—when my uncle, Sir Miles, procured me a post as one of his majesty's commissioners for licensing hackney coaches. His only child was dead, and I was now heir to the baronetcy.

Then one morning, before almost I had heard of my uncle's illness, a lawyer waits upon me at my lodgings and salutes me by the name of Sir George Warrington.

The records of a prosperous country life are easily told. Obedient tenants bowed and curtseyed as we went to church, and we drove to visit our neighbours in the great family coach.

Shall I ever see the old mother again, I wonder? When Hal was in England we sent her pictures of both her sons painted by the admirable Sir Joshua Reynolds. We never let Harry rest until he had asked Hetty in marriage. He obeyed, and it was she who declined. 'She had always,' she wrote, 'the truest regard for him from the dear old times when they had met as almost children together. But she would never leave her father. When it pleased God to take him, she hoped she would be too old to think of bearing any other name but her own.'

My brother Hal is still a young man, being little more than fifty, and Hetty is now a staid little lady. There are days when she looks surprisingly young and blooming. Why should Theo and I have been so happy and she so lonely?

PLUTARCH

MORALS

APART from his Parallel Lives (see page 3539) the varied writings of Plutarch are grouped under the common term Opera Moralia. These Morals, or Ethical Treatises, form a very heterogeneous collection of essays and dialogues covering a wide range of subjects, and are hardly less interesting than the Lives. About sixty of these treatises, which were written in Greek, are included in the Morals, but it is probable that some of these were by other authors. Plutarch was a man of encyclopedic learning, but his dominant interest here, as in the Lives, is that of the philosophical moralist. These essays render, in a very fresh and human way, and with a great wealth of allusion and anecdote, the wisdom of antiquity. Plutarch's meditations are particularly noble in feeling, and are often remarkably tolerant, kindly and humorous; his judgements are determined by his character, and that was marked by a serene and independent catholicity. The Morals are included in the Loeb Library, and an English translation, by Philemon Holland, is published in Everyman's Library.

I—Of a Tranquil Mind

PLUTARCH to Paccius, greeting. I have received your letter asking me to write to you on the subject of tranquillity; and congratulate you that though you are in the confidence of princes, and hold an unrivalled position as an advocate, you are not carried away by your successes. You do not need to be told that honour, riches and interest at court are themselves no more than expedients for banishing perturbations of mind, anxiety and insecurity, and that they lose all their value if we do not use them with reason and moderation, so as to be prepared, if need be, for their loss.

It has often been said that the man who would enjoy tranquillity of mind must disengage himself from all public, and even from private, concerns. But though tranquillity is a thing of supreme value, and we must pay for it whatever is necessary, idleness is not that which will purchase it. We all know that women, who sit at home and have little to do with affairs, are not on that account of a more sedate disposition than men who are engaged in business from morning till night, but are subject to melancholy, pique, jealousy, worry and superstition, in proportion as they are unemployed. The fact is that tranquillity and perturbation of the mind are not to be measured by the fewness or multitude of our actions, but by their beauty or turpitude, and to have omitted a good deed is no less disturbing than to have committed a bad one.

Another childish error is to imagine that there is some particular condition of life which is always serene. Some picture the country life of the farmer as exceptionally tranquil, others suppose that a bachelor is free from worry, and yet others think the same of a king. But the changes of life only shift, and do not extirpate, the cause of trouble, which is to be found in lack of experience, in weakness of judgement, and in a certain self-importance. These are the hindrances to quiet enjoyment; the rich are subject to them as well as the poor; and when they drive the advocate into retirement he finds that he has taken them with him. But a reasonable mind makes every change pleasant. The fountain of tranquillity is within ourselves.

But some will object to me, "What, after all, have we to enjoy?"

Rather, what have we not? One of us has honour, another has a family, another has a good wife, another a faithful friend. Antipater counting up his mercies when he was on his deathbed, did not fail to reckon a happy journey he had once undertaken. We may rejoice that we live and are in health, and see the sun, and that there is peace in our time. Look upon your own life, as you admire critically a poem or a picture or a statue, and what shall you not see!

II—Of Desire of Riches

THE lovers of stately mansions, wide domains and great investments are wholly in the right, if happiness may be bought and sold. But magnanimity, constancy, resolution and contentment are not for sale. Men desire riches to free them from a morbid thirst for riches; they are mistaken; the thirst may be cured, but not by vain attempt to satisfy it. It proceeds from a depraved and inconsiderate judgement. It proceeds, not from actual poverty, but from poverty of mind. For to the wise, the means that their life requires are limited and, like a circle drawn round a centre at a certain radius, are confined within the compass of their real needs.

The love of wealth is attended by the singular disadvantage that this desire, unlike others, hinders and opposes its own satisfaction. No one abstains from a dainty dish because he is a gourmet, or refuses wine because he loves it, yet because of their very love of money, the avaricious must abstain from its use. What a pitiful folly this seems, as if a man should leave his garments unused because he shakes with cold.

Those who become bad men through meanness and parsimony are more thoroughly deserving of our abhorrence than those who are depraved by excess and luxurious living, for they deprive others of what they are neither able nor inclined to use themselves. For the luxurious, when they are rich and well provided, relax their iniquities; but those who are ever intriguing for riches for their own sake are never satisfied.

It is said, of course, that they hoard up wealth for their children and heirs. But this is only that their children may preserve it and amass more for others, and they in turn for their children, until some false accuser or tyrant cuts them off in order to seize their fortune, or until one, the most wicked of their race, devours and consumes it all.

The children of the covetous, long before they are enriched by their parents, are replenished with covetous desires, and account the life of their parents to be a hindrance to their own. Therefore, while their parents are living, they snatch secret pleasures; but no sooner are their parents dead, and they possessed of keys and seals, than they put on a grave and morose expression, spend all day and every day in the estate office; and all vigour and gaiety, all sense of honour, kindred and humanity are shrivelled within them.

Our country's feast of Bacchus was in old times celebrated in a homely way, but with great mirth and jollity. One carried a cup of wine, another a basket of figs, and so on. But all that is now out of date; the pageant is made of fine chariots and splendid masquerade, with golden chalices and costly robes; and the necessary and useful gifts of nature are overwhelmed by unprofitable magnificence. And the feast is ruined.

III—On Living Concealed

CERTAINLY the philosopher who laid down the famous maxim that it is well to live concealed had himself no mind for obscurity; his pretensions to a deeper vision than that of ordinary men were doubtless founded on a desire for notoriety. Like a boatman, he rowed hard after reputation, with his face turned away from it. Can we believe that he really desired to be unknown?

For my part, I am not afraid to say that even a bad man ought not to withdraw himself from the companionship with others. Let him be known, let him be reclaimed, let him repent. Just as, in the days of old, men used to expose their sick to public view, in order that any charitable passer-by who suffered from the same malady might suggest a remedy, so all the infirmities and passions of the soul should be laid open to the view of all and to the touch of every skilful hand. On the other hand, to advise worthy and virtuous men to live unknown to the world is to bid Epaminondas to lay down his arms, Lycurgus to rescind his laws, and Socrates to cease his reasonings and instructions.

If any are to live as recluses all their days, let it be such as make it their whole business to add pleasure to pleasure; lives

spent in wanton self-indulgence are rightly doomed to oblivion and obscurity. But why should they hide their heads who own and magnify a God, observe the laws and are lovers of the public weal? To be known to the world not only means reputation, but makes what virtues we may have efficient and practical, as light makes us not only visible but useful to others.

A life spent apart and sheltered, and given up to idleness, enfeebles body and soul alike. As waters that are enclosed and motionless become stagnant and corrupt, so all the faculties of an isolated and unstirring mind run quickly to decay, until you can scarcely say it lives at all.

The returning light of every morning is a call to all men to thought and action, and to mutual beneficence and service; and I am persuaded that our life was given to us in order that we may be known to one another. Birth is but a coming into view, and death is no annihilation, but a return to the state of concealment. He that lives in an obscure retirement, and buries himself alive, seems, to my mind, to repine at his own birth and regret that he ever had a being.

IV—Counsels of Marriage

Now that the nuptial ceremony is over and you are joined together in the bond of marriage, consider how you shall be steadfastly united in affection and pliable one to the other in disposition.

Beware of the first occasions of discord and dissension, considering that vessels newly formed are easily put out of shape, but when their substance has been settled and hardened by time, fire and steel shall scarcely prevail upon them.

Fire takes speedy hold of straw, but almost as soon goes out again unless fed by more substantial fuel. The love whose flames are nourished only by the heat of youth and the charms of beauty seldom proves of long continuance or grows to the maturity of wedlock, unless sympathy of mind and common interests support it.

Cato expelled a Roman from the senate for kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter. Truly the punishment was a severe one. But if caresses in the sight of others be unseemly, it is much more unbecoming to brawl and quarrel in the presence of strangers.

Plato asserts that those cities are the happiest where the expressions, 'This is mine,' 'This is not mine,' are seldomest heard, for then the citizens enjoy in common the things of most importance. But in wedlock those expressions ought never to be heard at all; not even sorrow should be private to one of them, but each should sympathise in the afflictions of the other.

A certain Roman was asked why he had put away his wife, who was beautiful, chaste and rich. Putting forward his foot, he said, "Is not this a handsome and a well-made shoe? Yet no one but myself knows where it pinches me." And so a woman ought not to prize her dowry, parentage, or beauty; but rather such things as delight a husband, as sweetness of disposition and a jocund and blithe behaviour.

They whose business it is to manage elephants never put on white garments, nor do they who govern wild bulls appear in red; those creatures being scared and exasperated by these colours. If, therefore, there are some men who are offended at the gay and sumptuous dress of their wives, and others that cannot bear their gadding to plays and dances, why should not such women refrain from these vanities, rather than perplex and discontent their husbands?

The Egyptian women anciently never wore shoes, in order that they might accustom themselves to stay at home. But very different is the disposition of our women; for they, unless allowed their jewels, their bracelets and necklaces, their gaudy vestments all bespangled with gold, will never stir abroad.

Do not imagine that women can be weaned from those toys and ornamental trifles wherein they take a kind of pride; you yourself are taken with the vanity of golden tankards and rich trappings for your mules and horses. It is foolish and morose to debar a woman from those things which she naturally admires, especially when she sees the man so much more indulgent to his own humour.

V—Of Garrulity

It is a difficult task to cure the disease of intemperate prating, for the ears of loquacious persons are stopped to everything but their own impertinence. They suffer from a wilful deafness, in contradiction with nature, which has given us two ears but only one tongue.

The talkative man neither hears nor is heard. He ardently desires company, but can never meet it, for all men shun him. Yet he is so importunate that sometimes he will pull you by the coat or by the beard, and sometimes thrust at your sides to make you speak; and then there is nothing for it, in the opinion of the wise Aristotle, but a swift pair of legs.

Yet should it happen that there is no avoiding the chatterer, it is in the power of the soul to lend the outward ears of the body to endure the noise, while she returns to the remoter apartments of the mind and there employs herself with better thoughts.

There is no member of the human body that nature has so strongly enclosed within a double fortification as the tongue, in order that when it refuses to be ruled by reason we may at least stop it with our teeth. But those who set no door before their tongue, but utter a continual torrent of idle discourse, seem to me to have the least esteem for human speech of all men in the world. They never gain belief, which is the end of all discourse.

Of other passions and maladies some are dangerous, others hateful, and others ridiculous, but foolish prating combines all these evils at once. The garrulous are absurd when they make long stories out of vulgar trifles, they are hated when they say unwelcome things, they are dangerous because they divulge secrets.

There is another vice, no less mischievous, that attends garrulity, and is called curiosity. People who desire to hear a great deal of news that they may have matter enough to publish abroad are the most diligent in the world to pry and dive into the secrets of others, which they afterwards enlarge and aggravate with stale fooleries of their own.

If the question were asked, who are the worst and most pernicious sort of people? I do not believe there is anyone who would not say a traitor. But a prattler is a sort of gratuitous traitor, who offers himself of his own accord to betray whatever he knows of public or private concerns which require the greatest secrecy.

I desire not so much to blame and condemn as to reform incontinency of speech. Let babblers consider that whereas they wish to be loved, they are universally hated; while they study to gratify they are only troublesome; while they seek to be admired they are everywhere derided. They injure their friends, help their enemies and undo themselves.

VI—Advice to a Statesman

Let the motive of your political life be a purpose founded in judgement and in reason; let it be neither a craving for distinction nor the meddlesome self-assertion of the busybody. There are not a few who thrust themselves into public affairs for no other reason but that they have no proper business of their own; and so, when they find disgrace instead of the glory, and danger instead of the power, which they expected, they are as helpless as landsmen at sea and bring discredit upon politics. But the true statesman, acting upon principles of reason, is dismayed neither by disgrace nor by danger. His only care is to discharge his duty with honour.

The statesman must study the disposition of the people he has to govern, and accommodate himself to it until he has fully established his power. Only then may he begin to reform their disposition, drawing them gradually to better ways; for to change a whole population is a slow and laborious work. As for his own conduct, he must ever bear in mind that he is living upon an open stage; and if he is unable wholly to eradicate every one of his weaknesses, he must at least be free from evident and scandalous offences. There is always a busy inquiry afoot into his private as well as into his public actions; he is judged by his lightest moments as well as by his hours of labour.

Next after virtue must be added eloquence. A people and a city are chiefly to be led by the persuasions of reason, and neither by feasts nor gifts nor public shows, which are only baits laid for irrational animals. But by eloquence we mean neither theatrical harangues, nor sophistical arguments, the statesmanlike discourse is full of generous simplicity and magnanimity, with fatherly freedom of speech and true understanding, all proceeding from a good and honest will and clothed with grave and persuasive expressions. On the whole, majesty and greatness should be the character of political speech; and taunts and raillery, though they have their place, must be employed but sparingly.

As the master of a ship makes use of his mates and mariners, calling one of them aft and putting the tiller into his hands, so the statesman will sometimes hand over the guidance of affairs to one of his companions; not seeking to undertake everything by means of his own speeches and decisions and actions, but confiding his responsibilities as much as possible to good and faithful men. So the greatness of his authority will be less liable to envy when it is seen to be divided among many. And in this way, also, the business of the state will be more efficiently carried out. Whoever, through an insatiable desire for glory or power, concentrates the whole political task upon himself courts inevitable disaster.

VII—Of Superstition

Our great ignorance of divine beings naturally takes two forms; in harsh and coarse temperaments it produces atheism, and in tender and supple minds it leads to superstition. Now, every wrong judgement in matters of this nature is the source of incalculable misfortune. The erroneous belief that there are no blessed and incorruptible beings brings men to an unconcerned and indifferent temper, because the fear of them is thereby done away. But superstition leads to mean and abject apprehensions, such as debase and break a man's spirit, while he thinks that the divine powers are cruel and vindictive. Death itself puts no period to his unreasonable dread; his foolish fears extend beyond the grave to an immortality of woe.

Atheism is indeed a lamentable ignorance, but it is at least attended by no wretched passion such as this.

The superstitious man considers every distemper of his body and every misfortune to his estate to be the immediate act of heaven, and dares not attempt to relieve them lest he should seem to resist correction; but sits down in sackcloth bewailing his transgressions in having eaten this or drunk that, or in having disobeyed the inward monitor. He blames neither man nor fortune, nor the times nor himself; but charges all upon God, from whom he fancies a whole deluge of vengeance to be pouring down upon him; and, as if he were not only unfortunate but in open hostility with heaven, he imagines he is punished by God and is now making satisfaction for his past crimes, and saith that his sufferings are all just and owing to himself. His stupid fears convert trivial misfortunes into intolerable evils.

The dreadful thing is that ignorance should blind a man's reason just when he has most need of it. Let the pilot fall to his prayers, but let him not unhand the tiller; let the soldier pray, but let him be putting on his armour the while. For heaven is the brave man's hope, and not the coward's excuse.

If atheists be guilty of impiety, much more guilty are those who think of deity as the superstitious do. I would much rather that people should say of me that there is not and never has been a Plutarch than that they should say of Plutarch that he is an inconstant, forward, vindictive and touchy fellow. I would not like them to say that if Plutarch be not invited to supper or be not saluted in the morning he'll sometime catch you with his teeth, or injure your children, or turn beasts into your corn and spoil the crop. Yet that is how they think of Zeus, and Aphrodite, and Apollo and all the rest! The superstitious man must at once both fear and hate them; he is, in fact, their enemy; he is a believer against his will, and would be an atheist if he dared.

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY

THE NORTH POLE

POLAR exploration began in the days of Henry VIII. In 1588 John Davis discovered the strait which bears his name and achieved for Britain what was then the Farthest North, 72° 12′, a point 1,128 miles from the Geographical North Pole. Scores of hardy navigators, British, French, Dutch, German, Scandinavian and Russian, followed; but not till April 6, 1909, in the expedition so graphically described in this book (Hodder & Stoughton, 1910), was the goal reached by Robert Peary, of the U.S. Navy. Some of Peary's claims have been questioned, but a committee of inquiry in 1909 held his claims to be fully justified, and on May 9, 1926, Lieutenant-Commander R. E. Byrd and Mr. Floyd Bennett, in a Fokker aeroplane, flew over the North Pole and completely verified Peary's observations. Peary took hundreds of men with him on his various expeditions, but all returned in good health, except two killed in accidents for which the leader was in nowise responsible.

I—From New York to Cape Sheridan

PEARY likened the attainment of the North Pole to the winning of a game of chess in which all the moves were planned in advance. He had played the game with varying fortune for 23 years. Each defeat brought fresh knowledge of the game, but the lure of the North always came back until at last his dream of years came true.

The *Roosevelt*, in which the expedition left New York on July 6, 1908, was built of American timber in an American shipyard, engined by an American firm with American metal, and constructed on American designs. Even the smallest of the supplies were American. Captain Bartlett and the crew were Newfoundlanders; but one of Peary's assistants was a negro, Matthew Henson, who had been with him since 1887. All told, the personnel numbered 22. The route was by Sydney (Cape Breton), the Strait of Belle Isle, Davis Strait, Baffin Bay and Smith Sound.

At Cape York, where is the southernmost of the Eskimo villages which stretch along the western coast of Greenland from Cape York to Etah, and at other points, Peary enlisted his Eskimo helpers. Since 1891 he had been living and working with these interesting people and he had their absolute confidence. He believed with Sir Clements Markham in their descent from an ancient Siberian tribe driven out on the Arctic Ocean by Tartar invaders in the Middle Ages. The explorer devotes many pages to their habits, customs and beliefs. They are, he says,

> in many ways quite different from the Eskimos of Danish Greenland or those of any other Arctic territory. They are savages, but they are not savage; they are without government, but they are not lawless; they are utterly uneducated according to our standard, yet they exhibit a remarkable degree of intelligence. In temperament like children, with all a child's delight in little things, they are nevertheless enduring as the most mature of civilized men and women, and the best of them are faithful unto death. Without religion and having no idea of God, they will share their last meal with anyone who is hungry, while the aged and the helpless among them are taken care of as a matter of course. They are healthy and pure-blooded; they have no vices, no intoxicants, and no bad habits—not even gambling. Altogether, they are a people unique on the face of the earth.

In recruiting work and expeditions between Cape York and Etah Peary had the services of another vessel, the *Erik*. When the two ships parted the *Roosevelt's* company had been supplemented by 49 Eskimos (22 men, 17 women and 10 children) and accommodation found for 246 dogs. The dogs were fed chiefly on walrus. The Eskimo men like to have their families with them when they go on long trips. Between Etah and Cape Sheridan, the winter quarters, stretched the Kennedy and Robeson Channels, packed with almost solid ice. At Cape Beechey the shores of Greenland on the east and Ellesmere Land and Grant Land on the west are no more

ROUTE FROM CAPE YORK TO THE NORTH POLE

than 11 miles apart. The floating ice is composed of huge sheets broken off from the glacial fringe of north Grant Land and often between 80 and 100 feet thick. As seven-eighths of these heavy floes are under water one does not realize how thick they are until one sees where a huge mass has been driven upon the shore, and stands there high and dry.

Near Cape Frazer meet the tides from Baffin Bay on the south and Lincoln Sea on the north, and in the narrows the variation between high and low tide is sometimes as much as 14 feet.

As a rule, looking across the channel, there seems to be no water—nothing but uneven and tortured ice. When the tide is at the ebb the ship follows the narrow crack of water between the shore and the moving pack of the centre, driving ahead with all her force; then, when the flood tide begins to rush violently southward, the ship must hurry to shelter in some niche of the shore ice, or behind some point of rock, to save herself from destruction or being driven south again.

Only Peary's detailed knowledge of the coasts and Bartlett's energy and ice experience enabled the *Roosevelt* to pass successfully to and fro between this Arctic Scylla and Charybdis. To the perils of the ice fog added another dangerous factor. Every person on board had to be ready with a little bundle to get over the side at a moment's notice after lowering the boats and throwing on to the ice the essential supplies kept stowed near to the ship's rail. Meanwhile the Eskimos were kept busy making sledges and dog harness, while their womenfolk were put to work making and mending winter garments. One or two trips were made ashore, when caches of supplies were landed. On occasion dynamite was used for blasting the ice. For 13 days before winter quarters at Cape Sheridan were reached neither the leader nor the ship's captain had their clothes off. But at last the prolonged struggle was over and Cape Sheridan reached on September 5.

THE first to be got ashore were the dogs. Then followed the stores. Then the ship was cleaned up and so lightened that it might float with the high tide to a safe position inside the ice barrier. The adjacent shore for a quarter of a mile was lined with boxes. The heavier cases had been made to specified dimensions and were utilised in the construction of houses, the tops being placed inside and the covers removed so that the contents could be taken out as needed as from a shelf. Each house was thus like a large grocery store. The roofs were made of sails, and walls and roofs were banked in solidly with snow. It was regarded as of good augury that, when the *Roosevelt* was got inshore, her nose pointed almost true north. The winter was passed in hunting, fishing, making sledging equipment, in various side journeys, and in moving stores along the northern shore of Grant Land to Cape Columbia, which was chosen as the point of departure for the crucial journey over the frozen sea to the Pole.

II—A Midnight Alarm

FOUR months of darkness had to be endured. Only for some eight or ten days in each month of winter is there moonlight. It was then that the hunting was done. During the utter blackness most of the party were on board ship. But their minds were kept so occupied that the traditional and maddening melancholy of the Arctic winter was avoided. It is at this period that the Eskimos are subject to a curious form of hysteria called piblokto, a name also given to madness among the Eskimo dogs. By November 25 only 160 dogs were left; had an epidemic deprived the party of these dogs success would never have been achieved.

Once at midnight a sudden movement of the ice put the *Roosevelt* in peril. All fires were hastily put out, lest live coals spilled from a stove might start that horror of an Arctic winter night—the 'ship on fire.' Happily, the danger passed, but the vessel did not regain an even keel until the spring. To give variety to the work the men who remained with the ship during one moon went into the field the next; and mental as well as physical stimulus was not lacking, for Peary had with him a first-class library of Arctic and Antarctic literature; there were games; one of the party had an accordion, another a banjo; and there was a gramophone. Both Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day were suitably observed. So passed the long winter night.

Between Cape Sheridan and Cape Columbia lay 90 miles along the ice-foot and across the land; from Cape Columbia the ice track to the Pole was 413 miles, with no smooth and very little level ice, and the way is scarred by 'leads' or lanes of open water, varying from mere cracks to rivers two miles wide, and running east and west farther than the eye can see. These leads may open unexpectedly. For this reason Peary never used a sleeping-bag, preferring to have his legs and arms free for emergency. Among the other difficulties were the terrific wind and the intense cold.

It was so cold much of the time that the brandy was frozen solid, the petroleum was white and viscid, and the dogs could hardly be seen for the steam of their breath.

The sledge divisions, or pioneer and supporting parties, left the *Roosevelt* between February 15 and 22, Captain Bartlett leading the first, and rendezvoused at Cape Columbia. When Peary left on February 22 there were in the field for the northern work seven members of the expedition, 19 Eskimos, 140 dogs and 28 sledges. The trail to Cape Columbia had been kept open by hunting parties and supply-trains. At Cape Columbia where all met on the last day of February, two Eskimos were disabled, one by a frosted heel and the other by a swollen knee, and the explorer's plans were further disarranged by a throat distemper which caused the death of six dogs. Bartlett and George Borup departed on February 28. On the following day one by one the other divisions drew out along the trail left by the pioneers, Peary bringing up the rear. All was silence, for the freezing east wind carried all sounds away, and men and dogs were almost immediately swallowed up in wind, haze and drifting snow.

An hour after I left camp my division had crossed the glacial fringe, and the last man, sledge and dog of the northern party—comprising altogether 24 men, 19 sledges and 133 dogs—were at last on the ice of the Arctic Ocean, about latitude 83°.

BY a system of relay parties a more or less effective trail was kept open and supplies and igloos were prepared for the main party, which was to make the final drive to the Pole. On the second day open water was encountered. The lateral movement of the lead had carried Bartlett's trail with it. The trail, however, was soon picked up by an Eskimo. On the third day they 'could almost see the sun again.' Then came an agonising delay of six days beside an impassable lead, waiting for the ice to close over the black water. One of the relay parties not arriving as expected Peary began to figure out how the sledges could be used as fuel for the cookers. More of mental wear and tear, he says, was crowded into those days than into all the rest of the 15 months they were absent from civili-

zation. Some of the Eskimos began to lose their nerve. At length all were on the move again, and on March 18 crossed the 84th parallel.

Gradually, as supplies diminished, the supporting parties returned to Cape Columbia. At 84° 29′ Dr. Goodsell, the surgeon, the moral effect of whose presence on the ship was desirable, and David MacMillan, who had a frosted heel, went back. At 85° 23′ George Borup, a young Yale athlete, and at 86° 38′ Professor Ross Marvin, of Cornell, also faced south. Marvin was full of plans for the future. Peary's last words to him were: 'Be careful of the leads, my boy!'

Soon after Marvin left us the sun was obscured and a dull, lead-coloured haze spread over all the sky. It was a shadowless light and one in which it was impossible to see for any considerable distance. That shadowless light is not unusual on the ice-fields of the Polar sea; but this was the first occasion on which we had encountered it since leaving the land. A more ghastly atmosphere could not have been imagined even by Dante himself—sky and ice seemed utterly wan and unreal.

The 87th parallel was passed on a day of dazzling sunshine, which made the smoked goggles absolutely essential. The temperature dropped from — 30° to — 40° and there was a biting north-easterly breeze. In this remote wilderness the tracks of two foxes were seen. The explorers were now in the region of perpetual light. Three years before, at 87° 6′, the explorer had been forced to turn back. Even now he dared not build too surely on success. Between him and his goal were still 180 nautical miles of treacherous ice; and on the very day when 87° 6′ was passed and the men were asleep in their igloos a sudden crack in the ice set all afloat. Only by prompt and strenuous work was the peril averted. New igloos had to be built, and though on the day following all were tired enough to rest, the prospect of enforced inaction by an open lead whose further shore could not be seen in the smoke-like haze was not a happy one.

As far as the evidence of our senses went we might be encamped on the edge of that open Polar sea which myth-makers have imagined as for ever barring the way of man to the northern end of the earth's axis. It was heart-breaking, but there was nothing to do but wait. After breakfast we overhauled the sledges and made a few repairs, dried out some of our garments over the little oil lamps which we carried for that purpose, and Bartlett made a sounding of 1,260 fathoms but found no

COMMANDER PEARY SEARCHING THE HORIZON FOR LAND

CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE CAPTAIN'S MESS-ROOM
From left to right: Borup, Marvin, Captain Bartlett, Commander Peary, Dr. Goodsell, MacMillan

bottom. When our watches told us it was bed-time—for we were now in the period of perpetual sunlight—we again turned into the igloos which had been hurriedly built the night before. A low murmur as of distant surf was issuing from the blackness ahead of us, and steadily growing in volume. To the inexperienced it might have seemed an ominous sound, but to us it was a cheering thing because we knew it meant the narrowing and perhaps the closing of the stretch of open water that barred our way.

Their hopes were realized the next morning, and they rushed forward in haste lest the ice should open again. At the next camp preparations were made for the final stages of the journey. The supporting parties had been worked to the limit and the men Peary expected to form the main party at the last had things made as easy as possible for them.

Bartlett, upon whom circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering, returned at 87° 46′ 49″. Why, the question may be asked, did not Peary choose Bartlett instead of Henson as his chief fellow traveller over the 133 nautical miles between this point and the Pole. In his previous attempts to reach the Pole, Henson had been with him to his farthest north. Henson was almost as skilful as the Eskimos in ice technique and in handling sledges and dogs. But he had not the daring and initiative of Bartlett or Marvin, or MacMillan, or Borup; and had he been sent back with one of the supporting parties and had encountered conditions similar to those Peary had to face in 1906 he and his party would never have reached the land.

III—At the Summit of the World

So it was that, a little after midnight on the morning of April 2, with food and fuel supplies ample for 40 days, Peary and Henson and four Eskimos (Egingwah, Seegloo, Ootah and Ooqueah) started on the final stage of the great adventure. They had five sledges and 40 dogs, the pick of the 140 with which they had left the ship.

This was the time for which I had reserved all my energies, the time for which I had worked for 22 years, for which I had lived the simple life and trained myself as for a race. In spite of my years I felt fit for the demands of the coming days and was eager to be on the trail. My party, my equipment and my supplies were beyond my most sanguine dreams of earlier years. All these men had a blind confidence that I would somehow get them back to land. But I recognized fully that all the impetus of the party centred in me. Whatever pace I set the others would make good; but if I played out they would stop like a car with a punctured tyre. I had no fault to find with the conditions, and I faced them with confidence.

The temperature was — 25°, the going the best since leaving land, when Peary, for the first time, himself took the lead. For ten hours they travelled without stopping, well over the 88th parallel. As they went on they saw the full moon circle round the heavens opposite the sun, a disk of silver opposite a disk of gold. The next day they hustled along for another ten hours till they were half-way to the 89th parallel. All day they heard the ice grinding and groaning, but no

THE ROOSEVELT

motion was visible. On the 4th the going was even better. Hours of sleep were curtailed. The air, keen as frozen steel, burned their faces so that they cracked, causing excruciating pain. At 89° 25′, only 35 miles from the Pole, all were pretty well played out; but after a little longer period of rest a new start was made just before midnight on the 5th.

The weather was overcast and there was the same grey and shadowless light as on the march after Marvin had turned back. The sky was a colourless pall gradually deepening to almost black at the horizon, and the ice was a ghastly and chalky white. How different it seemed from the glittering fields, canopied with blue and lit by the sun and the full moon, over which we had been travelling for the last four days.

But 30 miles were covered in 12 hours actual travelling; and when, at 10 a.m. on April 6, at the end of the fifth march after Bartlett's departure, 89° 57′ was reached Peary says he was too exhausted to realize at the moment that his life's purpose had been achieved. After a few hours' sleep, and accompanied by two Eskimos, he pushed on another ten miles, thus passing from the western to the eastern hemisphere, at the summit of the world, travelling south though going in precisely the same direction.

Where we were one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the Arctic winter night we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon with the North Star practically in the zenith.

The temperature varied from — 11° to — 30°, and conditions on the whole were favourable to observations, the making of which, together with the planting of the

CHEERING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT THE NORTH POLE
APRIL 7, 1909

U.S. ensign and other flags, and the leaving of a written record in a glass bottle, kept the explorer active during the 30 hours which were spent at the Pole. He turned south about 4 p.m. on April 7, not, however, without warning memories of the perils encountered when returning in 1906. 'We had found the Pole. Should we return to tell the story?' As the land had to be reached before the next spring tides double marches were made, and beyond having to use an occasional 'ice-cake ferry' over a lead, they had little difficulty till they reached the baleful area of the Big Lead which had held them in check so many days on the northward journey and had nearly caused overwhelming disaster in 1906. They found that Bartlett had here lost the main trail and they were forced, themselves, for the rest of the journey, to follow the new trail made by the captain. Repeatedly fresh tracks of bear and hare and fox were passed and Cape Columbia was safely reached at 6 a.m. on April 23. So far, except for general loss of weight and an attack of quinsy suffered by the leader, all were in good health.

When the last sledge came to the almost vertical edge of the glacial fringe of Grant Land I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced until they fell from utter exhaustion. As Ootah sank down he remarked: 'The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we should never have come back so easily.'

THE return from the Pole was accomplished in 16 marches, and the entire journey from land to Pole and back again occupied 53 days, or 43 marches. All 'slept gloriously' for practically two days, the brief waking intervals being occupied with eating and drying their clothes. They reached Cape Hecla in one march of 45 miles and the *Roosevelt* in another of equal length. Peary's heart thrilled as he caught sight of the little black ship lying in its icy berth; but the first news he heard from Bartlett was tragic.

He told me that Marvin had been drowned at the Big Lead. The news staggered me, killing all the joy I felt at the sight of the ship and her captain. Marvin was the only white man in the party of which he was in command. As was customary on breaking camp he had gone out ahead of the Eskimos, leaving the

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY was born May 6, 1856, at Cresson, in Pennsylvania. He entered the U.S. Navy as engineer in 1881 and was in charge of the survey for the proposed Nicaragua Canal. Inspired by the work of Nordenskjold he explored Greenland in 1886, 1891, and 1893–95, being the first to establish its insularity. He made his first attack on the Pole in 1898–1902, in the *Windward*, reaching Cape Morris Jessup. It was then he lost seven toes through frostbite. Defeated again in 1905–06, he succeeded in 1908–09 when he sailed in the specially constructed *Roosevelt*. Promoted Rear-Admiral in 1911, he died at Washington, February 19, 1920.

natives to break camp, harness the dogs, and follow. When he came to the Big Lead, the recent ice of which was safe and secure at the edges, it is probable that, hurrying on, he did not notice the gradual thinning toward the centre until it was too late and he was in the water. The Eskimos were too far in the rear to hear his calls for help and in that ice-cold water the end must have come very quickly. It was, of course, impossible for them to rescue the body since there was no way of their getting near it. They knew what had happened to Marvin when they came up; but with the childish superstition peculiar to their race, they camped there for a while on the possibility that he might come back.

There was much to do before Peary could leave Cape Sheridan. But all went well. Memorial cairns were erected on those northern shores, one to Ross Marvin and another recording Peary's several Polar journeys. Then, on July 18, with only the memory of Marvin's tragic fate to lessen their high spirits, the *Roosevelt* pulled slowly out from Cape Sheridan with her nose pointed toward the south. The Eskimos, suitably rewarded, were distributed to their homes, Cape York was cleared on August 26, and the travellers reached home in the following September.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE SONNETS

SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets were written in a sonneteering age and are not free from the conceits and extravagances of the school to which they belong, a school with its origins in Italy and France. But in the sheer beauty of their diction, the richness of their verbal melody, and their wealth of imagery they are among the loveliest poems in English literature. In form they follow the model set by Surrey, with a resulting sweetness the complex and sonorous Petrarchan model does not possess. The form is that of three lyrical quatrains, with a pause after the second and a couplet after the third. In content they differ almost wholly from the conventional sonnet cycles of the time.

There are a hundred theories regarding them, all inconclusive. These theories have been exhaustively dealt with by Mr. J. M. Robertson in The Problems of the Sonnets (Routledge, 1926); and by Mr. C. Knox Pooler in his valuable edition (Methuen, 1918). The problems begin with the Dedication, the most famous dedication in the world:

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF / THESE . INSVING . SONNETS ./ MR. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE ./ AND . THAT . ETERNITIE . /PROMISED ./ BY ./ OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET ./ WISHETH ./ THE . WELL-WISHING ./ ADVENTVRER . IN ./ SETTING . / FORTH . / T.T.

According to some writers 'Mr. W. H.' was Shakespeare's patron Henry Wriothesley third Earl of Southampton, to whom the poet dedicated his Venus and Adonis and his Lucrece. Others are as confident that he was William Herbert third Earl of Pembroke. Others, again, believe he was the William Hervey who became the third husband of Southampton's mother. The words 'onlie begetter' are by some held to mean inspirer; by others, merely procurer. Much ingenuity has been displayed in efforts to identify the Dark Woman, the Rival Poet who claimed spiritual guidance, and the authors of those among these Sonnets which it is believed Shakespeare did not write. But, as Mr. Pooler says, no theory or discovery has increased our enjoyment of any line or cleared up any difficulty.

Francis Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, 1598, refers to Shakespeare's 'sugred Sonnets among his private friends.' In 1599 two of them appeared in William Jaggard's miscellany The Passionate Pilgrim. In 1609 they were given to the world in their entirety, in a small quarto entitled simply Shake-speares Sonnets, by a piratical publisher named Thomas Thorpe, identified with the 'T.T.' of the Dedication, who added to them the un-Shakespearean poem A Lover's Complaint. To none of them was any title prefixed, nor was a note of any kind appended.

The opening group forms almost a regular sequence; in the others the personal mingles with the general. The chief connected themes are the poet's self-renouncing affection for a young and perhaps not wholly worthy friend and patron who was possibly of noble birth and certainly of remarkable beauty; a Dark Woman who came between the two friends; and certain rival poets, one of whom is especially referred to. The Dark Woman has been associated with Mary Fitton, the mistress of Pembroke; Elizabeth Vernon, the Court beauty Southampton married; and Mrs. Davenant. Many suggest Chapman as the Rival Poet.

By way of further preface to the following selection from the 154 Sonnets it only remains to add that for those who, while seeking guidance to literal obscurities,

desire most of all enjoyment of the poetry, the edition prepared from the now classic Cambridge text by Sir Israel Gollancz for the Temple Shakespeare (Dent) will be found to meet most requirements.

The Poet's Injunction to His Friend to Marry

When I do count the clock that tells the time
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime
And sable curls all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of Time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Who will believe my verse in time to come
If it were filled with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say 'This Poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touched earthly faces.'
So should my papers, yellowed with their age,
Be scorned like old men of less truth than tongue,
And your true rights be termed a Poet's rage
And stretchèd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice, in it and in my rhyme.

The Consolations of Remembrance

When, in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising [gate;
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings [kings.
That then I scorn to change my state with

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in Death's dateless night,
And weep afresh Love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Estrangement: Conflict between Love and Friendship

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace:
Even so my Sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when Heaven's sun staineth.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometimes absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy tears full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailèd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till he have prevailèd?
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy: my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

The Triumph of Death

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe,
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love e'en with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceasèd I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the West ;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This, thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

A Rival Poet 'by Spirits Taught to Write'

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or, being wrecked, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?
No ; neither he nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonishèd.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast ;
I was not sick of any fear from thence :
But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter, that enfeebled mine.

Love Better than High Birth

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
But these particulars are not my measure ;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away and me most wretched make.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assurèd mine
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end ;
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
But what's so blessèd-fair that fears no blot ?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceivèd husband ; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new ;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore, in that I cannot know thy change—
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange

But Heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show.

Love and the Seasons

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow ;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces.
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

How like a Winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
What old December's bareness everywhere !
And yet this time removed was Summer's time,
The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease :
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit ;
For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer [near.
That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter's

From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any Summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew ;
Nor did I wonder at the Lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the Rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seemed it Winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

Love Against the World

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal Moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad Augurs mock their own presage ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored my own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new ;
Most true it is that I have looked on Truth
Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end ;
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

The Voice of Scandal

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow ;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?
You are my All-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :
You are so strongly in my purpose bred
That all the world besides me thinks y'are dead.

The Marriage of True Minds

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;

It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to Time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your wakened hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

Good and Evil

WHAT potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distilled from limbecks foul as Hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruined love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No; I am that I am, and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

Time and His Scythe Defied

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight:
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old:
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee

If my dear love were but the child of State,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfathered,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that Heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

The Dark Woman: Eros and Anteros

BESHREW that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:

And yet thou wilt, for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick-men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believèd be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still :
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill.
To win me soon to Hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with his foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turned fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

O me ! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight !
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright ?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no.
How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vexed with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view ;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

A Classic of Didactic Literature

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

AIDS TO REFLECTION

Outlined by Harold Begbie

THIS famous book, of which the full title is Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character on the Several Grounds of Prudence, Morality and Religion, was published in 1825, nine years before the author's death. The work consists chiefly of comments on selected passages, especially from the writings of Archbishop Leighton. Coleridge's comments have a special value from his learning and sagacity and from his abandonment of the Unitarian principles in which he was originally trained and adoption of sounder doctrines, and this book represents the mature thoughts of the profoundest thinker of his day. It has always exercised a very great influence on reflective minds. A convenient and inexpensive edition is included in Routledge's New Universal Library. Outlines of Coleridge's Table Talk, accompanied by a full page portrait, and of his Biographia Literaria appear at pages 2421 and 3478 respectively.

I—Introductory Aphorisms

IT is the most useful prerogative of genius to rescue truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstance of their universal admission. Truths, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true that they lose the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul.

There is one sure way of giving freshness and importance to the most commonplace maxims—that of *reflecting* on them in direct reference to our own state and conduct, to our own past and future being. A reflecting mind, says an ancient writer, is the spring and source of every good thing. As a man without forethought scarce deserves the name of man, so forethought without reflection is but a metaphorical phrase for the instinct of a beast.

In order to learn, we must attend ; in order to profit by what we have learnt, we must think. He only thinks who reflects.

To assign a feeling and a determination of their will as a satisfactory reason for embracing or rejecting an opinion is the habit of many educated people ; to me, this seems little less irrational than to apply the nose to a picture and to decide on its genuineness by the sense of smell.

In attention we keep the mind passive ; in thought we rouse it into activity.

An hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with and conquest over a single passion or ' subtle bosom sin,' will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the schools without them.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart ; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.

'Give me understanding,' says David, 'and I shall observe Thy laws with my whole heart.'

It is worthy of especial observation that the Scriptures are distinguished from all other writings pretending to inspiration by the strong and frequent recommendations of knowledge and a spirit of inquiry. The word 'rational' has been strongly abused of late times. This must not, however, disincline us to the weighty consideration that thoughtfulness and a desire to rest all our convictions on grounds of right reasoning are inseparable from the character of a Christian. He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect and church better than Christianity, and end in loving himself best of all.

II—Reflections Respecting Morality

SENSIBILITY, that is a constitutional quickness of sympathy with pain and pleasure, is not to be confounded with the moral principle. Sensibility is not even a sure pledge of a good heart. How many are prompted to remove those evils alone which by hideous spectacle or clamorous outcry are present to their senses and disturb their selfish enjoyments? Provided the dunghill is not before their parlour window, they are well contented to know that it exists, and perhaps is the hotbed on which their own luxuries are reared. Sensibility is not necessarily benevolence.

All the evil of the materialists is inconsiderable beside the mischief effected and occasioned by the sentimental philosophy of Sterne and his numerous imitators. The vilest appetites and the most remorseless inconstancy towards their objects, acquired the titles of the 'heart,' 'the irresistible feelings,' 'the too-tender sensibility'; and if the frosts of prudence, the icy chain of human law, thawed and vanished at the genial warmth of human nature, who could help it? It was an amiable weakness!

At this time the profanation of the word 'love' rose to its height; the muse of science condescended to seek admission at the saloons of fashion and frivolity, rouged like a harlot and with the harlot's wanton leer. I know not how the annals of guilt could be better forced into the service of virtue than by such a comment on the present paragraph as would be afforded by sentimental correspondence produced in courts of justice, fairly translated into the true meaning of the words and the actual object and purpose of the infamous writers.

Do you in good earnest aim at dignity of character? I conjure you, turn away from those who live in the twilight between vice and virtue. Are not reason, discrimination, law and deliberate choice the distinguishing characters of humanity? Can anything manly proceed from those who for law and light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, impulses, which, as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals, owe the difference to their former connexion with the proper virtues of humanity?

Remember that love itself, in its highest earthly bearing, as the ground of the marriage union, becomes love by an inward fiat of the will, by a completing and sealing act of moral election, and lays claim to permanence only under the form of duty.

All things strive to ascend, and ascend in the striving. While you labour for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death.

> Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!

III—Prudential Aphorisms

WITH respect to any final aim or end, the greater part of mankind live at hazard. They have no certain harbour in view, nor direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favourable; neither can he who has not determined at what mark to shoot, direct his arrow aright.

It is not, however, the less true that there is a proper object to aim at; and if this object be meant by the term happiness, the perfection of which consists in the exclusion of all hap [*i.e.* chance], I assert

that there is such a thing as *summum bonum*, or ultimate good. What this is, the Bible alone shows certainly, and points out the way. 'In Cicero and Plato,' says Augustine, 'I meet with many things acutely said, and things that excite a certain warmth of emotion, but in none of them do I find these words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!"'

In the works of Christian and pagan moralists it is declared that virtue is the only happiness of this life. You cannot become better but you will become happier; you cannot become worse without an increase of misery. Few men are so reprobate as not to have some lucid moments, and in such moments few can stand up unshaken against the appeal of their own experience. What have been the wages of sin? What has the devil done for you?

Though prudence in itself is neither virtue nor holiness, yet without prudence neither virtue nor holiness can exist.

Art thou under the tyranny of sin, a slave to vicious habits, at enmity with God, a fugitive from thy own conscience? Oh, how idle the disputes whether the listening to the dictates of prudence from self-interested motives be virtue, when the *not* listening is guilt, misery, madness and despair! The most Christian-like pity thou canst show is to take pity on thy own soul. The best service thou canst render is to show mercy to thyself.

IV—Aphorisms on Spiritual Religion

If there be aught spiritual in man, the will must be such. If there be a will, there must be spirituality in man.

There is more in man than can be rationally referred to the life of nature and the mechanism of organization. He has a will not included in his mechanism; the will is, in an especial sense, the spiritual part of our humanity.

I assume a something, the proof of which no man can *give* to another, yet every man may find for himself. If any man say that he cannot find it, I am bound to disbelieve him. I cannot do otherwise without unsettling the foundations of my own moral nature. If he will not find it, he excommunicates himself, forfeits his personal rights, and becomes a thing—*i.e.* one who may be used against his will and without regard to his interest.

If the materialist use the words 'right' and 'obligation,' he does it deceptively, and means only compulsion and power. To overthrow faith in aught higher than nature and physical necessity is the very purpose of his argument. But he cannot be ignorant that the best and greatest of men have devoted their lives to enforce the contrary; and there is not a language in which he could argue for ten minutes in support of his scheme without sliding into phrases that imply the contrary.

The Christian grounds his philosophy on assertions which have nothing in them of theory or hypothesis; they are in immediate reference to three ultimate facts—namely, the reality of the law of conscience; the existence of a responsible will as the subject of the law; and lastly, the existence of evil—of evil essentially such, not by accident of circumstances, not derived from physical consequences, nor from any cause out of itself. The first is a fact of consciousness, the second a fact of reason necessarily concluded from the first, and the third a fact of history interpreted by both.

I maintain that a will conceived separately from intelligence is a nonentity, and that a will the state of which does in no sense originate in its own act is a contradiction. It might be an instinct, an impulse, and, if accompanied with consciousness, a desire; but a will it could not be.

I deem it impious and absurd to hold that the Creator would have given us the faculty of reason, or that the Redeemer would in so many varied forms of argument and persuasion have appealed to it, if it had been useless or impotent. I believe that the imperfect human understanding can be effectually exerted only in subordination to, and in a dependent alliance with, the means and aidances supplied by the supreme reason.

Christianity is not a theory, or a speculation, but a life. Not a philosophy of life, but life, and a living process. It has been eighteen hundred years in existence.

The practical inquirer has his foot on the rock when he knows that whoever needs not a Redeemer is more than human. Remove from him the difficulties that perplex his belief in a crucified Saviour, convince him of the reality of sin, and then satisfy him as to the fact historically, and as to the truth spiritually, of a redemption therefrom by Christ. Do this for him, and there is little fear that he will let either logical quirks or metaphysical puzzles contravene the plain dictate of his common-sense, that the Sinless One that redeemed mankind from sin must have been more than man, and that He who brought light and immortality into the world could not in His own nature have been an inheritor of death and darkness.

A MORAL evil is an evil that has its origin in a will. An evil common to all must have a ground common to all. Now, this evil ground cannot originate in the Divine will; it must be referred to the will of man. This evil ground we call original sin.

The article on original sin is binding on the Christian only as showing the antecedent ground and occasion of Christianity, which is the edifice raised on this ground. The two great moments of the Christian religion are original sin and redemption; *that* the ground, *this* the superstructure of our faith. Christianity and redemption are equivalent terms.

The agent and personal cause of the redemption of mankind is—the co-eternal word and only begotten Son of the living God. The causation act is—a spiritual mystery, 'that passeth all understanding.' The effect caused is—the being born anew, in the spirit to Christ.

Now, albeit the causative act is a transcendant mystery, the fact, or actual truth, of it having been assured to us by revelation, it is not impossible, by steadfast meditation on the idea and supernatural character of a personal will, for a mind spiritually disciplined to satisfy itself that the redemptive act supposes an agent who can at once act on the will as an exciting cause, and in the will as the condition of its potential, and the ground of its actual being.

The frequent, not to say ordinary, disproportion between moral worth and worldly prosperity has at all times led the observant and reflecting few to a nicer consideration of the current belief, whether instinctive or traditional. By forcing the soul in upon herself, this enigma of saint and sage, from Job, David and Solomon to Claudian and Boëthius, this perplexing disparity of success and desert, has been the occasion of a steadier and more distinct consciousness of a something in man, different in kind, which distinguishes and contra-distinguishes him from animals—at the same time that it has brought into closer view an enigma of yet harder solution—the fact, I mean, of a contradiction in the human being, of which no traces are observable elsewhere in animated or inanimate nature.

A struggle of jarring impulses; a mysterious division between the injunctions of the mind and the elections of the will; and the utter incommensurateness and the unsatisfying qualities of the things around us, that yet are the only objects which our senses discover or our appetites require us to pursue; these facts suggest that the riddle of fortune and circumstance is but a form of the riddle of man, and that the solution of both problems lies in the acknowledgement that the soul of man, as the subject of mind and will, possesses a principle of permanence and is destined to endure.

EVIDENCES of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the want of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of his need of it; and you may safely trust it to its own evidence—remembering only the express declaration of Christ himself, 'No man cometh to Me, unless the Father leadeth him.'

Christ's awful recalling of the drowsed soul from the dreams and phantom world of sensuality to actual reality—how has it been evaded! His word, that was spirit! His mysteries, which even the apostles must wait for the parable in order to comprehend! These spiritual things, which can only be spiritually discerned, were—say some—mere metaphors! Figures of speech! Oriental hyperboles! 'All this means only morality!' Ah! how far nearer the truth to say that morality means all this!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

HEADLONG HALL

THE first ambition of Thomas Love Peacock was to become a poet, and between 1804 and 1810 he published three small volumes of verse, followed by The Philosophy of Melancholy in 1812 and Rhododaphne, the best of his long poems, in 1818. He discovered his true bent, however, in the satiric novel, publishing in quick succession Headlong Hall (1816), Melincourt (1817), and Nightmare Abbey (1818). Headlong Hall is typical of the thinness of plot and the extravagant literary manner which limit Peacock's appeal, but typical too of his brilliant wit, high-spirited humour and unusual power of natural description. Peacock's personalities are seldom real human beings ; they are rather mouthpieces created for the purposes of discussion, and the most interesting character revealed is that of the author himself. Scattered through the novels are delightful ballads and songs. Peacock continued to write novels throughout his life, producing at intervals Maid Marian (1822), The Misfortunes of Elphin (1829), Crochet Castle (1831), and Gryll Grange (1860). An inexpensive edition of Peacock's novels is published by Dent.

I—The Philosophers

THE ambiguous light of a December morning, peeping through the windows of the Holyhead mail, dispelled the soft visions of the four insides, who had slept, or seemed to sleep, through the first seventy miles of the road.

A lively remark that the day was none of the finest having elicited a repartee of ' quite the contrary,' the various knotty points of meteorology were successively discussed and exhausted ; and, the ice being thus broken, in the course of conversation it appeared that all four, though perfect strangers to each other, were actually bound to the same point, namely, Headlong Hall, the seat of the ancient family of the Headlongs, of the vale of Llanberis, in Carnarvonshire.

The present representative of the house, Harry Headlong, Esq., was, like all other Welsh squires, fond of shooting, hunting, racing, drinking and other such innocent amusements. But, unlike other Welsh squires, he had actually suffered books to find their way into his house ; and by dint of lounging over them after dinner, he became seized with a violent passion to be thought a philosopher and a man of taste, and had formed in London as extensive an acquaintance with philosophers and *dilettanti* as his utmost ambition could desire. It now became his chief wish to have them all together in Headlong Hall, arguing over his old port and Burgundy the various knotty points which puzzled him. He had, therefore, sent them invitations in due form to pass their Christmas at Headlong Hall, and four of the chosen guests were now on their way in the four corners of the Holyhead mail.

These four persons were Mr. Foster, the optimist, who believed in the improvement of mankind ; Mr. Escot, the pessimist, who saw mankind constantly deteriorating ; Mr. Jenkinson, who thought things were very well as they were ; and the Reverend Doctor Gaster, who, though neither a philosopher nor a man of taste, had won the squire's fancy by a learned dissertation on the art of stuffing a turkey.

In the midst of an animated conversation the coach stopped, and the coachman opening the door, vociferated, ' Breakfast, gentlemen,' a sound which so gladdened the ears of the divine that the alacrity with which he sprang from the vehicle distorted his ankle, and he was obliged to limp into the inn between Mr. Escot and Mr. Jenkinson, the former observing that he ought to look for nothing but evil, and therefore should not be surprised at this little accident ; the latter remarking that the comfort of a good breakfast and the pain of a sprained ankle pretty exactly balanced each other.

The morning being extremely cold, the doctor contrived to be seated as near the fire as was consistent with his other object of having a perfect command of

the table and its apparatus, which consisted not only of the ordinary comforts of tea and toast, but also of a delicious supply of new-laid eggs and a magnificent round of beef; against which Mr. Escot immediately pointed all the artillery of his eloquence, declaring the use of animal food, conjointly with that of fire, to be one of the principal causes of the present degeneracy of mankind.

"In the controversy concerning animal and vegetable food," said Mr. Jenkinson, "there is much to be said on both sides. I content myself with a mixed diet, and make a point of eating whatever is placed before me, provided it be good in its kind."

In this opinion his two brother philosophers practically coincided, though they both ran down the theory as highly detrimental to the best interests of man.

The discussion raged for some time on the question whether man was a carnivorous or frugivorous animal, and then the coachman informed them their time was elapsed.

"You will allow," said Mr. Foster, as soon as they were again in motion, "that the wild man of the woods could not transport himself over two hundred miles of forest with as much facility as one of these vehicles transports you and me."

"I am certain," said Mr. Escot, "that a wild man can travel an immense distance without fatigue; but what is the advantage of locomotion? The wild man is happy in one spot, and there he remains; the civilized man is wretched in every place he happens to be in, and then congratulates himself on being accommodated with a machine that will whirl him to another, where he will be just as miserable as ever."

II—The Squire and His Guests

Squire Headlong, in the meanwhile, was superintending operations in four scenes of action at the Hall—the cellar, the library, the picture-gallery and the dining-room—preparing for the reception of his philosophical visitors. His myrmidon on this occasion was a little red-nosed butler, who waddled about the house after his master, while the latter bounced from room to room like a cracker.

Multitudes of packages had arrived by land and water, from London and Liverpool, and Chester and Manchester, and various parts of the mountains: books, wine, cheese, mathematical instruments, turkeys, hams, figs, soda-water, fiddles, flutes, tea, sugar, eggs, French horns, sofas, chairs, tables, carpets, beds, fruits, looking-glasses, nuts, drawing-books, bottled ale, pickles and fish sauce, patent lamps, barrels of oysters, lemons and jars of Portugal grapes. All was bustle, uproar and confusion; yet nothing seemed to advance, while the rage and impetuosity of the squire continued fermenting to the highest degree of exasperation, which he signified, from time to time, by converting a book, a bottle, a ham, or a fiddle, into a missile against the head of some unfortunate servant.

In the midst of this scene of confusion thrice confounded arrived the lovely Caprioletta Headlong, the squire's sister, whom he had sent to do the honours of his house, beaming like light on chaos, to arrange disorder and harmonise discord. The tempestuous spirit of her brother became as smooth as the surface of the lake of Llanberis, and in less than twenty-four hours after her arrival, everything was disposed in its proper station, and the squire began to be all impatience for the appearance of his promised guests.

The first visitor was Marmaduke Milestone, Esq., a picturesque landscape gardener of the first celebrity, who promised himself the glorious achievement of polishing and trimming the rocks of Llanberis.

A postchaise brought the Reverend Doctor Gaster, and then came the three philosophers.

The next arrival was that of Mr. Cranium and his lovely daughter, Miss Cephalis Cranium, who flew to the arms of her dear friend Caprioletta. Miss Cephalis blushed like a carnation at the sight of Mr. Escot, and Mr. Escot glowed like a corn-poppy at the sight of Miss Cephalis.

Mr. Escot had formerly been the received lover of Miss Cephalis, till he incurred the indignation of her father by laughing at a very profound dissertation which the old gentleman delivered.

Next arrived a postchaise containing four insides. These personages were two very profound critics, Mr. Gall and Mr. Treacle, and two very multitudinous versifiers, Mr. Nightshade and Mr. MacLaurel.

The last arrivals were Mr. Cornelius Chromatic, the most scientific of all amateurs of the fiddle, with his two blooming daughters, Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa; Sir Patrick O'Prism, a *dilettante* painter of high renown, and his maiden aunt, Miss Philomela Poppyseed, a compounder of novels written for the express purpose of supporting every species of superstition and prejudice; and Mr. Panscope, the chemical, botanical, geological, astronomical, critical philosopher, who had run through the whole circle of the sciences and understood them all equally well.

Mr. Milestone was impatient to take a walk round the grounds, that he might examine how far the system of clumping and levelling could be carried advantageously into effect; and several of the party supporting the proposition, with Squire Headlong and Mr. Milestone leading the van, they commenced their perambulation.

III—The Tower and the Skull

The result of Mr. Milestone's eloquence was that he and the squire set out again immediately after breakfast next morning, to examine the capabilities of the scenery. The object that most attracted Mr Milestone's admiration was a ruined tower on a projecting point of rock, almost totally overgrown with ivy. This ivy, Mr. Milestone observed, required trimming and clearing in various parts; a little pointing and polishing was necessary for the dilapidated walls, and the whole effect would be materially increased by a plantation of spruce fir, the present rugged and broken ascent being first converted into a beautiful slope, which might be easily effected by blowing up a part of the rock with gunpowder, laying on a quantity of fine mould and covering the whole with an elegant stratum of turf.

Squire Headlong caught with avidity at this suggestion, and as he had always a store of gunpowder in the house, he insisted on commencing operations immediately. Accordingly, he bounded back to the house, and speedily returned, accompanied by the little butler and half a dozen servants and labourers with pickaxes and gunpowder, a hanging stove and a poker, together with a basket of cold meat and two or three bottles of Madeira.

Mr. Milestone superintended the proceedings. The rock was excavated, the powder introduced, the apertures strongly blockaded with fragments of stone; a long train was laid to a spot sufficiently remote from the possibility of harm, and the squire seized the poker and applied the end of it to the train.

At this critical moment Mr. Cranium and Mr Panscope appeared at the top of the tower, which, unseeing and unseen, they had ascended on the opposite side to that where the squire and Mr. Milestone were conducting their operations. Their sudden appearance a little dismayed the squire, who, however, comforted himself with the reflection that the tower was perfectly safe, and that his friends were in no probable danger but of a knock on the head from a flying fragment of stone.

The explosion took place, and the shattered rock was hurled into the air in the midst of fire and smoke. The tower remained untouched, but the influence of sudden fear had so violent an effect on Mr. Cranium that he lost his balance, and alighted in an ivy bush, which, giving way beneath him, transferred him to a tuft of hazel at its base, which consigned him to the boughs of an ash that had rooted itself in a fissure about halfway down the rock, which finally transmitted him to the waters of the lake.

Squire Headlong anxiously watched the tower as the smoke rolled away; but when Mr. Panscope was discovered, alone, in a tragical attitude, his apprehensions became boundless, and he concluded that a flying fragment of rock had killed Mr. Cranium.

Mr. Escot arrived at the scene of the disaster just as Mr. Cranium, utterly

destitute of the art of swimming, was in imminent danger of drowning. Mr. Escot immediately plunged in to his assistance, and brought him alive and in safety to a shelving part of the shore. Their landing was hailed with a shout from the delighted squire, who, shaking them both heartily by the hand, and making ten thousand lame apologies to Mr. Cranium, concluded by asking, in a pathetic tone, "How much water he had swallowed?" and without waiting for his answer, filled a large tumbler with Madeira and insisted on his tossing it off.

The beautiful Cephalis, being thus freed from the surveillance of the unlucky Mr. Cranium, was enabled, during the course of the evening, to develop to his preserver the full extent of her gratitude.

Mr. Escot passed a sleepless night, the ordinary effect of love, according to some amatory poets, and arose with the first peep of day. He sallied forth to enjoy the balmy breeze of morning, and walked on, careless of whither he went, till he found himself near the enclosure of a little mountain chapel. Passing through the wicket, and peeping through the chapel window, he could not refrain from reciting a verse in Greek aloud, to the great terror of the sexton, who was just entering the churchyard.

Mr. Escot at once decided that now was the time to get extensive and accurate information concerning his theory of the physical deterioration of man.

"You have been sexton here," said Mr. Escot, in the language of Hamlet, "man and boy, forty years."

The sexton turned pale; the period named was so nearly the true.

"During this period you have, of course, dug up many bones of the people of ancient times. Perhaps you can show me a few."

The sexton grinned a ghastly smile.

"Will you take your Bible oath you don't want them to raise the devil with?"

"Willingly," said Mr. Escot. "I have an abstruse reason for the inquiry."

"Why, if you have an *obtuse* reason," said the sexton, "that alters the case."

So saying, he led the way to the bone-house, from which he began to throw out various bones and skulls, and amongst them a skull of very extraordinary magnitude, which he swore by St. David was the skull of Cadwallader.

"How do you know this to be his skull?" said Mr. Escot.

"He was the biggest man that ever lived, and he was buried here; and this is the biggest skull I ever found. You see, now——"

"Nothing could be more logical," said Mr. Escot. "My good friend, will you allow me to take this skull away with me?"

"St. Winifred bless us!" exclaimed the sexton. "Would you have me haunted by his ghost for taking his blessed bones out of consecrated ground?"

"But you will well bestow them in giving them to me," said Mr. Escot. "I will have this illustrious skull bound with a silver rim and filled with wine, for when the wine is in the brain is out."

Saying these words, he put a dollar into the hand of the sexton, who instantly stood spellbound, while Mr. Escot walked off with the skull of Cadwallader.

IV—The Proposals

The Christmas ball, when relatives and friends assembled from far and wide, was the great entertainment given at Headlong Hall from time immemorial, and it was on the morning after the ball that Miss Brindle-Mew Tabitha Ap-Headlong, the squire's maiden aunt, took her nephew aside, and told him it was time he was married if the family was not to become extinct.

"Egad!" said Squire Headlong. "That is very true. I'll marry directly. A good opportunity to fix on someone now they are all here, and I'll pop the question without further ceremony. I'll think of somebody presently. I should like to be married on the same day with Caprioletta. She is going to be married to my friend, Mr. Foster, the philosopher."

"Oh!" said the maiden aunt, "that a daughter of our ancient family should marry a philosopher!"

"It's Caprioletta's affair, not mine," said Squire Headlong. "I tell you the

matter is settled, fixed, determined, and so am I, to be married on the same day. I don't know, now I think of it, whom I can choose better than one of the daughters of my friend Chromatic."

With that the squire flew over to Mr. Chromatic and, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, asked him "How he should like him for a son-in-law?"

Mr. Chromatic, rubbing his shoulder, and highly delighted with the proposal, answered, "Very much indeed"; but, proceeding to ascertain which of his daughters had captivated the squire, the squire was unable to satisfy his curiosity.

"I hope," said Mr. Chromatic, "it may be Tenorina, for I imagine Graziosa has conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism."

"Tenorina, exactly!" said Squire Headlong; and became so impatient to bring the matter to a conclusion that Mr. Chromatic undertook to communicate with his daughter immediately. The young lady proved to be as ready as the squire, and the preliminaries were arranged in little more than five minutes.

MR. CHROMATIC'S words concerning his daughter Graziosa and Sir Patrick O'Prism were not lost on the squire, who at once determined to have as many companions in the scrape as possible; and who, as soon as he could tear himself from Mrs. Headlong elect, took three flying bounds across the room to the baronet, and said, "So, Sir Patrick, I find you and I are going to be married?"

"Are we?" said Sir Patrick. "Then sure, won't I wish you joy, and myself too, for this is the first I have heard of it."

"Well," said Squire Headlong, "I have made up my mind to it, and you must not disappoint me."

"To be sure, I won't, if I can help it," said Sir Patrick. "And who is that I am to be turning into Lady O'Prism?"

"Miss Graziosa Chromatic," said the squire.

"Och, violet and vermilion!" said Sir Patrick; "though I never thought of it before, I dare say she will suit me as well as another; but then you must persuade the ould Orpheus to draw out a few *notes* of rather a more magical description than those he is so fond of scraping on his crazy violin."

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK was born at Weymouth, October 18, 1785, the only child of a London glass merchant. After education at a private school and a brief experience of commercial life, he devoted himself to literature while living on his private means. He spent much time in study and made himself an excellent classical scholar. On a tour in Wales in 1812 he met Shelley, with whom he developed a close and enduring friendship. In 1819 he was appointed assistant examiner to the East India Company, becoming chief examiner in 1836 and holding that post until his retirement in 1856. Peacock died at Halliford, near Chertsey, January 23, 1866.

"To be sure, he shall," said the squire; and immediately returning to Mr. Chromatic, concluded the negotiation for Sir Patrick as expeditiously as he had done for himself.

The squire next addressed himself to Mr. Escot. "Here are three couples of us going to throw off together, with the Reverend Doctor Gaster for whipper in. Now I think you cannot do better than make the fourth with Miss Cephalis."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Escot. "Nothing would be more agreeable to both of us than such an arrangement; but the old gentleman since I first knew him has changed like the rest of the world, very lamentably for the worse."

"I'll settle him," said Squire Headlong; and immediately posted up to Mr. Cranium, informing him that four marriages were about to take place by way of a merry winding up of the Christmas festivities. "In the first place," said the squire, "my sister and Mr. Foster; in the second, Miss Graziosa Chromatic and Sir Patrick O'Prism; in the third, Miss Tenorina

Chromatic and your humble servant ; and in the fourth, to which, by the by, your consent is wanted, your daughter——"

" And Mr. Panscope," said Mr. Cranium.

" And Mr. Escot," said Squire Headlong. " What would you have better ? He has ten thousand virtues."

" So has Mr. Panscope. He has ten thousand a year."

" Virtues ? " said Squire Headlong.

Mr. Cranium, after a profound reverie, said, " Do you think Mr. Escot would give me that skull ? "

" Skull ? " said Squire Headlong.

" Yes," said Mr. Cranium. " The skull of Cadwallader."

" To be sure he will. How can you doubt it ? "

" I simply know," said Mr. Cranium, " that if it were once in my possession I would not part with it for any acquisition on earth, much less for a wife."

The squire flew over to Mr. Escot. " I told you," said he, " I would settle him ; but there is a very hard condition attached to his compliance. Nothing less than the absolute and unconditional surrender of the skull of Cadwallader."

" I resign it," said Mr. Escot.

" The skull is yours," said the squire, skipping over to Mr. Cranium.

" I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Cranium.

" The lady is yours," said the squire, skipping back to Mr. Escot.

" I am the happiest man alive," said Mr. Escot, and he flew off as nimbly as Squire Headlong himself, to impart the happy intelligence to his beautiful Cephalis.

The departure of the ball visitors then took place, and the squire did not suffer many days to elapse before the spiritual metamorphosis of eight into four was effected by the dexterity of the Reverend Doctor Gaster

Hero Worship Justified By Its Results

JOHANN PETER ECKERMANN

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE

As James Boswell secured immortality for his own name by recording every act and utterance of his hero Samuel Johnson, so in his degree did Eckermann perpetuate his own memory by the record of his Conversations with Goethe, which he published in 1836, four years after the death of his idol. The outstanding feature of this remarkable book is that the compilation furnishes a quite unique record of the working of Goethe's mature mind, for he was seventy-three when the Conversations begin and eighty-two when they end. An additional portion of the Conversations appeared in 1848. In describing the friendship, Eckermann says ' My relation to him was peculiar and of a very intimate kind. It was that of the scholar to the master, of the son to the father, of the poor in culture to the rich in culture. His conversation was as varied as his works.' Goethe was indeed one of the world's most brilliant conversationalists, ranking in this respect with Coleridge, whose own Table Talk (see page 2421) was recorded for posterity by his nephew Henry Nelson Coleridge. An English translation of the Conversations with Goethe, by John Oxenford, was published in 1850.

I—On Poets and Poetry

Weimar, *June* 10, 1823. I reached here a few days ago, but have not seen Goethe until to-day. He gave me a most cordial reception. I esteem this the most fortunate day of my life. Goethe was dressed in a blue frock-coat. He is a sublime figure. His first words were concerning my manuscript. " I have just come from *you*," said he. He meant that he had been reading it all the morning. He commended it enthusiastically. We talked long together. But I could say little for I could not look at him enough, with his strong, brown face, full of wrinkles, each wrinkle being full of expression. He spoke like some old monarch. We parted affectionately, for every word of his breathed kindness.

Jena, September 8, 1823. Yesterday morning I had the happiness of another interview with Goethe. What he said to me was quite important, and will have a beneficial influence on all my life. All the young poets of Germany should have the benefit of it.

"Do not," said he, "attempt to produce a great work. It is just this mistake which has done harm to our best minds. I have myself suffered from this error. What have I not dropped into the well! The present must assert its rights, and so the poet will and should give out what presses on him. But if one has a great work in his head, it expels everything else and deprives life for the time of all comfort. If as to the whole you err, all time and trouble are lost.

"But if the poet daily grasps the present, treating with fresh sentiment what it offers, he always makes sure of something good. If sometimes he does not succeed, at any rate he has lost nothing. The world is so great and rich, and life is so manifold, that occasions for poems are never lacking.

"But they must all be poems for special occasions (*Gelegenheitsgedichte*). All my poems are thus suggested by incidents in real life. I attach no value to poems snatched out of the air. You know Furnstein, the so-called poet of nature? He has written the most fascinating poem possible on hop-culture. I have suggested to him that he should write songs on handicrafts, especially a weaver's song, for he has spent his life from youth amongst such folk, and he understands the subject through and through."

February 24, 1824. At one to-day I went to Goethe's. He showed me a short critique he had written on Byron's Cain, which I read with much interest. "We see," said he, "how the defectiveness of ecclesiastical dogmas affects such a mind as Byron's, and how by such a piece he seeks to emancipate himself from doctrine which has been thrust on him. Truly the English clergy will not thank him, but I shall wonder whether he will not proceed to treat Bible subjects, not letting slip such topics as the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah."

II—Philosophical Discussions

FEBRUARY 25, 1824. Goethe was in high spirits at table. He showed me Frau von Spiegel's album, in which he had written some very beautiful verses. For two years a place had been left open for him, and he was delighted that at length he had been able to fulfil an old promise.

Noticing on another page of the album a poem by Tiedge in the style of his Urania, Goethe observed that he had suffered considerably from Tiedge's Urania, for at one time nothing else was sung and recited.

Said he, "Wherever you went, you found Urania on the table, and that poem and immortality were the subjects of every conversation. By no means would I lose the happiness of believing in a future existence, and indeed I would say with Lorenzo de Medici that all they are dead, even for this life, who believe in no other.

"But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. And further, let him who believes in immortality be happy in silence; he has no reason to hold his head high because of his conviction. Silly women, priding themselves on believing with Tiedge in immortality, have been offended at my declaring that in the future state I hoped I should meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how I should be tormented! The pious would crowd about me saying, 'Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has it not turned out exactly so?' And thus even up yonder there would be everlasting ennui."

April 14, 1824. I went, about one, for a walk with Goethe. We conversed on the style of different authors. Said he, "Philosophical speculation is, on the whole, a hindrance to the Germans, for it tends to induce a tendency to obscurantism. The nearer they approach to certain philosophical schools, the worse they write. Those Germans write best who, as business men, and men of real life, confine themselves to the practical. Thus, Schiller's style is the noblest and most impressive, as soon as he ceases to philosophise, as I see from his highly interesting

letters, on which I am now busy. Many of our genial German women in their style excel even many of our famous male writers.

" The French, in their style, are consistent with their general character. They are sociable by nature and as such never forget the public whom they address. They take the trouble to be clear in order to convince, and agreeable in order to please. The English, as a rule, write well, as born orators and as practical and realistic men. Altogether, the style of a writer is a true reflection of his mind. If anyone would acquire a lucid style, let him first be clear in his thoughts ; if he would command a noble style, he must first possess a noble character."

May 2, 1824. During a drive over the hills through Upper Weimar we could not look enough at the trees in blossom. We remarked that trees full of white blossom should not be painted, because they make no picture, just as birches with their foliage are unfit for the foreground of a picture, because the delicate foliage does not adequately balance the white trunk.

Said Goethe, " Ruysdael never placed the foliaged birch in the foreground, but only broken birch stems, without leaves. Such a trunk suits the foreground admirably, for its bright form stands out most powerfully."

After some slight discussion of other subjects, we talked of the erroneous tendency of such artists as would make religion art, while their art ought to be religion.

Goethe observed, " Religion stands in the same relation to art as every other higher interest of life. It is merely to be regarded as a material, which has equal claims with all other vital materials. Also, faith and unbelief are not those organs with which a work of art is to be comprehended. Far otherwise ; totally different human powers and capacities are required for such comprehension. Art must appeal to those organs with which we can apprehend it, or it misses its aim. A religious material may be a good subject for art, but only if it possesses general human interest. Thus, the Virgin with the Child is a good subject that may be treated a hundred times, and will always be seen again with pleasure."

November 24, 1824. In a conversation this evening concerning Roman and Greek history, Goethe said, " Roman history is certainly no longer suited to our time. We have become too humane for the triumphs of Caesar to be anything but repellent to us. So also does Greek history offer little to allure us. The resistance to a foreign enemy is indeed glorious, but the constant civil wars of states against each other are intolerable. Besides, the history of our own time is overwhelmingly important. The battles of Leipzig and Waterloo eclipse Marathon, and such heroes as Blücher and Wellington are rivals of those of antiquity."

III—Literary Dicta

JANUARY 10, 1825. In accordance with his deep interest in the English, Goethe requested me to introduce to him the young Englishmen staying here. I took this afternoon a young English officer, who, in the course of the conversation, mentioned that he was reading Faust, but found it somewhat difficult.

Said Goethe, laughing, " Really, I should not have recommended you to undertake Faust. It is mad stuff, and goes beyond all usual feeling. But as you have done it of your own accord, without asking me, you will see how you get through. Faust is so strange an individual that only a few persons can sympathise with his inner condition. Then the character of Mephistopheles is also very difficult, because of his irony, and also because he is the living result of an extensive acquaintance with the world. But you will see what light comes to you.

" Tasso, on the other hand, lies far nearer to the common feeling of mankind, and the elaboration of its form is favourable to an easier understanding of it. What is chiefly needed for reading Tasso is that one should be no longer a child, and should not have been deprived of good society."

October 15, 1825. I found Goethe this evening in a very elevated mood, and had the happiness of hearing from him many significant observations.

Concerning the state of the newest literature, he said, " Want of character in individual investigators and writers is the source of all the evils in our most recent literature. Till now the world believed in the heroism of Lucretia and of Mucius Scaevola, and allowed itself thus to be stimulated and inspired. But now comes historical criticism, and says that those persons never lived, but are to be regarded as fables and fictions, imagined by the great mind of the Romans. What are we to do with so pitiful a truth ? And if the Romans were great enough to invent such stories, we should at least be great enough to believe them."

December 25, 1825. I found Goethe alone this evening. The conversation at one time turned on Byron, especially on the disadvantage at which he appears when compared with the innocent cheerfulness of Shakespeare, and on the frequent and usually not unmerited blame which he drew on himself by his manifold works of negation.

Said Goethe, " If Byron had had the opportunity of working off all the opposition that was in him, by delivering many strong speeches in parliament, he would have been far purer as a poet. But as he scarcely ever spoke in parliament, he kept in his heart all that he felt against his nation, and no other means than poetical expression of his sentiments remained to him. I could therefore style a great part of his works of negation suppressed parliamentary speeches, and I think the characterisation would suit them well."

IV—Faust and Victor Hugo

MAY 6, 1827. At a dinner-party at Goethe's, after conversation on certain poems, he said, " The Germans are certainly strange people. They make life much more burdensome to themselves than they ought by their deep thoughts and ideas, which they seek everywhere and fix on everything. Only have the courage to surrender yourself to your impressions, permit yourself to be moved, instructed and inspired for something great. But never imagine that all is vanity if it is not abstract thought and idea.

" Next they come and ask what idea I meant to embody in my Faust ? As if I knew that myself, and could inform them. *From Heaven through the world to hell* would, indeed, be something ; but that is no idea, only a course of action. And further, that the devil loses the wager and that a man, continually struggling from difficult errors towards something better, should be redeemed, is truly a more effective, and to many a good, enlightening thought ; but it is no idea lying at the basis of the whole, and of each individual scene. It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich and diversified a life as I have brought to view in Faust upon the slender thread of one single, pervading idea.

" It was altogether out of my province, as a poet, to strive to embody anything abstract. I received in my mind impressions of an animated, charming, hundredfold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them ; and as a poet I had nothing more to do than artistically to elaborate these impressions, and so to present them that others might receive like impressions. But I am somewhat of the opinion that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding a poetic production is, so much the better it is."

June 20, 1831. At Goethe's, after dinner, the conversation fell upon the use and misuse of terms. Said he, " The French use the word ' composition ' inappropriately. The expression is degrading as applied to genuine productions of art and poetry. It is a thoroughly contemptible word, of which we should seek to get rid as soon as possible.

" How can one say, Mozart has *composed* Don Juan ! Composition ! As if it were a piece of cake or biscuit, which had been mixed together with eggs, flour and sugar ! It is a spiritual creation, in which the details as well as the whole are pervaded by *one* spirit. Consequently, the producer did not follow his own experimental impulse, but acted under that of his demoniac genius."

June 27, 1831. We conversed about Victor Hugo. " He has a fine talent," said Goethe. " But he is altogether ensnared in the unhappy romantic tendency of his

time, by which he is constrained to represent, side by side with the beautiful, the most hateful and intolerable. I have recently read his Notre Dame de Paris, and needed no little patience to endure the horror that I felt. It is the most abominable book ever written! And one is not even compensated by truthful representation of human nature or character. On the contrary, his book is totally destitute of nature and truth. The characters are not men with living flesh and blood, but miserable wooden puppets, moved according to his fancy and made to produce all sorts of contortions and grimaces. But what kind of an age is this, which not only makes such a book possible, but even finds it endurable and delightful!"

V—On the Bible

SUNDAY, *March* 11, 1832. This evening for an hour Goethe talked on various excellent topics. I had purchased an English Bible, but found to my great regret that it did not include the Apocrypha, because these were not considered genuine and divinely inspired. I missed the truly noble Tobias, the wisdom of Solomon and Jesus Sirach, all writings of such deeply spiritual value, that few others equal them. I expressed to Goethe my regret at the narrow exclusiveness thus manifested. He entirely agreed with me.

"Still," said he, "there are two points of view from which Biblical subjects may be regarded. There is that of primitive religion, of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. This will ever remain the same, and will endure as long as divinely endowed beings exist. It is, however, only for the elect, and is far too high and noble to become universal.

"Then there is the point of view of the Church, which is of a more human nature. This is fallible and fickle, but, though perpetually changing, it will last as long as there are weak human beings. The light of cloudless divine revelation is far too pure and radiant for poor, weak man. But the Church interposes as mediator, to soften and moderate, and all are helped. Its influence is immense, through the notion that as successor of Christ it can relieve the burden of human sin. To secure this power, and to consolidate ecclesiasticism is the special aim of the Christian priesthood.

"Therefore it does not so much ask whether this or that book in the Bible effects a great enlightenment of the mind, it much more looks to the Mosaic and prophetic and Gospel records for allusions to the fall of man, and the advent to earth and death of Christ, as the atonement for sin. Thus you see that, great as their spiritual value is, for such purposes the noble Tobias, the wisdom of Solomon and the sayings of Sirach have little weight.

"Still, the question as to authenticity in details of the Bible is truly singular. What is genuine but the really excellent, which harmonises with the purest reason and nature, and even now ministers to our highest development? What is spurious but the absurd, hollow, and stupid, which brings no worthy fruit? If the authenticity of a Biblical writing depends on the question whether something true throughout has been handed down to us, we might on some points doubt the genuineness of the Gospels, of which Mark and Luke were not written from immediate presence and experience, but long afterwards from oral tradition. And the last, by the disciple John, was written in his old age.

"YET I hold all four evangelists as thoroughly genuine, for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, such as only once has appeared on earth. If anyone asks whether it is in my nature to pay Him devout reverence, I say—'Surely, yes!' I bow before Him as the divine revelation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the sun, again I say—'Surely, yes!' For the sun is also a manifestation of the highest and, indeed, the mightiest which we children of earth are allowed to behold. But if I am asked whether I am inclined to bow before a thumb-bone of the apostle Peter or Paul, I say, 'Spare me, and stand off with your absurdities!'

"Says the apostle, 'Quench not the spirit.' The high and richly-endowed clergy fear nothing so much as the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as

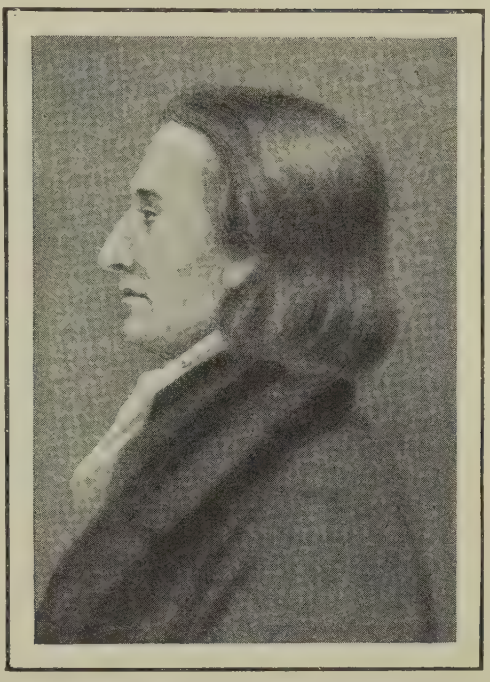
possible. What can a poor member of the Christian church think of the princely pomp of a richly endowed bishop, when against this he sees in the Gospels the poverty of Christ, travelling humbly on foot with His disciples, while the princely bishop drives along in a carriage drawn by six horses!

"We do not at all know," continued Goethe, "all that we owe to Luther and the Reformation generally. We are emancipated from the fetters of spiritual narrowness. In consequence of our increasing culture, we have become capable of reverting to the fountain-head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have again the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to realize our divinely endowed human nature. Let spiritual culture ever go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on ever gaining in breadth and depth and let the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it shines and gleams in the Gospel!

"But the more effectually we Protestants advance in our noble development, so much the more rapidly will the Catholics follow. As soon as they feel themselves caught in the current of enlightenment, they must go on to the point where all is but one.

"The mischievous sectarianism of Protestantism will also cease, and with it alienation between father and son, brother and sister. For as soon as the pure teaching and love of Christ, as they really are, are comprehended and consistently practised, we shall realize our humanity as great and free, and cease to attach undue importance to mere outward form.

"Furthermore, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of word and faith to one of feeling and action."



JOHANN PETER ECKERMANN was born at Winsen, Hanover, September 21, 1792, of very poor and humble parentage. After serving as a volunteer in the War of Liberation, 1813–14, he obtained a secretarial appointment in the war department at Hanover, and in 1817 was enabled to attend the gymnasium of Hanover and afterwards the university of Göttingen. In 1822 he sent the manuscript of his Beiträge zur Poesie to Goethe, which resulted in his going to Weimar where he supported himself as a private tutor, acted as secretary to Goethe, and assisted in preparation of the final edition of his writings. In 1838 he was appointed librarian to the Grand Duchess, and he died at Weimar, December 3, 1854.

THE conversation next turned on the question how far God is influencing the great natures of the present world.

Said Goethe, "If we notice how people talk, we might almost believe them to be of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since that old time before Christ, and that man was now placed on his own feet, and must see how he can get on without God. In religious and moral matters a divine influence is still admitted, but in matters of science and art it is insisted that they are merely earthly, and nothing more than a product of pure human powers.

"But now let anyone only attempt with human will and human capabilities to produce something comparable with the creations that bear the names of Mozart, Raphael, or Shakespeare. I know right well that these three noble men are not the only ones, and that in every department of art innumerable excellent minds have laboured, who have produced results as perfectly good as those mentioned. But, if they were as great as those, they transcended ordinary human nature, and were in just the same degree divinely gifted."

Goethe was silent, but I cherished his great and good words in my heart.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

TITAN

THE climax of Jean Paul Richter's inspiration, and of his obscurity, was reached in Titan, published during 1801–3. He meant it to be his greatest romance, and posterity has confirmed his judgement. Of all his works, it is the most characteristic of its author. It has all the peculiarities of his style, peculiarities that are reflected in the prose of Thomas Carlyle, his most eminent British admirer and interpreter. The book itself took ten years to write, and according to his correspondence, Richter intended to call it Anti-Titan, having in view his attacks on the material selfishness of the age which, to gain its own ends, would move mountains. The motive—a comparison between a man of moral grandeur and one of grandiose immorality—came to Richter while he was engaged on Hesperus (see page 2083), a fact that explains why certain characters from the earlier romance re-appear in Titan. An English translation of the novel, by C. T. Brooks, appeared in 1863. An outline of Richter's Autobiography is given at page 885.

I—Liana

FOR many years Albano, the young Spanish Count Cesara, had lived within sight of the capital city of the state of Hohenfliess; yet he had never entered it—his mother, so his father told him, had shut it against him, desiring that he should be reared in the Carthusian monastery of rural life, not sullied in his youth by mingling with courtiers and men of the world.

And now the gates of Pestitz were open to him. Contemplate the heated face of my hero, who at last is riding into the streets, where who knows but that at every long window, on every balcony, his beloved Liana may be standing?

Gaspard, Count Cesara, Knight of the Fleece, had met his son, for the first time in Albano's memory, at Lake Maggiore, and Albano had come away from the meeting with a feeling of chill that poisoned his heart, eager as it was to love and be loved, and a vague, discomposing sense that in his birth there was a mystery. But the thoughts of his father's coldness, all thoughts that troubled and confused, were forgotten on his entry into Pestitz, in the eager hope of seeing Liana, his beloved, and his friend, her brother, Charles Roquairol; for neither his beloved nor her brother had he ever yet beheld.

The love and the friendship were of the imagination, and the imagination was begotten of the accounts given by von Falterle, the accomplishments-master of Albano in the village of Blumenbühl, of his former pupil Liana, daughter of the Minister von Froulay. It was his wont to paste up long altar-pieces of Liana's charms, charms which her father had sought to enhance by means of delicate and almost meagre fare, by shutting up his orangery, whose window he seldom lifted off from this flower of a milder clime—until she had become a tender creature of pastil-dust, which the gusts of fate and the monsoons of climate could almost blow to pieces.

And as for her brother, the madcap Roquairol, who in his thirteenth year had shot at himself with suicidal intent because the little Countess Linda de Romeiro, Albano's father's ward, had turned her back upon him, could our hero's admiration be withheld from a youth of his own age who already possessed all the accomplishments and had tasted all the passions?

When Albano entered Pestitz, eager that his dreams of love and friendship should be realized, the aged Prince of Hohenfliess had just departed this life, and Liana, intimate friend of the Princess Julienne, daughter of the dead prince, was smitten with temporary blindness, due to emotion and consequent headache.

Albano first beheld her in the garden of her father, the minister, standing in the glimmer of the moon. The blest

youth saw irradiated the young, open, still Mary's-brow, and the delicate proportions, which, like the white attire, seemed to exalt the form.

Ah, why must a deep, cold cloud steal through this pure and lofty heaven?

The inauguration of the new prince was held—of the enfeebled Prince Luigi—upon whose expected speedy decease the neighbouring princely house of Haarkaar founded its hopes of acquiring the dominions of Hohenfliess. It was on the night of an inauguration ball that Albano, having poured out his heart to Roquairol in a letter, met his long-hoped-for-friend and sealed their affections by declaring that he would never wed Linda de Romeiro, whom it was thought Count Gaspard had designed for his son's bride.

When Liana recovered her sight, she was sent to Blumenbühl for restoration of health—to the home of Albano's foster-father, the provincial-director Wehfritz. Thither, often came Albano; thither also came Roquairol, to bask in the wondering admiration that Rabette, Albano's foster-sister, bestowed on him with all the fervour of her innocent rural mind. Albano's dream was fulfilled; he loved Liana in reality as he had loved her in imagination. Roquairol thought he loved Rabette; in truth, her simplicity was to this conqueror of feminine hearts but a new and, for the moment, overmastering sensation.

On a glorious evening Albano and Liana stood on a sloping mountain-ridge; overhead was a heaven filled with a life-intoxicated, tumultuous creation, as the sun-god stalked away over his evening-world. He seized Liana's hands and pressed them wildly to his breast; flames and tears suffused his eyes and his cheeks, and he stammered, "Liana, I love thee!"

She stepped back, and drew her white veil over her face.

"Wouldst thou love the dead?" she said.

He knew her meaning. Her friend Caroline, whom she had loved and who had died, had appeared in a vision, and announced that she would die in the next year.

"The vision was not true!" cried Albano.

"Caroline, answer him!" Liana folded her hands as if in prayer; then she raised the veil, looked at him tenderly, and said, in a low tone, "I will love thee, good Albano, if I do not make thee miserable."

"I will die with thee!" said he.

Charles appeared with Rabette; he, also, had spoken frantic words of love, and Rabette clung around him compassionately, as a mother around her child.

A few more days of joyous life at Blumenbühl, and Liana returned to her home at Pestitz. Then for weeks Albano saw nothing of her, heard nothing of her. Liana was in sore trouble. Her father had disapproved of the match; what mattered much more to her, her mother also, on the quite decisive ground that she could not endure Albano.

The Minister von Froulay had more specific reasons for his hostility—the most specific of all being that he had designed his daughter for one Bouverot, a disreputable court intriguer, his leaning towards Bouverot being based on financial liabilities and stimulated by financial expectations. The minister's lady detested Bouverot, but in desiring separation between Liana and Albano, she was her husband's ally.

Once Albano saw her, but heard no explanation. The prince was wedded to the Princess Isabelle of Haarkaar, and it was at a wedding festivity in the grounds of the pleasure palace of Lilar that Albano looked upon his beloved. But she was pledged for the time to tell him nothing, and she told him nothing. The princess looked curiously at her, for Liana exactly resembled the princess's younger sister, Idoine, who devoted herself to the happiness of her peasantry in the Arcadian village that it was her whim to rule.

To the aged and saintly court chaplain, Spener, Liana at last brought her perplexities. Here the history moves in veils. How he extorted from her the promise to renounce her Albano for ever is a mystery watched and hidden by the Great Sphinx of the oath she swore to him.

On the next day Albano was summoned, and stood with quivering lips before the beloved.

"I am true to you—even unto death," she said; "but all is over."

He looked upon her, wild, wondering.

" I have resigned you," she said ; " and my parents are not to blame. There is a mystery that has constrained me——"

" Oh, God ! " he cried. " Is it thus with eternal fidelity and love ? " In whirling, cruel passion he pictured his love, her coldness, his pain, her violated oath.

" I did not think thou wert so hard," she said. " Oh, it grows dark to me ; let me to my mother ! "

Albano gazed into the groping, timid face, and guessed all—her blindness had returned !

The mother rushed up. " May God bring you retribution for this ! " cried Albano to her. " Farewell, unhappy Liana ! "

For many days Albano lived without love or hope, in bitter self-reproach ; every recollection darted into him a scorpion-sting. And to him in his agony came the tormenting news that the fickle Roquairol had deserted Rabette.

At length he learnt that Liana had recovered her sight, and that she was dying. Once more, for the last time, he was admitted to her presence. She reclined in an easy-chair, white-clad, with white, sunken cheeks.

" Welcome, Albano ! " she said feebly, but with the old smile. " Some day thou wilt know why I parted from thee. On this, my dying day, I tell thee my heart has been true to thee." She handed him a sheet with a sketch she had made with a trembling hand of the noble head of Linda de Romeiro. " It is my last wish that thou shouldst love her," she said. " She is worthy of thee."

" Ah, forgive, forgive ! " sobbed Albano.

" Farewell, beloved ! " she said calmly, while her feeble hand pressed his. For a while she was silent. Suddenly she said, with a low tone of gladness, " Caroline ! here, here, Caroline ! How beautiful thou art ! " Liana's fingers ceased to play ; she lay peaceful and smiling, but dead.

II—Linda de Romeiro

ALBANO'S state for a long time was one of fever. He lay dressed in bed, unable to walk, in a burning heat, talking wildly, and as each hour struck on the clock, springing up to kneel down and utter the prayer, ' Liana, appear, and give me peace ! '

" Poor brother ! " said Schoppe the librarian, his old preceptor and dear friend. " I swear to thee thou shalt get thy peace to-day."

He went to Linda de Romeiro, now in Pestitz after long wandering, and placed his design before her. Would the Princess Idoine, Liana's likeness, appear before Albano as a vision and give him peace ? Linda consented to plead with Idoine. But Idoine made a difficulty. It was not the unusualness and impropriety of the thing that she dreaded, but the untruthfulness and unworthiness of playing false with the holy name of a departed soul, and cheating a sick man with a superficial similarity.

At length Idoine gave her decision. " If a human life hangs upon this, I must conquer my feeling."

As eight o'clock struck, Albano knelt in the dusk, crying, " Peace, peace ! "

Idoine trembled as she heard him ; but she entered, clothed in white, the image of the dead Liana.

" Albano, have peace ! " she said in a low and faltering tone.

" Liana ! " he groaned, weeping.

" Peace ! " cried she more strongly, and vanished.

" I have my peace now, good Schoppe," said Albano softly, " and now I will sleep."

Time gradually unfolded Albano's grief instead of weakening it. His life had become a night, in which the moon is under the earth, and he could not believe that Luna would gradually return with an increasing bow of light. Not joys, but only actions—those remote stars of night—were now his aim. As he travelled with his father in Italy after his recovery, the news of the French Revolution gave an object to his eagerness.

" Take here my word," he wrote to Schoppe, " that as soon as the probable war of Gallic freedom breaks out I take my part decidedly in it, for it."

But at Ischia, Albano was dazzled by a wonder ; he saw Linda de Romeiro. When she raised her veil, beauty and brightness streamed out of a rising sun ; delicate,

maidenly colours, lovely lines and sweet fullness of youth played like a flower garland about the brow of a goddess, with soft blossoms around the holy seriousness and mighty will on brow and lip, and around the dark glow of the large eye.

As Albano and Linda walked on the mountain Epomeo, looking upon the coasts and promontories of that rare region, upon cities and sea, upon Vesuvius without flame or thunder, white with sand or snow, Albano's heat was an asbestos leaf written over and cast into the fire—burning, not consuming; his whole former life went out, the leaf shone fiery and pure for Linda's hand. He gazed into her face lovingly and serenely as a sun-god in morning redness, and pressed her hands. "Give them to me for ever!" said he earnestly.

She inclined modestly her beautiful head upon his breast, but immediately raised it again, with its large, moist eyes, and said hurriedly, "Go now! Early to-morrow come, Albano! Addio! Addio!"

Count Gaspard bestowed his paternal consent on the union, and the lovers returned separately to Hohenfliess. A difference arose; Albano was still bent on warring for France, Linda sought to dissuade him. They quarrelled, and parted in anger.

On the day after the quarrel Linda received a letter in Albano's handwriting begging forgiveness and asking for a meeting in the gardens of Lilar. She went there at the appointed evening hour, although, owing to the night-blindness from which, like many Spaniards, she often suffered, she could not see her lover. But she kissed him, and heard his burning words of love.

But Albano had not written, and had not entered Lilar. Roquairol's old passion for Linda was undiminished; his rage at Albano was beyond bounds. He could mimic Albano's writing and voice; he knew of Linda's night-blindness. On the next night, in the presence of Albano and Linda, he slew himself with his own hand.

The death of Roquairol lay like a blight between the lovers. They parted for ever.

III—Idoine

'WAR!' This word alone gave Albano peace. He made himself ready for a journey to France, and ere he set forth he sought out the little spot of earth, beneath a linden-tree, where reposed the gentle Liana.

Suddenly, with a shudder, he beheld the white form of Liana herself leaning against the linden. He believed some dream had drawn down the airy image from heaven, and he expected to see it pass away. Kneeling down, he exclaimed, "Apparition, comest thou from God? Art thou Liana?"

Quickly the white form looked round, and saw the youth. She rose slowly, and said, "My name is Idoine. I am innocent of the cruel deception, most unhappy youth." Then he covered his eyes, from a sudden, sharp pang at the return of the cold, heavy reality. Thereupon he looked at her again, and his whole being trembled at her glorified resemblance to the departed—prouder and taller her stature, paler her complexion, more thoughtful the maidenly brow. She could not, when he looked upon her so silently and comparingly, repress her sympathy; she wept, and he too.

"Do I, too, distress you?" said he.

"I only weep," she innocently said, "that I am not Liana."

"Noble princess," he replied, "this holy spot takes away all sense of mutual strangeness. Idoine, I know that you once gave me peace, and I thank you."

"I did it," she said, "without knowing you, and therefore could allow myself the use of a fleeting resemblance."

He looked at her sharply; everything within him loved her, and his whole heart, opened by wounds, was unfolded to the still soul. But a stern spirit closed it. "Unhappy one, love no one again; for a dark, destroying angel goes with poisoned sword behind thy love."

Idoine turned to go. He knelt, pressed her hand to his bosom and only said, "Peace, all-gracious one!" Idoine, after a few swift steps, passed out of his sight.

Albano hastened preparations for his journey; but ere the preparations were

ended, a letter was brought to him that caused him to abandon the project altogether. It was a letter from the long-dead Princess Eleonore, wife of the old prince who had died when Albano had first entered Pestitz. Now, in the fullness of time, was the letter placed before Albano's eyes; and the token of the fullness of time was the death, without issue, of Prince Luigi, and the seeming inheritance of his dominions by the House of Haarkaar.

THUS the letter began:

'My son,—Hear thine own history from the mouth of thy mother; from no other will it come to thee more acceptably.

'The birth of thy brother Luigi at a late period of our married life annihilated the hopes of succession of the house of Haarkaar. But Count Cesara discovered proofs of some dark actions which were to cost thy poor brother his life. "They will surely get the better of us at last," said thy father.

'Madame Cesara and I loved each other; we were both of romantic spirit. She had just borne a lovely daughter, called Linda. We made the singular contract that, if I bore a son, we would exchange; with her, my son could grow up without incurring the danger which threatened thy brother in my house.

'Soon afterwards I brought forth thee and thy sister Julienne at a birth. "I keep," I said, to the countess, "my daughter, thou keepest thine; as to Albano, let the prince decide." Thy father allowed that thou shouldst be brought up as son of the count. The documents of thy genealogy were thrice made out, and I, the count and the court chaplain Spener were put in possession of them. The Countess Cesara went off with Linda to Valencia, and took the name Romeiro.

'Ah, I shall not live to be permitted openly to clasp my son in my arms! May it go well with thee, dearest child! God guide all our weak expedients for the best.

'Thy faithful mother,

'ELEONORE.'

Albano stood for a long time speechless. Joy of life, delight in the prospect of the throne, the images of new relations, and displeasure at the past, stormed through each other in his spirit.

He went out, and in the twilight stood upon the mountains, whence he could overlook, but with other eyes than once, the city which was to be the circus and theatre of his powers. He belongs now to a German house, the people around him are his kinsmen; the prefiguring ideals, which he had once sketched to himself at the coronation of his brother, of the warm rays wherewith a prince as a constellation can enlighten and enrich lands, were now put into his hands for fulfilment.

He descended to Blumenbühl. The funeral bell of the little church of Blumenbühl tolled for Luigi. Albano joined his sister Julienne, and they betook themselves with Idoine and Rabette to the church. At the bright altar was the venerable Spener; the long coffin of the brother stood before the altar between rows of lights. Here, near such altar-lights, had once the oppressed Liana knelt while swearing the renunciation of her love. The whole constellation of Albano's shining past had gone down below the horizon, and only one bright star of all the group stood glimmering still above the earth—Idoine.

AFTER the solemn service, Idoine addressed herself to him oftener; her sweet voice was more tender, though more tremulous; her maidenly shyness of the resemblance to Liana seemed conquered or forgotten.

"How many a time, Albano," said Julienne, "hast thou here, in thy long-left youthful years, looked toward the mountains for thine own ones—for thy hidden parents, and brothers and sisters—for thou hadst always a good heart."

Here Idoine unconsciously looked at him with inexpressible love, and his eyes met hers.

"Idoine," said he, "I have that heart still; it is unhappy, but unstained."

Then Idoine hid herself quickly and passionately in Julienne's bosom, and said, scarcely audibly: "Julienne, if Albano rightly knows me, then be my sister."

"I do know thee, holy being," said Albano, and clasped his bride to his bosom.

LUIGI PIRANDELLO

HENRY IV

With a Critical Appreciation by R. Musgrove Scott

I—The Man and His Work

A GREAT play—Hamlet is an excellent example—would seem to have this peculiar characteristic, that to read it and to see and hear it presented in a theatre are complementary. It must, of course, be interesting, beautiful and comprehensible when absorbed through either of these mediums, but its full significance is not conveyed by one of them alone. For, when we read, the intellect is less liable to be smothered by the senses than when we watch action and listen to good declamation; while, on the other hand, the printed word is less capable of making a forcible appeal to the emotions than the spoken. These considerations are of more importance when we come to study and evaluate the art of Luigi Pirandello than when we review the work of any of his contemporaries; since, although his plays are strikingly excellent even when approached in one way alone, it is only by both seeing and reading them that we perceive their true values. They contain so much philosophy whose depth we can only appreciate by conscientious analysis; and their latent dramatic force is never wholly apparent unless they are acted.

Pirandello is a Sicilian, having been born at Girgenti in 1867. His earlier plays are sincerely regionalistic; and are more truly dramatisations of corporeal life than later masterpieces, like Henry IV, and Six Characters in Search of an Author. Such a sketch as Limes of Sicily (1913), with its sad and frigid beauty, or The Cap and Bells (1917), a bitterly satirical comedy in which the author glorifies the absolutely illogical by the use of pure logic, makes us hope that Pirandello, with his larger experience, will yet return to his native island for inspiration and atmosphere. It is perhaps too much to expect, however, that the feet of his characters will ever again touch anything so solid as Sicilian earth; for already in 1916, in Right You Are (If You Think So), Pirandello had very definitely embarked upon the series of philosophical experiments which has established his reputation throughout the civilized world.

He has frequently been condemned, usually by those who have failed to understand his thought, but even (mildly) by a writer so intelligent as A. B. Walkley, for being too rapt a philosopher. There can be no doubt that Pirandello occupies himself with the presentation of theories, of concepts, in dramatic form; but the fact that he is successful invalidates the criticism to the effect that he is over-speculative. That he can hold our attention as securely with a conflict of abstractions as another writer can with a conflict of personalities proves him to be a dramatist of great power, possessed of a subtle sense of the theatre.

For Pirandello does not forget that he is writing for the stage. His dramas never become mere arguments, or explanations of a thesis in dialogue: we never feel that they exist solely to enable their author to plead a case. 'I hate Symbolist art,' Pirandello has said, 'in which the representation loses all spontaneous movement by becoming a machine, an allegory.' The characters even seem to have a life of their own independent of that with which their creator has endowed them. The movement is vigorous: some plays are extraordinarily exciting, as Right You Are (If You Think So), and Henry IV, both of which, with Six Characters in Search of an Author, are translated and published by Dent as Three Plays at 6s.

Again, as a philosophical thinker, Pirandello is not an explorer of unknown country. In Henry IV, for example, the theory of purely subjective realism is essential to the theme; but it is not a new theory, its most famous propounder having been the eighteenth-century Bishop Berkeley. Similarly, in the same play, the conception of time, not as a chain of consecutive moments, but as a series of mentally superimposed planes, is an adaptation of Einstein's thought. But in his method of demonstrating philosophical ideas, Pirandello is completely original. By using his characters as apparatus with which to give concrete form to a large variety of concepts, he brings something fresh and, we believe, ultimately invigorating into serious drama. His personifications of an intellectual phase are very much more provocative of profound thought and very much more devastating in their attack upon mental superficiality and complacency than are, for instance, Chekhov's embodiment of a psychological condition or Shaw's of conventional (or unconventional) attitudes.

ALTHOUGH Pirandello's characters are typical rather than individual, they have life and great vividness. Yet, strive as we may, we cannot really visualise them as persons whom we might meet. At best they are powerful ideas; at worst, figures of a nightmare. This does not mean that they are incredible, or even that they seem absurd. The frenzied and ludicrous Signor Ponza in Right You Are (If You Think So); the crushed and pitiable Lori in All for the Best; the strange, dynamic father in Six Characters in Search of an Author; and, above all, the jerky, painted Henry IV—all are made intensely real for us. But we feel that their reality is not that of the senses: the horror inspired by the central event of Six Characters in Search of an Author, for example, is not the horror occasioned by the same kind of calamity in Oedipus Tyrannus. Again, we are driven to the conclusion that if Signor Ponza is sane (and he convinces us by unassailable logic that he is) then we are mad. Indeed, this disturbing uncertainty is inseparable from the Pirandellian drama; as is Pirandello's intention. He is a critic of thought—a purely destructive critic—and attacks through his puppets the preconceptions of the vast majority of men. And it is proof of his dramatic skill and the penetrative qualities of his thought that inevitably he shakes our faith in these preconceptions.

If iconoclastic, however, Pirandello breaks only metaphysical images—thus differing fundamentally from the Expressionist and Futurist writers with whom he seems, on a superficial examination, to have close affinities. So, in Henry IV, we find that the principal character has the ordinary man's instinctive dislike of immorality, although his other opinions make this play the most brilliant example of Pirandello's bitterly critical art. Its object is succinctly stated by Henry IV when he addresses his attendants on one occasion.

> Do you know what it means to find yourself in the presence of a madman? To find yourself in the presence of one who shakes to the very foundations all that you have built up within you and around you, logic and the logic of all that you have thus built! Yes, and what about it? They build without logic, these happy men, the madmen—or, rather, with a logic of their own that blows hither and thither like a feather! Variable! Variable! This to-day, and to-morrow—who knows? You think highly of yourselves; and they no longer respect themselves. Variable! Variable! You say: This cannot be!—and to them everything can be. But you say that this is not true. And why? Because it does not seem true to you, and you, and you and a hundred thousand others. And, dear friends, it is therefore necessary to believe what these hundred thousand others think to be true; and what a glorious spectacle they present with their reasoning and their flowers of logic!

WE find ourselves 'in the presence of one who shakes to the very foundations' all our conventional, our laboriously acquired ideas—Henry IV. Pirandello does not allow us to consider him a mere lunatic; he makes the alienist, Dr. Genoni, quite as foolish and even more futile than the unhappy protagonist. It may therefore seem slightly impertinent for the unphilosophical layman to suggest that Henry IV is indubitably mad. We may mitigate the rudeness of this abrupt contradiction of Pirandello by explaining

that it cannot be insisted that any of the other characters is definitely saner, while all of them are less lucid in their thought; and that, having seen the play, the ordinary spectator is in very considerable doubt as to the condition of his own mind. And if we think it absurd and a completely inaccurate study of mental processes, we must remember with all humility that we ' and a hundred thousand others ' present ' a glorious spectacle ' with our ' reasoning and flowers of logic.'

The play is a most vigorous and effective attack upon rationalism. We are shown reality, not as a stable, but as a shifting element. In others of his works, as in that powerful and subtle drama, The Life That Thou Givest, Pirandello argues in favour of idealism. Reality to him is not general but individual; it is what each person believes to be realism—' Each of us has a private reality that must be respected before God, even though it be harmful to oneself.' And this belief is inspired by emotional activity, not by reason. On the whole, Pirandello gives expression to the same theory in Henry IV. We may quote in illustration:

> But all of us, without exception, ever hold most tenaciously to our conceptions—exactly as a man who is growing old dyes his hair. What does it matter that the dye which I have used for my hair is not its actual colour—for you? You, my lady, certainly do not dye your hair in order to cheat other people—not you—but only to cheat a little, a very, very little, your own image when you are in front of the mirror. I do it for a jest. You do it in all seriousness. But let me tell you, my lady, that you too are simply masquerading, however much in earnest you may be. . . I speak only of that memory which you wish to make secure in yourself, of your golden hair that pleases you one day, or of your dark hair, if you were dark, that is the fleeting image of your youth. And as for you, Pietro Damiani, the remembrance of what you were, and of what you did, seems to you an acknowledgement of realities that have passed, that remain within you—is it not so? like a dream.

HENRY IV is the speaker, and Pirandello (for he is constantly advancing his own opinions through the lips of his puppets) would here seem to be claiming that imagination in conjunction with habits of thought creates reality; although elsewhere, as we have said, he is inclined to maintain that it is produced by intensity of emotion. The essential point is that, in conceiving of reality as being purely subjective without being intellectual, Pirandello is making reason a very small element in life. Whatever we may think of the force of his arguments or the practical value of his theory, we must admit that this conclusion is justified; that reason does play a negligibly small part in human affairs.

But Pirandello never expresses himself with such conviction in Henry IV as in his other dramas; and, indeed, at the end of the play he criticises the whole idealist theory in a manner that makes us wonder if he ever seriously held it. Henry IV kills his rival, and thus there arise impersonal circumstances over which he has no control—a reality outside his own brain, homicide and its consequences.

It is a precept of modern philosophy that time is incapable of reversal because—and this is no platitude—the present is founded on the past: in other words, all past experience forms part of present experience and helps to form it. Pirandello, in Henry IV, brings this conclusion under the dissecting knife of his criticism. While he does not attempt to obliterate time, he makes the chief character live without real experience of it. Thus, rationally, Henry should not be conscious of change; yet, as the above quoted speech about hair dyes shows, he is aware of it. He is supposed to believe—and has actually believed—that he lives eight hundred years before the twentieth century. Pirandello proves that this belief is not tantamount to transferring himself eight centuries into the past. The accumulated experience of that period cannot be negatived. This is to be demonstrated, according to the alienist, by the fact that the madman may be brought back to the present day by a severe shock.

> **Doctor:** If we succeed in jogging him, I hold, in breaking at one blow—with a violent wrench——the threads, already insecure, that still hold him to his fiction, giving him back what he himself demands, release from his doom, which seems to him a very real doom—if we contrive that he should recover in one bound the sensation of space in time—we can therefore hope to set him in motion again, like a clock that has stopped at a certain hour.

Belcredi : But, doctor, if he is fixed in time, if, as you say, it moves for and around him ; if he lives . . . eight hundred years ago ; the giddiness caused by the jump will be such that, when he comes hurtling into the midst of us . . . (*the doctor shakes his head in token of disagreement*). You think not ?

Doctor : No. This—our life—will immediately become real to him ; it will immediately take hold of him, and will wrench him violently away from the illusion, and show him that eight hundred years are really twenty.

These, then, are the two problems discussed in Henry IV : What is reality ? and What is time ? It may be that a carping critic would object that a play based on such abstract speculations can have no close connexion with everyday life. But this is not so. We all feel at some moment that reality is slipping from us, that we live in chaos, not in time. There are no boundaries to our minds, and occasionally our thoughts slip from the definite to the indefinite, from the material and fixed to the nebulous and unstable. Henry IV is the dramatisation of such an adventure, and thus becomes universal.

II—Henry IV

HAVING attempted to give indications as to its essential meaning by isolating the main theories elaborated in it, we might proceed to examine the play further, in outlining it. We are introduced into a large, ornate chamber that is a skilful reconstruction of the throne-room of the eleventh-century Emperor Henry IV at Goslar, except that in it are two modern oil-paintings. These represent a ' lady and gentleman, both young, dressed in carnival costume ; the one as Henry IV and the other as the Marchioness Matilda of Tuscany.' Two valets and four young men are in the room—all wearing elaborate clothes of the style of the eleventh century ; they are employed by the Marquis di Nolli to wait upon his uncle, who for twenty years has imagined that he is the Emperor Henry IV. One of them, Bertoldo, is being initiated into his duties. Landolfo indicates the futility of the lives led by the four so-called ' Secret Councillors.'

As you see, our fancy-dress is just the thing to enable us to put up a really splendid performance in a historical reconstruction—the kind of affair that is so popular on the stage nowadays. And the history of Henry IV offers good material—when it comes to that, material from which not only one but scores of tragedies might be hacked. But what happens ? We four here, and these two poor beggars (*points to valets*) are . . . are like this, without anybody over us to make us act some scene. It is—how would one put it ? the form without the content. Indeed our situation is very much worse than that of the real secret councillors of Henry IV : nobody had given them a part to play, or, at least, they did not know that they had to act . . . it was not a part for them, to be brief, it was their life. As for us—here we are, dressed like this, in this splendid Court—to do what ? Nothing . . . We are like six marionettes hung up on the wall, waiting for somebody to take us down and make us jerk this way and that and speak our words.

Let us note that by such modern, colloquial conversation we are made to feel that the genuinely medieval appearance of the throne-room is grotesquely artificial. A further piquant contrast is provided by the arrival of a party in fashionable clothes of to-day. It is ushered into the room by the Marquis di Nolli, a self-possessed young man who is very attentive to his fiancée, Frida, a girl of nineteen. Her mother, the Marchioness Spina, is also present : a handsome woman who has attempted to hide her middle-age beneath a wig and cosmetics too obviously applied. The Baron Belcredi, an odd, foolish man, and Dr. Genoni, an eminent alienist, complete the company. From their conversation we learn the reasons prompting their visit and, incidentally, the meaning of the pageantry.

The Doctor has been brought to examine di Nolli's uncle, the strange dreamer who lives amidst this medieval grandeur. The delusions that afflict him are the result of a tragedy of twenty years before. A procession of historical characters was organized for the carnival ; the Marchioness chose to appear as Matilda of Tuscany, the implacable enemy of the real Henry IV ; she is, in fact, the subject of the oil-painting in the throne-room. Di Nolli's uncle, then a young man, was very much in love with the Marchioness, but his attentions were not encouraged. With bitter humour, there-

fore, he proposed to represent Henry IV. As the gay procession was proceeding through the town, his horse reared, and he was thrown from it. When helped to his feet, he seemed normal; but it was discovered that he firmly believed that he was the Emperor whom he had been impersonating. His whims were humoured, and his relatives saw to it that he lived in comfort—but as Henry IV.

The talk is interrupted by one of the attendants, who hurries into the room to announce that Henry IV will shortly arrive. Thereupon di Nolli insists that the Marchioness, Belcredi and the Doctor dress themselves in costumes appropriate to their environment, while he and Frida retire. With full ceremony, Henry makes his entrance; he is a ludicrous yet striking figure, his hair being tinted in patches and his cheeks daubed with red. The whole atmosphere changes, however, and we feel that we no longer witness a masquerade, but a real episode —intensely real, but wildly mad.

Henry IV behaves strangely throughout; and while his conversation is, on the whole, all that might be expected from one who believes himself to be the unfortunate Emperor, it occasionally causes the Marchioness and Belcredi acute uneasiness. At times he seems to regard them with malicious amusement, to taunt them covertly and to make them anxious as to what he is about to say. We almost think that they are mad and he sane but disposed to humour them. Thus, at the end of the First Act we are in suspense, uncertain as to whether Henry is really a lunatic.

At the beginning of the next Act, we hear the opinions of the Marchioness, Belcredi and the Doctor on this subject. The two men are convinced that Henry is an ordinary madman, to be treated as such. The Marchioness, like the audience, inclines to the opposite view; she is sure that Henry IV is sane—

> There is no doubt at all about it. His eyes told me, doctor: you know, when a person looks at one in a manner that leaves no room for doubt. Possibly it was only for a second, but there you are!

She is overborne, however, although the Doctor is sanguine as to the curative effect of a shock upon Henry. He has arranged that Frida, who closely resembles the picture of her mother that was painted twenty years before, shall don the costume worn by the Marchioness on the fatal day of the accident. She is then to stand in the recess in the throne-room usually occupied by the canvas, and is to step down from it in Henry's presence. The surprise, Dr. Genoni is convinced, will rid the madman of his hallucinations.

So far we have believed that the Marchioness is anxious to help Henry from a genuine feeling of kindness and friendliness. But a squabble between her and Belcredi shows us that there are deeper reasons. When she declares haughtily that she is attempting to cure the madman because it is a duty that she owes him, Belcredi laughs contemptuously, and suggests that she has undertaken this errand of mercy partly to annoy himself, partly to win popular approbation. The insinuation is treated with cold contempt by the Marchioness, and the quarrel is interrupted by one of the Secret Councillors, who announces that Henry is about to appear in public. All leave the room except the Marchioness and the Doctor; they, of course, are still in their 'period' costumes.

When the self-styled Emperor arrives with his suite, he maintains his pose as before. His conversation is a highly ingenious piece of historical reconstruction that severely taxes the inventive powers of those who have to return answers. Nothing that he says or does proclaims that he is conscious of acting a part; yet he has the better of the Doctor in a witty exchange of words; and he further perplexes and disquiets the Marchioness. They eventually retire, these two, like persons in a charade, bowing awkwardly and looking supremely foolish. Henry IV abruptly changes his tone, and breaks into a storm of words.

> Buffoons! buffoons! buffoons! A piano that I can play, and I scarcely touched it . . . (*turns to his attendants*) Don't you see? Don't you understand that I make them appear before me as I wish, a frightened crowd of masqueraders! And they are frightened of this

LUIGI PIRANDELLO was born at Girgenti in Sicily in 1867. His first published works were two volumes of poetry, Mal Giocondo (1889) and Pasqua di Gea (1891). In 1891 he also published in German a scientific study of the Sicilian dialect. He next wrote a number of contes and in 1901 his first novel, L'Esclusa, was published. In 1913 his first play, Limes of Sicily, was produced and published, and it was manifest that a dramatist of great force had found himself. Since then he has written about thirty plays and one-act sketches in addition to many prose works, and also has been much engaged in lecturing in many European countries.

alone : that I pull their silly masks from them and show that they are merely disguised—as if it were not I myself who made them wear the masks to satisfy this whim of mine for playing the fool !

Attendants (*bewildered*) : What ! What is he saying !

Henry IV : I've had enough ! I'm fed up ! By God ! the Marchioness has the impudence to come here, to me—with her lover at her side ! And with such an air of acting out of compassion, so as not to infuriate a poor devil who is out of the world, out of time, out of life ! . . . (*notices the dismay of his four Councillors*) What ? Am I, or am I not mad ? Yes, yes, I'm mad right enough. . . No, I'm no longer mad. No, no. Don't you see me ? We are fooling those others who think I am. Now then, let's have a good, long, loud laugh among ourselves. (*He laughs sanely.*)

Attendants : Then he's cured . . .

Henry becomes reflective, but when one of the Councillors expresses deep regret that the masquerade is over, he turns angrily upon the youths.

Let me tell you that you are a crowd of boobies. You ought to have known how to make a fantasy for yourselves, instead of acting one for me . . . to make one every day, naturally, in the presence of nobody—you, Bertoldo, feeling yourself alive, really alive in the history of 1100, here at the Court of your Emperor Henry IV. And to think that there, remote from this age of ours, so highly coloured and so sepulchral, at a distance of eight hundred years from us, the men of the twentieth century are living in constant anxiety to know what their fates will be . . while you are already with me in history. Fixed, fixed in time for ever . . In short, the pleasure, the so great pleasure of history is yours . . . But I'm tired of it all. I'm going to make that woman smart for coming here.

Henry IV explains himself so plausibly, argues so logically and is so completely philosophical that we must believe him to be sane. But we are still in suspense : his mind, if balanced, is extremely delicately balanced, and we know that the Doctor is going to attempt to cure him by means of a violent shock. We are justifiably anxious as to its effect, since, after Frida has stepped from her niche to confront him, it seems that fright has turned Henry unquestionably mad. He ultimately, however, becomes calm and proceeds to give an account of himself ; and for the first time we hear that his fall on the day of the carnival was no accident : Belcredi, jealous on account of the Marchioness, had pricked Henry's horse to make it rear. Henry was actually mad for twelve years, and recovered his senses to find his youth passed. So he determined to live his fantasy for its excitement and its gorgeous trappings.

HENRY holds his audience ; they sympathise and appear to understand ; but he hurries to an unexpected climax, seeing how he may be revenged on the Marchioness. His past life, his love for her is a dream, he says, but—' prodigy of prodigies '—it is alive in Frida. He seizes the terrified girl, maintaining that she is his by right. Belcredi hurries to Frida's aid, whereupon Henry draws a sword and stabs his former rival.

Belcredi is carried out, while Henry stands shivering at the thought of his own deed. A piercing cry from the Marchioness (in another room) advertises the death of the wounded man ; and Henry, in an agony of fear, ' calls his valets around him as if for protection.' He mutters in an agitated fashion : ' here together—here for ever.' For the first time, he is face to face with a reality that his fancy cannot shape.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE

THE VOCATION OF MAN

ABOUT 1790 Fichte came under the influence of Immanuel Kant, whose philosophy inspired in him a reverential enthusiasm, and in 1792 he published his Essay Towards a Critique of All Revelation, dealing with a problem not yet handled by Kant himself. A practical result of the publication of the book was Fichte's appointment to succeed K. L. Rheinhold as extraordinary professor of philosophy at Jena. His success in this capacity was complete owing to his rare powers as a lecturer, proof of which is contained in his stimulating and lofty general addresses, which were published under the title The Vocation of the Scholar. While at Jena he produced a series of works which placed him in the very front rank of German thinkers, the most important being The Foundation of the Whole Theory of Science (1795). After leaving Jena, Fichte resided, until 1806, in Berlin, devoting himself to lecturing and to literary work. The most notable of his publications during this time was The Vocation of Man (1800), a book which for beauty of style, richness of content, and elevation of thought has been ranked with the Meditations of Descartes. An English translation of The Vocation of Man is published by the Open Court Publishing Company at 4s.

I—'I Will Know!'

AT last, then, I may hope that I am tolerably well acquainted with the world that surrounds me. In the unanimous declaration of my senses, in unfailing experience alone, have I placed my trust. Therefore am I now as well assured of the accuracy of this part of my knowledge as of my own existence.

But what, then, am I, and what is the aim and end of my being? The question is superfluous. It is long since I have been made well acquainted with the various phenomena of being, and it would take much time to recapitulate all that I have learnt concerning them. But how could I persuade myself that I really possessed this knowledge? I know merely what others profess to know, and all that I can really be assured of is that I have heard them speak so and so upon these things.

I have attributed to others an interest in the highest affairs of humanity and earnestness and accuracy which I by no means discover in myself. I have regarded them as indescribably superior to me. How much have I undervalued myself!

It shall be no longer thus. From this moment I will enter on my rights, on the dignity to which I have a claim. Let all that is foreign to my own mind be renounced! I will examine for myself. I will *know*.

I am surrounded by objects which I am compelled to regard as wholes, subsisting for themselves, and separately from each other. I behold plants, trees and animals, and I ascribe to each individual certain signs and attributes by which I distinguish it from others. Every object has its appointed number of attributes, neither more nor less. Every object possesses its properties in an appointed degree, which it neither exceeds nor falls short of. Everything that is, is definite, determined; is some one thing, and is not something else.

Not that I am unable to conceive an object hovering between opposite limitations: I am certainly able to do this, for half of my thoughts consist of such. I think of a tree in general, for my thought is undetermined, and does not represent any particular tree, but a tree in general, which has no real existence, for whatever really exists has its appointed number of attributes, and each of those in its appointed measure.

Nature, however, hastens on through her everlasting transformations, and while I am speaking of the present moment it is gone and all is changed. Why, then, and from what cause, does nature, amid infinite possible varieties of conditions, assume precisely some, and not others? Why do the things on which we look *become* so?

Nature follows undeviating laws. I find myself in a close chain of phenomena, in which every link depends on that which

has preceded it. I see a flower that has sprung out of the earth, and I conclude that a formative power exists in nature. A flower, and precisely this flower, could exist in this place only so far as all circumstances united to make it possible.

I am compelled to assume a peculiar original power in nature, and precisely a flower-producing power, for another power of nature, under the same circumstances, might have produced something entirely different.

When I contemplate all things as one whole, I perceive one nature, one force; when I regard them as individuals, many forces, which develop themselves according to their inward laws and pass through all the forms of which they are capable; and all the objects in nature are but those forces under certain limitations.

Every manifestation of every individual power of nature is connected with all the other powers, for nature is one connected whole. Its manifestations, therefore, are strictly necessary, and the logical conclusion at which I arrive is that it is absolutely impossible that anything should be other than what it is.

II—Doubt in Relation to Nature

I MYSELF, with all that I call mine, am but a link in this chain of rigid natural necessity. I have not come into existence by my own power. I have been called into being by a power out of myself. And what should this be but the universal power of nature, of which I form a part? It was impossible that instead of me another should have arisen; it is impossible that at any moment of my existence I should be other than what I am.

Thought is assuredly a far higher and more subtle operation of nature than the formation of a plant or the motion of an animal. I cannot explain how the power of nature can produce thought, but can I better explain its operation in the production of a plant, in the motion of an animal? Thought exists in nature, as well as the creative power which gives birth to the plant. To attempt to deduce thought from any mere organization of matter. however, is an extravagance into which I shall not easily fall. There is in nature an original thinking power, as well as an original plant-creating power.

This form, this motion, this thought, this duration of all essential qualities amidst many non-essential changes belong to me as to a being of my species. But the *man-forming* power in nature has manifested itself, at the time of my production, under manifold conditions and circumstances. By these conditions and circumstances it was determined that *I* should become. I am that which I am because no other was possible, and all that I am and shall be, I am and shall be of necessity.

I do, indeed, feel an inward consciousness of independence; of having on many occasions in my life exerted a free agency. But this is perfectly reconcilable with the principles I have laid down. I am myself not the man-forming power of nature, but only one of its manifestations. This manifestation, however, is certainly the production of an original and independent force, and must appear as such in my consciousness. For this reason do I appear to myself as a free agent in those occurrences of my life in which the independent force falling to my share manifests itself without hindrance; but as subject to constraint when, by any combination of circumstances, I cannot do what I might otherwise be capable of doing.

BESTOW consciousness on a tree, and let it grow freely, and it will be aware of no limits to its existence in being only a tree and a tree of a certain species. But let unfavourable weather, insufficient nutrition, or other causes, hinder its growth, and it will feel itself confined, restrained, because an impulse of its nature cannot be satisfied. Bind its free and waving branches to a wall, force foreign branches on it by the process of grafting, and it will feel itself constrained.

In my immediate consciousness I appear to myself as free; by meditation on the whole of nature I discover that freedom, a free agency, is impossible for me; the former must be subordinate to the latter, for it is only to be explained through it.

III—Knowledge is Not All

SORROW and anxiety corroded my heart. I cursed the day which recalled me to an existence in whose truth and significance I could no longer trust. I awakened in the night from unquiet dreams, but I sought in vain for a ray of spiritual light that might lead me out of the labyrinth of doubt in which I had become entangled.

Once, at the hour of midnight, a wondrous spirit appeared to pass before me, and to address me.

"Poor mortal!" I heard it say. "Thou heapest error upon error, and fanciest thyself wise. Take courage to be truly wise. I bring thee new revelations. Listen! Thou wilt admit that the objects round thee really have an existence out of thyself? Dost thou see thy sight, and feel thy touch, or hast thou a higher sense, by which thou perceivest the affections of thy organs of sense?"

I replied that I had not, but that I knew immediately and absolutely what I saw and felt.

Then said the spirit, "Therefore, thou canst not know anything without knowing that thou knowest it. Remember that in all perception thou perceivest only thine own state of being. But knowledge of the qualities and attributes of objects outside of thy self can be obtained merely through thy consciousness of the various conditions of thine own being. By calling things red, blue, sweet, or bitter, thou dost really mean only that thou art affected in a certain manner by them."

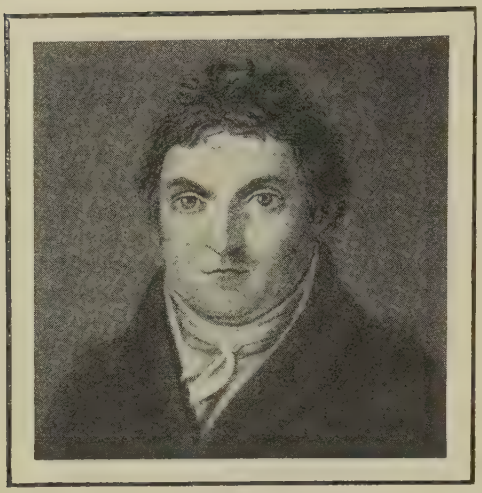
I assented, saying, "I perceive that transposition of what is in me to something out of myself is very strange, though, nevertheless, I cannot refrain from it. My sensations are in myself and not in the object, for I am myself and not the object. But sensation is always definite. We never merely see, hear, or feel; but always see colour; feel cold, warm, rough, smooth; hear sound."

But the spirit said, "Thy hand is a surface. How dost thou attain consciousness of thy hand at all? That thy hand should appear to thee as a surface is just as inexplicable as the idea of a surface in general. The truth is that there is something interior in thee which thou hast not perceived by any sense. All thy perceptions of qualities in outward things are only certain affections of thine own organs of sense. Thou art obliged to speak of something beyond the senses and not perceptible to them. That is to say, by the idea of causality thou art enabled to add to a knowledge which thou hast, another which thou hast not.

"Thou hast therefore an organ or faculty, that of consciousness, by which thou perceivest these affections. In fact, thy real knowledge, that of thy sensations and affections, is to thee like an imperfect knowledge, which requires to be completed by another."

Then said I, "I do, indeed, add to the consciousness of sensation, which is simultaneous with that of existence, another which I do not find in myself; and as by this I double and complete my real consciousness, I may be said to perform a mental act. But of the mental act which, according to thy assertion, I perform in the representation of an object out of myself, I am not conscious at all."

AND the spirit replied, "An act of the mind of which we are conscious, as such, is called freedom. An act without consciousness of action is called spontaneity. This act of mind is called thought; and it is said that thought is a spontaneous act, to distinguish it from sensation, in which the mind is merely receptive and passive. But thou knowest that for the sensation that arises in thy mind concerning any object there must be a cause. How knowest thou, and how can it be proved, that thy sensation must have a cause? Thou knowest it not mediately, but immediately. Thou hast it absolutely in thyself; for the representation of an object, according to the law of causality, is simultaneous with the sensation. It appears, then, that all thy knowledge is merely a knowledge of thyself, that thy consciousness never proceeds beyond thyself, and that what thou hast regarded as a consciousness of the real existence of the object is no more than a consciousness of thine own representation or



JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE was born at Rammenau, Lusatia, May 19, 1762, son of a ribbon-weaver. The patronage of a neighbouring nobleman enabled him to receive a good education, and after studying at Jena university he acted as tutor in various families in Saxony, Switzerland and Poland. At Koenigsberg he met Kant whose ardent disciple he became, and wrote his Critique of all Revelation, one result of the publication of which was his appointment to the professorship of philosophy at Jena. In 1799 charges of atheism were brought against him and he resigned his chair and retired to Berlin where he lectured on philosophy. In 1807 when the French invaded Prussia, Fichte showed his ardent patriotism in his Addresses to the German Nation. He died at Berlin, January 27, 1814.

IV—Through Faith We Fulfil Destiny

TERRIBLE spirit, thy words have crushed me. But thou hast referred me to myself, and what were I, could anything out of myself irrecoverably cast me down? How is it that my heart revolts at a system against which my understanding can object nothing? It is that I require something beyond these mere mental images and conceptions.

And what, then, is this something lying beyond all conception towards which I look with such ardent longing? Not merely to know, but, according to thy knowledge, to *do*, is the destiny of man.

Now I know the organ by which to apprehend this reality, and probably all other. It is not knowledge, for knowledge can only demonstrate itself; every knowledge supposes some higher knowledge on which it is founded, and of this ascent there is no end. It is Faith, that voluntary reposing on the views naturally presenting themselves to us, because through these views only can we fulfil our destiny. It is no knowledge, but a resolution of the will to admit this knowledge.

This same inward voice opens to my spiritual vision a prospect into another and a better world than that which is sensually present to me; it makes me aspire after this better world, live in it, and in it alone find satisfaction and tranquillity.

It is the destiny of our race to become united in one great body, thoroughly connected in all its parts, and possessed of similar culture. Nature, and even the passions and vices of man, have from the beginning tended towards this end.

The present is the beginning of our existence. The future life will be its continuation, and our station there we must earn for ourselves. This, then, is my true nature, my whole sublime destination. The Infinite Will unites me with Himself, and with all finite beings such as myself. All that happens in God's world happens for the best; but what in that world is germ, what blossom, what fruit, I know not.

conception of an object, produced according to an inward law of thought, and necessarily co-existing with thy sensation. But, now, what art thou?"

I answered, "To answer that question in the most general manner, I must say I am I, myself. I can only make myself understood by opposition. And external existence—a thing—is something out of me, the intelligent being cognisant of it. Of what I am, I know no more than what I am."

Then exclaimed the spirit, "Short-sighted mortal! Thou hast sought to know, and thou hast chosen a wrong path. Thou hast sought knowledge where no knowledge can reach. I found thee in this state of mind, and I wished to free thee from thy false knowledge. Thou wouldst know thy own knowledge. Thou seekest, as I well know, something real and permanent beyond mere appearances. But in vain dost thou seek this through knowledge. Hast thou no other organ by which to apprehend it? Thou hast such an organ; let it be thy care to awaken and vivify it, and thou wilt attain the most perfect tranquillity."

ROBERT HERRICK

HESPERIDES AND NOBLE NUMBERS

ALTHOUGH many of his verses had long been in circulation in manuscript and a few had actually appeared in print, it was not until after his ejection from his living of Dean Prior in 1647 that Robert Herrick was able to gratify his cherished wish to publish a complete collection of his poems. Then, in 1648, a few months before the execution of the king, there was issued from the press Hesperides: or, The Works Both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esq., printed for John Williams and Francis Eglesfield and are to be sold by Tho. Hunt, Bookseller in Exon, 1648. His Noble Numbers or His Pious Pieces are included in this original edition, but with a separate title page bearing the date of 1647, indicating some intention on the author's part to have published his religious exercises first. Of numerous modern editions of Herrick's poems, mention may be made of that edited by Alfred Pollard with a preface by A. C. Swinburne, published by Laurence and Bullen in two volumes in the Muses' Library, and of those included in Everyman's Library, and the Canterbury Poets.

I—Hesperides

The Argument of His Book

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July-flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridal-cakes;
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The Court of Mab, and of the fairy king;
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarry of Pearls

Some ask'd me where the rubies grew,
And nothing I did say.
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.
Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where;
Then spoke I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show'd them there
The quarelets of Pearl.

Corinna's Gone A-Maying

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since; yet you not dress'd;
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still [praying:
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch: each porch, each door ere this
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day
But is got up, and gone to bring in May
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream: [troth,
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may go marry:
For having lost but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

To Music, to Becalm His Fever

Charm me asleep and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep;
And give me such reposes
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptim o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains;
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

To Anthea, Who May Command Him Anything

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be,
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find.
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee.

To Meadows

Ye have been fresh and green
Ye have been fill'd with flowers,
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round:
Each virgin like a spring,
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

To Daffodils

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

The Mad Maid's Song

Good-morrow to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morning to this primrose too,
Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him.
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed):
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home; but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

To Oenone

What, conscience, say is it in thee.
When I a heart had one,
To take away that heart from me,
And to retain thy own?

For shame or pity now incline
To play a loving part;
Either to send me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou dost
Resolve to part with neither,
Why! yet to show that thou art just,
Take me and mine together.

ROBERT HERRICK was born in Goldsmith's Row, Cheapside, and baptized at St. Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, August 24, 1591. In 1613 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, later migrating to Trinity Hall, where he graduated in 1617. Returning to London he became a member of Ben Jonson's circle and moved in court society. The date of his ordination is unknown, but in 1627 he accompanied the expedition to the Isle of Rhé as chaplain and in 1629 was presented to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. Ejected by the Puritans in 1647 he lived in London until 1662 when he was reinstated at Dean Prior where he died, being buried October 15, 1674.

To Blossoms

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

The Night-Piece, to Julia

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee.
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee

Let not the dark thee cumber:
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet
My soul I'll pour into thee.

II—The Noble Numbers: or His Pious Pieces

His Prayer for Absolution

For those my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, my Lord,
Forgive me, God and blot each line
Out of my book that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
Worthy Thy benediction;
That one of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

His Litany to the Holy Spirit

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair, or doubt;
Yet before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgement is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Riches and Poverty

God could have made all rich, or all men poor;
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore:
Had all been rich, where then had patience been?
Had all been poor, who had His bounty seen?

A Christmas Carol Sung to the King in the Presence at Whitehall

Chorus:

What sweeter music can we bring,
Than a carol for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and everything
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the Flourish they Came to the Song:

1. Dark and dull night, fly hence away
And give the honour to this day
That sees December turn'd to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year.

3. Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus, on the sudden?

4. Come and see
The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

Chorus:

We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who, with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him.

2. The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart.

Chorus:

Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do Him honour; who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

EUGENE SUE

THE WANDERING JEW

His experiences as a naval and military surgeon furnished Eugene Sue with much of the material of his earliest novels, of which Kernock the Pirate, published in 1830, was the first. He also wrote some quasi-historical novels. Sue came into literary prominence as a writer of serial stories for Emile de Girardin's paper La Presse, in which the first of his two most famous books was published, namely, The Mysteries of Paris, being afterwards published, 1842–3, in ten volumes. The success of this story was still fresh when Sue created a positive furore of excitement throughout Europe with his novel The Wandering Jew, founded on the legend that Christ bearing his Cross on the way to Calvary wished to rest before the house of a Jew who drove him away, whereupon Jesus turned upon him with the words, 'Thou shalt wander on the earth till I come.' Like Sue's other works The Wandering Jew is frank melodrama, but its purpose, namely, a fierce attack on Jesuit machinations and morality, gives it an exceptional energy which largely accounts for its continued popularity.

I—The Accursed Wanderers

The Arctic Ocean encircles with a belt of eternal ice the desert confines of Siberia and North America—the uttermost limits of the Old and New Worlds, separated by the narrow channel known as Behring Straits.

These desolate latitudes do not belong to the habitable world, for the piercing cold shivers the stones, splits the trees and causes the earth to burst asunder. And yet, strange to say, footprints may be traced on the snow covering these headlands on either side of Behring Straits. On the American shore, the footprints are small and light, betraying the passage of a woman. On the Siberian ground, footprints larger and deeper betoken the passing of a man.

More strange still, the man and the woman have crossed the solitudes during a terrific storm. Black pines, the growth of centuries, have been uprooted, rent and hurled aside by the blasts.

Who are these two beings who advance calmly amidst the storms and convulsions of nature?

. . . . . .

The tolling of bells and the funeral chant rose from the depths of a valley on the borders of Poland to the summit of the hill, like the complaining of a mighty voice—the scourge of cholera was over the land—when the sound of firm and regular footsteps was heard, and a man passed slowly onward.

His figure was tall, his head was bowed upon his breast; his countenance was noble, gentle and sad; his eyebrows, uniting in the midst, extended from one temple to the other, like a fatal mark on his forehead.

He did not seem to hear the funeral bells; he continued on his way, absorbed in his own reflections.

"The 13th of February approaches," thought he; "the day approaches in which the descendants of my beloved sister, the last scions of our race, should meet in Paris. Alas! it is now a hundred and fifty years since, for the third time, persecution scattered this family over all the earth—this family that I have watched over with tenderness for eighteen centuries.

"What scions of this family are now remaining? Seven only.

"My instinct teaches me when one of them is in peril. Then, from the north to the south, from the east to the west, I go to seek them; but often, alas! at the moment when my presence might save them the invisible hand impels me, the whirlwind carries me away, and the voice speaks in my ear: 'Go on, go on!'

"Oh, that I might only finish my task! 'Go on!'

"Such is my punishment.

"Oh, cursed, cursed be the day when, as I bent over my work, sullen with hate and despair, because I and mine wanted for everything, the Saviour passed before my door. Reviled, insulted, hardly able to sustain the weight of His heavy Cross, He

asked me to let Him rest a moment on my stone bench. But with harsh anger I pushed Him from the place. 'I find no pity, and will give none. Go on, go on!' Then he answered: 'Verily, thou shalt go on till the day of thy redemption, for so wills the Father which is in Heaven!'

"And so my punishment began. For me, the day of mercy has not yet dawned; but, when the sorrow is above my strength, then my thoughts go in search of that woman, like me accursed—that daughter of a queen,* who, like me, wanders, and will wander on, till the day of her redemption."

The tread of the man was no longer slow and steady, but painfully irregular, like that of one impelled by an irresistible power. In vain he extended his supplicating hands to heaven. Soon he disappeared in the shades of night, and amid the roar of the tempest.

II—The Jesuits' Triumph

At the end of October 1831, M. Rodin sat writing at a desk in an unpretentious house in the Rue du Milieu des Ursines, Paris. He was about fifty years of age, and wore an old, shabby greatcoat, with a greasy collar, and waistcoat and trousers of threadbare black cloth. His grey hair lay flat on his temples; his upper eyelid, flabby and overhanging, like the membrane which shades the eyes of reptiles, half concealed his small, sharp, black eye. His thin lips, absolutely colourless, were hardly distinguishable from the wan hue of his lean visage.

The clock struck eight, and a new personage entered the chamber. On seeing him, M. Rodin rose from his desk, bowed with a deep, submissive air, and sat down again to his work without uttering a word.

The newcomer, the Abbé d'Aigrigny, a man of commanding figure and authority, directed his secretary to read him a digest of information in regard to a matter of keenest interest to the sacred Order.

As it related to a sum estimated at no less than thirty or forty millions of francs, it is no wonder that they should exert all their powers to obtain it from the rightful owners. These were the descendants of Marius, Count of Rennepont in the reign of Louis XIV. They were distinguished from other men by a simple token, a bronze medal, bearing these legends on reverse and obverse:

"Victim of L.C.D.J. Pray for me. Paris, February the 13th, 1682."

"In Paris, No. 3, Rue St. François. In a century and a half. You will be. February the 13th, 1832. Pray for me."

The seven representatives were scattered in Russia, India, France and America.

The orphans Rose and Blanche Simon had left their dead mother's grave in Siberia, under charge of a trooper named Francis Baudoin, *alias* Dagobert, who was as much attached to them as he had been devoted to their father, his commanding general. On the road to France, an unseen hand appeared in manifestations of spite against the little party, otherwise unaccountable. Dagobert, denounced as a French spy to a pompous burgomaster, and his fair young companions accused of being adventuresses to help his designs, had so kindled at the insult that he had taught the burgomaster a lesson, which resulted in the imprisonment of the three in Leipzig gaol.

General Simon had gone to fight the English in India. But, notwithstanding his drilling of Rajah Sing's sepoys, they had been beaten by the troops taught by Clive; and not only was the old King of Mundi slain, and the realm added to the Company's lands, but his son, Prince Djalma, taken prisoner. However, at length released, he had gone to Batavia with General Simon. The prince's mother was a Frenchwoman, and among the property she left him the general was delighted to find just such another medal as he knew was in his wife's possession. On the eve of the steamship leaving Batavia, Djalma was separated from his friend, and sailing for Europe alone, the latter had to follow in another vessel.

Gabriel Rennepont, a missionary priest, trod the far trails of the wilderness with that faith and fearlessness which true soldiers of the Cross should evince. In one of these heroic undertakings Indians had

* According to a legend Herodias was condemned to wander till the Day of Judgement, for having asked for the head of John the Baptist.

captured him, and had nailed him to a cross and prepared to scalp him.

But if an unseen hand of a foe smote the sons of Rennepont, an invisible interpositor had often shielded them.

A man, seeming of thirty years of age, very tall, with a mournful countenance, marked by the black eyebrows meeting, had thrown himself—during a battle's height—between a gun that General Simon was charging and that officer. The cannon emitted its hail of death, but when the flame and smoke had passed, the tall man stood erect as before. And at the year our story opens this man unbarred the cell door of Leipzig gaol and let Dagobert and the orphans out, free to continue their way into France.

On the other hand, when the scalping-knife had traced its mark round the head of Gabriel the missionary, a sudden apparition had terrified the superstitious savages. It was a woman of thirty, whose brown tresses formed a rich frame around a royal face, toned down by endless sorrowing. The Redskins uttered a howl of alarm and fled as if a host of their foemen were on their track.

Gabriel was saved. He was a Jesuit. By the orders of his society he embarked for Europe. His vessel was driven by storms to refit at the Azores, where he had changed ship into one that was bearing Prince Djalma to France. But his ship was wrecked on the Picardy coast, at the same point where a disabled Hamburg steamer, among whose passengers were Dagobert and his two charges, was also destroyed the same night. Happily the tempest did not annihilate them and, except the prince, they were all speedily able to go on to Paris.

But in Paris the unknown hostile hand showed itself more malignant than ever.

Adrienne de Cardoville, a young lady of high name and large fortune, was one of the seven Renneponts. Her aunt, the Princess St. Dizier, was a Jesuit, and, through her machinations the young lady's forward yet virtuous, wildly aspiring but sensible, romantic but just character was twisted into a passable reason for her immurement in a madhouse. This asylum adjoined St. Mary's Convent, into which Rose and Blanche Simon were decoyed.

The sixth Rennepont was M. Hardy, a manufacturer, who was fended off by a friend's lure; and the seventh, Jacques Rennepont, a drunken scamp, was easily inveigled into a sponging house.

Thus triumphs, for the time, the unseen foe.

III—The Baffled Schemers

In a lodge attached to a gloomy, walled-up house in the Rue St. François, Samuel the Jew, the guardian of the Rennepont treasure, was reading over his accounts to his wife on the morning of February 13, 1832. For three generations his family had been guardians of the house and of its treasure.

Presently Gabriel de Rennepont, with M. Rodin and the Abbé d'Aigrigny and a notary, arrived, and were conducted to a room in the gloomy house which had now been opened by workmen according to the instructions left a century and a half before. The notary read the conditions of the inheritance, which declared that on the last stroke of noon on February 13, 1832, the inheritance was to be finally settled in favour of those of Rennepont's kindred who should then be present.

He then drew from its envelope the will. It recounted the persecutions to which the testator and his family had been exposed on the part of the Society of Jesus, and continued: 'I have entrusted all the remains of my fortune—150,000 crowns—to Isaac Samuel and his descendants, who will invest this sum, and allow it to accumulate until the hundred and fiftieth year from this time. The amount thus accumulated may become enormous, and constitute a royal fortune. My most earnest desire is that my descendants should combine together, and reconstituting one family, put into practice the divine words of Christ: "Love ye one another." Oh, if it be Heaven's will that, in a century and a half, the descendants of my family meet in this sacred union, what a wondrous centre of fertile and generous thoughts would stream incessantly from this focus of charity, emancipation and love! What great things might be attempted, what

magnificent examples given to the world!

'And further, such a beneficent association would be able to combat the fatal conspiracy of which I am the victim, and which, in a century and a half, may have lost none of its formidable power.

'Such is my last will—or rather, such are my last hopes—this 13th day of February, 1682.

'MARIUS DE RENNEPONT.'

"And to what sum does this property amount?" asked Rodin.

"As M. le Notaire may convince himself by this statement," replied Samuel, "I have in my possession various current securities to the amount of two hundred and twelve million, one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs, payable to self or bearer."

When he declared the enormous amount of the sum in hand, his words were received with silent stupor. D'Aigrigny and Rodin had counted upon forty millions. This sum, in itself enormous, was more than quintupled.

In the depth of the profound silence, a clock in the next room began to strike twelve.

"Noon!" cried Rodin as, involuntarily, he placed his hands hastily on the casket.

Then said the notary, in a slightly agitated voice, "No other heir of M. Marius de Rennepont having presented himself before noon on this day, I execute the will of the testator, by declaring that M. François Marie Gabriel de Rennepont, here present, is the sole heir and possessor of all the estate, all which estate the said Gabriel de Rennepont has voluntarily made over by deed of gift to Frederic Emanuel de Bordville, Marquis d'Aigrigny, priest, who is, therefore, the only legal holder of such property."

But at the very moment when Father d'Aigrigny and his *socius* thought themselves at last in safe possession of the treasure the door of the apartment was suddenly opened.

A woman appeared upon the threshold.

At the sight of her Gabriel uttered a loud cry, and remained as if thunderstruck. He recognized her as the woman who had saved him from the Indians.

She advanced slowly, approached one of the pieces of furniture, and touched a spring concealed in the moulding, so that a drawer flew open. Taking from it a sealed envelope, she walked up to the table and placed this packet before the notary.

Then she glided away as slowly as she had entered, throwing a last glance upon Gabriel.

Yielding to the wish of Samuel, the notary examined the envelope the woman had given him.

"Good Heaven!" he cried suddenly; "what do I see? Listen, gentlemen." And he read as follows: 'This is a codicil, which prorogues all the provisions contained in the testament made by me. The house shall be reclosed, and the funds left in the hands of the same trustee, to be distributed to the rightful claimants on the 1st of June, 1832.—MARIUS DE RENNEPONT.'

IV—Rodin's Dreams

THE abbé and Rodin left the house with rage in their souls, and when they were alone together, d'Aigrigny exclaimed, "We are finally defeated." But Rodin said, "It is time to end this," and, with calm contempt, produced a document, signed by the General of the Order, deposing d'Aigrigny from his position of trust as incapable, and replacing him by Rodin, who had been, according to the constitutions of the Order, playing the spy as well as the assistant.

Thenceforward, Rodin, abandoning the methods of violence used by d'Aigrigny, worked on his plans with cunning persistence. In the guise of a friend, and as one repenting himself of having been the tool of the Marquis d'Aigrigny, he released Adrienne de Cardoville and the orphans Rose and Blanche, and then brought them together with General Simon and Prince Djalma.

To Hardy, with hypocritical tears, he poured out the whole story of the machinations of d'Aigrigny against the Rennepont heirs, as if they were the schemings of one man with an entirely personal interest.

Shortly afterwards, trouble, secretly

fomented by Rodin, broke out in the form of strikes and discontent in the factory of Hardy, and, finally, riots in which his property was destroyed.

"Ah!" sighed the crushed and miserable man, as he sat in the gloom of a religious retreat to which Rodin had taken him. "I have no longer the power nor the desire to encounter the world again."

In less than two months the half-crazed penitent, worn out by penances and fasts, died in the most gloomy monastery in France, leaving his share of the Rennepont inheritance to Rodin 'for the good of the Order.'

As for Jacques Rennepont, his destruction was too easy. He was simply supplied with all the money he wanted and drank himself to death in short order.

Just at that time the cholera scourge fell upon Paris. Rodin was one of the first to be attacked. He was with the Cardinal Malipieri, who had come from Rome, when the attack came on. As he writhed with agony, he fixed his eye upon the cardinal and cried out, "You have poisoned me! You are of the race of Borgia."

The cardinal was perplexed.

"He thinks himself poisoned. He must be plotting something very dangerous."

To understand fully the tortures of Rodin, reduced to inactivity by sickness, it is necessary to realize the audacious views of the ambitious Jesuit, who believed himself following in the steps of Sixtus V. By the success of the Rennepont affair to attain to the generalship of his Order; by the corruption of the sacred college to ascend the pontifical throne; and then, by means of a change in the statutes of the company, to incorporate the Society of Jesus with the holy see, instead of leaving it independent, to equal and almost always rule the papacy —such were the secret projects of Rodin.

Though the object of his secret intrigues at Rome had hitherto been enveloped in the greatest mystery suspicions had been excited in regard to his private communications with many members of the sacred college. A portion of that college, Cardinal Malipieri at the head of them, had become very uneasy on the subject, and,

MARIE JOSEPH EUGENE SUE was born in Paris, December 10, 1804, son of a distinguished surgeon in Napoleon's army. He himself served as a military and naval surgeon, seeing service in Spain in 1823 and at Navarino in 1828. In 1829 he inherited a considerable fortune from his father, and settling in Paris devoted himself to literary work. After the revolution of 1848 he sat in the Assembly as deputy for the Seine from April 1850, and was exiled in consequence of his protest against the coup d'état of December 2, 1851. Sue died at Annecy, Savoy, August 3, 1859.

profiting by his journey to France, the cardinal had resolved to penetrate the Jesuit's dark designs. But he surprised no secrets from M. Rodin: by sheer force of will the plotter recovered from his illness.

Rodin skilfully appealed to the kind hearts of Rose and Blanche Simon. A faithful attendant was sick in a cholera hospital; would they not go to soothe her last moments? Such an appeal was an imperative command to them; but in the hospital to which they were taken they were exposed to every danger of infection. Thus their tender feelings destroyed them and they died in agony.

General Simon was frantic at his loss, and an anonymous letter, added to his own suspicions, caused him to charge the death of his daughters to the Abbé d'Aigrigny, with whom he at once sought an interview.

"Here are swords," he said. "You have been a soldier! Fight!"

"My sacred profession forbids," replied the abbé, and broke the sword which was offered him.

"Coward!" cried Simon, snapping his own sword off to a length with that

broken by d'Aigrigny. "It is now a matter of daggers——" And he smote the abbé in the face. The two men fell upon each other with fury. Soon Simon sank to the floor, stabbed through the heart, while the abbé fell dying beside him.

It was Rodin's plan that Djalma and Adrienne should love each other. If they did that, with their passionate, wild natures, a jealousy created between them would cause their ruin. They did love each other, wildly, fiercely. Then Djalma's personal attendant—a Thug, named Faringhea, in the service of Rodin—told him one day that the woman he adored would meet that night a clandestine lover; and in a house in the Rue de Clichy the prince saw what Faringhea had prepared him to see, and stabbed a woman whom he took for Adrienne. In a frenzy, he rushed to the house of Adrienne and, standing beside her bed, put a vial of poison to his lips and drank. As he did so, the door opened and Adrienne appeared. In wild, incoherent words he told of what he had done, and the lovers realized that what Djalma had witnessed was a scene arranged by Rodin.

"You shall not die alone," said Adrienne, and, seizing the vial, she drank what remained.

"My husband!" sighed Adrienne.

"My wife!" murmured Djalma. And two hours later the lovers breathed their last in a passionate agony.

V—The Wanderers are Blessed

In the morning of the first of June a coach entered the Rue Saint François, and stopped before the iron-studded door of the old house which had been closed for a century and a half. The door opened and Samuel, the Jew guardian, appeared beneath the porch.

"I am the bearer of a power of attorney from the Abbé Gabriel, the only living representative of the Rennepont family," said Rodin hastily. "This gentleman is my secretary," added he, pointing to a Jesuit who accompanied him.

After looking steadily at Rodin, Samuel said, "I recognize you, sir. Please to follow me."

The apartment to which the two fathers were conducted was hung with black curtains, fringed with white. There was no furniture, save a slab of black marble. On this slab was an iron casket of the manufacture of the seventeenth century, adorned with open ironwork.

"The securities are there?" cried Rodin, advancing eagerly.

"Yes, sir," replied Samuel, "as by the list."

When Rodin had counted the last of the securities, he said, as he returned them to Samuel. "It is quite right. Two hundred and twelve millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs!" Drawing himself up he burst into a loud laugh—a laugh of joy and triumph, impossible to describe. Father Caboccini looked at him with astonishment, when Rodin, growing imperious and haughty, said, "Here is a brief that I received last night from Rome. It informs me that I am appointed General of the Order. Read!"

Father Caboccini took the paper, read it, and then, returning it humbly to Rodin, respectfully bent his knee before him.

Thus seemed the ambitious views of Rodin accomplished. Now, according to his calculation, aided by the millions he was about to possess, it would be but one step to the pontifical throne.

He extended his hands eagerly and impatiently towards the casket; but Samuel, knowing the long list of his victims, and seized with indignation and horror, threw himself before him, and, pressing with all his might on a knob in the lid of the casket, exclaimed, "Though your soul is incapable of remorse, it may be shaken by disappointed avarice."

Hardly had he uttered these words before, through the openwork of the iron casket, there rose a cloud of smoke, and an odour as of burnt paper spread through the room.

Rodin understood it instantly.

"Fire!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, fire," said Samuel. "In a few minutes, of that immense treasure there will remain nothing but ashes. And better so than that it should belong to you or yours. This treasure is not mine, and it

only remains for me, in accordance with the testator's wishes, to destroy it."

Breathless and faint, Rodin leant against the marble slab. For the first time in his life he wept; large tears of rage rolled down his cadaverous cheeks.

But, suddenly, dreadful pains seized on him, with so much fury that he fell on his knees.

"Help!" cried Rodin, in a tone of strangulation. "This poison is horrible. But now——" Then, with a terrible cry of rage, he exclaimed, "Ha, Faringhea! He knows such subtle poisons. Yes, it is he. He had an interview with Malipieri. The demon! Oh, it was well played! The Borgias are still the same. They will regret me, the fools! The Church knows not its loss. But I burn! Help!"

And he expired by the treasure he had seen destroyed.

. . . . .

Day was about to dawn.

Half-way up the slope of the hill, facing the east, were seated a man and a woman, whose white hair, deep wrinkles and bending figures announced extreme old age.

"Oh, my sister," said the old man to the woman, "how often we have witnessed this awaking of nature with a sentiment of incurable grief! Alas! it was but another useless day added to our life, since death still fled from us!"

"But now what happiness, oh, my brother, since the Lord has had mercy on us, and with us, as with all other creatures, every returning day is a step nearer to the grave! Blessed be God. The moment of eternal rest is at hand."

"Yes, it comes, my sister. The sweetness of the everlasting sleep takes possession of my senses. Oh, happiness! I am dying."

"Oh, brother, may this Divine redemption extend to all who suffer on the earth!"

"Die in peace, my sister. The great day has dawned. Behold!"

"Blessed . . be . . God!"

"Blessed . . be . . God!"

And at that moment, when these two voices ceased for ever, the sun rose radiant and deluged the valley with its beams.

The Sweetest of England's Women Poets

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

GOBLIN MARKET AND OTHER POEMS

BETWEEN 1842, when at the age of twelve her first volume of verse was privately printed, and 1893, Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) produced 15 works of prose and poetry. Two further volumes were issued posthumously. Nothing that she wrote is negligible; but the fairy-fantasy of Goblin Market, which, like a number of her smaller poems, has been set to music, is indubitably her masterpiece. All her work has the note of sincerity in it; it is always spontaneous, for she wrote as she felt. Her mastery of simple word sounds is almost Shakespearean, her lyrical gift near to that of Shelley's. A poet of the Oxford Movement, she compares with Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw as well as with Newman and Keble in the fervour of her otherworldliness. Her love of nature, of animals, of books, is manifest everywhere. If the master-note is one of sadness, the sadness never becomes morbid. Occasionally, as in her nursery rhymes and in the little jeu d'esprit on the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, her muse is playful. Her Poetical Works, edited by William Michael Rossetti, and containing a memoir and notes, are published in the admirable Globe series (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.).

I—Longer Poems

Goblin Market (1859)

MORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
'Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy.'

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes;
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
'Lie close,' Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head:
'We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits:
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry thirsty roots?'

'Come buy,' call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.

' Oh,' cried Lizzie, ' Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men.'
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look ;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook :
' Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
How fair the vine must grow
Where grapes are so luscious ;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes.'

' No,' said Lizzie ; ' No, no, no ;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.'
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran ;
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.

Backwards up the glossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
' Come buy, come buy.'
When they reached where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother.

Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed but had no money.

' Good Folk, I have no coin ;
To take were to purloin.'

' You have much gold upon your head,'
They answered all together :
' Buy from us with a golden curl.'
She clipped a precious golden lock,
She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red.

She sucked until her lips were sore ;
Then flung the emptied rinds away,
But gathered up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings :
' Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens ;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours ?
But ever in the moonlight
She pined and pined away ;
Sought them by night and day, [grey ;
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low ;
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.'

' Nay, hush,' said Laura :
' Nay, hush, my sister :
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still :
To-morrow night I will
Buy more ' ; and kissed her.
' Have done with sorrow ;
I'll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting ;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed ;
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.'

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other's wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed :
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall'n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,
Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest :
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

[Morning comes ; the duties of the day are done, but while one warbles for the mere bright day's delight, the other is longing for the night. As even falls the sisters go with their pitchers to the reedy brook, and Laura lingers, eager to hear once more the cry of the goblin men. But these appear not again to one who has partaken of their fruit. Such a one is doomed to die of longing. To Laura's alarm Lizzie alone hears the cry ' Come buy, come buy.' Thereafter, day and night, does she keep watch ; but all in vain. At last, when Laura seems knocking at Death's door, Lizzie weighs no more her fears, but, putting a silver penny in her purse, risks meeting the goblin men, outwits them, and bringing back juices from their fruit, so saves her sister's life.]

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own ;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives ;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AND HER MOTHER
From the drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the National Portrait Gallery

Of not-returning time :
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood
(Men sell not such in any town) ;
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote ;
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together—
' For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather ;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands.'

Monna Innominata (before 1882)

MANY in aftertimes will say of you
' He loved her '—while of me what will they say ?
Not that I loved you more than just in play,
For fashion's sake as idle women do.
Even let them prate ; who know not what we knew
Of love and parting in exceeding pain,
Of parting hopeless here to meet again,
Hopeless on earth, and heaven is out of view.
But by my heart of love laid bare to you,
My love that you can make not void or vain,
Love that foregoes you but to claim anew
Beyond this passage of the gate of death,
I charge you at the Judgement make it plain
My love of you was life and not a breath.

If there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I grieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face ;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight ; [own,
But since the heart is yours that was mine
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right my right,
Your honourable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

The Prince's Progress (1861–1865)

FLING the golden portals wide, [Bride.
The Bridegroom comes to his promised

Draw the gold-stiff curtains aside,
  Let them look on each other's face,
She in her meekness, he in his pride—
  Day wears apace.

Day is over, the day that wore.
What is this that comes through the door,
The face covered, the feet before?
  This that coming takes his breath;
This Bride not seen, to be seen no more
  Save of Bridegroom Death?

'Too late for love, too late for joy,
  Too late, too late!
You loitered on the road too long,
  You trifled at the gate
Ten years ago, five years ago,
  One year ago,
Even then you had arrived in time,
  Though somewhat slow;
Then you had known her living face
  Which now you cannot know.'

Later Life (before 1882)

To love and to remember; that is good:
  To love and to forget; that is not well:
To lapse from love to hatred; that is hell
And death and torment, rightly understood.
Soul dazed by love and sorrow, cheer thy mood;
  More blessed art thou than mortal tongue can tell:
Ring not thy funeral but thy marriage bell,
And salt with hope thy life's insipid food.
Love is the goal, love is the way we wend,
  Love is our parallel unending line
Whose only perfect Parallel is Christ,
Beginning not begun, End without end:
  For He Who hath the heart of God sufficed
Can satisfy all hearts—yea, thine and mine.

II—Juvenilia

The Dead City (1847)

Once I rambled in a wood
  With a careless hardihood,
Heeding not the tangled way;
  Labyrinths around me lay,
But for them I never stood.

On, still on, I wandered on,
And the sun above me shone;
  And the birds around me winging
  With their everlasting singing
Made me feel not quite alone.

Before me no mortal stood
In the mazes of that wood;
  Before me the birds had never
  Seen a man, but dwelt for ever
In a happy solitude.

Happy solitude, and blest
With beatitude of rest;
  Where the woods are ever vernal,
  And the life and joy eternal,
Without death's or sorrow's test.

O most blessed solitude!
O most full beatitude
Where are quiet without strife
  And imperishable life,
Nothing marred and all things good.

Heart's Chill Between (1847)

I did not chide him, though I knew
  That he was false to me.
Chide the exhaling of the dew,
  The ebbing of the sea,
The fading of a rosy hue—
  But not inconstancy.

Why strive for love when love is o'er—
  Why bind a restive heart?
He never knew the pain I bore
  In saying—'We must part,
Let us be friends and nothing more':
  Oh woman's shallow art!

But it is over, it is done;
  I hardly heed it now.
So many weary years have run
  Since then I think not how
Things might have been—but greet each one
  With an unruffled brow.

III—Devotional Poems

The Lowest Place (1863)

Give me the lowest place; not that I dare
  Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
  Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place; or if for me
  That lowest place too high, make one more low
Where I may sit and see
  My God and love Thee so.

[*The last four lines are inscribed over the poet's grave at Highgate.*]

If Love is Not Worth Loving (1850–1886)

If love is not worth loving, then life is not worth living,
  Nor aught is worth remembering but well forgot;
For store is not worth storing and gifts are not worth giving,
  If love is not.

Rejoice With Me (before 1893)

'Little Lamb, who lost thee?'
  'I myself, none other.'
'Little Lamb, who found thee?'—
  'Jesus, Shepherd, Brother.

Ah, Lord, what I cost Thee!
Can'st Thou still desire?'—
'Still Mine arms surround thee,
Still I lift thee higher,
Draw thee nigher.'

Christ Our All In All (before 1893)

THY lovely saints do bring Thee love,
Incense and joy and gold;
Fair star with star, fair dove with dove,
Beloved by Thee of old.

I, Master, neither star nor dove,
Have brought Thee sins and tears;
Yet I, too, bring a little love
Amid my flaws and fears.

A trembling love that faints and fails
Yet still is love of Thee,
A wondering love that hopes and hails
Thy boundless Love of me.

Hope and Fear (before 1893)

HOPE is the counterpoise of fear
While night enthralls us here.

Fear hath a startled eye that holds a tear:
Hope hath an upward glance, for dawn draws near
With sunshine and with cheer.
Fear gazing earthwards spies a bier;
And sets herself to rear
A lamentable tomb where leaves drop sere,
Bleaching to congruous skeletons austere:
Hope chants a funeral hymn most sweet and clear,
And seems true chanticleer
Of resurrection and of all things dear
In the oncoming endless year.

Fear ballasts hope, hope buoys up fear,
And both befit us here.

IV—From Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book (before 1873)

WHAT are heavy? sea-sand and sorrow;
What are brief? to-day and to-morrow;
What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth;
What are deep? the ocean and youth.

IF all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

WHAT does the bee do?
Bring home honey.
And what does Father do?
Bring home money.
And what does Mother do?
Lay out the money.
And what does baby do?
Eat up the honey.

V—General Poems

Song (1848)

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree;
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Remember (1849)

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for awhile
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Looking Forward (1849)

SLEEP, let me sleep, for I am sick of care;
Sleep, let me sleep, for my pain wearies me.
Shut out the light; thicken the heavy air
With drowsy incense; let a distant stream
Of music lull me, languid as a dream,
Soft as the whisper of the summer sea.

Sweet thought that I may yet live and grow green,
That leaves may yet spring from the withered root,
And buds and flowers and berries half unseen.
Then, if you haply muse upon the past,
Say this: Poor child, she has her wish at last;
Barren through life, but in death bearing fruit.

The P. R. B. (1853)

THE two Rossettis (brothers they)
And Holman Hunt and John Millais,
With Stephens chivalrous and bland,
And Woolner in a distant land—
In these six men I awestruck see
Embodied the great P.R.B.
D. G. Rossetti offered two
Good pictures to the public view;
Unnumbered ones great John Millais,
And Holman more than I can say.

William Rossetti, calm and solemn,
Cuts up his brethren by the column.

Echo (1854)

Come to me in the silence of the night;
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimfull of love abide and meet;
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

In An Artist's Studio (1856)

One face looks out from all his canvases,
One selfsame figure sits or walks or leans:
We found her hidden just behind those screens,
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
A queen in opal or in ruby dress,
A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,
A saint, an angel—every canvas means
The same one meaning, neither more nor less.
He feeds upon her face by day and night,
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him.
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

An Apple Gathering (1857)

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-tree
And wore them all that evening in my hair:
Then in due season when I went to see
I found no apples there.
With dangling basket all along the grass
As I had come I went the self-same track:
My neighbours mocked me while they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.

Amor Mundi (1865)

'Oh where are you going with your love-locks flowing,
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?'
'The downhill path is easy, come with me an it please ye,
We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.'

So they two went together in glowing August weather,
The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;
And dear she was to doat on, her swift feet seemed to float on
The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

'Oh what is that in heaven where grey cloud-flakes are seven,
Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?'
'Oh that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,
An undeciphered solemn signal of help or hurt.'

'Oh what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,
Their scent comes rich and sickly?' 'A scaled and hooded worm.'
'Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?'
'Oh, that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term.'

'Turn again, O my sweetest—turn again, false and fleetest:
This beaten way thou beatest, I fear, is hell's own track.'
'Nay, too steep for hill mounting; nay, too late for cost counting:
This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back.'

An October Garden (before 1878)

In my Autumn garden I was fain
To mourn among my scattered roses;
Alas for that last rosebud which uncloses
To Autumn's languid sun and rain
When all the world is on the wane!
Which has not felt the sweet constraint of June,
Nor heard the nightingale in tune.

Broad-faced asters by my garden-walk,
You are but coarse compared with roses:
More choice, more dear that rosebud which uncloses,
Faint-scented, pinched, upon its stalk,
That least and last which cold winds balk;
A rose it is though least and last of all,
A rose to me though at the fall.

A Wintry Sonnet (before 1884)

A robin said: 'The Spring will never come,
And I shall never care to build again.'
A Rosebush said: 'These frosts are wearisome,
My sap will never stir for sun or rain.'
The half Moon said: 'These nights are fogged and slow,
I neither care to wax nor care to wane.'
The Ocean said: 'I thirst from long ago,
Because earth's rivers cannot fill the main.'
When Springtime came, red Robin built a nest,
And trilled a lover's song in sheer delight.
Grey hoarfrost vanished, and the Rose with might
Clothed her in leaves and buds of crimson core.
The dim Moon brightened. Ocean sunned his crest,
Dimpled his blue, yet thirsted evermore.

DAVID HUME

ESSAYS, MORAL AND POLITICAL

IN 1737 appeared Hume's first book, A Treatise of Human Nature, written from the standpoint of universal scepticism which was the basis of all Hume's philosophy. The book attracted little attention, and was described by the author as 'dead-born,' but it was shortly followed by Essays, Moral and Political, which, published in Edinburgh in 1741–42, had a great success. In these Essays Hume brings to bear the results of his criticism upon the problems of current speculative discussion. The argument against miracles is still often discussed, and the work is well worthy of the author, whom many regard as the greatest thinker of his time. The chief of Hume's other publications are An Enquiry into the Principles of Morals (1751), Political Discourses (1752) and Dialogues concerning Natural Religion (1779). His History of England (1754–62) enjoyed great fame, but owing to the author's prejudices and the inadequate material from which he worked is useless to the student. Various editions of the Essays are obtainable. An outline of John Hill Burton's Life of Hume appears at page 2585.

I—Doubts Concerning the Understanding

ALL the objects of human reason or inquiry may naturally be divided into two kinds—to wit, *relations of ideas* and *matters of fact.* Of the first kind are the sciences of geometry, algebra and arithmetic, and, in short, every affirmation which is either intuitively or demonstratively certain. 'That the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the two sides' is a proposition which expresses a relation between these figures. 'That three times five is equal to the half of thirty' expresses a relation between these numbers.

Propositions of this kind are discoverable by the mere operation of thought, without dependence on what is anywhere existent in the universe. Though there never were a circle or triangle in nature, the truths demonstrated by Euclid would for ever retain their certainty and evidence.

Matters of fact, which are the second objects of human reason, are not ascertained in the same manner; nor is our evidence of their truth, however great, of a like nature with the foregoing. The contrary of every matter of fact is still possible, because it can never imply a contradiction, and is conceived by the mind with the same facility and distinctness as if ever so conformable to reality. 'That the sun will not rise to-morrow' is no less intelligible a proposition, and implies no more contradiction, than the affirmative that 'it will rise.' We should in vain, therefore, attempt to demonstrate its falsehood. Were it demonstratively false, it would imply a contradiction and could never be distinctly conceived by the mind.

It may, therefore, be a subject worthy of curiosity to inquire what is the nature of that evidence which assures us of any real existence of matters of fact beyond the present testimony of our senses, or the records of our memory. All reasonings concerning matter of fact seem to be founded on the relation of *cause* and *effect.* If we would satisfy ourselves, therefore, concerning the nature of that evidence which assures us of matters of fact, we must inquire how we arrive at the knowledge of cause and effect.

I shall venture to affirm, as a general proposition which admits of no exception, that the knowledge of this relation is not, in any instance, attained by reasonings *a priori*, but arises entirely from experience.

To convince us that all the laws of nature, and all the operations of bodies without exception, are known only by experience, the following reflections may perhaps suffice. Were any object presented to us, and were we required to pronounce concerning the effect which will result from it, without consulting past observation, after what manner, I beseech you, must the mind proceed in this operation? It must invent or imagine some event, which it ascribes to the object

as its effect; and it is plain that this invention must be entirely arbitrary. The mind can never possibly find the effect in the supposed cause by the most accurate examination. For the effect is totally different from the cause, and, consequently, can never be discovered in it.

A stone or piece of metal raised into the air and left without any support immediately falls. But, to consider the matter *a priori*, is there anything we discover in this situation which can beget the idea of a downward rather than an upward or any other motion in the stone or metal?

In a word, then, every effect is a distinct event from its cause. It could not, therefore, be discovered in the cause, and the first invention or conception of it, *a priori*, must be entirely arbitrary. And, even after it is suggested, the conjunction of it with the cause must appear equally arbitrary, since there are always many other effects which to reason must seem fully as consistent and natural. In vain, therefore, should we pretend to infer any cause or effect, without the assistance of observation and experience.

Hence, we may discover the reason why no philosopher who is rational and modest has ever pretended to assign the ultimate cause of any natural operation, or to show distinctly the action of that power which produces any single effect in the universe.

I say, then, that even after we have experience of the operations of cause and effect, our conclusions from that experience are *not* founded on reasoning.

The bread which I formerly ate nourished me; that is, a body of such sensible qualities was at that time endued with such secret powers; but does it follow that other bread must also nourish me at another time, and that like sensible qualities must always be attended with like secret powers? The consequence seems nowise necessary. At least, it must be acknowledged that there is here a consequence drawn by the mind, that there is a certain step taken; a process of thought, and an inference which wants to be explained.

These two propositions are far from being the same: 'I have found that such an object has always been attended with such an effect,' and: 'I foresee that other objects, which are in appearance similar, will be attended with similar effects.' I shall allow, if you please, that the one proposition may justly be inferred from the other; I know, in fact, that it always is inferred. But you must confess that the inference is not intuitive; neither is it demonstrative. Of what nature is it, then? To say it is experimental is begging the question. For all inferences from experience suppose, as their foundation, that the future will resemble the past and that similar powers will be conjoined with similar sensible qualities.

If there be any suspicion that the course of nature may change and that the past may be no rule for the future, all experience becomes useless and can give rise to no inference or conclusion. It is impossible, therefore, that any arguments from experience can prove this resemblance of the past to the future, since all these arguments are founded on the supposition of that resemblance. Let the course of things be allowed hitherto ever so regular, that alone, without some new argument or inference, proves not that for the future it will continue so.

In vain do you pretend to have learnt the nature of bodies from your past experience. Their secret nature, and consequently all their effects and influence, may change without any change in their sensible qualities. This happens sometimes, and with regard to some objects. Why may it not happen always, and with regard to all objects? What logic, what process of argument, secures you against this supposition?

My practice, you say, refutes my doubts. But you mistake the purport of my question. As an agent, I am quite satisfied on the point; but as a philosopher, who has some share of curiosity, I will not say scepticism, I want to learn the foundation of this inference.

All inferences from experience are effects of custom, not of reasoning. We have already observed that nature has established connexions among particular ideas, and that no sooner one idea occurs to our thoughts than it introduces its correlative, and carries our attention towards it by a

gentle and insensible movement. These principles of connexion or association we have reduced to three—namely, *resemblance, contiguity* and *causation*, which are the only bonds that unite our thoughts together and beget that regular train of reflection or discourse which, in a greater or less degree, takes place among mankind.

Now, here arises a question on which the solution of the present difficulty will depend. Does it happen in all these relations that when one of the objects is presented to the senses or memory the mind is not only carried to the conception of the correlative, but reaches a steadier and stronger conception of it than otherwise it would have been able to attain? This seems to be the case with that belief which arises from the relation of cause and effect.

And I shall add that it is conformable to the ordinary wisdom of nature to secure so necessary an act of the mind by some instinct or mechanical tendency, which may be infallible in its operations, may discover itself at the first appearance of thought, and may be independent of the laboured deductions of the understanding.

II—On Miracles

A WISE man proportions his belief to the evidence. In such conclusions as are founded on an infallible experience he expects the event with the last degree of assurance, and regards his past experience as a full *proof* of the future existence of that event.

In other cases he proceeds with more caution. He weighs the opposite experiments. He considers which side is supported by the greatest number of experiments; to that side he inclines with doubt and hesitation, and when at last he fixes his judgement, the evidence exceeds not what we properly call *probability*. All probability, then, supposes an opposition of experiments and observations, where the one side is found to over-balance the other and to produce a degree of evidence proportioned to the superiority.

When the fact attested is such a one as has seldom fallen under our observation, there is a contest of two possible experiences, of which the one destroys the other as far as its force goes, and the superior can only operate on the mind by the force which remains. The very same principle of experience which gives us a certain degree of assurance in the testimony of witnesses gives us also, in this case, another degree of assurance against the fact which they endeavour to establish, from which consideration there necessarily arises a counterpoise, and mutual destruction of belief and authority.

But in order to increase the probability against the testimony of witnesses, let us suppose that the fact which they affirm, instead of being only marvellous, is really miraculous; and suppose also that the testimony, considered apart and in itself, amounts to an entire proof, of which the strongest must prevail, but still with a diminution of its force in proportion to that of its antagonist.

A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. Why is it more than probable that all men must die; that lead cannot of itself remain suspended in the air; that fire consumes wood, and is extinguished by water; unless it be that these events are found agreeable to the laws of nature, and there is required a violation of these laws, or, in other words, a miracle, to prevent them?

Nothing is esteemed a miracle if it ever happen in the common course of nature. It is no miracle that a man seemingly in good health should die on a sudden, because such a kind of death, though more unusual than any other, has yet been frequently observed to happen. But it is a miracle that a dead man should come to life, because that has never been observed in any age or country.

There must, therefore, be a uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as a uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is here a direct and full *proof*, from the nature of the fact, against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the

miracle rendered credible, but by an opposite proof which is superior.

The plain consequence is (and it is a general maxim worthy of our attention) 'that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle unless the testimony be of such a kind that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish; and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior.'

THERE surely never was a greater number of miracles ascribed to one person than those which were lately said to have been wrought in France upon the tomb of Abbé Paris, the famous Jansenist, with whose sanctity the people were so long deluded. The curing of the sick, giving hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind, were everywhere talked of as the usual effects of that holy sepulchre. But, what is more extraordinary, many of the miracles were immediately proved upon the spot before judges of unquestioned integrity, attested by witnesses of credit and distinction, in a learned age, and in the most eminent theatre that is now in the world.

Nor is this all; a relation of them was published and dispersed everywhere; nor were the Jesuits, though a learned body, supported by the civil magistrate and determined enemies to those opinions in whose favour the miracles were said to have been wrought, ever able distinctly to refute or detect them. Where shall we find such a number of circumstances agreeing to the corroboration of one fact? And what have we to oppose to such a cloud of witnesses but the absolute impossibility or miraculous nature of the events which they relate? And this surely, in the eyes of all reasonable people, will alone be regarded as a sufficient refutation.

Suppose that all the historians who treat of England should agree that on January 1, 1600, Queen Elizabeth died; that both before and after her death she was seen by her physicians and the whole court, as is usual with persons of her rank; that her successor was acknowledged and proclaimed by the Parliament; and that, after being interred a month, she again appeared, resumed the throne, and governed England for three years; I must confess that I should be surprised at the concurrence of so many odd circumstances, but should not have the least inclination to believe so miraculous an event. I should not doubt of her pretended death, and of those other public circumstances that followed it; I should only assert it to have been pretended, and that it neither was, nor possibly could be, real.

You would in vain object to me the difficulty and almost impossibility of deceiving the world in an affair of such consequence; the wisdom and solid judgement of that renowned queen; with the little or no advantage which she could reap from so poor an artifice. All this might astonish me; but I would still reply that the knavery and folly of men are such common phenomena that I should rather believe the most extraordinary events to arise from their concurrence than admit of so signal a violation of the laws of nature.

OUR most holy religion is founded on *faith*, not on reason; and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial as it is by no means fitted to endure. To make this more evident, let us examine those miracles related in the Pentateuch, which we shall examine as the production of a mere human writer and historian. Here, then, we are first to consider a book, presented to us by a barbarous and ignorant people, written in an age when they were still more barbarous, and in all probability long after the facts which it relates, corroborated by no concurring testimony, and resembling those fabulous accounts which every nation gives of its origin.

Upon reading this book we find it full of prodigies and miracles. It gives an account of a state of the world and of human nature entirely different from the present; of our fall from that state; of the age of man extended to near a thousand years; of the destruction of the world by a deluge; of the arbitrary

choice of one people as the favourites of Heaven, and that people the countrymen of the author; of their deliverance from bondage by prodigies the most astonishing imaginable. I desire anyone to lay his hand upon his heart and, after a serious consideration, declare whether he thinks that the falsehood of such a book, supported by such a testimony, would be more extraordinary and miraculous than the miracles it relates, which is, however, necessary to make it be received according to the measures of probability above established.

III—Of a Particular Providence and of a Future State

I WAS lately engaged in conversation with a friend who loves sceptical paradoxes. To my expression of the opinion that a wise magistrate can justly be jealous of certain tenets of philosophy such as those of Epicurus, which, denying a divine existence, and consequently a Providence and a future state, seem to loosen the ties of morality, he replied:

"If Epicurus had been accused before the people he could easily have defended his cause and proved his principles of philosophy to be as salutary as those of his adversaries. And, if you please, I shall suppose myself Epicurus for a moment, and make you stand for the Athenian people."

"Very well; pray proceed upon these suppositions."

Epicurus: I come hither, O ye Athenians, to justify in your assembly what I maintained in my school, and I find myself impeached by furious antagonists instead of reasoning with calm and dispassionate inquirers.

By my accusers it is acknowledged that the chief or sole argument for a divine existence (which I never questioned) is derived from the order of nature; where there appear such marks of intelligence and design that you think it extravagant to assign for its cause either chance or the blind and unguided force of matter. You allow that this is an argument drawn from effects to causes. From the order of the work you infer that there must have been project and forethought in the workman. If you cannot make out this point, you allow that your conclusion fails, and you pretend not to establish the conclusion in a greater latitude than the phenomena of nature will justify. These are your concessions. Please mark the consequences.

When we infer any particular cause from an effect we must proportion the one to the other, and can never be allowed to ascribe to the cause any qualities but what are sufficient to produce the effect. A body of ten ounces raised in a scale may serve as a proof that the counter-balancing weight exceeds ten ounces, but never that it exceeds a hundred.

The same rule holds whether the cause assigned be brute, unconscious matter or a rational, intelligent being. If the cause be known only by the effect, we never ought to ascribe to it any qualities beyond what are precisely requisite to produce the effect. Nor can we return from the cause and infer other effects from it beyond those by which alone it is known to us.

Allowing, therefore, the gods to be the authors of the existence, or order, of the universe, it follows that they possess that precise degree of power, intelligence and benevolence which appears in their workmanship; but nothing farther can ever be proved except we call in the assistance of exaggeration and flattery to supply the defects of argument and reasoning. So far as the traces of any attributes at present appear, so far may we conclude these attributes to exist. The supposition of further attributes is mere hypothesis; much more the supposition that in distant regions of space, or periods of time, there has been, or will be, a more magnificent display of these attributes and a scheme of administration more suitable to such imaginary virtues.

We can never be allowed to mount up from the universe, the effect, to Jupiter, the cause, and then descend downwards to infer any new effect from that cause. The knowledge of the cause being derived solely from the effect, they must be exactly adjusted to each other; and the one can never refer to anything farther.

I deny a Providence, you say, and Supreme Governor of the world, who guides the course of events and punishes

the vicious with infamy and disappointment, and rewards the virtuous with honour and success in all their undertakings. But surely I deny not the course of events itself, which lies open to everyone's inquiry and examination. I acknowledge that, in the present order of things, virtue is attended with more peace of mind than vice, and meets with a more favourable reception from the world. I am sensible that, according to the past experience of mankind, friendship is the chief joy of human life, and moderation the only source of tranquillity and happiness. I never balance between the virtuous and the vicious life, but am sensible that, to a well-disposed mind, every advantage is on the side of the former. And what can you say more, for all your suppositions and reasonings?

Inspiring Idealism of an American Philosopher

RALPH WALDO EMERSON
NATURE

THE tendency of modern criticism is to regard Nature as the most poetic and the most original of Emerson's writings, containing in the germ all his later essays and poems. It was his first published book, being issued anonymously in 1836, when its author was thirty-three years of age and known as an earnest thinker who had forsaken the pulpit to take up the career of lecturer and essayist. The volume had a small sale and received almost no popular notice, but it was important as an exposition of the basis of Emerson's philosophy. Briefly it was a laudation of the idealist view of human life as opposed to the materialist then common in England and America, and the Calvinist dogma then still pervasive in New England, and was a lofty plea for individual freedom. Inexpensive editions are published by the Oxford University Press in the World's Classics and by Harrap. Outlines of Emerson's English Traits and Representative Men appear at pages 330 and 1135 respectively.

I—To What End is Nature?

OUR age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories and criticisms. The foregoing generations beheld God face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also have an original relation to the universe? Why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? Let us interrogate the great apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire to what end is nature.

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of nature and soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as *not me*, that is both nature and art, all other men and my own body must be ranked under this name, nature. Nature, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man: space, the air, the river, the leaf. Art is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations, taken together, are so insignificant, a little chipping, baking, patching and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind they do not vary the result.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. But if a man would be alone let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly bodies will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man in the heavenly bodies the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how men would believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. When we speak of nature in this manner we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts—that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title.

II—Her Delight

In the presence of nature a wild delight runs through the man in spite of real sorrow. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorises a different state of mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed in the blithe air and uplifted into infinite peace, all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of universal being circulate through me; I am a part or a particle of God. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of nymphs is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature wears the colours of the spirit.

The misery of man appears like childish petulance when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens. All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapour to the field; the ice on the other side of the planet condenses the rain on this; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

The useful arts are reproductions or new combinations by the wit of man of the same natural benefactors. The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post-office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write all that happens for him; to the courthouse, and nations repair his wrongs.

III—Her Loveliness

A nobler want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight in and for themselves, a pleasure arising from line, colour, motion and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye itself, which is the best of artists, as light is the first of painters.

To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company nature is medicinal and restores their tone. But in other hours nature satisfies by her loveliness and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I see the spectacle of morning from daybreak to sunrise with emotion which an angel might share. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements. Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors

ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. To the attentive eye each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same fields it beholds every hour a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again.

Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. He may divest himself of it, he may abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will he takes up the world into himself.

IV—Her Gift of Language

LANGUAGE is another use which nature subserves to man. Words are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. Right means straight; wrong means twisted; transgression the crossing of a line. Most of the process by which this transformation is made is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children.

It is not words only that are emblematic, it is things. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of mind, and that state of mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion, a cunning man is a fox, a firm man is a rock, a learned man is a torch. Visible distance behind and before us is respectively an image of memory and hope.

Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of justice, truth, love, freedom arise and shine. This universal soul he calls reason: it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the private earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm and full of everlasting orbs is the type of reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call reason, considered in relation to nature we call spirit. Spirit is the creator. Spirit hath life in itself, and man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language as the Father.

As we go back in history language becomes more picturesque until its infancy, when it is all poetry. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas are broken up, new imagery ceases to be created and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults.

V—Her Moral Discipline

IN view of the significance of nature we arrive at the fact that nature is a discipline. What tedious training, day after day, year after year, to form the common sense; what continual reproduction of annoyances, inconveniences, dilemmas; what rejoicing over us of little men, what disputing of prices, what reckoning of interest—and all to form the hand of the mind!

The exercise of will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. It receives the dominion of man as meekly as the ass on which the Saviour rode. It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful. And he is never weary of working it up. He forges the subtle and delicate air into wise and melodious words, and gives them wings as angels of persuasion and command. One after another his victorious thought comes up with and reduces all things, until the world becomes at last a realized will.

Every natural process is a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature and radiates to the circumference. What is a farm but a mute gospel? The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun—it is a sacred emblem from the first furrow of

spring to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields. Who can guess how much firmness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman? How much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky? How much industry and providence and affection we have caught from the pantomime of brutes?

The unity of nature meets us everywhere. Resemblances exist in things wherein there is great superficial unlikeness. Thus architecture is called 'frozen music' by Goethe. 'A Gothic church,' said Coleridge, 'is a petrified religion.' The law of harmonic sounds reappears in the harmonic colours. The granite is different in its laws only by the more or less of heat from the river that wears it away. The river, as it flows, resembles the air that flows over it; the air resembles the light that traverses it with more subtle currents.

Each creature is only a modification of the other, the likeness in them is more than the difference, and their radical law is one and the same. This unity pervades thought also.

VI—Is Nature Real?

A NOBLE doubt suggests itself whether discipline be not the final cause of the universe, and whether nature outwardly exists. The frivolous make themselves merry with the ideal theory as if its consequences were burlesque, as if it affected the stability of nature. It surely does not. The wheels and springs of man are all set to the hypothesis of the permanence of nature.

But while we acquiesce entirely in the permanence of natural laws, the question of the absolute existence of nature still remains open. It is the uniform effect of culture on the human mind to lead us to regard nature as a phenomenon, not a substance; to attribute necessary existence to spirit.

Intellectual science fastens the attention upon immortal necessary uncreated natures, that is, upon ideas; and in their presence we feel that the outward circumstance is a dream and a shade. Finally, religion and ethics, which may be fitly called the practice of ideas, have an analogous effect. The first and last lesson of religion is: 'The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal.'

VII—The Spirit Behind Nature

THE aspect of nature is devout. Like the figure of Jesus, she stands with bended head and hands folded on the breast. The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship. Of that ineffable essence we call spirit, he that thinks most will say least. We can foresee God in the coarse, as it were, distant phenomena of matter; but when we try to define and describe Himself both language and thought desert us. The noblest ministry of nature is to stand as the apparition of God. It is the organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual, and strives to bring back the individual to it.

The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. And the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies are young and recent. A man is a god in ruins. When men are innocent life shall be longer and shall pass into the immortal as gently as we awake from dreams. Man cannot be a naturalist until he satisfies all the demands of the spirit. Love is as much in demand as perception. When a faithful thinker shall kindle science with the fire of the holiest affection, then will God go forth anew into the creation.

Nature is not fixed, but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility, or bruteness, of nature is the absence of spirit. Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. What we are, that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Caesar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house heaven and earth; Caesar called his house Rome; you, perhaps, call yours a cobbler's trade, a hundred acres of ploughed land, or a scholar's garret. Yet, line for line, and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions.

THE EMBARKATION OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA *Photo: Anderson*

From the fresco by Tiepolo in the Palazzo Labia, Venice

JOHN DRYDEN

ALL FOR LOVE

BEGINNING his literary career by writing plays to supplement his income, Dryden continued to do so throughout his life, writing altogether twenty-two pieces. Although he had little natural aptitude for comedy, to satisfy the popular demand he wrote many comedies, of which Marriage à la Mode (1672) is perhaps the best. His heroic tragedies, such as The Indian Emperor (1665) and The Conquest of Granada (1670), were both popular and profitable. After the production of Aurungzebe, his last and best rhymed tragedy, in 1675, Dryden seems to have made a close study of Shakespeare's plays. As a result he produced in 1678 the blank-verse tragedy, All for Love, or The World Well Lost, which is, with the possible exception of Don Sebastian (1690) the finest of all his plays. In his preface Dryden admits 'In my style I have proposed to imitate the divine Shakespeare'; and confesses that 'it was the only play written for myself—the rest were given to the people.' An outline of Dryden's satiric poem Absalom and Achitophel, with a full-page portrait of the poet, appears at page 3021.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Marc Antony	**Cleopatra**, Queen of Egypt
Ventidius, his general	**Octavia**, wife to Antony
Dolabella, his friend	**Charmion** and **Iras**, maids to Cleopatra
Alexas, the queen's eunuch	
Serapion, priest of Isis	**Antony's** two young daughters

First Act

SCENE: *Alexandria*

Enter **Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras,** *and a train of Egyptians;* **Antony** *and Romans;* **Cleopatra** *crowns* **Antony.**

ANTONY: I thought how those white arms would
strain me close;
So, pleased with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow.
My brighter Venus!

Cleopatra: Oh, my greater Mars!

[*Enter* **Ventidius,** *who stands apart.*

Ant.: Lead to the temple; I'll avoid his presence.

[*Exeunt the rest.* *As* **Antony** *is going* **Ventidius** *pulls him by the robe.*

Ventidius: I bring you something you would wish to know.

Ant.: Thou seest we are observed; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*

Vent.: I love this man who runs to meet his ruin!
And surely the gods, like me, are fond of him.
His virtues lie so mingled with his crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other. [*Enter* **Antony.**

Ant.: We can conquer,
You see, without your aid, Ventidius.
Five thousand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathless on the plain.

Vent.: 'Tis well; and he [more;
Who lost them could have spared ten thousand
Yet if by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while Caesar doubts the chance
Of arms——

Ant.: Oh, think not on't, Ventidius!
The boy pursues my ruin; he'll no peace.

Vent.: In all his army have you none to move him?
Maecenas or Agrippa might do much.

Ant.: They're both too deep in Caesar's interests.

Vent.: Fain I would find some other.

Ant.: Thank thy love.
Some four or five such victories as this
Will save thy further pains. [guard.

Vent.: Expect no more; Caesar is on his

Ant.: Why dost thou drive me from myself to search
For foreign aids? The wretched have no friends.
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of Rome,
Whom Caesar loves beyond the love of women.

Vent.: Him would I see, that man of all the world!

Ant.: I was his soul; he lived not but in me:
We were so closed within each other's breasts.
We were one mass: we could not give or take
But from the same; for he was I, I he.
I need not tell his name: 'twas Dolabella.

Vent.: He's now in Caesar's camp.

Ant.: No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's sight,
Because I feared he loved her.

Vent.: He loves you.

Ant.: Would he were here!

Vent.: Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A messenger from Caesar's camp with letters.

[*Exit* **Ventidius,** *who re-enters immediately with* **Dolabella.**

Ant.: 'Tis he himself! himself by holy friendship! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Come, give me all thyself!
Thou find'st me at my lowest watermark:
The rivers that ran in and raised my fortunes

Are all dried up, or take another course.
What I have left is from my native spring.
Dolabella : Still you are lord of all the world to me.
Ant. : Why, then, I yet am so, for thou art all!
If I had any joy, when thou wert absent,
I grudged it to myself ; methought I robbed
Thee of thy part. But, O my Dolabella,
Fortune is Caesar's now ; and what am I ?
Vent. : What you have made yourself.
Ant. : Is this friendly done ?
Dol. : Yes, when his end is so. I must join with him,
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide.

Ant.: Take heed, young man, how thou upbraid'st my love !
The queen has eyes, and thou, too, hast a soul.
When, swelled with hatred, thou beheldst her first
As accessory to thy brother's death,
Was not thy fury quite disarmed with wonder ?
Dol. : Mine was an age when love might be excused ;
Should then my weakness be a plea for yours ?
Vent. : Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forced,
When all the sap was needful for the trunk.
Ant. : This from a friend ?
Dol. : Yes, Antony, a true one.
To Caesar I excuse you.
Ant. : Have I lived to be excused to Caesar ?
Dol. : I bring conditions from him.
Ant. : Are they noble ?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring them else ; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling, knows no honour
Divided from his interest.
Dol. : Granting this,
What power was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable terms ?
Ant. : It was my Dolabella, or some god.
Dol. : Not I, nor yet Maecenas or Agrippa ;
Yet 'twas a Roman deed.
Ant. : Show me who has preserved my life, love, honour ?
Let me but see his face !
Vent. : That task is mine.
And, heaven, thou knowst how pleasing !
[*Exit* **Ventidius.**
Dol. : You won't forget to whom you stand obliged ? [curse,
Ant. : Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest
When I forget it.
[*Re-enter* **Ventidius** *with* **Octavia**, *leading* **Antony**'s *two little daughters.*
What, Octavia !
[*Starting back.*
Vent. : What ! Is she poison to you ?
Octavia : Thus long have I attended for my welcome,
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I ?
Ant. : Caesar's sister.
Oct. : That's unkind !
Had I been nothing more than Caesar's sister,
Know I had still remained in Caesar's camp
But as Octavia, your much injured wife,
I ask your hand, my lord, and I will have it.
[*Taking his hand.*
Vent. : Do take it, thou deserv'st it.
Ant. : I fear, Octavia, you have begged my life,
Poorly and basely begged it of your brother.
Oct. : No. The conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take. I love your honour,
Because 'tis mine. It never shall be said
Octavia's husband was her brother's slave.
For though my brother bargains for our love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a soul like yours. I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconciled ; [march
He shall draw back his troops, and you shall
To rule the East ; I may be dropt at Athens.
Come, come, my lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these :
Are they not yours ? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine ? [*The children go to him.*
Dol. : Friend !
Vent. : Emperor !
Oct. : Husband !
Children : Father !
Ant. : Octavia, take me ; children (*embracing them*), share me all ;
I've been a thriftless debtor to your loves,
But all shall be amended.
Oct. : Oh, blest hour !
Ant. (*to* **Octavia**) : This is thy triumph : lead me where thou wilt ;
E'en to thy brother's camp.
Oct. : All there are yours. [*Exeunt.*

Second Act

Enter **Antony** *and* **Dolabella**

Dolabella : Why would you shift it from yourself on me ?
Can you not tell her you must part ?
Antony : I cannot.
Dol. : Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
So faintly should I speak, and with such fear,
She'd not believe it earnest !
Ant. : Therefore, therefore,
Thou, only thou, art fit. Think thyself me.
Take off the edge from every sharper sound.
I leave you then to your sad task. Farewell.
[*Goes to the door, and comes back.*
I forgot ;
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine ;
Her crown and dignity shall be preserved,
If I have power with Caesar.
Dol. : Fear not, I will remember.
[**Antony** *goes again to the door, and comes back.*
Ant. : And tell her, too, how much I was constrained ;
Desire her not to hate my memory.
[*Goes out, and returns again.*
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more ?
Tell her, though we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another love
The news would break my heart. Now I must go.

[*Exit.* *Enter* **Cleopatra**, *talking with* **Alexas**; **Charmion, Iras** *on the other side.*

Dol. : She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!

[*Goes over to* **Charmion** *and* **Iras** : *seems to talk with them.*

Alexas : Believe me, try
To make him jealous. Jealousy is like
A polished glass held to the lips when life's in doubt;
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp and show it.

Cleopatra : It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no power to cure.

Alex. : 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest, too.

[*Exit* **Alexas.** **Cleopatra** *approaches* **Dolabella.**

Cleo. : Discoursing with my women? Might not I
Share in your entertainment?

Dol. : You have been
The subject of it, madam.

Iras : Such praises of your beauty!

Cleo. : Mere poetry!
I'm sure your friend would not have you speak so.

Dol. : He sent me on a far less pleasing errand.

Cleo. : You, Charmion, and your fellow, stand at distance;
(*Aside*) Hold up, my spirits. Now, your mournful matter,
For I'm prepared; perhaps can guess at it!

Dol. : I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office
To tell ill news; and I, of all your sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. : Of all your sex,
I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

[*Enter* **Ventidius.**

VENTIDIUS : Most delicate advances! Woman, Woman!
Dear, cursed, inconstant sex!

Cleo. : In the first place, I am to be forsaken;
Next, I'm to lose my kingdom—farewell, Egypt!
Yet is there more?

Dol. : You o'erjoy me, madam,
To find your grief so moderately borne.
You've heard the worst. But some men still are constant.

Cleo. : For this task were you chosen by my lord?

Dol. : He picked me out as being his bosom friend.

Cleo. : The message tender, and each accent smooth?

Dol. : Oh, you mistake; he chose the harshest words;
'Let her be driven as far as men can think,
From man's commerce. She'll poison to the centre.'

[*At the end of this speech* **Cleopatra** *sinks down.*

Charmion : Help! chafe her temples, Iras. Heaven be praised,
She comes again!

Cleo. : Oh! let him not approach me.
Why have you brought me back to this loathed being,
Th' abode of falsehood, violated vows?

Dol. (*kneeling*) : I injured him: my friend ne'er spoke those words.
I, traitor as I was, for love of you,
I forged that cursed lie. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind!

Cleo. : Rise, Dolabella; if you have been guilty
I have contributed, from too much love.
The advance of kindness which I made was feigned,
To call back fleeting love by jealousy.
Give me admittance to his private ear.

Dol. : I will for this reward.

[*Takes her hand.*

Draw it not back;
'Tis all I e'er will beg!

[*Exeunt* **Dolabella** *and* **Cleopatra.** *Enter* **Ventidius** *and* **Octavia,** *followed by* **Antony.**

ANTONY : Octavia, I was looking for you,
What, are your letters ready? [love;

Octavia : Mine, my lord, are written.

Ant. : Ventidius! (*drawing him aside*)
When saw you Dolabella?

Ventidius : Just now he left, and Cleopatra with him.

Ant. : Speak softly. 'Twas by my command he went
To bear my last farewell.

Vent. : Then he obeyed your orders, I suppose.

Ant. : The poor forsaken creature; how she mourned!

Vent. : She took it as she ought; she bore your parting,
As she did Caesar's; as she would another's,
Were a new love to come.

Ant. : Thou dost belie her.

Vent. : Young Dolabella went by your command,
I may suppose, with some kind messages;
For she received him graciously. She smiled;
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeezed it, and worried it with ravenous kisses.
She blushed and sighed, and smiled, and blushed again.

Ant. : Though Heaven and earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent. : I'll bring you, then, a witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back!
(*Seeing* **Alexas** *just entering, and starting back.*)
I did myself o'erhear your queen make love
To Dolabella. Speak; for I will know
By your confession what more passed between them.

Ant. : Speak truth, Alexas. [speak.

Vent. : The emperor has given thee leave to

Alex. : Else had I never dared t'offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urged
On my forsaken mistress. Dolabella
Has loved her long; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected as she is by him she loved——

Ant. : Hence from my sight ; for I can bear
no more !
Let furies drag thee quick to Hell !
[*Exit* Alexas, *thrust out by* Antony.
Oct. : You would mourn
In private for your love who has betrayed you.
I fear, my lord, you make conditions for her,
And would include her treaty ; wondrous proofs
Of love to me !
Ant. : Are you my friend, Ventidius ?
Or are you turned a Dolabella too ?
Vent. : Oh, be advised,
Sweet madam, and retire.
Oct. : My lord, my lord ! love will not always
last,
When urged with long unkindness and disdain.
To the dear pledges of our former love
My tenderness and care shall be transferred ;
So take my last farewell ! For I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.
[*Exeunt.*

Third Act

To **Antony** *and* **Ventidius**, *who, having heard that the Egyptian galleys have gone over to the Romans, determine to make a last desperate attack on Octavius with the three legions left to them, enter* **Alexas**.

ANTONY : No syllable to justify the queen ;
Save thy base tongue its office.
Alexas : Sir, she's gone.
Ant. : Fled to her Dolabella !
Die, traitor, die ! [*Going to kill him.*
Alex. : Oh, hold ; she is not fled.
Had she betrayed her naval force to Rome
How easily she might have gone to Caesar,
Secure by such a bribe.
Ventidius : She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.
Ant. : 'Tis too plain,
Else would she have appeared to clear herself.
Alex. : Too fatally she has ; she could not
bear
To be accused by you, but snatched her poignard,
And ere we could prevent the fatal blow
Plunged it within her breast.
Ant. : Then thou art innocent, my poor dear
love !
Vent. : Come, rouse yourself, and let's die
warm together.
Ant. : I will convey my soul from Caesar's
reach,
And lay down life myself.
Vent. : I swear I'll not outlive you. Choose
your death.
Ant. : Wilt thou not live to stand by my fair
fame ?
Vent. : Who shall guard mine for living after
you ?
Ant. : Kill me first,
And then die thou ; for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy friend before thyself.
Vent. : Give me your hand.
[*They embrace.*
Since death sweeps all distinctions, farewell,
friend !
That's all——
And yet I cannot look on you and kill you.
Pray turn your face.
Ant. : I do : strike home ; be sure.
Vent. : Home as my sword will reach.
[*Kills himself.*
Ant. : Oh, thou mistak'st :
That wound was none of thine ; give it me back.
Farewell ! ever my leader, even in death.
My queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of honour.
No further thought ; for death for aught I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfied.
[*Falls on his sword.*
[*Enter* **Cleopatra, Charmion** *and* **Iras.**
Cleopatra : Where is my lord ?
Charmion : There he lies,
And dead Ventidius by him.
Cleo. : Help me seat him !
[*They place him in a chair.*
How is it, with you, love ?
Ant. : 'Tis as with a man
Removing in a hurry ; all packed up
But one dear jewel, that his haste forgot,
And he for that returns upon the spur ;
So I come back for thee. Say thou'rt not false.
Cleo. : 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true ; I'll prove it, and die with you
Unknown to me, Alexas feigned my death,
Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent
This fatal consequence. My fleet betrayed
Both you and me.
Ant. : And Dolabella ?
Cleo. : I but blew up the fire that scorched
his soul,
To make you jealous, and by that regain you.
Ant. : Enough ! my life's not long enough
for more.
Thou say'st thou wilt come after ; I believe thee.
Grieve not meanwhile my last disastrous times.
Think we have had a clear and glorious day,
And heaven did kindly to delay the storm. [swans,
Cleo. : Your words are like the notes of dying
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love ?
Ant. : No, not a minute—this one kiss—more
worth
Than all I leave to Caesar. [*Dies.*

CLEO. : Oh, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses for that word !
Sign to me if you cannot speak ! Or cast
One look ! do anything that shows you live !
Char. : He charged you not to grieve.
Cleo. : And I'll obey him.
I have not loved a Roman not to know
What should become his wife—his wife, my
Charmion !
For 'tis to that high title I aspire ;
And now I'll not die less. [jewels ;
You, Charmion, bring my crown and richest
With them the wreath of victory I made
(Vain augury !) for him who now lies dead.
You, Iras, bring the cure of all our ills.
[*Exeunt* **Charmion** *and* **Iras.**
I'll rush into the dark abode of death,
And seize him first ! If he be like my love
He is not frightful, sure !

[*Enter* **Charmion** *and* **Iras** *with aspicks in a basket, etc.*

Char. : What must be done ?

Cleo. : First this laurel
Shall crown my hero's head ; he fell not basely
Nor left his shield behind him.

Char. : To what end
These ensigns of your pomp and royalty ?

Cleo. : Dull that thou art ! Why, 'tis to meet my love,
As when I saw him first on Cydnus' bank,
All sparkling like a goddess. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the bride of Antony !

Char. : 'Tis done.

Cleo. : Now seat me by my lord. I claim this place,
For I must conquer Caesar, too, like him.

Iras : Lo, underneath the fruit the aspick lies.

Cleo. : Welcome, thou kind deceiver !

[*Putting aside the leaves.*
Thou best of thieves ! Who with an easy key
Dost open life, and, unperceived by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves.

Serapion (*outside*) : The queen, where is she ?
The town is yielded, Caesar's at the gates.

Cleo. : He comes too late to invade the rights of death.
Haste, bare my arm, and rouse the serpent's fury.

[*Holds out her arm, and draws it back.*
Coward flesh——
Wouldst thou conspire with Caesar to betray me ?

[*Turns aside, and then shows her arm bloody.*
Take hence, the work is done.

Sera. (*outside*) : Break open the door, and guard the traitor well.

Iras : Now, Charmion, to be worthy of our queen.

[*They apply the aspicks.*

Cleo. : I go with such a will to find my lord
That we shall quickly meet.
A heavy numbness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head. Oh, turn me to him,
And lay me on his breast ! Caesar, thy worst !
Now part us if thou canst. [*Dies.*

[**Iras** *sinks down at her feet and dies ;* **Charmion** *stands behind her chair. Enter* **Serapion,** *two priests,* **Alexas** *bound, and Egyptians.*

Sera. : Charmion, is this well done ?

Photo : Brogi

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

From the painting by Guido Reni at the Pitti Gallery, Florence

Char. : Yes, 'tis well done, and like a queen, the last
Of her great race. Behold ! I follow her.

[*Sinks down and dies.*

Alex. : She has done well : much better to die
Than live to make a holiday in Rome.

Sera. : See how the lovers sit in state together,
As they were giving laws to half mankind !
The impression of a smile, left in her face,
Shows she died pleased with him for whom she lived,
And went to charm him in another world.

GEORGE SAND

CONSUELO

A MOST prolific writer, producing over a hundred volumes of fiction, four volumes of autobiography and six of correspondence, George Sand began her career in partnership with Jules Sandeau, from the first half of whose surname her pseudonym was taken. In 1831 she won her first independent success with Indiana. Her work may be divided into four periods; first, novels like Indiana and Lélia, saturated with the Romantic extravagance of the age and expressing her views on marriage; then her outlook broadened and her work acquired a mystic or socialistic tendency, seen in Spiridion and Le Péché de M. Antoine; in her third period she returned to the scenes of her childhood and wrote La Mare au Diable, La Petite Fadette and Les Maîtres Sonneurs; the fourth division covers the miscellaneous writings of her last twenty years. Consuelo (1842-44) and its sequel La Comtesse de Rudolstadt (1843-45) belong to her second period, and were inspired by her friendship with Chopin. Consuelo is marked, like everything she wrote, by the delicacy of style and harmony of thought that George Sand made her own.

I—Porpora's Pupil

LITTLE Consuelo, at the age of fourteen, was the best of all the pupils of the Maestro Porpora, a famous Italian composer of the eighteenth century.

At that time in Venice, a certain number of children received a musical education at the expense of the state, and it was Porpora, the great musician—then a soured and disappointed man—who trained the voices of the girls. They were not equally poor, these young ladies, and among them were the daughters of needy artists, whose wandering existence did not permit them a long stay in Venice.

Of such parentage was little Consuelo, born in Spain, and arriving in Italy by the strange routes of Bohemians. Not that Consuelo was really a gypsy. She was of good Spanish blood, and had a calmness of mind and manner quite foreign to the wandering races. A rare and happy temperament was hers, and in spite of poverty and orphanhood—for her mother, who brought her to Venice, was dead—Consuelo worked on with Porpora, finding the labour an enjoyment.

When Consuelo was eighteen Count Zustiniani, having heard her sing in Porpora's choir, decided that she must come out as a prima donna in his theatre. For the fame and success of this theatre Zustiniani cared more than for anything else in the world—not that he was eager for money, but because he was an enthusiast for music—a man of taste, an amateur, whose great business in life was to gratify his taste.

The success of Consuelo was assured when she appeared for the first time in Gluck's Clytemnestra. The *débutante* was at once self-possessed and serious, receiving the applause of the audience without fear or humility. For her art itself, and not the results of art, was the main thing, and her inward satisfaction in her performance did not depend on the amount of approbation manifested by the public.

But Zustiniani, gratified as he was by the triumph of his new prima donna, was not content with Consuelo's success on the stage; he also wanted her for himself. Consuelo gravely refused the jewels and ornaments he offered her, and the count was strangely annoyed. He was thrilled with unknown emotions by Consuelo's singing, and his patrician soul could not realize that this poor little pupil of Porpora's was not to be won by the ordinary methods, which he had hitherto employed successfully in the conquest of opera singers.

The prima donna suddenly disappeared, and it was said that she had gone to Vienna, that she had been engaged for the emperor's theatre, and that Porpora was also going there to conduct his new opera.

Count Zustiniani was particularly embarrassed by Consuelo's flight. He had

led all Venice to believe this wonderful new singer favoured his addresses. Some, indeed, maintained for a time that, jealous of his treasure, the count had hidden her in one of his country houses. But when they heard Porpora say, with a blunt openness which could never deceive, that he had advised his pupil to go to Germany and wait for him, there was nothing left but to try to find out the motives for this extraordinary decision.

In real truth, it was not only Zustiniani who had driven Consuelo away. A youth named Anzoleto, who had grown up in Venice with Consuelo so that the two were as brother and sister, and who lacked both heart and constancy, made life too hard for Consuelo. Anxious to get all the advantages of Consuelo's friendship, and to be known as her betrothed, so that he could procure an engagement in the opera through her generous influence, he yet made love to another singer, a former favourite of Zustiniani's. Learning of Anzoleto's heartlessness, and pressed by Zustiniani, Consuelo had turned to her old master for help, and had not been disappointed.

II—Consolation in Gloom

AMONG the mountains which separate Bohemia from Bavaria stood an old country house, known as the Castle of the Giants, the residence of the lords of Rudolstadt. A strange mystery reigned over this ancient family. Count Christian Rudolstadt, the head of the house, a widower, his elder sister, the Canoness Wenceslawa, a venerable lady of seventy, and Count Albert, the only son and heir, lived alone with their retainers, never associating with their neighbours. The count's brother, Baron Frederick Rudolstadt, with his daughter Amelia, had for some time past taken up their abode in the Castle of the Giants, and it was the hope of the two brothers that Albert and Amelia would become betrothed. But the silence and gloom of the place were hateful to Amelia, and Albert's deep melancholy and absent-mindedness were not the tokens of a lover.

Albert, in fact, had so brooded over the horrors of the old wars between Catholic and Protestant in Bohemia that when the fit was on him he believed himself living and acting in those terrible times, and it was this kind of madness in his son which made Count Christian shun all social intercourse. Albert was now thirty, and the doctors had predicted that this year he would either conquer his fancies or succumb entirely.

One night, when the family were assembled round the hearth, the castle bell rang, and presently a letter was brought in. It was from Porpora to Count Christian, and the count, having read it, passed it on to Amelia.

It seemed that Christian had written to Porpora, whom he had long known and respected, to ask him to recommend him a companion for Amelia, and the letter now arrived not only recommended Consuelo, but was carried by Consuelo herself.

The old count at once hastened with his niece to welcome Porporina, as the visitor was called, and the terror which the first impressions of the gloomy place had struck upon the young singer only melted at the warmth of Christian's praises of her old master, Porpora.

From the first the whole household treated Consuelo with every kindness, and Amelia very soon confided in her new friend all that she knew of the family history, explaining that her cousin Albert was certainly mad.

ALBERT himself seemed unaware of Consuelo's presence until one day when he heard her sing. Amelia's singing always made him uneasy and restless, but the first time Consuelo sang—she had chosen a religious piece from Palestrina—Albert suddenly appeared in the room and remained motionless till the end. Then, falling on his knees, his large eyes swimming in tears, he exclaimed, in Spanish, "Oh, Consuelo, Consuelo! I have at last found thee!"

"Consuelo?" cried the astonished girl, replying in the same language. "Why, señor, do you call me by that name?"

"I call you Consolation, because a consolation has been promised to my desolate life, and because you are that consolation which God at last grants to my solitary and

gloomy existence. Consuelo ! If you leave me, my life is at an end, and I will never return to earth again ! " Saying this, he fell at her feet in a swoon ; and the two girls, terrified, called the servants to carry him to his room and restore him to consciousness. But hardly had Albert been left alone before he disappeared.

Days passed, and the anxiety at the castle remained unrelieved. It was not the first time that Albert had disappeared, but now his absence was longer than usual. Consuelo found out the secret of his hiding-place. A vaulted hall at the end of a long gallery in a forest cave was Albert's hermitage, and a secret passage from the moat of the castle enabled him to pass unseen to his solitude.

Already Consuelo had discovered the two natures in Albert—the one wise, the other mad ; the one polished, tender, merciful ; the other strange, untamed and violent. She saw that sympathy and firmness were both needed in dealing with this lonely and unfortunate man—sympathy with his religious mysticism, and firmness in urging him not to yield to the images of his mind.

That Albert was in love with her, Consuelo understood ; but to his pleadings she had but one answer.

" Do not speak of love, do not speak of marriage. My past life, my recollections, make the first impossible. The difference in our conditions would render the second humiliating and insupportable to me. Let it be enough that I will be your friend and your consoler, whenever you are disposed to open your heart to me."

And with this Albert, for a time, professed to be content. So determined was he, however, to win Consuelo's heart that he readily obeyed her advice, and even promised never to return to his hermitage without asking her to accompany him.

Gentle old Count Christian himself came later to plead his son's cause with Consuelo. Amelia and her father had left the Castle of the Giants, and Christian realized how much Consuelo had already done for the restoration of his son's health.

" You were afraid of me, dear Consuelo," said the old man. " You thought that the old Rudolstadt, with his aristocratic prejudices, would be ashamed to owe his son to you. But you are mistaken, and I go to bring my son to your feet, that together we may bless you for extending his happiness."

" Oh, stop, my dear lord ! " said Consuelo, amazed. " I am not free. I have an object, a vocation, a calling. I belong to the art to which I have devoted myself since my childhood. I could only renounce all this—if—if I loved Albert. That is what I must find out. Give me at least a few days, that I may learn whether I have this love for him within my heart."

The arrival of the worthless Anzoleto at the Castle of the Giants drove Consuelo once more to flight. Anzoleto had enjoyed some success at Venice, but having incurred the wrath of Zustiniani, he was escaping to Prague. Passing through Bohemia, the fame of a beautiful singer at the castle of the Rudolstadts came to his ears, and Anzoleto resolved to recover the old place he had once held in Consuelo's heart. He gave himself out as Consuelo's brother, and was at once admitted to the castle and treated kindly. For Consuelo, the only course open now was to flee to Vienna and take refuge with Porpora ; and this she did, after writing explanations to Count Christian and Albert.

III—A Bunch of Cypress

THE greater part of the journey to Vienna was accomplished on foot, and Consuelo had for her travelling companion a humble youth, named Joseph Haydn, whose musical genius was yet to be recognized by the world.

Many months had elapsed since Consuelo had seen her master and benefactor, and to the joy which she experienced in pressing old Porpora in her arms a painful feeling soon succeeded. Vexation and sorrow had imprinted their marks on the brow of the old *maestro*. He looked far older, and the fire of his countenance seemed chilled by age. The unfortunate composer had flattered himself that he would find in Vienna fresh chances of success and fortune ; but happier rivals were in possession of the imperial favour and the public admiration. Being neither a flatterer nor an intriguer, Porpora's rough frankness was no passport to influence, and

his ill humour made enemies rather than friends. He held out no hopes to Consuelo.

"There are no ears to listen, no hearts to comprehend you in this place, my child," he said sadly. "If you wish to succeed, you would do well to follow the example of those who feign to despise or not to know the master to whom they owe their skill and their fortune."

But when Consuelo told him of the proposal made by Count Albert, and of Count Christian's desire for her marriage with his son, the tyrannical old musician at once put his foot down.

"You must not think of the young count!" he said fiercely. "I positively forbid you! Such a union is not suitable. Count Christian would never permit you to become an artist again."

So resolute was Porpora that Consuelo should not be tempted from the life he had trained her for, that he did not hesitate to destroy, unread, her letters to the Rudolstadts and letters from Count Christian and Albert. He even wrote to Christian himself, declaring that Consuelo desired nothing but the career of a public singer.

But when, after many disappointments and rebuffs, Consuelo at last was appointed to take the prima donna's place for six days at the imperial opera house, she was frightened at the prospect of the toils and struggles before her. The feverish arena of the theatre seemed to her a place of terror, and the Castle of the Giants a lost paradise, an abode of peace and virtue.

Consuelo's triumph at the opera had been indisputable. Her voice was sweeter and richer than when she sang in Venice, and a perfect storm of flowers fell upon the stage at the end of the performance. Amid these perfumed gifts Consuelo saw a green bunch fall at her feet, and when the curtain was lowered for the last time she picked it up. It was a bunch of cypress, a symbol of grief and despair.

To add to her distress, she was now conscious that her love for Albert was a reality. Twice in the six days at the opera she had caught a glimpse, so it seemed to her, of Count Albert, but on both occasions the figure had melted away without a word.

No further engagement followed at the opera, and Consuelo's thoughts turned more and more to the Rudolstadts. If only she could hear from Christian or his son she would know whether she was free to devote herself absolutely to her art. For she had promised Count Christian that she would send him word should she feel sure of loving Albert; and now that word had been sent, and no reply had come.

Porpora, with a promise of an engagement at the royal theatre in Berlin, and anxious to take Consuelo with him, had confessed, in answer to her objection to leaving Vienna before hearing from Christian, that a letter had come from the Rudolstadts, which he had destroyed.

"The old count was not at all anxious to have a daughter-in-law picked up behind the scenes," said Porpora, "and so the good Albert sets you at liberty."

Consuelo never suspected her master of this profound deceit and, taking the story he had invented for truth, signed an agreement to go to Berlin for two months.

IV—The Return to Bohemia

The carriage containing Porpora and Consuelo had reached the city of Prague, and was on the bridge that spans the Moldau, when a horseman approached and looked in at the window. Porpora pushed him back, exclaiming, "How dare you stare at ladies so closely!"

The horseman replied in Bohemian, and Consuelo, seeing his face, called out, "Is it the Baron Frederick of Rudolstadt?"

"Yes, it is I, signora!" replied the baron, in a dejected tone. "The brother of Christian, the uncle of Albert. And in truth, is it you?"

The baron accompanied them to a hotel, and there explained to Consuelo that he had received a letter from the canoness, bidding him, at Albert's request, be on the bridge of Prague at seven o'clock that evening.

"The first carriage that passes you will stop; if the first person you see in it can leave for the castle that same evening, Albert, perhaps, will be saved. At least, he says it will give him a hold on eternal

AURORE DUPIN, universally known as George Sand, was born in Paris, July 5, 1804, daughter of an army lieutenant. Her childhood was spent at Nohant in Berry, and she received no regular education until the age of thirteen. In 1822 she was married to Casimir Dudevant, a country squire, but separated amicably from him nine years later, and settling in Paris took up writing as a means of livelihood. She quickly achieved fame and for the next seventeen years enjoyed the friendship of many of the most distinguished figures in literary and artistic life. She entered whole-heartedly into the Revolution of 1848, but after its failure returned to her country home at Nohant, where she died, June 8, 1876.

life. The doctors have given up all hope for his life."

"Is the carriage ready, sir?" Consuelo said. "If so, I am ready also, and we can set out instantly."

In a few minutes the baron and Consuelo were on their journey.

At the doorway of the castle they were met by the aged canoness, who, seizing Consuelo by the arm, said, "We have not a moment to lose. Albert begins to grow impatient. He was sure of your coming; but, he said, if any accident detained you, it would be too late. Signora, in the name of Heaven, do not oppose any of his wishes; promise all he asks; pretend to love him. Albert's hours are numbered; his life is closed. All we ask of you is to soothe his sufferings."

The door opened and Consuelo darted forward to her lover. Albert was seated in a large armchair before the fire. It was no longer a man, it was a spectre, Consuelo saw. His face, still beautiful, was as a face of marble. Consuelo knelt before him; he looked fixedly at her, and then gave a sign to the canoness, who placed his arms on Consuelo's shoulders. Then she made the young girl lay her head on Albert's breast, and the dying man whispered in her ear, "I am happy." With another sign, he made the canoness understand that she and his father were to kiss his betrothed.

The doctor urged an immediate marriage. "I always consented to it. I never opposed it," said the count. "It was Master Porpora who wrote to say that he would never consent, and that she likewise had renounced all idea. Alas, it was the deathblow to my unhappy child!"

"Do not grieve," murmured Albert to Consuelo. "I have understood for many days now that you were faithful. I know that you have endeavoured to love me, and have succeeded. But we have been deceived, and you must forgive your master, as I forgive him."

Consuelo looked at Porpora, and the old musician reproached himself for homicide, and burst into tears.

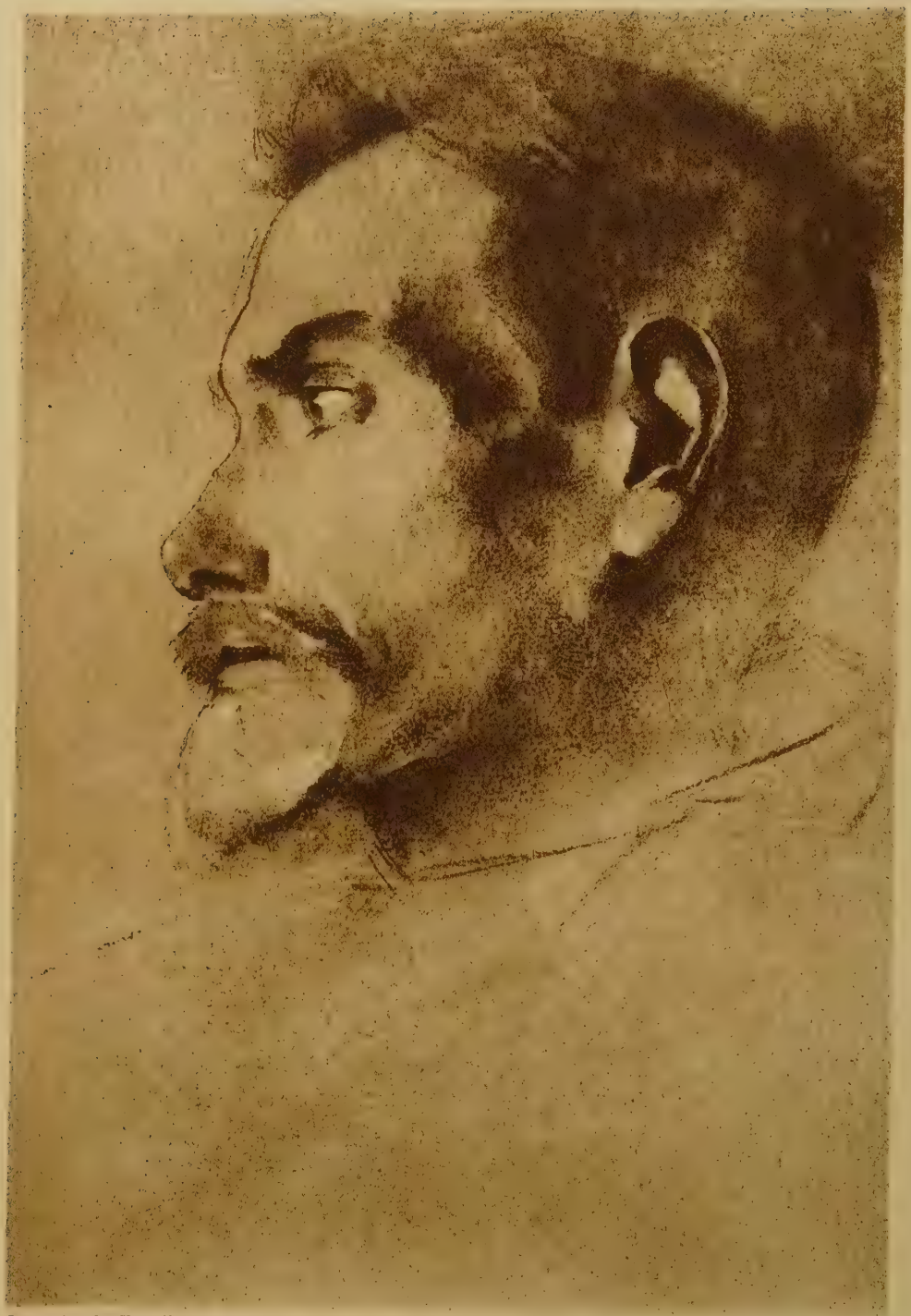
The marriage was hastened on. Porpora and the doctor served as witnesses. Albert found strength to pronounce a decisive 'Yes,' and the other responses in the service in a clear voice, and the family from this felt a new hope for his recovery. Hardly had the chaplain recited the closing prayer over the newly-married couple, before Albert arose and threw himself into his father's arms; then, seating himself again, he pressed Consuelo to his heart, and exclaimed, "I am saved!"

"It is nature's last effort," said the doctor.

ALBERT'S arms loosed their hold and fell forward on his knees. His gaze was riveted on Consuelo; gradually the shade crept from his forehead to his lips and covered his face with a snowy veil.

"It is the hand of death!" said the doctor, breaking the silence.

Consuelo would take neither her husband's title nor his riches. She tore herself away after the funeral, though her heart was wrung with grief. As she crossed the drawbridge with Porpora, Consuelo did not know that already the old count was dead, and that the Castle of the Giants, with its riches and its sufferings, had become the property of the Countess of Rudolstadt.



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Francis Thompson

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FRANCIS THOMPSON

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

With a Critical Appreciation by R. Musgrove Scott

SET in the midst of the full-throated, joyous chorus of Victorian gentlemen who wrote poetry, Francis Thompson seems an anomaly. He produced music as sweet as theirs; his was a higher, more unconstrained joy; further in comparison we scarcely dare go, since Thompson is so evidently different from his predecessors and contemporaries. Beside his crimsons and his gold even Swinburne's most enthusiastically luscious description pales and becomes sullen. His range of notes at least equals that of Browning; and the cumulative effect of his lines surpasses anything in the Idylls of the King. Yet we are troubled by the very splendour of Thompson's poetry. We appreciate its originality, but wonder whether it is great or merely odd. 'Perhaps the shortest definition of the Victorian Age,' writes G. K. Chesterton, 'is that (Francis Thompson) stood outside it.' We would advance beyond Mr. Chesterton, in suggesting that perhaps the shortest definition of Thompson's position in English literature is that he stands outside it.

The remark is only superficially paradoxical; for when we speak of English literature, we consider it as almost homogeneous, consisting of intertwining schools, traditions and tendencies. In it Francis Thompson has no place. We cannot even link him with Crashaw; for the differences in the thought of these two men are as patent as the similarities. A flight of the fancy, however, supplies us with a significant parallel: if Milton had been a Catholic, he would probably have written something very like The Hound of Heaven. Interesting as the hypothesis may be, it affords us no clearer perception of Thompson's position in English literature; although it implies his greatness. In fact, he is a Catholic mystic who also happened to be a great artist. At its best, his work is as transcendent as the finest medieval hymns or The Little Flowers; at its worst, it is pathetically reminiscent of the Brompton Oratory.

There is a very much misunderstood and overworked doctrine to the effect that art to be good must reflect life. If this were twisted (as it so often is) into a demand that poetry, to be great, must be pedestrian, then Thompson's poetry is altogether unworthy of consideration. But if we take it to mean that good art must reflect the artist's mind after he has come into contact with life, and been hammered, shaped and polished by it, then Thompson's work is very great indeed. As in the Divina Commedia we find the real Dante and in the assembled dramas the real Shakespeare, so we only understand Francis Thompson in his poetry. But, conversely, we cannot arrive at full comprehension of his poetry without being aware of certain facts in his life—facts that explain The Hound of Heaven, for example.

His early career was largely compound of failures. Born on December 16, 1859, in the inauspicious town of Preston, Francis Thompson early evinced promise of great imaginative power; he was destined for the priesthood, however, and at about the age of eleven was sent to a Catholic college. Here, the authorities could not conscientiously encourage him in his hope of being accepted as a priest: not because of any moral insufficiency or because he was worldly, but it would appear, because he showed himself to be possessed of an artistic rather than a religious nature. He subsequently studied medicine, at Manchester and Glasgow, but could not apply

himself to his work; and feverishly sought for some means of supporting himself, even joining the army. Meanwhile, like two other men of genius whom a somewhat immorally-inclined Fate has placed in the foremost rank of English writers—Coleridge and de Quincey—he succumbed to the fascination of opium. He was a confirmed taker of this drug when he came to London in 1885.

While not attempting to justify Thompson's indulgence in the vice, we must insist that he had some excuse. He was constitutionally weak, and suffered much from consumption; this, together with the poverty and misery of the greater part of his life, drove him to seek escape from reality in opium. That he bitterly regretted the degradation caused by his subjection to it is shown in The Hound of Heaven:

> In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
> I shook the pillaring hours
> And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
> I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
> My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
> My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
> Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
> Yea, faileth now even dream
> The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
> Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
> I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
> Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
> For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

That he exaggerates the decay of his powers is easily provable, but it is foolish to expect biographical exactitude in poetry; what we have to notice is that he rose so far above his weakness as to deplore it. His deliverance he owed largely to two friends, Wilfrid and Alice Meynell; they not only gave him material assistance, but encouraged him in his art, with supreme tact and wise sympathy. To them our debt is great, since it was during the first ten years of their friendship (from about 1887 to 1897) that most of Thompson's great poems were written. He died of consumption on November 13, 1907, still a failure so far as his financial position was concerned, for his published works brought him very little recompense.

Since his death, Thompson's reputation has steadily grown, as was inevitable. For he was not only a great mystic, he was a very finished artist. Even a cursory survey of his Poems (published in two volumes by Burns, Oates and Washbourne) is sufficient to impress the reader with his brilliant originality, his craftsmanship and his high morality. As an early example we may quote from the placidly beautiful To My Godchild:

> Or, if a right successive you declare
> When worms, for ivies, intertwine my hair,
> Take but this Poesy that now followeth,
> My clayey hest with sullen servile breath,
> Made then your happy freedman by testating death.
> My song I do but hold for you in trust,
> I ask you but to blossom from my dust.
> When you have compassed all weak I began,
> Diviner poet, and ah! diviner man;
> The man at feud with the perduring child
> In you before Song's altar nobly reconciled;
> From the wise heavens I half shall smile to see
> How little a world, which owned you, needed me.

Seldom has gift been more charmingly conveyed; and, incidentally, Thompson's intellectual eminence is illustrated by the metaphor—'your happy freedman by testating death'—chosen with perfect felicity from Roman law. In later years his lyrical genius had not deserted him: he was still capable of the unexpected grace found in

> The touches of man's modern speech
> Perplex her unacquainted tongue;
> There seems through all her songs a sound
> Of falling tears. She is not young.
> . . . . .
> Her heart sole-towered in her steep spirit,
> Somewhat sweet is she, somewhat wan;
> And she sings the songs of Sion
> By the streams of Babylon.

Critics of Thompson commonly condemn him from the grammar-book, as if this ever were a criterion of art. His greatest fault, they argue, is that his language is affected. Unusual his diction certainly is, archaic perhaps, but it is beautiful and certainly not affected. This, from A Corymbus for Autumn, is typical, and illustrates the parallel with Milton that we drew above:

> Still, mighty Season, do I see't,
> Thy sway is still majestical!
> Thou hold'st of God, by title sure,

Thine indefeasible investiture,
And that right round thy locks are native to;
The heavens upon thy brow imperial,
This huge terrene thy ball,
And o'er thy shoulders thrown wide air's
depending pall.

Every turn of phrase that Thompson uses may be justified by classical (English) precedent; his Latinities, like 'indefeasible investiture' and 'terrene' are right because they are effective. That he knew when to be almost brutally Anglo-Saxon is plain in such lines as

Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

We may, therefore, regard his preference for the greater majesty, the statelier rhythm of Latin-derived words as a deliberate element in his technique; a deliberate element, not a glaze of affectation, since his peculiar terminology is never pedantic and always appropriate. This we say without fear of contradiction: a style that is unwieldy and blunt when seized upon by an inferior artist had, as adapted by Thompson for himself, perfect flexibility, incisiveness and grace. It was suited alike to the spontaneous song and the grave or impassioned ode. And we may be grateful to him for reverting from the insipid inadequacy of Anglo-Saxon to the colour and nobility of the Romance.

Thus, when we examine Thompson's craftsmanship piecemeal, isolating his words in order to determine their artistic weight, we find originality of choice and absolute propriety in use. A wider survey leaves us with the conviction that Thompson was also a master of individual and very beautiful constructions and melodies.

His range was surprisingly great: to write equally well upon The Dead Cardinal of Westminster, Arab love, Cecil Rhodes and The Poppy implies unusual versatility. We naturally do not suggest that Thompson's verse was always of the high standard set by his greater poems, but it is never commonplace and only slovenly where it has been published posthumously and without revision by the writer. It is often difficult, nevertheless, to be in complete sympathy with his thought, and this has led many to undervalue his work. But the fault lies in the precipitancy of the audience, not in the artist's methods, since perseverance leads to understanding and admiration.

His lyrics are never obscure and are extraordinarily varied in manner. It is not difficult, for example, to reproduce the outward characteristics of the Cavalier poets, but to cultivate a temper similar to theirs, and to give it equally vivid expression necessitate genius. Now, it seems to us that many of Thompson's poems are unquestionably animated by the true Cavalier spirit; and we may illustrate this contention by example.

Dost thou still hope thou shalt be fair,
When no more fair to me?
Or those that by thee taken were
Hold their captivity?
Is this thy confidence? No, no;
Trust it not; it can not be so.

But thou too late, too late shalt find
'Twas I that made thee fair;
Thy beauties never from thy mind
But from my loving were;
And these delights that did thee stole,
Confessed the vicinage of my soul.

The rosy reflex of my heart
Did thy pale cheek attire;
And what I was, not what thou art,
Did gazers-on admire.
Go, and too late thou shalt confess
I looked thee into loveliness.

This is no pale archaic ghost gliding anaemically into Victorian literature; it is a miraculous resurrection that contributes to the isolation of Thompson's position.

Even more personal, however, in its rhythm and gentle, Franciscan mysticism is the celebrated address To a Snowflake. It combines all the directness, all the simplicity of a spontaneously evolved hymn with the smoothness and correct vowel music that are the results of a vigilant art.

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapour?
'God was my shaper.' . . .

From these two examples, as different in spirit as they are in form, we gain some understanding of the greatness of Thompson's lyrical achievement; an understanding that cannot but be fortified by any further extracts we might choose. The almost physical love of nature, for example, that is apparent throughout his verse is seen at its clearest and most intense in To Daisies:

> Hide your sweet selves! I cannot bear it.
> For, when ye break the cloven earth
> With your young laughter and endearment,
> No blossomy carillon 'tis of mirth
> To me; I see my slaughtered joy
> Bursting its cerement.

His religion, his delight in the few friends that he knew, his innate kindliness towards all men and all creatures (in the abstract), these all find expression in one or more songs.

But it is in his longer poems that Francis Thompson rises to the most sublime heights, where he is above condemnation and very nearly above praise. Indeed, his thought is frequently so etherealised that were it not for the compelling music of his lines he would often be in danger of neglect through his appearance of inaccessibility; a remoteness that we cannot, however, mistake for that engendered by undue intellectuality in art. The greatest of these longer poems is undoubtedly The Hound of Heaven; but before proceeding to discuss this piece, it would be well to give slight notice to some of Thompson's odes.

Most appealing, perhaps, is A Corymbus for Autumn, which we would venture, very diffidently because of the heresy involved, to proclaim superior to Keats' ode on the same theme. It is at least as musical and as exquisitely written; and it seems to us that Thompson has the clearer vision and the more comprehensive imagination. His images are richly beautiful; but it is sufficient to quote one instance, since the poem is uniformly and not spasmodically great.

> 'Tarry ye now the coming of the moon,
> For she is coming soon';
> . . . . . .
> And she came forth upon the trepidant air
> In vesture unimagined fair. . . .
> And a haze about her tinged in fainter wise:
> As if she had trodden the stars in press
> Till the gold wine spurted over her dress,
> Till the gold wine gushed out round her feet
> Spouted over her stainéd wear,
> And bubbled in golden froth at her feet,
> And hung like a whirlpool's mist round her.

Thus, often, he reveals his perception of sensuous loveliness, but makes it subserve his morality, as Shelley did. This is especially remarkable in From the Night of Foreboding, in Laus Amara Doloris and in The Hound of Heaven.

The statements of religious experience or experiences in terms of art, or in terms that can properly be judged by artistic canons, are uncommon in the literature of Christian Europe. The City of God, The Imitation of Christ, the Divina Commedia, the Encheiridion of Erasmus, much of Milton and The Pilgrim's Progress—these are the greatest, and with them may be classed The Hound of Heaven. But it differs from most of the others, perhaps from all except The Imitation and The Pilgrim's Progress, in spirit. St. Augustine, Dante, Erasmus and Milton were all humanists; however sincere their religious belief might be, its literary manifestation was suffused with classical thought. The Hound of Heaven, the exalted record of a long-continued religious experience, is free from all such extraneous influence; it is nakedly personal—we might almost call it private, for as we read we have the uneasy feeling that we are intruding upon another man's devotions.

It is an allegory, and the parable is reminiscent to some extent of the Eumenides of Aeschylus, in that the subject is the futile attempt of a human to escape from supernatural forces. But there is this important difference: whereas Orestes is fleeing from malevolent beings, Thompson represents himself as fleeing from Divine Love—The Hound of Heaven. The conception is daring—it might so easily have led to profanity or mere foolishness—but is realized superbly.

Something of the terror of the pursuit and the inevitability of its result are conveyed by the reiteration of a verse, slightly altered on each occasion, at intervals throughout the poem. The effect of this refrain largely depends

upon the repetition, but the general sense is contained in these lines :

. . . these strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
' All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'

In its essence, the motive of the poem is the author's struggle against the acceptance of Divine Love as the most important element in his life. It must not be thought that the fugitive is either a fool or an evildoer. Indeed, he consistently seeks comfort and moral sustenance in things highly desirable in themselves. But he holds the mistaken belief that . . . ' having Him, I must have naught beside.'

Thompson impresses us with the immensity of his struggle and its intellectual nature from the beginning.

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days ;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years ;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind ; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped ;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titantic glooms of chasmèd fears. . .

Human charity is impotent in face of the great Love. So, too, is the poet's delight and contentment in Nature ; it is in vain that he calls to the Universe for aid.

I said to Dawn : Be sudden ; to Eve : Be soon ;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover.

To all swift things for swiftness did I sue ;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue ;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet :
—Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.

Contrasted with the constant steadfastness of all these ' servitors ' of God, and the moon and the stars, is the fugitive's petty infidelity. Yet even his insignificance in comparison with the Elements does not render him a less worthy object of the Divine Love's urgency. Behind the man the ' following Feet ' still sound.

He seeks the friendship of children, hoping to find therein a refuge from that which importunes :

I turned to them very wistfully ;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.

The implication would at first seem to be that the children were at the last moment warned against the wretched man, lest they should be corrupted by his lack of faith ; actually, however, the occurrence is intended to have a subjective, not an objective explanation. The meaning is that not even one of the most beautiful of human relations is an adequate substitute for the ideal communion with God.

As a last resort, the fugitive turns to his poetry, to those more intimate ' children ' of Nature than the stars and Elements to which he has made earlier appeal. We have remarked, in discussing his lyrics, how deep and yet how transparent was Thompson's love for the world in which he lived. Here he associates himself with Nature in a mystical manner that we only refrain from labelling pantheistic because of the numerous and usually misleading interpretations put upon this term.

I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine ;
Against the red throb of its sunset heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat.

Even this ecstasy will not suffice to deter the pursuer, and the fugitive resigns himself to meet Divine Love—still, however, agonised with doubt.

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke !
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee ;
I am defenceless utterly. . .
Ah ! is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount ?
Ah ! must—
Designer infinite !
Ah ! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it ?

Thus we see that the sufferer is still misled by his primary misconception. He has remained obstinately certain that nothing worldly can co-exist with absorption in the divine ; and he is unwilling to surrender the world. But a voice tells him that

> . . . human love needs human meriting :
> How hast thou merited—
> Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot ?

Scathing self-abuse, and not of the kind that a man might use purely for rhetorical effect ! But there is no reason to suppose that Thompson did not believe this (and worse) of himself. But understanding is at hand : the voice continues :

> ' All which thy child's mistake
> Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home :
> Rise, clasp my hand, and come !
> . . . . . .
> ' Ah ! fondest, blindest, weakest,
> I am He Whom thou seekest !
> Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.'

(It may be noticed, in passing, that ' child's ' is not possessive but epithetical.)

If there is any artistic fault in The Hound of Heaven, it is this conclusion, which is a little weak in comparison with the grandeur and majesty of the bulk of the poem ; ' artistic ' we say deliberately, to disarm possible critics, since morally speaking the end is perfect. So slight a structural defect, however, is insignificant when we consider The Hound of Heaven as a whole. The poem worthily expresses its noble message, and would alone be sufficient to entitle Francis Thompson to rank as the greatest religious poet who has written in the English tongue.

The Foundation of Modern International Law

HUGO GROTIUS

THE RIGHTS OF WAR AND PEACE

As statesman, diplomat, jurist, theologian, historian and scholar, Hugo Grotius has powerful claims to remembrance. During his unsettled and wandering life he found time to write a great variety of works. His first publication was the Mare Liberum (1609), asserting the freedom of the seas. His monumental work De Jure Belli et Pacis (The Rights of War and Peace) was written in exile and published in Paris in 1625. An earlier work on this subject was a treatise On the Law of Spoil, written in 1604 but not published until 1868. He also wrote on theology, and his Annals of the Netherlands is the best contemporary account of the revolt against Spain. But it was the De Jure which made Grotius one of the great jurists of the world. No other law book has ever won and kept so wide a fame. A prodigious repository of erudition, it laid the foundations of modern international jurisprudence by the endeavour to weigh the often conflicting claims of law and morality as applied to the conduct of state towards state.

I—Motives and Nature of the Undertaking

BEING fully assured that there is some right common to all nations which takes place both in the preparations and in the course of war, I had many and weighty reasons inducing me to write a treatise upon it. I observed through the Christian world a licence in regard to war of which even barbarians ought to be ashamed. I observed people rush to arms upon frivolous, or, rather, no occasions at all ; and once arms were taken up, good-bye to any reverence for law, whether divine or human. It was just as if a single declaration of war had liberated madness to commit all manner of crimes.

The spectacle of such monstrous barbarism brought many, and those in no wise ill men, to hold that a Christian, whose duty consists principally in loving all men, ought to be forbidden the use of arms. With them appear sometimes to agree Johannes Ferus and our countryman, Erasmus, men that were great lovers of peace both ecclesiastical and civil. But I suppose they had the same view as

those have who, in order to make things that are crooked straight, usually bend them as much the other way. A cure must be applied as well to prevent believing that nothing, as that all things, is lawful.

Let the laws, then, be silent in the midst of arms; but only those laws that are civil and judicial, and proper for times of peace, not those other laws that are perpetual of obligation and suited to all times. For it was well said by Dion of Prusa [Chrysostom] that between enemies the written—that is, civil—laws are of no force, but the unwritten are; that is, those which nature dictates or the consent of nations has instituted. This is shown in that ancient formula of the Romans, 'My view is that these things must be recovered by a pure and just war.' The Romans, as Varro observed, also were slow in entering upon war, because they thought no war except a just one should be carried on. It was a saying of Camillus that wars ought to be managed with as much justice as valour, and of Scipio Africanus that the Roman people began and ended their wars with justice. You can read in another author, 'There are laws of war, as there are laws of peace.'

Method of Investigation

WHAT method we thought fit to use we have shown in fact rather than in theory in this treatise. It handles far the noblest part of jurisprudence. For in the first book, after premising some things concerning the origin of right, we have examined the general question whether any war is just. Afterwards, to discover the difference between a public and a private war, our business was to explain the extent of the supreme power, what people, what kings have it in full, who in part, who with a power of alienating it, and who have it without that power. And then we had to expound the duty of subjects to sovereigns.

The second book, undertaken to explain all the causes whence war may arise, shows at large what things are common, what personal, what right one person may have over another, what obligation arises from ownership, what is the rule of legal succession, what right accrues from covenant or contract, what the force and interpretation of treaties, what of an oath, both public and private, what may be due for damage done, what are the privileges of ambassadors, what the right of burying the dead and what the nature of punishments.

The third book has for its first subject-matter what is lawful in war. Then, having distinguished that which is done with bare impunity, or which is even defended as lawful among foreign nations, from that which is really blameless, it descends upon the several kinds of peace and all conventions concluded in war.

My first care was to refer the proofs of those things that belong to the law of nature to some such certain notions as none can deny without doing violence to his judgement. For the principles of that law, if you rightly consider, are manifest and self-evident, almost after the same manner as those things are that we perceive with our outward senses, which do not deceive us if the organs are rightly disposed and if other things necessary are not wanting.

I have likewise, towards the proof of this law, made use of the testimonies of philosophers, historians, poets and, in the last place, orators; not as if they were to be implicitly believed without enquiry; but that when men of different times and places unanimously affirm the same thing for truth, this ought to be ascribed to a general cause, which in the questions treated of by us can be no other than either a just inference drawn from the principles of nature, or an universal consent. The former shows the law of nature, the other the law of nations.

II—War In Relation to Law

Natural Law

THE law of nature is a dictate of right reason indicating that moral guilt or rectitude is inherent in any action according to its agreement or disagreement with our rational—and social—nature; and, consequently, that such an action is either forbidden or enjoined by God, the Author of our nature. The actions upon which such a dictate is given are in

themselves either obligatory or unlawful, and must consequently be understood to be either commanded or forbidden by God Himself.

This natural law does not only respect such things as depend not upon human will, but also many things which are consequent to some act of that will. Thus, property, as now in use, was introduced by man's will, and, being once admitted, this law of nature informs us that it is a wicked thing to take away from any man against his will what is properly his own. Wherefore Paulus, the civilian, says that theft is prohibited by the law of nature; Ulpian, that it is dishonourable by nature; and Euripides, that it is hateful to God. Furthermore, the law of nature is so unalterable that God Himself cannot change it. For though the power of God be infinite, yet there are some things to which this infinite power does not extend. For instance, as God Himself cannot effect that twice two should not be four, so neither can He effect that what is intrinsically evil should not be evil.

The Lawfulness of War

Among the first impressions of nature there is nothing repugnant to war; nay, all things rather favour it; for both the end of war—being the preservation of life or limbs, and either the securing or getting things useful to life—is very agreeable to those first motions of nature; and to make use of force in case of necessity is in no wise disagreeable thereunto, since nature has given to every animal strength to defend and help itself.

But right reason and the nature of society, which is to be examined in the second and chief place, do not prohibit all manner of violence, but only that which is repugnant to society—that is, which invades another's right; for the design of society is that everyone should quietly enjoy his own, with the help and by the united force of the whole community. It may be easily conceived that the necessity of having recourse to violent means for self-defence might have taken place, even though what we call 'property' had never been introduced. For our lives, limbs and liberties had still been properly our own, and could not have been—without manifest injustice—invaded. So also to have made use of things then in common, and to have consumed them as far as nature required, had been the right of the first possessor; and if anyone had attempted to hinder him so doing, he had been guilty of a real injury.

Sovereignty and Right of Making War

Lawyers do not agree whether in those cases wherein it is allowed that inferior magistrates have a right to take up arms such a war ought to be called 'public.' Indeed, if by 'public' we mean only what is done by virtue of a magistrate's power, no doubt such wars are 'public'; and therefore they that in such a case resist the magistrate are liable to the punishments due to those that rebel against their superiors. But if 'public' be taken in a higher sense, for that which is regular, they are not public wars; because to render the idea complete there must be an express resolution of the sovereign and several other circumstances. Sovereign power is said to be that whose acts are not subordinate to another's authority, so that they cannot be invalidated at the pleasure of any other human will.

Here we must reject their opinion who will have the supreme power to be always, and without exception, in the people; so that they may restrain or punish their kings as often as they abuse their power. What mischief this opinion has occasioned, and may yet occasion, if once the minds of people are fully possessed with it, every wise man sees.

There are others who fancy to themselves a reciprocal dependence between the king and the people, so that, according to them, the people ought to obey the king while he makes a good use of his power; but likewise, when he abuses it, he becomes in his turn dependent on the people. Now, if by what they say they mean only that our duty to our sovereign does not oblige us to do anything manifestly unjust, they say but the truth; but this implies no right to compel the king or to command him.

Indeed, all men have naturally a right to secure themselves from injuries by

resistance, as we said before. But civil society being instituted for the preservation of peace, there immediately arises a superior right in the state over us and ours, so far as is necessary for that end. Therefore the state has a power to prohibit the unlimited use of that right towards every other person, for maintaining public peace and good order, which doubtless it does, for if that promiscuous right of resistance should be allowed there would be no longer a state, but a multitude without union.

Rebellion Admissible in Extreme Cases

THOSE princes who depend on the people—whether they at first were established on that footing, or their authority was thus regulated by a subsequent agreement, as in Sparta—if they offend against the laws and the state, may not only be resisted by force, but, if it be necessary, may be punished by death. If a king or other prince has abdicated his power or manifestly abandoned it, we may thereafter do the same to him as to any private individual; but negligence in discharging the functions of government is not to be taken for a real abdication. If a king alienates his kingdom, or renders it dependent on any other power, he forfeits the crown. If a king shall aim at the ruin of his whole people he loses his kingdom.

Justifiable Causes of War

NOW, as many sources as there are of judicial actions, so many causes may there be of war. For where the methods of justice cease, war begins. Most men assign three just causes of war: self-defence, the recovery of one's own property, and punishment. If a man is assaulted in such a manner that his life shall appear in inevitable danger, he may not only make war upon, but very justly destroy, the aggressor; and from this instance, which everyone must allow us, it appears that such a private war may be just and lawful. I can by no means approve of what some authors have advanced, that by the law of nations it is permitted to take up arms to reduce the growing power of a prince or state, which, if too much augmented, may possibly injure us. In general, there is no just cause of war save injury done to rights of persons or property. International law, therefore, passes over into civil law, in many questions affecting possession or acquisition of rights, performance of contracts, or compensation for damage.

Property in the Sea

WE affirm that none can have property in the sea, whether taken in the whole, or in respect to its principal branches. The cause which obliged mankind to desist from the custom of using things in common has nothing to do in this affair; for the sea is of so vast an extent that it is sufficient for all the uses that nations can draw thence, either as to water, fishing, or navigation. It seems to appear that the property and dominion of the sea might belong to him who is in possession of the lands on both sides, though it be open higher up, as a gulf, or above and below, as a strait—provided it is not too great a part of the sea compared with the lands on both sides. But it must be owned that in all parts of the sea that were known in the time of the Roman Empire, from the first ages even down to the time of Justinian, it was the law of nations that no people whatever should claim a property in the sea.

Now, if a certain space of sea may be, as it were, an appurtenance to the ground of a private person, so far as it is shut up there, and so inconsiderable that it may be thought part of their ground, and if this be not repugnant to the law of nature, why may not a part of the sea, surrounded with land, belong to one or more nations who are in possession of the shores?

But it is here to be noted that if in any place this law of nations about the sea should not be received, or though it were, should be afterwards abolished, it does not follow that a people, merely because they are in possession of the lands, are likewise in possession of the sea enclosed in them. Nor is an international act sufficient in this case; but the taking possession must, by an overt act, be signified and made known. And if afterwards the possession, thus gained by right of prior occupancy, shall be quitted, then the sea returns to its original nature.

It is also certain that he who is in possession of any part of the sea cannot lawfully hinder unarmed ships from sailing there; since such a passage, even through another's country, cannot justly be hindered, though it be commonly less necessary and more dangerous.

Jurisdiction and National Continuity

PROPERTY and jurisdiction may entirely cease by being abandoned. But there is another manner of their lapsing, when the subject in which the jurisdiction, or property, is vested ceases to be and leaves no successor. The body politic becomes extinct, either when all its members are destroyed; or when its constitution is broken up (as when subjects either are disunited on account of pestilence, or sedition; or, again, are by force so scattered that they cannot reunite, which often happens in a war.)

A people, too, may lose all or some of those rights which they had in common; and this happens either when everyone is brought into slavery, or when, though they retain their personal liberty, they are yet deprived of sovereignty.

But if a people only leave their former place, then, provided their political form continue, they do not cease to be a people. The type of government, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, does not affect the point.

Aliens and Alliances

A PERMANENT abode ought not to be refused to strangers who, being expelled their own country, seek refuge elsewhere, provided they conform to the law as established and all other provisions for the avoidance of sedition.

Concerning leagues, it is often disputed whether they may be lawfully made with those who are not of the true religion. In respect of the law of nature this involves no doubt. For such right of alliance is common to all men, so as to admit of no exception on account of religion. As there is no harm in doing good to infidels, so neither is there any in entreating their assistance.

Here, then, we have not a case of intrinsic or absolute evil. It must be weighed in regard to circumstances; for we ought to take precautions lest by our too intimate relations we bring scandal or infection on the weak.

On Punitive Wars

WE must also know that kings, and those who are invested with a power equal to that of kings, have a right to exact punishments, not only for injuries committed against themselves or their subjects, but likewise for those which are in any persons whatsoever grievous violations of the law of nature or of nations. For the liberty of consulting the benefit of human society by punishments, which at first was in every particular person, does now, since civil societies and courts of justice have been instituted, reside in those who are possessed of the supreme power—not as they have authority over others, but as they are in subjection to none.

On Mercenaries in an Unjust War

BUT as those alliances which are entered into with the promise of assistance in any war without regard to the cause are unlawful, so there is no course of life more abominable than that of soldiers, who, without considering the justice of the cause, fight for pay. Did they sell only their own lives it were no great matter; but they sell also the lives of many a harmless creature—as much more odious than hangmen, as it is worse to kill without a reason than with one. War is no fine employment; nay, it is so horrible a thing that nothing but absolute necessity, or true charity, can make it honourable.

III—Rights and Duties in Warfare

Of Fraud Against the Enemy

IN things of a moral nature, those means which conduce to a certain end do assume the very nature of that end. Therefore we are supposed to be authorised to employ those things which are necessary to the obtaining our just rights. If I cannot otherwise save my life, I may by any force whatever repel him who attempts it, though perhaps he who does so is not in any way to blame. This right does not properly arise from the other's crime,

but from the prerogative with which nature has invested me of defending myself.

The Roman lawyers accounted all fraud used against an enemy innocent; and that it mattered not whether a man baffled his enemy by force or fraud. But every promise confers a new and special right on him to whom the promise is made; and this holds good even among enemies, notwithstanding their open hostility, and that not only in express promises, but also in tacit ones, as when an interview is demanded.

In other speeches it is enough to clear us of a lie if the words be true in any sense not altogether unusual; but in things sworn (because therein we treat not only with men, but with God, to Whom we stand obliged by our oaths, though there arise no right at all to man) it is necessary that our words be true in that sense in which we sincerely believe those to whom we swear do understand them, so that we may perfectly abhor the impiety of those who do not scruple to affirm that it is as lawful to deceive men with oaths as children with playthings. Some kinds of fraud, though permitted by nature, are rejected by nations and persons out of a greatness of spirit or a confidence of strength.

Nowadays the hanging out of a white flag is a tacit sign of demanding a parley, and shall be as obligatory as if the request were in words.

By the law of nations all subjects of the sovereign from whom one has received an injury are liable to the rule of reprisals. For reprisals are much of the same nature with taxes which are introduced for the payment of public debts. Among subjects, the law of nations excepts from reprisals only the persons of ambassadors and their baggage, when they are not sent to our enemies. But by the civil law of nations the persons of women and children are privileged, and even the goods of scholars and such as engage in marketing. 'Tender age must excuse the child and her sex the woman,' says Seneca.

What we say of them may be generally said of all men whose manner of life is wholly averse from arms. If not for justice, yet for pity, we must not attempt anything which may prove the destruction of innocents, unless for extraordinary reasons and for the safety of many.

Treatment of the Conquered in the Matter of Government and Taxation

If equity is indispensable and humanity praiseworthy in our relations with private persons, they are the more applicable towards a nation, or part of one, in that injury or good is more considerable when done to many. As other things may be obtained in a just war, so the right of a sovereign over a people, and the right which the people themselves have in regard to sovereignty, may be acquired, but only so far as it is allowable by the degree of retribution due to their offence or the value of any other obligation.

To this we may add the necessity of avoiding extreme danger. In national peril it is a cruel compassion to trust too much to a conquered enemy. Sallust records of the ancient Romans, 'Our ancestors, the most religious of mankind, took nothing from the vanquished but the power to hurt.' It is a reflection worthy of a Christian; and another of his remarks is to the like effect: 'Wise men make war for the sake of peace, and undergo labour in hopes of rest.' Agreeably to this, our Christian divines teach us that the end of war is to remove those things which disturb peace.

Before the days of Ninus, the custom was rather to defend the bounds of a state than to enlarge them. The prudent moderation of the old Romans comes very near to this exemplary innocence of primitive times. 'What would our empire now have been,' says Seneca, 'if sound policy had not intermixed conquered and conquerors?'

Lastly, what is very admirable, all within the compass of the Roman Empire were by the decree of the Emperor Antoninus made citizens of Rome. There is another kind of moderation in victory—to leave to the conquered, either kings or people, their own government.

The imposition of taxes is often not so much to re-imburse the charges of a war as for the security of both conqueror and conquered for the future. Petilius Cerialis, in Tacitus, thus argues for the Romans

HUGO GROTIUS, or Huig van Groot, was born at Delft, April 10, 1583, son of a lawyer. He early showed extraordinary intellectual abilities. Having studied at Leiden and in France he became a practising lawyer. In 1603 he was appointed historiographer of the United Provinces and held other public posts, but his participation in politics led to his fall, and in 1619 he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Escaping in 1620 he reached Paris and lived for some time in straitened circumstances. In 1634 he entered the Swedish service and became Swedish ambassador to France. He died at Rostock, August 28, 1645.

with the Lingones and other Gauls, 'We, though so often provoked, yet by right of victory exact of you only what is necessary to maintain peace. For the peace of nations cannot be maintained without arms, nor arms without pay, nor pay without taxes.'

Agreeable hereunto are matters concerning the surrender of arms, fleet, elephants, and ceasing to maintain forts and an army. But that their own government be left to the vanquished is not only agreeable to humanity but also to policy.

Neutrality

It is the duty of those not engaged in a war to do nothing that may strengthen him who prosecutes an ill cause, or to hinder the movements of him that hath a just cause, as we have said above ; but in a dubious cause to behave themselves alike to both parties, as in suffering them to pass through their territory, in supplying their troops with provisions, and not relieving the besieged.

Arbitration

Though even concerning the arbitrators, by whose judgement both parties have agreed to stand, the civil law may provide, as in some places it has provided, that it be permissible to appeal and exhibit bills of complaint, yet this cannot hold between kings and nations. For here is no superior power which can hinder or annul the obligation of a promise. Their sentence must be upheld, whether fair or unfair.

Concluding Exhortation to Peace

And here I hope I may make an end, not that I have said all that might have been said, but what has been said may be enough to lay foundations, on which, if any other build a more stately fabric, so far shall he be from incurring my envy that he shall earn my gratitude.

Yet ere I dismiss my reader, just as before, when I treated of the design of undertaking war, I brought arguments to persuade all men to the utmost of their power to prevent it, so now I shall add some few admonitions that may be of use, both in war and after war, for the preservation of faith and peace. Violence is something brutish, and this is most prominent in war. Wherefore the greater care must be taken to temper it with humanity, lest by too much imitating beasts we absolutely forget the man.

A safe peace is not too dearly bought at the expense of forgiving offenders, damages and charges, especially among Christians, to whom our Lord bequeathed peace. Peace being made, whatever the conditions, they must be strictly observed on account of that sacred obligation which we have proved attaches to faith. We ought scrupulously to beware not only of perfidy, but of whatsoever exasperates feeling. For what Cicero said of private friendships may be no less rightly applied to these public ones. All friendly relations are to be observed with the utmost devotion and honour, but particularly such as have been recovered from enmity by reconciliation.

May the Almighty (Who alone can do this) inscribe these maxims on the hearts of Christian powers ; may He grant them also a mind with an understanding of law divine and human, and with a sense of being a ministry ordained to govern man —man, who of all His creatures is dearest to God.

GEORGES OHNET

THE IRONMASTER

ENCOURAGED by the success of his first play Regina Sarpi, Georges Ohnet wrote another, entitled Marrying for Money (Les Mariages d'Argent), but failing to persuade any theatrical manager to produce it, he concentrated upon his novel Serge Panine. This achieved a triumphant success, and Ohnet thereupon proceeded to dramatise it and then did the opposite with Les Mariages d'Argent, turning that play into a novel which was published under the title of Le Maître des Forges (The Ironmaster, or Love and Pride). As a novel The Ironmaster with its strong plot and moving story attracted universal attention and has been translated into several European languages. Ohnet's original estimate of its dramatic possibilities was justified, and in 1883 a dramatic version was produced at the Gymnase Theatre in Paris, where it held the stage for a year. An English adaptation was produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1884. Ohnet's novels are of a simple and idealistic character, and though characterised by melodramatic plots and somewhat overwrought passion fully deserved the popularity which many of them obtained.

I—The Faithless Lover

THE Château de Beaulieu, in the Louis XIII style, is built of white stone with red brick dressings. A broad terrace, more than five hundred yards long, with a balustrade in red granite, and decked with parterres of flowers, becomes a delightful walk in autumn. M. Derblay's ironworks may have somewhat spoilt the beauty of the landscape, but Beaulieu remains a highly covetable estate.

Madame de Beaulieu sat in the drawing-room knitting woollen hoods for the children in the village, while her daughter Claire contemplated, without seeing it, the admirable horizon before her. At last, turning her beautiful, sad face to her mother, she asked, "How long is it since we have had any letters from St. Petersburg?"

"Come," said the marchioness, taking hold of Claire's hands, "come, why do you always think about that, and torture your mind so?"

"What can I think of," answered Claire bitterly, "but of my betrothed? And how can I avoid torturing my mind, as you say, in trying to divine the reason of his silence?"

"I own it is difficult to explain," rejoined the marchioness. "After spending a week with us last year, my nephew, the Duc de Bligny, started off, promising to return to Paris during the winter. He next began by writing that political complications detained him at his post. Summer came, but not the duke. Here now is autumn, and Gaston no longer even favours us with pretences. He does not even trouble to write."

"But supposing he were ill?" Claire ventured to say.

"That is out of the question," replied the marchioness pitilessly. "The embassy would have informed us. You may be sure the Duc de Bligny is in perfect health, and that he led the cotillon all last winter in the ball-rooms of St. Petersburg."

Claire, forcing herself to smile, said, "It must be confessed, mother, he is not jealous, and yet I have been courted wherever I have gone, and am scarcely allowed to remain in peace, even in this desert of Beaulieu. It would seem I have attracted the attention of our neighbour the ironmaster."

"Monsieur Derblay?"

"Yes, mother; but his homage is respectful, and I have no cause to complain of him. I only mentioned him as an example—as one of many. The duke stays away, and I remain here alone, patient and——"

"And you act very wrongly!" exclaimed the marchioness.

The opportunity of easing her mind was not to be lost, and she told Claire

that if the marriage ever did take place she feared there would be cause for regret. But her daughter's violent emotion made her realize more forcibly than ever how deeply and firmly Claire was attached to the Duc de Bligny. So she assured her that she had heard nothing fresh about him, and hoped they might have news from the de Préfonts, who were to arrive that day from Paris.

"Ah!" interrupted Mlle. de Beaulieu, "here is Octave coming with Monsieur Bachelin, the notary." And she went to meet them, looking the living incarnation of youth in all its grace and vigour.

"You have had good sport, it seems," she said, waylaying her brother and feeling the weight of his game-bag.

"Oh, I'll be modest. This game was not killed by me," answered the marquis; and explained that he had lost his way on the Pont Avesnes land, and had been rather haughtily accosted by another sportsman, who, however, as soon as he heard his name, became very polite and forced him to accept the contents of his own bag.

Maître Bachelin immediately informed them that this must have been the iron-master himself, whom he had been to see that morning, and with whom all questions at issue about the boundaries of the estates were as good as settled.

"For," said he, "my worthy friend accepts whatever conditions you may lay down. The only point now is to sign the preliminaries, and with this object Monsieur Derblay proposes to call at Beaulieu with his sister, Mlle. Suzanne; that is, if you are pleased to authorise him, Madame la Marquise."

"Oh, certainly. Let him come by all means. I shall be glad to see this Cyclops who is blackening all the valley. But come, you have, no doubt, brought me some fresh documents in reference to our English lawsuit."

"Yes, Madame la Marquise, yes," rejoined Bachelin, with an appealing look. "We will talk business, if you desire it."

Claire and the marquis gave their mother a smile, and left the drawing-room.

"Well, Bachelin, have the English courts decided? Is the action lost?"

The notary lacked courage to reply in words, but his gesture was sufficient. The marchioness bit her lips, and a tear glittered for a moment.

"Ah!" said the notary. "It is a terrible blow for the house of Beaulieu."

"Terrible indeed," said the marchioness; "for it implies my son's and my daughter's ruin. Misfortunes seldom come singly," she resumed. "I suppose you have some other bad news for me, Bachelin. Tell me everything. You have news of the Duc de Bligny?"

"For the last six weeks M. le Duc de Bligny has been in Paris."

"He is aware of our misfortune?"

"He knew of it one of the first, Madame la Marquise."

The marchioness was grieved more cruelly by this than by the money loss; and the notary was thus emboldened to tell her that a gallant friend of his, M. Derblay, whose father had been kind enough to call Maître Bachelin his friend, had fallen passionately in love with Mlle. de Beaulieu; and would be the happiest man in the world if he were even allowed to hope. He advised the marchioness not to say anything at present to her daughter. Maybe the duke would return to more honourable feelings, and it would always be time enough for Mlle. Claire to suffer.

"You are right; but I must inform my son of this blow that strikes him."

Octave was not surprised, but affectionately taking his mother's hand, said, "My only concern was for my sister, whose dowry was at stake. You must leave her the part of your fortune you were reserving for me. Don't you think, mother, that our cousin de Bligny's silence has some connexion with the loss of this lawsuit?"

"You are mistaken, child," cried the marchioness eagerly. "For the duke——"

"Oh, fear nothing, mother," said Octave. "If Gaston hesitates now that Mlle. de Beaulieu no longer comes to him with a million in each hand, we are not the sort of folk to compel him to keep his word."

"Well said, my son," cried the marchioness.

Bachelin took respectful leave of his noble clients, and hurried off to Pont Avesnes as fast as he could go.

II—M. Derblay's Passion

It was really M. Derblay whom the Marquis de Beaulieu had met in the woods of Pont Avesnes. Letting Octave call after him as loud as he liked, he hurried on through the woods. Chance had brought him nearer to the woman he adored from afar, in a dream, as it were, and his heart was full of joy. He, Philippe, would be able to speak to her. But at the thought of the Duc de Bligny, deep sadness overcame him.

He recalled to mind all the exploits of his life, and asked himself if, in virtue of the task he had accomplished, he were not really deserving of happiness. After very brilliant studies, he had left the polytechnic school with first honours, and had chosen the state mining service, when the Franco-German war had broken out. He was then two-and-twenty and had just obtained an appointment, but at once enlisted as a volunteer. He served with distinction, and when at last he started for home he wore on his breast the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He found the house in mourning. His mother had just died, and his little sister, Susanne, just seven years old, clung to him with convulsive tenderness. Within six months his father also died, leaving his affairs in a most confused state.

Philippe renounced the brilliant career as an engineer already chalked out before him and, that his sister might not be dowerless, became a manufacturer. In seven years he had liquidated the paternal inheritance; his property was really his own, and he felt capable of greatly extending his enterprises. Popular in the district, he might come forward at the elections to be returned as a deputy. Who knew? Hope revived in Philippe Derblay's heart.

After a long talk with Maître Bachelin, he, on considering the situation, felt it was not unfavourable to his hopes. When he presented himself at Beaulieu, the marchioness received him kindly, and touching Suzanne's fair hair with her lips, "There is peace signed on this child's forehead," said she. "All your sins are forgiven you, neighbour. And now come and let me introduce you to the family."

A burning flush suffused Philippe's face, and he bowed low before the girl he adored.

"Why, he's a gentleman, dear!" whispered the baroness to Claire. "And, think, I pictured him with a leather apron! Why, he's decorated, and the baron isn't! He's really very good-looking, and his eyes are superb!"

Claire looked at him almost sternly. The contrast was complete between him and Bligny, far away. Philippe was relieved to find the Baron de Préfont present; he had read a treatise of his, which delighted the baron, who at once became very friendly and insisted on visiting the ironworks. Only Claire remained frigid and indifferent, and this, on his second visit, instead of disconcerting the ironmaster, only irritated him; and the more she pretended to ignore him the more determined he became to compel her to notice him. They were all on the terrace when Monsieur and Mademoiselle Moulinet were announced.

"What can these people want?" said Madame de Beaulieu.

Monsieur Moulinet was a wealthy tradesman, who had just bought the Château de la Varenne near by. His daughter had been at school with Claire and the Baroness de Préfont, and a bitter warfare was waged incessantly between the juvenile aristocrats and the moneyed damsels without handles to their names. All recollection of Athénais had faded from Claire's mind, but hatred was still rife in Mlle. Moulinet's heart; and when her father, in view of her marriage, bought La Varenne for her, the château was a threatening fortress, whence she might pounce down on her enemy.

Now she advanced towards Mlle. de Beaulieu when she entered the drawing-room at Beaulieu and threw her arms round her neck, and boldly exclaimed, "Ah, my beautiful Claire! How happy I am to see you!"

This young person had wonderfully improved, had become very pretty, and now paralysed her adversaries by her audacity. She soon contrived to leave the others, and when alone with Claire informed her

she had come to beg for advice respecting her marriage.

Mlle. de Beaulieu instantly divined what her relatives had been hiding so carefully, and though she became very pale while Athénais looked at her in fiendish delight, she determined to die rather than own her love for Gaston, and exerted all her will to master herself. The noise of a furious gallop resounded, and the Duc de Bligny dashed into the courtyard on a horse white with foam. He would have entered the drawing-room, but the baron hindered him, while Maître Bachelin went to ask if he might be received.

Claire wore a frightful expression of anger.

"Be kind enough"—she turned to Bachelin—"to ask the duke to go round to the terrace and wait a moment. Don't bring him in till I make you a sign from the window; but in the meantime send M. Derblay to me."

The marchioness and the baroness immediately improvised a *mise-en-scéne*, so that when the duke entered, he perceived the marchioness seated as usual in her easy-chair, the baroness standing near the chimney-piece, and Claire with her back to the light. He bowed low before the noble woman who had been his second mother.

"Madame la Marquise," he said, "my dear aunt, you see my emotion—my grief! Claire, I cannot leave this room till you have forgiven me!"

"But you owe me no explanation, duke," Claire said, with amazing serenity; "and you need no forgiveness. I have been told you intend to marry. You had the right to do so, it seems to me. Were you not as free as myself?"

Thereupon, approaching the doorway, she made a sign to Philippe. Athénais boldly followed the ironmaster.

"I must introduce you to one another, gentlemen. Monsieur le Duc de Bligny—my cousin." Then, turning towards her faithless lover, and defying him, as it were, with her proud gaze, she added, "Duke, Monsieur Derblay, my future husband."

III—The Ironmaster's Disappointment

Touched by the disinterested delicacy of M. Derblay, the marchioness sanctioned her daughter's sudden determination without anxiety. In her mother's presence, Claire showed every outward sign of happiness, but her heart became bitter and her mind disturbed, and naught remained of the noble, tender-hearted Claire.

Her only object now was to avenge herself on Athénais and humiliate the duke; and the preparations for the wedding were carried on with incredible speed. Left ignorant of the ironmaster's generous intentions, she attributed his ready deference to all her wishes to his ambition to become her husband, and even felt contempt for the readiness with which he had enacted his part in the humiliating comedy played before the duke, so thoroughly did she misjudge passionate, generous-hearted Philippe, whose only dream was to restore her happiness.

Mlle. de Beaulieu arrived at two decisions which stupefied everybody. She wished the wedding to take place at midnight, without the least pomp, and only the members of the two families to be present. The marchioness raised her hands to heaven, and the marquis asked his sister if she were going mad, but Philippe declared that these wishes seemed very proper to him, and so they were carried out.

The marriage contract was signed on the eve of the great day. Claire remained ignorant of the fact that she was ruined, and signed unsuspectingly the act which endowed her with half M. Derblay's fortune.

The service was performed with the same simplicity as would have been observed at a pauper's wedding. The dreary music troubled the duke, and reminded him of his father's funeral, when his aunt and cousins wept with him. He was now alone. Separated for ever from the dear ones who had been so kind to him, he compared Philippe's conduct with his own and, turning his eyes to Claire, divined that she wept. A light broke on him; he realized the ironmaster's true position, and decided he might revenge himself very sweetly.

" She weeps," he said to himself. " She hates that man, and still loves me."

After the service he looked in vain for traces of tears. She was calm and smiling, and spoke with perfect self-possession.

But when she was left alone, all on a sudden, she found herself face to face with the cruel reality. She held herself and Philippe in horror. She must have been mad, and he had acted most unworthily in lending himself to her plans. When he at last ventured to come to her, her harsh expression astonished him. She managed to convey to him her wish to remain alone, and he showed himself so proud and magnanimous that she asked herself if it would be possible for her to live apart from him. How could she for ever repel such a loyal, generous man without showing herself unjust and cruel ?

Her husband approached her. His lips touched her forehead. " Till to-morrow," he said.

But as he touched her he was seized with a mad, passionate longing. He caught her in his arms in an irresistible transport. " Oh, if you only knew how much I love you ! "

Surprised at first, Clare turned livid.

" Leave me ! " she cried in an angry voice.

Philippe drew back. " What ! " he said, in a troubled voice. " You repel me with horror ! Do you hate me, then ? And why ? Ah, that man who forsook you so cowardly —that man, do you still happen to love him ? "

" Ah, have you not perceived that I have been mad ? " cried Claire, ceasing to restrain herself. " I have deserved your anger and contempt, no doubt. Come, take everything belonging to me except myself ! My fortune is yours. Let it be the ransom of my liberty."

Philippe was on the point of revealing the truth, which he had hitherto hidden with such delicacy and care, but he cast the idea aside. " Do you really take me for a man who sells himself ? " he asked coldly. " I, who came here but a little while ago, palpitating and trembling to tell my love ! Wasn't I more than mad, more than grotesque ? For, after all, I have your fortune. I'm paid. I have no right to complain."

Philippe burst into a bitter laugh and, falling on the sofa, hid his face in his hands.

" Monsieur," said Claire haughtily, " let us finish this. Spare me useless railery——"

Philippe showed his face, down which tears were streaming. " I am not railing, madame ; I am weeping—mourning my happiness, for ever lost. But this is enough weakness. You wished to purchase your liberty. I give it you for nothing. You will realize one day that you have been even more unjust than cruel, and you may then think of trying to undo what you have done. But it will be useless. Adieu, madame. We shall live as you have willed it."

Claire simply bent her head in assent. Philippe gave her a last glance, hoping for some softening ; but she remained inert and frigid. He slowly opened the door, and closed it, pausing again to listen if a cry or a sigh would give him a pretext for returning and offering to forgive. But all was silent.

The next morning Claire was found insensible, and for months she lay ill, nursed by Philippe with silent devotion. From that time forth his manner did not change. Gentle and most attentive to Claire in the presence of strangers, he was cold, grave and strictly polite when they were alone.

IV—The Lover's Reward

In the first expansion of her return to life she had decided she would be amiable, and frankly grant her friendship to Philippe, but saw, to her mortification, she was disposed to grant more than was asked of her. When he handed her ' the income of her fortune, for six months,' she became in a moment the proud Claire of other times, and refused to take it. Their eyes met ; she relapsed, conquered. He it was she loved now. She constantly looked at him, and did whatever she thought would please him. She learnt with surprise that her husband was on the high road to becoming one of the princes of industry—that great power of the century. And when she learnt accidentally from her brother, that she herself

GEORGES OHNET was born in Paris, April 3, 1848, son of an architect. He devoted some time to the study of the law, but decided to adopt a literary and journalistic career, and after the Franco-Prussian War edited successively Le Pays and Le Constitutionnel. In 1875 he made his name with the play Regina Sarpi, written in collaboration with Louis Denayrouze, and in 1880 published his first novel Serge Panine which was immediately successful and was crowned with honour by the French academy. Thereafter he became the most prolific and popular of French novelists and playwrights. Ohnet died in Paris, May 5, 1918.

had had no dowry, she said, "I must win him back, or I shall die!"

The Duc and Duchesse de Bligny arrived at La Varenne. Between Athénais' hatred and Gaston's insidious attentions, Claire feared she would find herself greatly embarrassed. La Varenne became the scene of numerous fêtes, but Claire excused herself from attending on the ground that she was not yet well enough to sit up late. Athénais' anticipated pleasure was all lost, since she could not crush her rival with her magnificence. In her jealous rage she began to devote particular attention to Monsieur Derblay. She was filled with diabolical joy when she saw Claire become gloomy and restless, and realized the flaw in Claire's armour which would enable her to deal her a mortal blow. While the duchess took possession of him, and he saw Bligny glide gently towards Claire, Philippe, in spite of his self-control, suffered cruelly.

At last, Claire judged her cup of bitterness was full, and on her fête day, encouraged for the first time by her husband's glances, she called Athénais aside and entreated her to stay away from their home for a time, at least. Athénais, pale with rage, replied insultingly, and Claire summoned the duke to take his wife away if he did not wish her to be turned out in presence of everyone.

With perfect composure Bligny asked Philippe if he approved of what Madame Derblay had done. In a grave voice, the ironmaster answered, "Monsieur le Duc, whatever Madame Derblay may do, whatever reason she may have for doing it, I consider everything she does as well done."

. . . . . .

Claire saw the two pistols lowered. With a shriek, she bounded forward and clapped her hand on the muzzle of Bligny's pistol!

An hour had elapsed without her regaining consciousness. The ironmaster was leaning over her. Suddenly her eyes opened, and she threw her arms round his neck, and murmured, "I am dead, my love, am I not, and dead for you? How sweet is death!" An acute pain passed through her hand, and she remembered everything—her despair, her anguish and her sacrifice.

"No, I live!" she cried, and looking wildly at Philippe. "One word," she asked. "Tell me, do you love me?"

Philippe showed her a radiant face.

"Yes, I love you," he replied. "There were two women in you. She who caused me so much suffering no longer lives; but you—you are the one I have never ceased to love."

A cry escaped Claire. She clung frantically to Philippe; their eyes met, and in ecstasy they exchanged their first kiss of love.

VICTOR HUGO

RUY BLAS

In appearance, Ruy Blas is a pendant to Hernani (see page 3885). In the earlier play, Victor Hugo gives a striking picture of the Spanish nobility in the days of its power and splendour. In the later drama, which he composed in 1838, he depicts in lurid light the corruption into which that nobility afterwards fell. But, as a matter of fact, Ruy Blas is a violent party pamphlet with a direct bearing on the French politics of the thirties. It is the decadent French nobility—vanquished in the revolution of 1830—that Hugo really attacks; and Ruy Blas himself is a representative Frenchman of the era of romanticism. Stendhal was the first writer to study this new type of character—the young man of the lower middle classes, full of grandiose dreams and wild ambitions and strange weaknesses. Balzac elaborated the character in his Human Comedy; and then Hugo seized on it, and, by ennobling and enlarging it, created the sombre, magnificent figure of Ruy Blas. This blank verse epitome has been prepared from the French text.

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Don Sallust de Bazan, president of the Magistrates
Ruy Blas, lackey to Don Sallust
Don Cesar de Bazan, cousin to Don Sallust
Don Manuel Arias } Counsellors
The Count of Camporeal }
Dona Maria, the Queen of Spain
Spanish Grandees, Counsellors and Alguazils

First Act

SCENE.—*A room in the palace of King Charles II at Madrid, about* 1695.

DON SALLUST: So, after twenty years of constant toil,
And twenty years of honour and high power,
The weak hand of a woman strikes me down
Into the dust. Dishonoured and exiled!
And by the queen, a foolish, foreign girl
Ignorant of our ways, who has no fear
Because she has no knowledge. Had she guessed
I had so many weapons of revenge
That I am now perplexed which one to use,
She would have been more careful. Poisoning,
Of course, is easy; and when she was dead
I could retrieve the power that I have lost.
But I would rather crush and conquer her
Some other way: make her a very slave
Obedient to my slightest wish, and rule
The country in her name. The king is mad,
And she will soon be regent. (*Calling*) Ruy Blas!

Ruy Blas (*appearing at the door*): Sir?

Don Sal.: Order my men to gather up and pack
My papers, books and documents! I leave
The palace at the break of day. But you
Must wait here till the queen comes through this room
At morning, on her way to mass. Who's that?

[**Don Cesar** *enters, and he and* **Ruy Blas** *look at each other in surprise. Then, seeing he is not wanted, the lackey departs.*

Don Cesar: Well, here I am, dear cousin!
Have you found,
After a search of twenty years, a post
Worthy of me? Upon the principle
Of setting thieves to capture thieves, I'd make
A splendid captain of your alguazils! [ploits,

Don Sal.: I know all your remarkable ex-
My cousin. Were I not chief magistrate,
Your murders, thefts and acts of brigandage
Would long since have been punished, and Don Cesar,
Count of Garofa—

Don Ces.: He died years ago.
I am now Zafari.

Don Sal.: Zafari can die,
And Cesar, Count of Garofa, revive,
And dazzle all the ladies at the court
With his fine presence and the wealth I'll give
If he will serve me, as a cousin should,
Boldly and faithfully.

Don Ces.: Ah, this sounds well.
Give me a hundred ducats to begin,
And I'm your man! What do you want of me?
Some rival quietly dispatched?

Don Sal.: I need
A daring, gallant and ambitious man
To help me to avenge myself.

Don Ces.: On whom?

Don Sal.: A woman.

Don Ces.: I have fallen very low,
Don Sallust, but I have not come to that.
Murder may be my trade, but to bring down
A woman by a dastardly intrigue
Is something I would never stoop to do!
I am a wolf, maybe, but not a snake!

Don Sal.: Give me your hand, my cousin! You have come
Out of the ordeal I prepared for you
Better than I expected.

Don Ces.: Then this plot
Against a woman——

Don Sal. : Was merely a test.
I'll give you now the money you require.
A hundred ducats, was it? I will fetch them.
[*He departs, and signs to* **Ruy Blas** *to enter.*
Don Ces. : I knew you in your strange disguise, Ruy Blas;
What are you doing here?
Ruy Blas : Ah, Zafari!
Hunger has now compelled me to adopt
The livery of a lackey. Don Sallust
To-night engaged me as his servitor
And brought me here. And I came, Zafari,
Because— (*He hesitates.*)
Don Ces. : You wanted food!
Ruy Blas : No, it was love
I hungered for.
Don Ces. : There are some pretty maids
In this great palace.
Ruy Blas : I am mad, mad, mad!
I am in love, Zafari, with the queen—
I, a lackey. Night after night I creep
Into the royal park, and leave some flowers
Upon her favourite seat. This evening
I put a letter with them.
Don Ces. : My poor friend,
You certainly are mad!
Don Sal. (*opening the door slightly and pointing out* **Don Cesar** *to three armed alguazils as he whispers*) : That is the man. Arrest him when he leaves,
And kill him quickly. (*He then enters the room, and gives a purse to* **Don Cesar**, *saying*) : Here is what you want.
Call on me to-morrow.
Don. Ces. (*giving* **Ruy Blas** *half the ducats*) : Come with me.
Be a free man again.
Don Sal. (*in an aside*) : The devil!
Ruy Blas (*refusing the money*) : No;
I shall never be a free man again.
My heart is captive; I must stay on here.
Don. Ces. : Well, each man to his fate.
Your hand, old friend!
[*After shaking hands, he goes out—to his doom.*
Don Sal. : No one has seen you yet, I think, Ruy Blas,
Clad in this livery?
Ruy Blas : No one, my lord.
Don Sal. : Good! Shut the doors, and put on this attire.
[*Bringing out the costume of a nobleman of high rank, he helps his lackey to dress in it.*

DON CESAR DE BAZAN
After the painting by Madrazo

Splendid! You have a very gallant air,
And you will make a perfect nobleman.
Now listen. I've your interests at heart,
And if you will obey me faithfully
You shall succeed in all that you desire.
But stay. There is a letter I must send
Before I leave Madrid. Write it for me.
[**Ruy Blas** *sits down at the table, and* **Don Sallust** *dictates to him :*
'My life is in great danger. You alone
Can save me. Come this evening to my house.
No one will recognize you if you use
The side-door by the corner.' Now sign it
'Cesar,' the name I commonly employ
In love affairs.
Ruy Blas : Shall I address the note?
Don Sal. : Ah, no! I must deliver it myself.
Hark! There is someone coming. 'Tis the Queen! (*Dragging* **Ruy Blas** *with him, he opens the door, and says to the noblemen surrounding the* **Queen**) : Allow me to present to you, my friends,
Don Cesar, Count of Garofa, my cousin.

Second Act

SCENE.—*The Hall of Government in the palace at Madrid, six months after. The Privy Counsellors are sitting, among them* **Don Manuel Arias** *and the* **Count of Camporeal.**

DON MANUEL : How quickly he has climbed to supreme power!
General Secretary, Minister,
And now Duke of Olmedo!
Camporeal : It is strange,
A cousin of that fallen president,
Don Sallust, could have won to such a height
Within six months!
Don Man. : The queen reigns over us,
And he reigns over her.
Camp. : That is not so.
Don Cesar never sees the queen alone.
I know it. I have had them watched by spies.
They shun each other. Do you know, he lives
By Tormez mansion, in a shuttered house,
With two black mutes to wait on him?
Don Man. : Two mutes!
He is, indeed, a terrible, strange man.
And now to business! We must re-arrange

Some of the taxes and monopolies.
We want a fair division.
[*All the* **Counsellors** *seat themselves.*
A Counsellor : I must have
The salt monopoly.
Camp. : No ; that is mine !
You have the tax upon the trade in slaves.
I'll change that for the arsenic, if you like.
[**Ruy Blas** *has entered at the beginning of the dispute. After listening some time he comes forward.*
Ruy Blas : You vile, rapacious gang of quarrelling thieves !
What ! Can you rob the dead ? Here by the grave
Of the great empire that was Spain, you sit,
Like greedy vultures, preying on her corpse !
We were the conquerors of the world, but now
Our army, dwindled to four thousand men
That never get their arms, their food, their pay,
Is but a mob of brigands, and they live
By pillaging their wretched countrymen.
Our hardy peasantry is crushed beneath
A load of taxes and monopolies,
But not a ducat of the revenue
Is spent on Spain. Bankrupt in wealth and power right,
Dead to all sense of honour, justice,
She lies, while you, you foul hyenas, snarl
Over her stricken body.
[*Turning to the* **Count of Camporeal**, *and the* **Counsellor** *who was quarrelling with him, he says sternly :*
Let me not see
Either of you again at court.
[*As they depart,* **Ruy Blas** *speaks to the other consternated* **Counsellors :**
Every man
Who will not serve Spain honestly must go.
If there are any who will work with me
In building up our country's power and fame,
On equal laws for rich and poor alike,
I shall be pleased to meet them in this room
In two hours' time.

[*All the* **Counsellors** *go out, bowing low to* **Ruy Blas** *as they pass by him. When he is alone, the* **Queen** *comes from behind the tapestry ; her face is radiant with joy.*
The Queen : You spoke to them as I would like to speak
Were I a man. Oh, let me take, dear Duke,
This loyal hand, so strong and so sincere.
Ruy Blas : How did you hear me, madam ?
Queen (*showing a secret door*) **:** In this place
That Philip made to watch his counsellors.
How often have I seen poor Carlos here,
Listening to the villains robbing him,
And ruining the state !
Ruy Blas : What did he say ?

A LADY OF THE COURT OF SPAIN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY
From the painting by Goya

Queen : Nothing, but it drove him mad at last.
But you ! How masterful you were ! The voice
With which you thundered still rings in my ears.
I raised the tapestry to look at you.
You towered above them, terrible and great,
A king of men ! What was it that inspired
Such fury in you ?
Ruy Blas : Love for you, my queen !
If Spain falls, you will fall with it. But I
Will save it for your sake. Oh, I am mad !
I love you ! Love you with a love that eats
The life out of me ! God ! What shall I do ?
Die ? Shall I die ? Pardon me ! Pardon me !
Queen : No, live ! Live for your country, and your queen !
Both of us need you. For the last six months
I have been watching from my hiding-place
Your struggle with my treacherous counsellors,
And seeing in you the master-mind of Spain,
I have, without consulting you, advanced
Your interests. And now your strong, pure hands
Grasp all the reins of government and power,
Perform the work entrusted unto you !
Rescue our people from their misery ;

Raise Spain up from her grave; restore to her
The strength that made her empress of the world;
And love me as I love you——
Ruy Blas: Oh, my queen!
Queen: With a pure, steady, honourable love,
Working and waiting with a patient heart
Till I am free to marry you. Farewell!
[*She kisses him on the brow, and departs by the secret door.*

Third Act

SCENE.—*A small, dark room in the house lent by* **Don Sallust** *to* **Ruy Blas**. *It is late at night, and* **Ruy Blas** *is pacing up and down in a state of wild agitation.*

RUY BLAS: I only am a pawn with which he plays
Against the queen. He seeks to ruin her
By means of me. No! I will save her yet.
Save her and lose her! Cunning though you are,
Don Sallust, you have overlooked one thing;
Even a lackey will lay down his life
To save a noble woman whom he loves
From ruin and dishonour.

[*Going to the table, he pours something into a glass.* Oh, my queen!
Never more shall we meet upon this earth.
[*As he raises the glass to his lips, the* **Queen** *enters.*
Queen: Don Cesar!
Ruy Blas: Oh, my God, my God!
Queen: Fear not.
I shall protect you.
Ruy Blas: What has brought you here?
Queen: Your letter, Cesar.
Ruy Blas: Letter? I have sent
No letter.
Queen: What is this, then? Look and read.
[*She gives him the note he wrote for* **Don Sallust** *as his lackey.*
Ruy Blas (*reading it*): 'My life is in great danger. You alone can save me.'
Queen (*continuing*): 'Come this evening to my house.
No one will recognize you if you use ['Cesar.'
The side door by the corner.' Here's your name,
Ruy Blas: Go! Go! It is a plot against you.
I cannot now explain. Fly for your life!
Queen: But you are in great danger. No! I'll stay
And help you, Cesar.
Ruy Blas: Go, I tell you! Go!
The letter is not mine. Who let you in?
Don Sallust (*striding into the room*): I did.
Ruy Blas: Go, madam, while the way is clear.
Don Sal.: It is too late. Dona Maria is
No longer Queen of Spain.
Queen (*in terror*): What, then, am I?
Don Sal.: A lady who has sold her throne for love.
Ruy Blas: No!
Don Sal. (*whispering to* **Ruy Blas**): I am working in your interests.
(*Aloud to the* **Queen**): Now listen, madam. I have found you here,
Alone with Cesar, in his room, at night.
This conduct—in a queen—would lead the Pope—
Were the fact published—to annul your marriage.
Why not avoid the scandal?
[*Taking a parchment from his pocket, he presents it to the* **Queen**.
Sign this deed
Admitting everything, and we can keep
All the proceedings secret. I have put
Plenty of money in the coach that waits
Outside the door. Ride off in it, and take
Cesar with you, to France or Portugal.
No one shall stop you. But if you refuse
Everything shall be published. Here's a pen.
[*He leads the terrified* **Queen** *to a writing-table, and puts a pen in her hand.* **Ruy Blas** *stands in a corner, motionless and bewildered.*
Queen: Oh, I am lost! Lost, and yet innocent!
Don Sal.: You lose a crown; but think of what you gain——
A life of love and peace and happiness.
Don Cesar loves you, and is worthy of you.
A man of noble race; almost a prince.
[*The* **Queen** *is about to sign, but* **Ruy Blas** *snatches the pen from her hand, and tears up the parchment.*
Ruy Blas: You must not sign it! This man lies to you.
I am Ruy Blas, a common serving-man.
[*Turning fiercely on* **Don Sallust.**
No more of it, I say! I'll have no more!
You mean, contemptible scoundrel! Tell the truth! [man,
Don Sal.: This creature is, in fact, my serving-
Only he has blabbed too soon.
Queen: Great Heavens!
Don Sal.: No matter. My revenge is good enough.
What do you think of it? Madrid will laugh!
You exiled me, my lady; brought me down
Into the dust. I'll drag you from the throne,
And hold you up—the laughing-stock of Spain!
[*While he is speaking* **Ruy Blas** *silently bolts the door; then, creeping behind* **Don Sallust**, *he snatches his sword from the scabbard.*

RUY BLAS: Insult the queen again, you wretch, and I [snake,
Will kill you where you stand. You foul, black
Crawl in the further room, and say your prayers.
[**Don Sallust** *rushes towards the outer door;* **Ruy Blas** *pushes him back at the sword's point.*
Queen: You are not going to slay him?
Ruy Blas: This affair
Must be now settled once for all. Go in!
[*This to* **Don Sallust**, *whom he has now almost driven into the further room.*
Don Sal.: Give me a sword, and let us fight it out.
Ruy Blas: Surely a nobleman would never stoop
To fight a duel with his serving-man?
No! I am going to kill you like a dog!
Queen: Spare him!
Don Sal.: Help! Murder! Help!
Ruy Blas: Have you done?

[**Don Sallust** *leaps at* **Ruy Blas**, *and the two men reel into the further room, and the door closes behind them. The* **Queen** *covers her face.*

Queen : Oh, God !

[*There is a silence.* **Ruy Blas** *returns without the sword.*

Ruy Blas (*falling on his knees*) : Pardon me, madam, pardon me !
I am less guilty than I seem. At heart,
I am an honest man. My love for you
Led me into the trap that villain laid.
Will you not pardon me?

Queen : No !

Ruy Blas : Never ?

Queen : No !

[*Staggering to the table, he seizes the glass and drains it.*

Ruy Blas : Well, that is over, then.

Queen (*running up to him*) : What have you done ?

Ruy Blas : Nothing. But, oh, to think you loved me once ! [you still !

Queen : What was there in that glass ? I love
What was it ? Poison ? Tell me.

Ruy Blas (*as she clasps him*) : Yes, my queen.

Queen : Then I have killed you ! But I love you now !
More than before. Had I but pardoned you—

Ruy Blas : I should have drunk the poison all the same.
I could not bear to live. Good-bye !

[*He falls down, and the* **Queen** *holds him up in her arms.*

Fly ! Fly !
No one will know. That door.

[*He tries to point to it, but sinks back in the agony of death.*

Queen (*throwing herself on him*) : Ruy Blas !

Ruy Blas (*reviving at the sound of his name*) : Thanks ! Thanks ! [*He dies.*

Exquisite Memorial of Sisterly Love

EUGENIE DE GUERIN
JOURNAL

LITERATURE has preserved few human documents of greater literary and spiritual value than the Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. Born in 1805, she was five years older than her poet brother Maurice de Guérin, her passionate attachment to whom, together with her profound religious devotion, was the chief note of her quiet life. Her mother died when Eugénie was thirteen and her solicitude for Maurice became almost maternal. Her Journal, which covers a period of seven years, was written for Maurice while he lived, and after his death from consumption in 1839 was continued, addressed to Maurice in Heaven, providing her with the greatest consolation of her lonely days. Eugénie survived her brother for nine years and died May 31, 1848. The work of both Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin is estimated very highly by the best critics and Eugénie's Journal is of further interest as affording insight into a soul naturally mystical and formed in French Catholic piety. Three of the manuscript books in which the Journal was written were lost, but the remaining twelve were published in 1861. An inexpensive edition in English is published by George Routledge.

I—Thoughts of Death and Heaven

NO one here is speaking of anything but illnesses and deaths; the bell at Andillac has been tolling, these days, from hour to hour. The malignant fever is ravaging the countryside as it does every November. We are all sorrowing for a young woman of your own age, the most beautiful and virtuous in the parish, who has left a tiny infant. Last Sunday I went to hold the hand of a dying girl of eighteen ; she knew me, poor child, gave me a word, and took to prayer again. I wanted to speak to her, but knew not what to say—the dying speak better than we do. What thoughts come to one over these new graves ! O my God, how quickly one slips out of this world ! All my imaginations are in mourning, and the world seems to me one tomb.

Yet in all this, your letters have given me a ray of joy ; at last your future begins to take shape ; I see you will have a social position, a foothold in material life. God be praised ! It is what I have most desired in this world for you and for me, since my future belongs to yours. I have had many happy dreams on this subject—perhaps I will let you know them some day.

I have written nothing for three days, my dear ; I haven't had time to sit down. Everything is calm, without and within, in the house and in my heart—a happy state that leaves little to say. I would willingly make a vow of enclosure at Cayla ; no place in the world pleases me like home. How I pity you, poor exile ! A

thousand times a day I look forward to your return and our happiness.

How beautiful the heaven of heavens must be! That's what I have been thinking, looking at the grand winter sky. I always open my window before going to bed, and to-night I could hardly leave it, the night is so glorious. I have been thinking of God, who has made our prison so radiant, of the saints who have these wonderful stars beneath their feet, of you who are very likely looking at them too.

I have closed St. Augustine, my soul steeped in those gracious words of his, 'Throw yourself on the breast of God as on a bed of repose.' We should indeed find a happy relaxation if we knew how to do that, as the saints know. They go to him as children to their mother; there they sleep, they pray, they weep, they live. God is the home of the saints; but our earthliness knows nothing but the earth, this black, dry earth, sad as if from a curse. Nothing has happened to-day; we haven't seen the sun; only this evening some crows have flown past. I haven't been out, nor have my thoughts been out; they go only upward.

This morning, before dawn, my fingers were raking in the ashes, seeking fire to light the candle with. Quickly dressed, and said my prayers, and on the road. It was bad weather, and I could not see the mountain or the dear country that I gaze on when it's fine. The confessional was occupied, and I was glad of it; I like to have plenty of time before going in, to review all my soul before God. Often that takes a long time, because my thoughts are scattered like leaves. At ten o'clock I was kneeling, listening to the best teaching in the world, and I came away much the better for it. We are far lighter when every burden has been laid down; the soul can rise on wings! I gain relief and strength every time I say '*mea culpa.*'

II—Happy Days

Cloaks, umbrellas, a whole stock of winter things were sent out after us this morning to Andillac, where we spent the day in church and presbytery. I love that Sunday life, so full, so active, so various. I love meeting all the little family groups, and chatting with the women about poultry, cattle, husbands and children, as we go up the road. I like kissing the children and seeing them hide their shy faces in their mothers' skirts. They are afraid of me, as of something unknown. One of them said to her grandmother, who was speaking of coming here, "Don't you go to the castle, gran; there's a black jail there!" I wonder why castles are so fearful. Possibly because of the horrors of old times.

I don't care for news, unless it be news of friends; the news of the world and of those tiresome politics are so uninteresting. Nothing makes me yawn so soon as a newspaper. It used to be otherwise, but tastes change, and the heart lets go of something every day. Time and experience disillusion us. I can look back on all my affections—first, dolls, toys, the birds and butterflies that I loved; then reading, talk, dress a little, and the dreams, the beautiful dreams! Now it is Sunday, I have just returned from the first Lenten mass, and I am happy in my little room with the most delectable calm in the world. The glory of the morning invades me. Good-bye.

It is long since I wrote in my diary. Can you guess why? Because I think the time is lost that I spend in writing. We have to give an account of our minutes, and to record these fleeting days is hardly a good use of them. Still, in twenty years, if I live, it will be pleasant indeed to find myself here as in a mirror of my young days. Such as it is, I mean to give myself this pleasure. I think it is innocent. Very likely the good God is less rigorous than my conscience. Let me set down here a great happiness that befel me yesterday—a kiss from a poor man to whom I gave an alms.

It has become necessary for me to write, if it were only two words. Writing is the sign of my life, as to flow is the life of a fountain. You will understand; others would think me mad. I have to open my soul before God and before someone—I say 'someone,' because this paper is yourself. But to-day is again the post-day, and yet no letter from you. Whatever are you thinking of, my friend?

How fast this night has passed, spent in writing to you! Dawn has come, and I thought it midnight. I have seen many stars passing along; I see the sky, from my table, and consult it from time to time; and it seems as though an angel dictated to me. Surely they come from above, those tender, high, pure thoughts that fill my heart when I speak to you.

The letter written to-night will reach you on Tuesday; may it do you good; may it distract you from your state of weakness and of weariness! If only I knew what is wrong with you! Often I think it can be nothing but a little of that black humour that so saddens the heart in which it is allowed to spread. People possessed of sadness are almost as good as lost. There is not a duty that they can fulfil; they can do nothing for God or for themselves except what their murky mood desires.

III—Anxieties for Maurice

At last a letter from you! But I don't know you in it; you open your head to me when I wanted your heart. I wanted to know your tastes, your moods, your principles, to wander through your corners and recesses. How I wish you were at home!

I have missed from my bookshelf the Letters of St. Teresa, and saw one of the servants with the book. Very likely she understands it better than I do, for holy things are open to every devout heart and mind. I have often known an ignorant and simple person profoundly versed, intellectually, in divine matters; and, on the other hand, many an acute mind is in this connexion utterly stupid. Yet even the peasantry are touched with scepticism; there are some who will take upon them to interpret the Council of Trent, but will not say 'Our Father.'

This is what a false education does for our country districts; it makes our people think that they know because they can read. Formerly they believed all; now they require the faith to be demonstrated. Their contact with books has brought them nothing but yet another ignorance besides that which they had before; it has brought them ignorance of their duties. How I pity these poor people! Far better not to be able to read, unless they are taught what reading is good for them. The true purpose of schooling should be to teach religion and to make good Christians.

Another letter! You have been ill, you are better, you are coming home! I am more happy than I can say; I thank God for your good news! Meanwhile, you are not going out, nor risking your health, nor seeing people; in the midst of Babylon you write in solitude. O brother, we love you so much! If you knew how much that love of ours costs us, if you knew the sacrifices that we make, you would not so rashly expose your dear health or your dear soul! Heaven knows what I would give to banish your sufferings of body or of soul.

My dearest, why don't you have yourself raised by some touch of heaven? Most ills come from the soul; and yours, my dear, is so far from health! I know well, and you know, too, what would heal, or at least relieve it; to make it Christian again, to bring it into relations with God by doing your religious duties, to make it live in faith, to establish it in a state conformable to its real nature. Then you would have peace and happiness, as much as is possible to man.

But you don't pray; it is sad to think of. Not a day passes but I feel the power of faith in my soul, to calm it, to strengthen or to raise it. This morning I suffered; death, tears, separations, all our sad life, were killing me. Well, I am calm now, and I owe it to nothing but an act of faith. I think of our mother, of death, of an eternity without fear or suffering. A divine stillness broods over all the sorrows; it is the suavity of God. And it is hopeless, at such times, to try anything else; nothing human consoles or sustains.

Nineteen years ago your little Caroline was born by the Ganges; she has become the charming girl who is to be your wife. I am happy in your happiness, and in God's care for the companion He has given you, in this Eve who has arisen from the east with so many graces and charms. And I find in her such qualities of the heart, such sweetness, goodness, devotion

and candour; she is a treasure from heaven. May you be united and happy!

I have a letter from her, and read that you are better. But she says, too, 'Maurice is sad; I see it in his eyes.' My poor friend, are you not content with life, even at its happiest? Are you not happy in this sweet, good child who loves you, and in your coming marriage, and in your future? But, indeed, I believe that nothing now pleases you, and that a joy once tasted is dead for you. I see there is something in you that poisons and will kill you, unless God delivers you.

IV—To Maurice in Heaven

MAURICE is dead! I think that if it were not for my father I should go and join the Sisters of St. Joseph at Algiers. My life would then at least be useful. What can I do with it now? I had given it all to you, my brother! You begged me not to leave you, and I stayed beside you only to see you die. How this silence daunts me! Forgive me, my God, all this my fear. What has the soul to fear, that is united to you? Shall I not love you, my God, who are the only and true and eternal love? And indeed I think I do love you, as timorous Peter said he did, but not like John, who rested on your heart. That divine repose is unknown to me. But what can I hope for in creatures? I, who have lived with death, cannot make a pillow of a human breast. Let me lean, rather, on your crown of thorns.

How I love his dear letters, those letters which come no more! My God, receive all my sufferings, the pains of my love for my brother. See, I mourn for his soul; I am anxious for his state; I would gladly suffer death to win him heaven. Illumine, attract, touch that soul so fitted to know and to serve You, my God!

How dreadful it is to see such fine intelligences erring, to see such noble creatures, beings whom God has made most nearly in His image, wandering away! How are they to be pitied; how often my soul weeps for them with our Saviour! Would that all might profit by the redemption, which extends to the whole race! Yet has the heart its chosen ones, and for these one has a hundred times more desire and fear. This is not forbidden. Let all those live in life eternal whom I love! This is my only prayer; it is for that life, not for this one, that I love them.

It costs me much to write the sad story of his death, though it is ever in my mind. Even sorrow turns sweet when it sleeps in the heart; but these memories rend the soul on leaving it. On July 8, twenty days after leaving Paris, we came in sight of Cayla. My poor brother had long been thinking of nothing but the fields of home; I never knew him more eager, and the eagerness became keener as we came nearer. It was as if he wanted to be at home in time to die; possibly he knew, or felt, that the end was coming. When he caught sight of Cayla he pointed to it with the gayest excitement; but I had never thought anything more sad.

Strange homecoming! My father was shocked at his appearance; Marie wept when she saw him. He was so changed, so pale, so feeble; his aspect was dreadful; the journey had killed him. He could never have reached home if his desire had not kept him up. He seemed in a sort of ecstasy as we approached the castle, yet he was able to wave a greeting to the men in the harvest field as we passed and took the hands of all the servants who had crowded to the door. "Ah," he said, "how good it is to be here!"

We hoped much from the climate, the native air, the warmth of the South, but he became daily feebler. One morning I went in to see him as early as possible, and was struck by his expression. It had a strange, fixed look. The doctor soon came, and told us that Maurice was much worse. We sent for the parish priest, and I told Maurice that he was coming, and left him to prepare for his confession. With great calmness and entire lucidity of mind he received the last rites. He pressed the hand of the priest, who was speaking to him of heaven, touched with his lips a cross which his wife held before him; then fell weaker and, as we kissed him, he died. Eleven days after his return home. Eight months after his marriage. Let us throw our hearts into eternity!

JOHN KEATS

ENDYMION

A Critical Appreciation by Harold van Tromp

IN his modest Preface to Endymion, April 1818, Keats wrote 'knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. . . . The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.' When Keats wrote these words he was a few months over twenty-two, and the men he referred to were not 'critical reviewers,' but those 'who are competent to look, with a zealous eye, to the honour of English literature.'

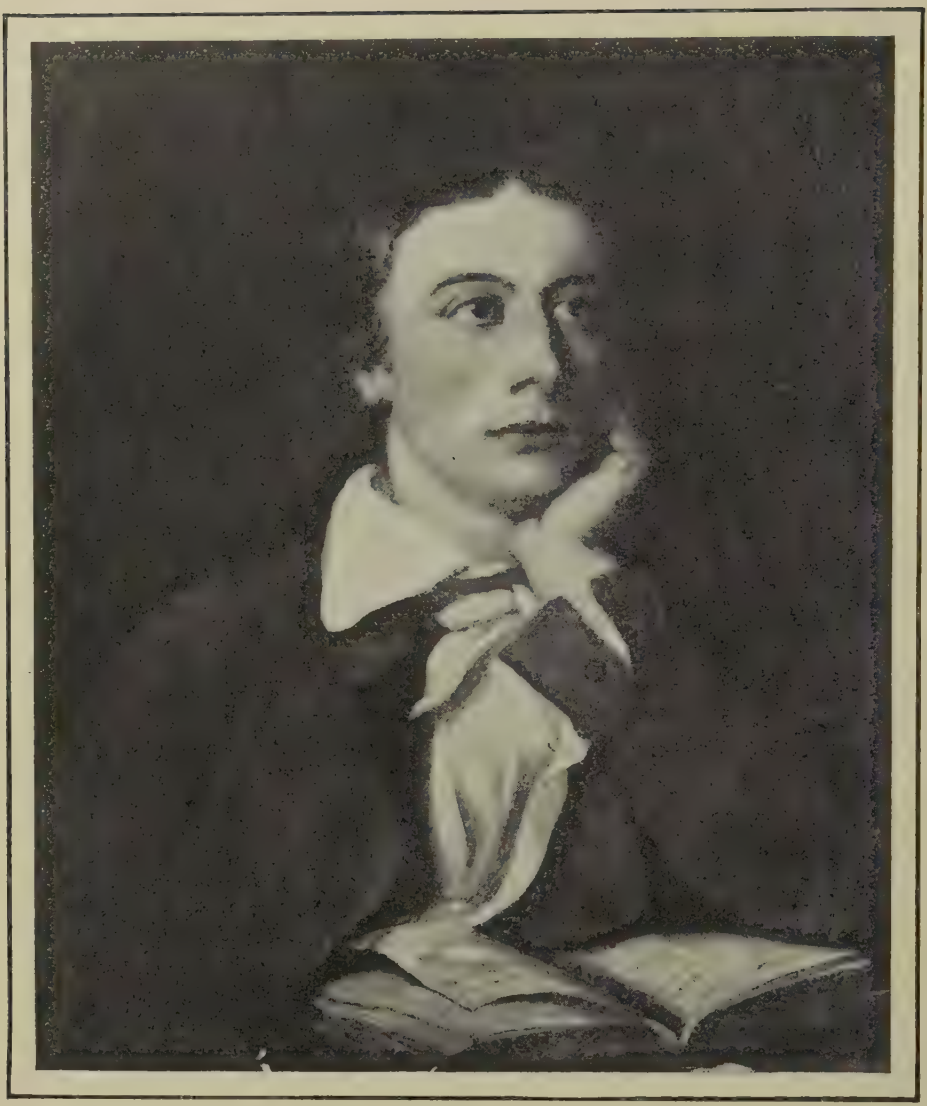
As a corrective to much that has been said about Keats and his 'reviewers,' it is as well to remember that one critic, at least, clearly recognized his genius. This was Francis Jeffery—the famous 'This will never do!' critic of Wordsworth's Excursion—who, in The Edinburgh Review for August 1820, passed a judgement on Endymion which must be considered, in all fairness, sound, sane and sympathetic. He 'had never happened to see either of these volumes till very lately, and has been exceedingly struck with the genius they display, and the spirit of poetry which breathes through all their extravagance.' He was considering, not Endymion only, but the volume which contained Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, and other poems, which appeared in 1820. But he is evidently attracted very powerfully by Endymion; it is first on his list, and he does not take his eyes from it to turn to the more mature work of the young poet until he has exhausted two-thirds of his space.

When this essay came to be reprinted he added a generous footnote—'I still think that a poet of great power and promise was lost to us by the premature death of Keats in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and regret that I did not go more largely into the exposition of his merits, in the slight notice of them, which I now venture to reprint.' It should be added that the 'slight notice' runs to over six thousand words.

One remarkable expression of opinion by Jeffery must not be allowed to pass without notice; for, not only has it been confirmed by a distinguished modern critic, but it serves to point to the essential spirit in the genius of Keats which links him to Spenser as a 'poet's poet.' 'We are very much inclined indeed to add, that we do not know any book which we would sooner employ as a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm,'—a sentence written, specifically, of Endymion.

When we come to examine the structure, and proceed to assay the technical and artistic beauties of the poem, the soundness of this critical estimate is abundantly perceived. The famous opening lines:

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep [breathing.
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways



John Keats was born in London, October 29 or 31, 1795, son of the manager of a livery stable. He was apprenticed to a surgeon and passed his examination at Apothecaries' Hall, in 1815, but having a sufficiency of means to support himself abandoned surgery for literature. His first volume of Poems was published in 1817. It was followed, in 1818, by Endymion, and in 1820 his third and last volume, Hyperion and Other Poems, appeared, containing the exquisite poem, The Eve of St. Agnes, the superb ballad, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, and the unrivalled Odes to Autumn, To a Nightingale, and On a Grecian Urn, which are his priceless contributions to literature. Keats's attitude towards poetry was that of the pure artist. The creation of beauty was his one absorbing aim. In him the Hellenic element blended with the Romantic and young as he was when he died in Rome, February 23, 1821, he was one of the most germinal poets of his time and left an indelible mark on later English literature. This portrait is from the painting by G. W. Hilton, in the National Portrait Gallery.

Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits . . .

are a confession of faith, not a mere rocket fired by Keats to attract attention; it is the first touch of the glowing and romantic fancy and imagination suffusing and energising a poem which radiates a thousand lovely hues in its ethereal course, to fade away leaving reflections of immortality in its trail.

Keats had long cast a loving eye on the Endymion story. It was as old as the hills; as old as the Greek hills at any rate, perhaps as old as Isis, or the Mountains of the Moon. It is the tale of the nightly descent of the Moon goddess Selene to Mount Latmos, to kiss her lover and shepherd-prince, Endymion. In one variant the youth is endowed with everlasting sleep, symbolising perpetual Spring. In the mind of Keats the shepherd becomes the fleeting of a beautiful soul in search of pure loveliness, and the Moon becomes a transmuting and glorifying power which exercises potent and mystical powers upon the things of the Earth.

The poet feared, he tells us, that he had dulled the brightness of the beautiful mythology of Greece; he modestly confessed his limitations. But genius and learning are as the fount of Helicon to an artesian well; when Shelley was asked—How could this livery-stable-keeper's son, this surgeon's apprentice, have learnt his Greek allusions?—he replied, 'Because he *was* a Greek.'

THIS kindly and enthusiastic reply of the author of Alastor colours the true outlines of the genius of Keats; essentially he was a devoted lover of the beautiful old Greek myths, but his poetic art is suffused throughout with the glowing imagery of medieval and Elizabethan fancy and phraseology. His framework is Greek; his poetic tapestry is Romantic; no part of it more romantic than his passionate adoration of that queen and huntress Selene, Diana, The Moon; 'The moon sleeps with Endymion, and would not be awaked,' cries Portia.

Keats was, himself, a shepherd-king caught in the silver tangles of a Moon-spell. If we turn to his charming little dream-poem, written in 1817—I Stood Tip-toe upon a Little Hill—we shall find a vision of Narcissus, and Echo, and Cynthia:

The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate;
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
O, for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night.

SO, in the first Book of Endymion he tells us that:

The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys . . .

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil-rimm'd and white,
Hide in the herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.

So, making the whole of his first Book a pastoral prelude of lovely landscape, in which we find:

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.

. . . rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;

we are present at some dim-discovered festival in honour of the shepherd-god, and soon:

Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light
Spread greyly eastward . . .

and presently we see Endymion:

. . . he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms;
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never stept.

From this trance he is gradually aroused by his sister, Peona, whose 'eloquence did breathe away the curse.' She leads him tenderly:

Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbour, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

In a hundred lovely passages such as this the true-love of poetry at once discovers how near Keats stands to the great lyric writers of the Elizabethan age. The best poetry is nearly always reminiscent; the echoes may be faint, the 'music of soft voices' dying away in the distance, and the sweeter therefor. A group of harmonious images such as the above is fated by the beneficent law of poetic heredity to recall memorial flutings of the pipes of Pan, some song 'old and quaint' that is:

. . . silly-sooth
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age . . .

Not less beautiful, not less interesting, is the fine apostrophe to sleep in Book I, with its haunting imagery of the 'dreams that may come':

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfin'd
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottos, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight. . . .

and from this point in the tale—such tale as there is—we do indeed seem to sleep and dream. We get dream within dream; with Endymion leading us by the hand we pace through faerie lands forlorn; we see:

The loveliest moon that silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet . . .

meet a 'paradise of lips and eyes,' hear how a ring-dove 'let fall a sprig of yew-tree in his path,' encounter 'richer entanglements, enthralments far more self-destroying,' until, in the very words of Endymion, we feel that our

. . . restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream—

while with Endymion we follow a golden butterfly through 'the green evening quiet in the sun,' over heath, through dun woodlands, over buried paths 'where sleepy twilight dreams the summer-time away,' where shadowy nymphs greet us but to say farewell; on, on, into fearful deeps, into the hollows of the world, for:

. . . He ne'er is crown'd
With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead . . .

and on into a dusky empire, through winding passages, past a hundred waterfalls, a thousand mazes.

Then we are in a myrtle-wall'd chamber, embower'd high, full of light, incense, sweet minstrelsy; we see a tender youth asleep, above his head four lily stalks to make his coronal, while serene Cupids watch him silently. Living flowers are our couch, and here is wine:

Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Adriadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona . . .

And here is manna picked from Syrian trees,
In starlight, by the three Hesperides—

and then 'Queen Venus leaning downward open-arm'd'—but only for a moment ere the 'impatient doves' vanish with her into the celestial blue.

Eagle-borne, Endymion finds himself carried down swift as a fathoming plummet and then all is still; he is in a jasmine bower, all bestrown with golden moss, and

. . . to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;

ENDYMION VISITED BY SELENE
From the drawing by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.

Throwing himself on the smoothest mossy bed, and

Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
A naked waist: 'Fair Cupid, whence is this?'
A well-known voice sigh'd, 'Sweetest, here am I.'

Keats prays for inspiration to describe the love scene that follows:

Old Homer's Helicon!
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er
These sorry pages; then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
Over his nested young; but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in mists to heaven. Ay, the count
Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand; our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies:
The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet,
Although the sun of poesy is set,
These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
That there is no old power left to steep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.

Endymion awakens from this tranced dream; he has known 'Love's madness.' He ponders on all his life, from the moment when, full of youth, he stepped garlanded up to his shepherd throne; white palaces, friends, fair maidens (once he thought them fair), charm of old bards to mighty deeds, dreams of a golden age amid the shepherd clans, the great festival of Pan—his sister's sorrow. But now:

Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core
All other depths are shallow

and presently, the visions of the earth are gone and fled—'he sees the giant sea above his head.'

But now rosy Aurora peeps over the eastern foam. Once more Endymion fares forth, and here occurs one of the most magnificent passages in all English poetry:

Far had he roam'd,
With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd
Above, around, and at his feet; save things
More dead than Morpheus' imaginings:
Old rusted anchors, helmets, breastplates large
Of gone sea-warriors; brazen beaks and targe;
Rudders that for a hundred years had lost
The sway of human hand; gold vase emboss'd
With long-forgotten story, and wherein
No reveller had ever dipt a chin [scrolls,
But those of Saturn's vintage; mouldering
Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls
Who first were on the earth; and sculptures rude
In ponderous stone, developing the mood
Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man,
Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,
And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster.

What is there in thee, he cries to the Moon, that thou shouldst move my heart so potently? And now, far away in the concave of the green sea comes the

vision of an old man—Glaucus—who tells his tale, how he had loved fair Scylla, 'loved her to the very white of truth,' and had fallen under the spell of Circe—'cursed, cursed Circe!' A thousand years had he been doomed to wander, his fragile bones consigned to unknown burial—until he shall meet 'a youth of heavenly power'—Endymion.

Potent spells, strange mysteries ensue. Glaucus, amid the sounds of ravishing flutes and viols, becomes a youth once more. The nymph Scylla rises from the foam, and Endymion leaves them to their joy. But the new-born god cries 'Follow, and pay our piety to Neptunus supreme!'

And then, behold! large Neptune on his throne
Of emerald deep: yet not exalt alone;
At his right hand stood winged Love, and on
His left sat smiling Beauty's paragon.

Endymion has 'far strayed from mortality,' and he sinks into slumber as he hears the loved voice, 'written in starlight on the dark above':

Dearest Endymion! my entire love!
How have I dwelt in fear of fate: 'tis done—
Immortal bliss for me too hast thou won.

BEAUTIFUL as the poetry is in the fourth book, it cannot be denied that the fable becomes so tangled and so misty that only with extreme difficulty can the thread be followed. This book contains a glorious hymn, in all essentials reminiscent of the music of the Odes; one verse may be quoted:

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
With sidelong laughing;
And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
For Venus' pearly bite;
And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
Tipsily quaffing.

Strange Indian airs float over the scene, a panorama of all the wonders of the world—we seem to float with Phoebe and Endymion through shadowy forests, over continents, fauns, satyrs, crocodiles, elephants, Brahma. In this dream within a dream Endymion walks

On heaven's pavement; brotherly he talks
To divine powers: from his hand full fain
Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain:
He tries the nerve of Phoebus' golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow.

The four seasons pass in procession—

Green-kyrtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
Join dance with shadowy hours . . .

Evening falls; the moon puts forth 'a little diamond peak, no bigger than an unobserved star, Or tiny point of fairy scimetar:'

Bright signal that she only stooped to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bow'd into the heavens her timid head.
Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled,
While to his lady meek the Carian turned,
To mark if her dark eye had yet discern'd
This beauty in its birth. Despair! despair!
He saw her body fading gaunt and spare
In the cold moonshine.

SOLITARY once more, Endymion hears a hymn to Dian; hardly any lines in Keats's poetry are more beautiful:

Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?
For all the golden bowers of the day
Are empty left? Who, who away would be
From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?
Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
He leans away for highest heaven and sings,
Snapping his lucid fingers merrily!——
Ah Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too!
Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill
Your baskets high
With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,
Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme;
Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
All gather'd in the dewy morning: hie
Away! fly, fly!—

Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
Aquarius! to whom king Jove has given
Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd wings,
Two fan-like fountains,—thine illuminings
For Dian play:
Dissolve the frozen purity of air;
Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
Show cold through watery pinions; make more bright
The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night:
Haste, haste away!

The constellations pass in procession—the Twins, Castor and Pollux, have 'tamed the Lion and the Bear'—the Centaur follows, racing; why does Andromeda, sweet woman, tarry so timidly among the

stars? And then, behold Apollo! . . . Endymion hears no more. His steed bears him to the green head of a misty hill . . .

No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee. . . .

The poem closes with the joy of Endymion in once more beholding 'Phoebe, his passion.' Together with Peona they will range the forest—

Next Cynthia bright
Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night:
Her brother kissed her too and knelt adown
Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
They vanished far away! Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

TRULY, the reader, equally with Peona, is left 'in wonderment'; for, if it be granted that the proper approach to any work of art is indicated by the questions, first, What did the artist set out to do? secondly, How far has he succeeded? we are faced with the difficulty of discovering any clear plan in the structure of Endymion. There is no structural unity; no foundation, no development, no crisis, no climax.

If we apply the test ascribed to Milton—that poetry should be simple, sensuous and passionate (or 'impassioned,' as Coleridge preferred to quote) we discover that its almost total lack of human interest negatives the first and third of these elements. We are therefore thrown back on the second, and it is here we find the keynote of the poet's intentions—or at least, his performance. When Keats stated that 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever, its loveliness increases . . .' he meant more than mere circumstantial or temporary beauty, and in writing Endymion he was seeking to re-state what he conceived to be an eternal truth, that natural beauty and moral beauty are one, indivisible, incorruptible.

Sir Sidney Colvin suggests that two ideas run through Endymion; (1) The soul enamoured of beauty, and pursuing it, cannot achieve its quest in selfishness and isolation; it must be purified by active sympathy with others, and (2) A passion for the manifold beauties of earth is in its nature identical with the passion for transcendental beauty. Passages here and there seem faintly to suggest solutions such as these:

. . . The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days—

is surely an echo of many like expressions in Wordsworth's Intimations of Immortality. Nor, perhaps, is the curious parallel without significance between the lines in which Keats speaks of the shepherds:

. . . whose precious charge
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose very needs are touch'd with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn—
(i. 203-206)

and Wordsworth's sonnet, The World is Too Much With Us . . . with its lovely closing lines:

. . . Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn—

or the lines in Spenser's Colin Clout's Come Home Again:

Of them, the Shepherd which hath charge in chief
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathèd horn—

for, undoubtedly, Keats, in common with his peers in poetry, lamented that 'for this, for everything, we are out of tune'; some vesture of decay has closed us in.

KEATS was modestly conscious of the failure of Endymion as a structural work of art. Yet his genius conquered, although his design was faulty. A page or two of Endymion contain more beauty than whole volumes of other poets who rank at least high in the record of the Muses; it is a luscious garden of verse:

And here is manna pick'd from Syrian trees,
In starlight, by the three Hesperides.

MADAME DE STAAL

MEMOIRS

It was while she was a member of the household of the Duchess of Maine at Sceaux that Mlle. Delaunay, as she then was, first manifested her literary talent, winning thereby the interest and admiration of the Abbé Chaulieu, the poet and wit, with whom she long maintained an interesting correspondence. While there she also wrote two amusing comedies for performance at the Duchess's court. After her marriage in 1735 to the Baron de Staal she was a familiar figure in the salon of Mme. du Deffand, with whom also she kept up a correspondence. Her Memoirs were published about five years after her death and have often been reprinted. They are extremely amusing and take high place among the records of the period, and although their historical accuracy has been challenged her portraits of persons are vivid and convincing and her style won the commendation of Sainte-Beuve and others of the best French literary critics. They were translated into English by S. Bathurst in 1877 and by C. H. Bell in 1892.

I—A Convent Child

If I write the record of my life, it is not because it deserves attention, but in order to amuse myself by my recollections. My story is just the opposite of the ordinary romance, wherein a girl brought up as a peasant becomes an illustrious princess; for I was treated in childhood as a person of distinction, and had to find out later that I was a nobody and owned nothing in the world. And so, not having been trained from the first to ill fortune, my spirit has always rebelled against the servitude in which I have had to live.

My father, for some reason that I never knew, had to leave France and live in England; and my mother, alone in Paris and without resources, took me with her as an infant to find a refuge in the abbey of Saint-Sauveur d'Evreux in Normandy, where Madame de la Rochefoucauld, the abbess, received us free of charge.

There was at that time a lengthy disagreement between King Louis XIV and the Pope with regard to the nomination of abbesses, in consequence of which two ladies, Mesdames de Grieu, having been disappointed of an expected establishment, retired to Saint-Sauveur, where they formed a great friendship with my mother, and became devoted to her two-year-old child. I was naturally very popular in the convent, and having a bright disposition I was educated with the utmost care.

Chiefly with a view to giving me greater advantage, the elder Madame de Grieu sought and at length obtained the Priory of Saint-Louis at Rouen, and took me thither with the consent of my mother. Saint-Louis was like a little kingdom, where I reigned as a sovereign; the abbess and her sister had no thought but to satisfy my every fancy, and the whole convent was forced to pay court to me. All that was done for me cost me so little that it seemed a matter of course that I should be flattered and served, and at an early age I had contracted all the defects which I have since had to allow for in the great.

This extreme indulgence would have turned my defects into vices if devotion had not ruled my passions from the first. Religion was the one great object before my eyes; I had been well instructed in it; I read continually the devotional books in the convent library, and passed much of my time in prayer and meditation. Yet my early desire to become a nun passed gradually away, until I thought of it no more.

Mademoiselle de Silly, an amiable and cultivated young lady whose actions were ruled by principles rather than by feelings, came to live at Saint-Louis, and I was soon attached to her with all the ardour of a girl's affection; her tastes became mine,

and I used to read all day beside her. She was then studying the philosophy of Descartes, and I became absorbed in questions of that kind to the neglect of everything else, until, fearing lest they might disturb my faith, I resolutely banished them from my mind.

I was about fourteen years old when the convent of Saint-Louis fell into great poverty owing to a famine which was desolating France, and the disaffection of the nuns was centred on me as a chief cause of unnecessary expense. Their complaints came to the archbishop of Rouen, and the abbess had difficulty in keeping me with her. My helpless condition began to force itself on my attention; and I realized that if the abbess were to die I was alone and without support in the world.

An unexpected event now drew me closer to Mademoiselle de Silly. Her mother, having come to Rouen, took her home to Silly, and invited me to accompany her. I accepted joyfully, and spent several months in the solitary and melancholy old castle. The marquis was extremely economical, the marquise very devout, and we saw few people. One visitor from the neighbourhood, however, attracted me strongly; and, as he came often and stayed long, my friend and I agreed that one of us had pleased him. When he had declared his affection, and it was not for me, I learnt what jealousy is—a kind of horror like that of falling down through a fathomless abyss.

During the next visit to Silly in the following year the son of the house arrived, and at first kept very much to himself and to his books. But, having heard his sister and myself complaining of these unsociable ways, he frankly confessed his fault and amended it, and from that day we spent every hour together. His mind and his manner were infinitely agreeable; and in my successive visits to Silly we formed a delightful friendship which was never interrupted by more ardent feelings.

II—Thrown On the World

At length my dear abbess fell so dangerously ill that I saw I was about to lose her; and I became desolately aware that I owed her all, and that her death would not only leave me absolutely helpless, but would also deprive me of my best friend. I never knew anyone else so abundant in goodness, with so much sweetness, attention for others and forgetfulness of self, nor with such exact regard for every duty. Her death came soon, and it was evident that neither her sister nor I could remain at the convent. Several generous helpers came forward with offers of support, but in my uncertain position I judged it better to refuse them all. I was resolved to suffer any misery and servitude rather than sacrifice my independence, and only accepted a small loan sufficient to take me to Paris.

I was soon in the great city, looking out for a situation as children's governess; fortunately, I had a taste for that occupation, and imagined that taste for it meant talent. I had a sister in the household of the Duchess de La Ferté, and found her very amiable and helpful. With her assistance I went to board at a cheap rate in the convent of the Presentation, and she succeeded in inspiring her mistress with so elevated an idea of my attainments that the Duchess soon afterwards sent for me. After showing me off as a prodigy of learning to her friends, the Duchess de La Ferté, a voluble and enthusiastic woman, conceived a violent affection for me, and projected innumerable schemes for my advancement, which ended in my being received into her household as her secretary.

I should have been delighted with this position if I had not remembered how my sister, who had gone there as her favourite, had fallen to the situation of chambermaid, and if I had not realized that my mistress's affection would probably be as short-lived as it was intemperate. It proved to be so indeed; it was succeeded by a hatred as violent as her attachment had been; and after subjecting me to every indignity she finally disposed of me by placing me in the household of the Duchess of Maine, at Sceaux.

Here I inhabited a tiny room, without windows or fireplace, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright. I was

given sewing to do, but my first piece of work proved my incapacity, and my extremely short sight made me equally helpless in waiting on the Duchess. I was astonished at the patience with which she bore my awkwardness, but my fellow-servants, with whom I was most unpopular, were less merciful. The thankless existence, different from anything to which I had been accustomed, threw me into a profound depression, until I began to cherish the idea of taking leave of life.

But gradually my situation altered for the better. Her Serene Highness the Duchess began to take notice of me, and became accustomed to speak to me and to take interest and pleasure in my replies. She had now succeeded in raising her family to rank equal to her own, and by a famous edict her children and their descendants had been brought within the succession to the Crown. Her delight in amusements and in pageants was now at its highest, and it happened that the Abbé de Vaubrun, designing a spectacular piece in honour of Night, confided to me the task of writing and delivering an epilogue in that character. My stage-fright spoilt my elocution, but from that day I was entrusted with the organization of these magnificent entertainments, and the last of them was entirely designed and written by myself. By this means I came to take a quite different place in the household.

MARGUERITE DELAUNAY, afterwards Baronne de Staal, was born in Paris, August 30, 1684, her father being a painter. She was brought up in a convent at Evreux, where she met Mme. de Grieu, in whose convent at Rouen she afterwards lived. The death of her friend caused Mlle. Delaunay in 1711 to enter the household of the Duchess of Maine, her devotion to whose interests implicated her in a plot to deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency and sent her to the Bastille for two years. After her liberation in 1720 she returned to the service of the duchess, and in 1735 she married the Baron de Staal, captain in the guard of the Duke of Maine, and attained a leading position in Paris society. She died June 15, 1750.

III—Political Intrigues

KING LOUIS XIV had been failing for some time, though every one pretended not to notice it; and the Duchess of Maine, ever anxious for the greatness of her family, was very eager to know his testamentary intentions. Enough was ascertained, by the help of Madame de Maintenon, to show that the King's dispositions were in favour of the Duke of Orleans, and the mistake was made of confiding to the Duke his future advantage. As the illness progressed, a council of regency was formed with the Duke at its head, and when the King died the Duke was appointed Regent by Parliament, and the Duke of Maine was entrusted with the education of the young King.

The Duchess of Maine, who had come up to Paris for this anxious time, suffered a good deal from insomnia and now called me in to read to her every night. But there was more conversation than reading, and she poured out to me in entire confidence all her secrets, projects, complaints and regrets. This touching confidence made me very deeply attached to her; and when she and her husband removed to the Tuileries to superintend the King's education, they took me with them.

In defence of the interests of her family in the succession to the Crown, which were threatened by the Duke of Orleans, Cardinal Polignac and others undertook the preparation of a very learned memoir, based on a great mass of historical and legal precedents; the Duchess threw herself into the most laborious researches to assist them and I was set to study ancient

volumes and to correspond with all kinds of authorities. The great work was finished at last; it was a fine, well-written production; but it did not repay the trouble it had cost. The question was decided against the family of Maine, the edict conferring on them the succession to the Crown was revoked, and the rank of princes of the blood taken from them.

It is impossible to describe the sorrow of my mistress at this sudden overthrow of the fortunes of her family. She was wholly unable to acquiesce in it, and her ill treatment in France suggested to her the idea of seeking help from the King of Spain. The Baron de Walef, who was going to that court, undertook to represent her case there, and the Duchess of Maine held secret interviews with the Spanish ambassador in Paris. Several other persons became implicated in these intrigues; the Duchess became more deeply compromised than she had at first intended; and her interests became interwoven with other chimerical projects, including the restoration of the Pretender in England. These movements became known to the Duke of Orleans, and my mistress's intrigues were soon brought to an end.

On December 9, 1718, we were informed that the house of the Spanish Ambassador was surrounded by troops, and a day or two later we learnt that our arrest, on the charge of inciting to revolution, might be expected at any moment. On the 29th, we were awakened early to find the house full of soldiers; the Duchess was carried off to imprisonment at Dijon, and the Duke of Maine was immured in the citadel of Dourlans in Picardy.

IV—In the Bastille

I WAS taken in a carriage with three musketeers to a little bridge before a wall, and delivered to the governor of the Bastille, who sent me to a large empty room, the walls of which were covered with charcoal drawings executed by former prisoners. A little chair was brought me, a bundle of wood was lighted on the hearth, one small candle was fixed to the wall, and I heard half a dozen locks and bolts closing the door that shut me off from mankind. The first hour, which I spent gazing at my fire, was the most desolate of all my imprisonment.

Then the governor appeared, with my attendant Mademoiselle Rondel; I was rejoiced to find that she was to relieve my solitude, and to hear from her that she had managed to hide all my papers after my capture. Our room was presently furnished with beds, table and chairs; on the following day we were given books and a pack of cards; our meals were tolerable, and except for our captivity we were comfortable enough.

The two judges charged with the interrogation of the prisoners in our affair, of whom there seemed to be a considerable number, came daily, and held their interviews in a room immediately below ours; so that Rondel could see through the window one of our acquaintances after another being brought across the court to be examined. My time did not come for many days, and I spent long hours racking my brain for the answers which I ought to give. The fear of the question by torture began to force itself on my mind; and though I thought I could face pain or even death, I was doubtful whether I should be able to keep silence under that dreadful ordeal.

After these weeks of suspense I was called before the judges, and was asked whether the Duchess of Maine had not great confidence in me and whether I had not been aware of her treasonable correspondence and intrigues. The line I took was to represent my services to my mistress as having been of a very humble nature; I insisted that I knew nothing of her private affairs, and had seen and heard nothing that could at all compromise her loyalty to the Government. This appeared to satisfy them for the present, and after enquiring whether I was well treated in prison they dismissed me.

I did not suffer from ennui in the Bastille; I devised for myself many little occupations; and soon a surreptitious correspondence with the Chevalier de Ménil, who had been imprisoned for participation in our affair, gave interest to the days. We were even permitted occasional interviews by favour of one of the subordinate officials, and

before we regained our liberty I had promised to be his wife.

The Regent at last became anxious to bring to an end the whole episode of the Duchess of Maine's intrigue; but he wished first to secure a full admission of guilt from the principal actors in it. The Duchess was promised her complete liberty if she would send him a frank confession in writing, which should be seen by no one but himself. Finding herself in a position to secure the freedom of all those whom she had imperilled, she sent the Duke of Orleans the required paper, in which she disclosed everything in detail and with entire sincerity.

I was examined again without making any disclosure, but after receiving the written command of the Duchess I wrote out a declaration of all that I knew and was a few days later set at liberty, after two years of captivity. I went down at once to Sceaux, where I was affectionately received by my mistress.

Returning to Paris two days later, to fetch my things from the Bastille, I called at the Convent of the Presentation, and found in the parlour the Chevalier de Ménil. I was astonished at his manner, no less than by what he said; it was evident that his only desire was to break his engagement with me. I realized that the man was without honour or kindness, and yet it was difficult to detach my affections from him.

It was about a year later that M. Dacier was introduced to me, after the death of his wife, by the Duchess de La Ferté, and an ardent desire for liberty from my condition of servitude led me to accept his proposal of marriage, subject only to the permission of my Duchess. This she was reluctant to give, and the matter was still under discussion when we heard of M. Dacier's sudden death.

The rest of my life, though it has been a long one, contains little of interest. I found myself without any object to live for, and a strange deadness of feeling came over me, harder to bear than illness or death. I had a distaste for existence and a horror of the world, and desired nothing more than to hide myself away. A little pension had been secured for me; my mistress had fallen dangerously ill; I wished to leave Sceaux in order to run away from a new attachment which was gaining power over me; and the thought of entering a Carmelite house became a settled project. But I was refused even this last refuge; the prioress deciding that I had no vocation for the religious life.

I spent several years without coming to any harmony either with myself or with fortune. Several offers of marriage were made to me, but I could not bring myself to accept any of them, until a sudden fancy for the sweet simplicities of country life led me to agree to a marriage with M. de Staal.

A few days after my marriage I heard of the death of the Duchess of Maine. I never knew a more perfectly reasonable woman. She was all feeling; even her thoughts were really sentiments; she was lively without moodiness, impassioned without violence, always animated; sweet and sensible. There was a vivid warmth about her, that made her a perfectly gracious friend.

ERRATA

Page 150, column 2, line 3, *for* infallibility *read* infallibly.
Page 316, under portrait, *for* 1880 *read* 1800.
Page 502, under portrait, *for* Dodson *read* Dodgson.
Page 628, under illustration, *for* Ray *read* Rae.
Page 665, under portrait, *for* Lady Hesketh *read* Lady Austen.
Page 1377, column 2, line 30, *for* gloves *read* globes.
Page 1563, column 1, line 33, *for* Charouni *read* Chamouni.
Page 1707, column 1, line 33, *for* Davis *read* Davies.
Page 1857, column 1, line 34, *for* split *read* spit; line 42, *for* here *read* there.
Page 2074, line 1, *for* 1832 *read* 1822.
Page 2124, column 1, line 6, *for* Spain *read* France.
Page 2128, column 1, line 37, *for* Charles I *read* James II.
Page 2285, title and introduction, *for* Exercise *read* Exercises.
Page 2549, introduction, line 6, *for* 2985 *read* 2485.
Page 2770, last line, *for* Paul Champaigne *read* Philippe de Champaigne.
Page 3550, last paragraph, line 2, *for* for *read* to.
Page 3552, column 1, line 4, *insert* the *before* relativity; column 2, line 13, *insert* interrogation mark *after* process; column 2, line 30, *for* leading up *read* leading up to.
Page 3645, column 2, line 2, *for* Kronos *read* Chronos.
Page 3715, column 1, line 32, *for* was *read* 'twas.

General Index

In this Index references are given under author and title to every book outlined in the pages of the work. The books are also included alphabetically under the heading Title and, in addition, are classified in various sections, Biography, Drama, Fiction, Science, etc. A complete alphabetical list of illustrations is also given; italic figures against an entry indicate that the reference is to an illustration.

After all the less familiar names a simple phonetic spelling is given in brackets. The word is broken up into syllables, with an accent on the stressed syllable. Simple vowel sounds are marked long or short, thus *ā* as in 'take,' *ĕ* as in 'left.' Other vowel sounds are given phonetically according to the best authorities.

A list of Errata, which readers will see is commendably small, is printed at page 4020.

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